

Vanishing Hitchhiker Fdate

Presents a history and critique of a selection of the famous ghost stories from different countries, organized by such common themes as spectral armies, phantom women in white, haunted houses, screaming skulls, crisis apparitions, and ghostly lights.

"Devoted to the ongoing deployment and development of the Gothic in the monster-hunting family drama"--ProtoView "A great book"--Supernatural Wiki The CW's long-running series Supernatural follows the adventures of brothers Sam and Dean Winchester as they pursue the "family business" of hunting supernatural beings.

Blending monster-of-the-week storylines with the unfolding saga of the brothers' often troubled relationship, the show represents Gothic concerns of anxiety, the monstrous, family trauma and, of course, the supernatural. The lines between human and monster, good and evil, are blurred and individual identities and motivations resist easy categorization. This collection of new essays examines how the series both incorporates and complicates Gothic elements related to traditional tropes, storytelling, women and gender issues and monstrosity.

It was one of the happiest days of Sara Ann's life, it was spring break and her father bought a new boat. He wanted to surprise his daughter and take her on her first trip on a boat in the ocean. Sara lost her mother a few years ago to cancer, and her father took it hard, and knew in his heart no other woman could ever fill that hole in his heart so he

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just focused on his only daughter Sara Ann, and made sure she never did without, and always put her first because Sara was very close to her mother, and he had not always been around because of working so many hours at his job, and decided to do the best he could to raise her in a loving home so she could grow up and be the best person she could like her mother. Sara's father bought the boat so he could spend more time with his daughter and let her see the beauty of the ocean even though it was short lived. Sara's father blind folded his daughter and took her to his barn where he hid the boat from Sara for a surprise. When Sara entered the barn her father took off the blind fold and Sara said "It's beautiful father." Then her father said I've got another surprise and he took her by the hand around the other side of the boat and said "You can open your eyes now." Sara cried tears of joy and said "That's my name!" Her father chimed in and said "I named the boat after you because when you were born it was the happiest day of your mom and I lives." Sara gave her dad a hug and thanked him. Her father said "Why don't we take it for a spin?" Sara said "That would be so cool!" "I can only be gone for an hour because I promised my friend's I would go with them on our spring break." Her father replied "That's fine I know you're excited about going on this trip and there will always be more trips on the boat in the days to come." "Remember, I was young once too and I could not wait to go on spring break with my friends so no big deal." Sara's father hooked up the boat to his truck and the two drove happily to the dock and set sail in the ocean on a clear beautiful sunny day. Even though Sara's

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father read the stories about the Bermuda Triangle, he just thought they were all explainable and not mysterious disappearance's as were written about in many books. *Monsters: An Investigator's Guide to Magical Beings* takes you on a harrowing journey into the realm of monsters and the reality of the impossible. Bringing together folklore, Western magical philosophy and field experience, this book is required reading for both active and armchair monster hunters. Between these covers you will find a chilling collection of fiendish facts and folklore such as why true vampires are the least attractive, five different kinds of ghosts, the magical origins of the werewolf legends, hidden connections between faery lore and UFOs, and where dragons are found today. This is an essential field guide to monsters from angels to zombies with advice on monster investigation and magical self-defence. This latest edition not only has a new chapter on tulpas, but the chapters on vampires and chimeras are significantly expanded with new material. Plus, the section on monster investigation has been thoroughly updated with details on new technology and the approach of the media to monster hunting.

The Vanishing Hitchhiker: American Urban Legends and Their Meanings W. W. Norton
From the master folklorist and sly wit, Jan Brunvand, comes a collection of all-new urban legends. Did your cousin's wife's dentist's daughter go to the tanning parlor once too often and had her insides cooked? Has your husband's brother's nephew teacher try to make a dead rabbit look alive? If so, you've heard—or you yourself may have

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told—two of the seventy-plus legends in this collection. Urban legends are "those bizarre but believable stories about batter-fried rats, spiders in hairdos, Cabbage Patch dolls that get funerals, and the like that pass by word of mouth as being the gospel truth." But of course, though often told as having happened to a FOAF (friend of a friend), they aren't true. Included in this collection are legends about sex, horror, cars, business, and academia. Among them are "The Bible Student's Exam," "The Pregnant Shoplifter," "The Ice Cream Cone Caper," "Don't Mess with Texas," and "Mrs. Fields' Cookie Recipe."

The book that launched America's urban legend obsession! The Vanishing Hitchhiker was Professor Brunvand's first popular book on urban legends, and it remains a classic. The culmination of twenty years of collection and research, this book is a must-have for urban legend lovers.

It was Kathy's parent's anniversary and they planned a weekend getaway leaving Kathy all alone with her dog. Kathy didn't like being left alone, but she knew her parents had been planning this trip for a long time and didn't want to spoil it for them. Kathy was unaware that an inmate escaped from the local jail for attempted murder. She hugged her parents and they drove off to their destination. Kathy closed the front door and picked up her dog and sat down on the couch to watch a movie. The mood was set for a scary night for Kathy a storm was approaching and the inmate found his way to her house. As the thunder and lightning got intense, Kathy held her dog tight in her arms

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shaking like a leaf. Moments later Kathy dozed off on the couch, and her dog heard a noise and decided to investigate. Kathy finally woke up about an hour later, only to find her dog was no longer in her arms. She called out to her dog, but was too tired to go all over the house searching for him. She decided to turn in for the night and left her bedroom door ajar so her dog would crawl under her bed and she would feel safe. If you ever find yourself driving down Old Hollow Road after midnight, whatever you do, don't say these words "The old man's on fire," three times or your will end up like all the rest. That's exactly what happened to Johnny Waters. Johnny wasn't afraid of a legend, especially because he never heard of anyone dying on Old Hollow Road. Johnny's grandfather told him that there was an old man that lived in the woods across from Old Hollow Road. Legend has it that a group of young teenagers had been drinking heavily and decided to play a prank on the old man. The teenagers didn't like the old man because he would run them off his property with his shotgun. This just made them angry. They wanted to teach the old man a lesson. The old man's property was their favorite place to camp out because it was secluded deep in the woods. One day when the group of teenagers came by the old man's property after dark they decided it was time to teach the old man a lesson. One of the teenagers went back to his car to get a gas can. When he returned back to the group, he told them he was going to burn the old man's cabin to the ground. After about two more six packs the teens were out for blood. They poured gas all around the cabin and set it ablaze. The teens stood and

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watched the old man's cabin burn to the ground. They heard the old man screaming from the cabin, "I'm burning, please save me!" The teenagers just laughed and passed the two six packs around until the beer was gone. They tossed their empty beer cans in the fire where the old man's cabin used to sit. Supposedly, one of the teenagers heard the old man say, "If you ever ride down Old Hollow Road in your car, don't look in your rear view mirror. If you do, the old man will get you."

Presents scary stories based on urban legends and includes two stories based on true events.

Nestled deep in the woods along a wooded path is an abandoned century old crypt that two girls will stumble upon, and curiosity gets the best of them, but they will never live to tell about it. It all started when these two friends Alicia and Mary Beth accepted a dare to see if the legend of Drac Von Stoller the prince of darkness was fiction or fantasy. The two girls thought it was a joke and laughed all the way out the door off to what they thought was a waste of time to a night of terror. There was one stipulation about the dare and if they didn't abide by it they would be humiliated at school the next day. The stipulation was that they had to go at sundown and take nothing with them but themselves and a flashlight. Just to make sure the two girls arrived at their destination at sundown the other girls that made the dare drove them to their destination and spent the night in the car to await their arrival with the news of their findings. Alicia and Mary Beth peered out their passenger windows in the back seat of the car and the fear of the

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unknown was starting to set in as sun was dropping rapidly off in the distance but they made a dare and they were not about to back out now and be they laughing stock of their classmates the next morning. The car arrived at the right moment as darkness filled the sky. Alicia and Mary Beth looked at each other with fear in their eyes but suppressed their fear and turned to the other girls in the front seat of the car and gave their best performance of courage and grabbed their flashlights and said lets go check out this fictitious legend and put it to rest once and for all and have the last laugh. One of the girls in the car yelled out as Alicia and Mary Beth headed off into the woods, "You just might want to take a cross and a stake with you in case you see a vampire?" the girls in the car laughed hysterically as Alicia and Mary Beth entered the woods with the unknown just moments away. As Alicia and Mary Beth got deeper into the woods the wind was picking up and thunder could be heard off in the distance. These two girls were on a mission and just kept pressing forward and hurried in hopes this would all be over soon and they could get back home and never come back to these woods again whether or not it was all made up. As the two girls were walking along Alicia tripped over a rock and fell down in front of a crypt that was surrounded by thick brush. Mary Beth shined her flashlight on the crypt and said "Look! Alicia what is a crypt doing out here in the middle of nowhere?" "I don't know? Why don't we go back and get the girls and investigate a little further," but before Alicia could get off the ground a tall dark figure emerged from the crypt and was standing in front of her and said "Are you

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looking for me?"

Bill and Karen Stevens were so excited to get to spend a weekend away from their children. Bill was the top salesman of his company that year and was awarded a weekend trip at any four star hotel of his choice compliments of the company he works for. Bill and Karen packed their belongings and said goodbye to their children and headed to the airport to their destination. As their plane took off to the blue skies Karen said " Bill you sure are deserving of this trip and I'm so happy to be sharing this moment with you." Bill replied "I too am happy to be sharing this moment with the woman of my dreams." They shared a kiss together and dozed off as their plane soared through the blue skies to their destination. The plane finally landed and they were ready for a fun filled weekend without their kids. Bill and Karen held hands as they approached the front desk of the beautiful Four Star Hotel. The man at the front desk said "Could I help you?" "As a matter of fact you can, me and my wife have reservations at this lovely hotel." "Your name, please?" asked the man at the front desk. "Bill Stevens." "Oh, yes, suite number 13 the penthouse," replied the man at the front desk. The man at the front desk handed Bill the key to the suite and Bill and Karen got on the elevator with excitement on their faces as their evening of passion slowly turned into horror. Bill put the key in the door and they both stepped inside their suite, and Karen walked over to the bed, and lain down, and looked around at the beautifully decorated suite. Then a foul odor surrounded her and she said "Bill, what is that odor?" Bill replied "It's probably

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nothing." Then he got closer to the bed and said "My God! It smells like something died in this room."

America's premier folk detective is back on the case, sniffing out those zany but dubious stories that "really happened" to a friend of your sister's boyfriend's accountant's mechanic. Jan Harold Brunvand—"Mr. Urban Legend" [Smithsonian]—tracks the most fabulous tales making today's cocktail-party circuit and shows why those stories that sound too good to be true probably are too good to be true. The eponymous episode—"The Baby Train"—sheds light on certain predawn activities that have linked unusually high birth rates to the whim of train schedule makers. Other stories offer a revealing peek behind the story of "The Exploding Bra," expose the embarrassing source of "The Hairdresser's Error," resurrect a "Failed Suicide" Buster Keaton would have died for, and show why adults are better off not bringing their comic book fantasies out of the closet. From "Superhero Hijinx" to "The Shocking Videotape" to "The Accidental Cannibal," The Baby Train uncovers the mysteries behind some of the bawdiest, goriest, funniest, most pyrotechnic urban legends yet.

Halloween finally arrived and it was Mary's sixteenth birthday. Mary's parent's finally decided she was old enough to have a sleep over at their house. But she was only allowed to have two of her best friends spend the night after the party. Mary called Kathy and Kim to see if they would stay and have a sleep over at her house. Kathy and

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Kim both agreed and said that they would have a great time together being that they were all best of friends. Mary hung up the phone and said "This is the best day of my life. I'm going to turn sixteen today and I finally get to date boys." Her party didn't start until 6 pm and she was already planning fun things for her and her two best friends to do after the party. Mary's mom said "Mary its 6 o'clock and time to start the party." Mary greeted her friends at the door as they came in with their presents in hand and sat them on the kitchen table. Finally, Kathy and Kim showed up and placed Mary's presents on the table. Mary thanked everyone for coming to her party. Then Mary blew out the candles on her birthday cake as everyone sang "Happy Birthday" to her. The party was finally over and Mary and her two friends Kathy and Kim were ready to play some games and spend some quality time together. As the night wore on Mary said "It's midnight and since its Halloween why don't we go in the bathroom and turn off the light and play "Bloody Mary." Kim said "That sounds like more fun than playing board games all night." Kathy replied "Nothing ever happens when people play the Bloody Mary game, but since were all three going to play why not, it's Halloween and what a perfect time to play Bloody Mary." Mary, Kathy and Kim went inside the bathroom and closed the door and turned out the light. Mary said "Instead of one person saying I hate you Bloody Mary three times. Why don't we all say it together?" Everyone agreed and they all stood in front of the mirror and said "Bloody Mary" three times, but nothing happened. Kathy said "This is a stupid legend that isn't even true." The story Bloody

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Mary written by Drac Von Stoller has been transformed into a Short Film and is available on Amazon Video Direct.

Hauntings lurk and spirits linger in the Prairie State Reader, beware! Turn these pages and enter the world of the paranormal, where ghosts and ghouls alike creep just out of sight. Author Troy Taylor shines a light in the dark corners of Illinois and scares those spirits out of hiding in this thrilling collection. From a gallows tree in Greene County where an apparition can still be seen hanging, to the lingering spirits of warring mobsters at the site of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, these stories of strange occurrences will keep you glued to the edge of your seat. Around the campfire or tucked away on a dark and stormy night, this big book of ghost stories is a hauntingly good read.

Billy and Susan loved to hear their father read stories to them every night at bedtime. Susan told her brother Billy that the stories were for little kids. Susan said, "Billy I love dad, but I wish he would read scary stories to us instead of stories like Peter Pan and Alice and Wonderland. They were okay when we were younger, but we are so much older now." "I feel the same way. I like it when mother and father go out to dinner at night so we can watch scary movies together," replied Billy. "Next time we spend the night with grandma, maybe we can sneak out of bed and see if she has any old creepy books in her attic. If she does we can give them to our father to read to us instead of those boring stories he's been reading over and over for the past several years!"

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exclaimed Susan. "Tonight we'll ask him if he'll let us spend the night at grandma's house this weekend. I'm sure he'll say yes," said Billy. Night finally arrived. Billy and Susan asked their father if they could spend the night with their grandma tomorrow. Their father said, "I don't see why that would be a problem because your mother and I were planning a weekend trip." Billy and Susan were happy that their father was going to let them spend the night with their grandma. Billy said, "I really hope grandma has a spooky book in her attic." "I hope so too," replied Susan. "Let's get some sleep," said Billy.

The Clown Statue has been adapted into a short film from Drac Von Stoller's 31 Horrifying Tales From The Dead Series and is available on Amazon Video. Dan and Brenda Stevens finally planned a night out without the kids, and were able to find a babysitter at the last minute. Brenda's friend Karen's daughter Susan happened to be free for the evening because her boyfriend was sick, so instead of being stuck home all night with nothing to do her mother suggested she babysit her friend Brenda's kids, and make a little extra money. Susan was happy to earn some easy money for a couple hours. Susan got ready, and said goodbye to her mother, and drove on to the Steven's house for what she thought would be a quiet night, and some easy babysitting money. Instead, it was going to be a night of terror. Susan finally arrived at the Steven's house as the rain was pouring down. Susan knocked on the Steven's door, and Dan and Brenda greeted her, and told her after she puts the kids to bed she could watch TV in

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their bedroom because the TV in the living room wasn't working. Susan said, "No problem," and told them to have a good time, and not to worry about the kids she would take good care of them. The Steven's ran out in the pouring rain to their car, and drove to a restaurant that her husband picked out. Susan played a few games with the kids and said, "Well, it's eight o'clock and time for bed. Susan read a bedtime story to the kids and said goodnight to them, turned out their bedroom light then got a soda out of the refrigerator, and went back upstairs to watch TV until the Steven's returned from their dinner date. Susan sat down and turned on the remote to the TV, and flipped through the channels, and popped the top of her soda can, and just as she touched her lips on the soda can to take a drink she said to herself, "That's odd what is a creepy looking clown statue doing in their bedroom. It doesn't even look like it belongs here." The groundbreaking book that launched America's urban legend obsession! Folklore scholar Jan Harold Brunvand assembles the best-known urban legends—including "The Hook," "The Spider in the Hairdo," and "The Baby-Sitter and the Man Upstairs"—and provides an enlightening and entertaining analysis of their variants and evolution. The Vanishing Hitchhiker was Professor Brunvand's first popular book on urban legends, and it remains a classic. The culmination of twenty years of collection and research, this book is a must-have for urban legend lovers.

It was June and what a perfect month for a wedding. Dan and Melissa had been dating for several years and Dan finally popped the question she had been anticipating for

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over a year. She thought that day would never come, but it finally did and when Dan asked her to marry him she said, "Yes! Yes!" and they shared a long kiss. Melissa said with excitement, "Dan, I know the perfect place to have the wedding." Dan asked, "Where?" "My Grandmother's, farm." "Sounds good to me," replied Dan. The following week the wedding was planned and the weather was beautiful. After the wedding was over, and most of the guests left, Dan decided to play a game called hide and seek. There were only about ten of their friends left, and said they would like to play. Dan being the groom and the one that asked everyone to play, so he said he would be it and everyone else would hide. The game went on for over an hour, and when one of the guests asked where his bride was, and Dan said, "She probably went inside the house for a nap."

"I still remember the day as though it just happened today," said Bill Withers. "I was traveling down Old Hatchet Trail road after midnight when this beautiful woman with golden long blonde hair was standing all alone on the side of the road. It was starting to rain and I just couldn't leave her there in the black of night. I just couldn't, so I stopped my car beside her and rolled down the front passenger window and said "Please get in out of the rain and I'll take you home." The beautiful woman stepped inside his car and Bill was happy to help her out, but this woman he was giving a ride too wouldn't be around long enough for him to give her much comfort.

The Blevins family had been searching many months for their dream home out in the

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country because the city life just wasn't their cup of tea. Then just as they were about to give up there was a sign next to a gravel road that said "Sudden death in the family caused our beautiful home to be put up for sale, please don't pass up this great deal of a lifetime." "John turn here maybe this is what we've been searching for," replied his wife. "Are you sure, this gravel road looks long and it's beginning to storm, why don't we just go home and try in the morning when the weather is better," said her tired husband. "We're already here, we may as well check it out and get out of this rain, besides the rain will probably let up by the time we're through looking at the house," Mary asked in a reassuring tone of voice. "Fine, you win, let's check it out," said her frustrated husband. John drove on up the muddy gravel road as the storm got more intense and could barely see the house because of the rain, his car inched closer to the front of the house. John and Mary's son chimed in and said "Mom! Dad! Look over there?" "Look at what?" said his mother. "There's a man walking in the front door with an ax," said Billy in a frightened voice. "I don't see anyone Billy, you must be imagining things," replied his mother. "I'm not imagining things, I saw a man entering the house," said Billy frustratingly. John put the car in park, and everyone got out of the car, and ran to the front door under the awning to keep out of the rain. "John, look there's an envelope sticking out of the door," exclaimed his wife. She opened the envelope and read the letter inside, "John the letter says enclosed inside this envelope is the keys to the house and a contract. Just sign the contract and place a certified check in the amount

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of \$25,000 in the self-addressed sufficiently stamped envelope and this beautiful home is yours." "John, there has to be something wrong with this house," exclaimed his wife. "Let's get in out of the rain," said Mary in an anxious voice. The Blevins family opened the front door, and went inside, and Mary said "The furniture is still here, I wonder why they didn't take it with them?" "Maybe, the death in the family was too traumatic and they'll be back to pick it up at the end of the week," explained John. John placed the envelope on the table, but Mary was too excited about seeing the house to read on and see that the family left suddenly and had no intentions of coming back for anything in the house. The rest of the letter said p.s. the house is haunted. After the Blevins family were through checking out the house and they were back in their car Billy looked at the front door through the passenger window and said "Mom! Dad! There's that man again waiving an ax in the air and holding a woman's head in his hand."

We had just gotten back from a Halloween party when John, being the only non-believer in ghosts, asked Karen and me if the stories about the many sightings of ghosts in the old ghost town were true. Of course we said they were all true, and of course his response was, "These stories are just a bunch of made up stuff to keep nosey people from vandalizing the old town." "Well, if it's not true, then why don't all of us camp out tonight at the ghost town and put these old stories to rest once and for all?" I replied. I told John that I would get my tent and some blankets. Karen volunteered to bring some food and flashlights, and John said he would bring some

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firewood, beer, and his guitar. I decided we would all ride together in my car. Everyone was excited about telling our friends at school all about our spooky tales when we got back, but little did we know that there would be no tales to tell because we would never be heard from again. As we were driving down the dusty, country road John was strumming on his guitar as we all sang along joyfully. We were having the time of our lives just being together because we were such great friends. Just up ahead of us was a man in the middle of the road on a horse. "Slow down!" Karen exclaimed. I immediately slammed on my brakes. John doesn't scare easily, but this man on the horse in the middle of this dark, deserted road gave John the willies. The closer we got to the mounted figure the more frightened we all became, but we just kept driving. We blamed it on the beer we were drinking and proceeded to the old ghost town. We just couldn't face all of our friends the next day and say we were too scared to camp out there. We would be the laughing stock of the school, so we continued onward. As we approached the entrance to the town the car stalled. We were definitely not going to walk back home since it was too far and we didn't want to end up running for our lives from that mysterious man on the horse. So, we gathered our belongings and crossed through the entrance. We turned our flashlights on and looked for a safe place to camp for the night. "Where did that man on the horse go?" Karen asked as we walked. "Who knows and who cares," John quickly replied. All of a sudden the mounted figure appeared and charged full steam ahead in our direction. His eyes were as red as fire.

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We all froze in our tracks. He rode right through us as if we were the ghosts. It was enough to turn any skeptic into a believer. I told everyone to get our cell phones out and call our parents to come pick us up, but none of our phones would get a signal. "Well it looks like we're stuck here for the night," John said, "we may as well make the best of it." "This looks like a good place to pitch a tent--right next to the saloon and bank." I replied. John placed the firewood on the ground and tried to get the fire started while Karen and I got the tent set up. We all gathered around the campfire to keep warm and sang a few songs to try to lighten the mood. Karen decided after awhile that we should tell some stories about the old ghost town. "All right, who wants to tell their story first?" Karen asked excitedly. John put his guitar down, took another gulp of beer and said, "Since I'm the biggest skeptic, I'll tell my story first. My father told me this tale when I was a little boy.

Karen had this idea that she would invite some of her friends over, and spend the night at the old forgotten desecrated cemetery in the woods a mile down the country road from her house. The cemetery dates back to the seventeen hundreds with many of the tombstones broken, and a sacrificial altar with blood stains on it where many unwilling participants took their last breath. Karen had no idea something evil was left behind at the cemetery that has been lying in dormant for centuries. Karen phoned her friends Pam and Cathy to invite them over for a fun night at the cemetery for telling some ghost stories around a fire with lots of drinking. The girls thought it was a cool idea Karen

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came up with, especially the drinking part. Karen picked out the night, so the forecast would be just right to set the mood for a spooky night at the graveyard. The night finally arrived it was midnight and the girls piled into Karen's car with the music pounding. Karen said "Anyone ready for a beer?" They all said, "Hell yeah!" As the beers were passed around, the girls rolled their windows down, and stuck their heads out of the car windows screaming, and gulping down their beers as the cool wind blew against their faces. Pam said, "I think I see the cemetery up ahead."

Drac Von Stoller opens the vault and unleashes 35 tales of horror with Aliens, a Serial Killer, Zombies, Invisibility, Ax Murderer, Cannibalism, Hell Hounds and Time Travel just to name a few. I dare you to open Drac Von Stoller's Vault of Horror and see what terror his bloody hands has written on these pages that drips blood.

"If you enjoy these too-good-to-be-true tales, Brunvand's new book will give you hours of pleasure."—Chicago Tribune A fabulously entertaining book from the ultimate authority on those almost believable tales that always happen to a "friend of a friend." Alligators in the sewers? A pet in the microwave? A tragic misunderstanding of the function of cruise control? No, it didn't really happen to your friend's sister's neighbor: it's an urban legend. And no matter how savvy you think you are, you are sure to find in this collection of over 200 tales at least one story you would have sworn was true. Jan Harold Brunvand has been collecting and studying this modern folklore for over twenty years. In *Too Good to Be True* he captures the best stories in their best retellings, along

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with their latest variations and examples of how the stories have changed as they move from person to person and place to place. To help you find your favorite, Brunvand has arranged the tales thematically. "Bringing Up Baby" is full of episodes of child-rearing gone wrong, including the grisly tale of the drugged out baby-sitter who mistakes the kid for a turkey. "Funny Business" showcases stories of infamous lapses in customer service, such as the story of the shockingly expensive chocolate chip cookie recipe. And "The Criminal Mind" features both brilliant --if they were real --scams, as well as the purported antics of the less mentally gifted. Whether you want to become an expert debunker or just have plenty of laughs, this book will surprise and entertain you.

Illustrated throughout. "Informative and entertaining.... Brunvand has collected more than 200 of the most-repeated and best-known examples of modern folk-myth."—Tampa Tribune "[N]ot only an entertaining anthology, but an excellent introduction to the study of folklore itself."—Publishers Weekly "A fun read... . All the classics are here from the killer upstairs to the Kentucky Fried Rat."—New City "Resonant stories that express our hidden anxieties ... make us laugh, [or] arouse our fascinated horror."—San Francisco Chronicle Book Review "Informative and entertaining... . Brunvand has collected more than 200 of the most-repeated and best-known examples of modern folk-myth."—Tampa Tribune "[N]ot only an entertaining anthology, but an excellent introduction to the study of folklore itself."—Publishers Weekly

Henry was a very handsome man that the ladies always had their eyes on. Henry

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wasn't a wealthy man and wasn't born into wealth, but Henry always dreamed he'd marry into wealth someday and have all the precious things he dreamed about. When Henry was around his friends, he'd talk like he had money because most of his friends had an abundance of money. Not having any wealth like his friends, made Henry jealous. Henry's relationships were not much to speak of. Many girls broke up with him after just a few dates because he couldn't give lavish gifts. Henry's luck and entire life was about to change, because one of Henry's rich friends was invited to a party. His friend only knew the person that invited him, so he thought it would be a good idea to bring someone he knew to keep him company. Henry and his friend were having a good time at the party. Henry told Jack he was going to get some punch and would be back shortly. Just as Henry was scooping up some punch a pretty blonde woman approached Henry and introduced herself to him because Henry's appearance took her breath away. She knew he was the one for her and she wasn't going to let someone else take him away. "Excuse me sir, could I please have some punch?" asked Monique. "Sure," said Henry. Henry was blown away by her beauty and was very happy they met. Monique said, "I heard you're a friend of Jack's, he's really a great guy. Don't you think so?" "Yeah, he's been a close friend of mine for many years. Jack and I went to the same schools growing up," said Henry. "I tell you what, would you like to come over to my place this Saturday around 6:00 and I'll cook you a good meal?" asked Monique. "I'd be delighted to try your cooking. I'm sure I won't be disappointed,"

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said Henry. "Great! I'd like to introduce you to my godparents," Monique said. After the party was over Monique asked Henry if he would escort her to her car. As Monique got in her car and Henry was turning away to meet up with Jack, Monique rolled down her window in the car and said "Henry could you come over here for a moment?" Then she said, "Henry, it's quite alright if you'd like to kiss me goodbye." So Henry kissed her and said, "Could I kiss you one more time?" Monique, replied, "Sure! That's fine with me." After they kissed Monique said, "I'll see you Saturday and don't be late." Henry replied, "Don't you worry, I won't be late." Monique drove off into the sunset to her mansion. Henry got into the car with Jack and Jack asked, "How'd it go Henry?" Henry said, "I believe I just found the woman I've been searching for all of my life." "That's great! I hope it works out for you both," said Jack." "Jack, she wants me to meet her god parents this Saturday." Jack responded, "Did you know her parents left her a vast fortune before their untimely death several years ago? They died when their private jet crashed over Mexico during a vacation. You think I've got a lot of money Monique's wealth makes me look poor. If you marry Monique you'll be set for life." "That's what I'm banking on," said Henry. Jack said, "Well here's where I drop you off and let me know how Saturday goes." "I'll let you know, don't worry," said Henry. Henry bought a nice suit to impress Monique for their Saturday date. When Henry was finished with dinner at Monique's, Henry gave Monique a kiss goodbye and Monique said "Why don't you spend the night with me? This big house gets pretty lonely at night and I could sure use

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the company." "Are you sure it's okay? You really don't know me that well," said Henry. "Come on Henry! I don't bite!" said Monique. Henry accepted Monique's invitation and they shared some wine together before turning in for the night. As Monique and Henry lay in bed together Monique asked Henry if he would be interested in moving in with her. Henry replied "I would love to move in with you. I'm tired of being a bachelor and I really enjoy being with you. By the end of the week Henry moved into Monique's mansion and within a month they were married. Many years had passed, there were good times and bad times. Henry liked his scotch and whiskey and it showed. Henry loved Monique's money more than her. Monique was very depressed and not happy with Henry's spending. Henry and Monique fought a lot and that's probably what fueled Henry's drinking and Monique's depression. It was hard for Monique to get around because she had fallen down the stairs and shattered the bones in her right leg. She had to limp around. Monique's beauty was deteriorating and Henry felt it was time to get rid of Monique so he could have her fortune to himself.

Jenny was so excited that Mike asked her to be his girlfriend. She was a cheerleader and Mike was the star quarterback at their high school. They were so in love, and ready to get more serious, and one day get married, and start a family of their own, but that dream would never come to light because of what was about to unfold that night. Mike picked Jenny up around seven that night, and they headed out in the night with the anticipation of sharing their first kiss together. As their car was traveling down the

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country road, and their hearts beating out of their chests, it began to thunder, and lightning. Jenny said, "I sure hope it doesn't start raining and spoil our special moment together." "I don't think it's going to do anything," replied Mike. "I hope you're right," exclaimed Jenny. The two love birds hands touched and their eyes met, and just made their hearts beat even faster. Jenny chimed in and said, "Can we just skip the movie, and find a secluded place to park, and make out?" "You must have read my mind," said Mike excitedly. After about fifteen minutes Mike finally came upon a place that looked secluded enough to be alone with his girlfriend and not be bothered. Mike and Jenny's hands tightened as they drove into the secluded area for a night of what was supposed to be a night of passion, but instead a night of terror.

Sam Edwards was a wealthy lonely man that lived all alone in his mansion. Sam was in his late forties and tired of not having a companion to share his wealth with. He decided he'd check out the bar scene and see if he could find a lady with the same interests as his. Sam hopped in his Rolls Royce not caring that it was a stormy night. Sam pulled into Mack's tavern, ready to find his dream lady. He grabbed his umbrella popped it open as he stepped out of his car and walked up to the door, shook the rain off of his umbrella underneath the canopy. He stepped inside the tavern that was filled with cigarette smoke, loud music, and laughter all around. Sam approached the bar, sat down, and the bartender said "What can I get for you?" Sam replied "I'll have a scotch whiskey on the rocks." The bartender replied "coming right up." As Sam was drinking

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his scotch whiskey, he noticed a very beautiful woman sitting alone in a corner table, crying. Sam asked the bartender for an extra glass of scotch whiskey. Sam brought his drinks over to where the woman was sitting, and said "Would it be alright if I sat beside you? I have no one to talk to." The woman replied "Sure, I too could use some company right now." The more Sam and the woman engaged in conversation, they both said "It's like I've known you all my life" and they both laughed and shared a kiss. Sam asked the woman if he could see her again and she said "Yes!" "Can I give you a ride home?" asked Sam. The woman just wept uncontrollably. Sam said "What's the matter?" She wiped the tears from her eyes and said "I don't have a place I call home." Sam said "Come into my arms." They embraced and before she could speak, Sam touched his fingers on her lips and said "If it's really that important to tell me, we can talk about it later." Sam and the woman got up from the table and left the tavern. Sam held his umbrella over her head keeping the rain away from her fragile body. He opened the passenger door so she could get in from the rain. They drove off through the stormy weather anticipating a night of passion. As they were driving Sam asked, "We've laughed and shared a kiss together, but you haven't told me your name?" "I'm sorry, my name is Melissa." "Well, Melissa, since you have no place to stay, it would be my pleasure if you could stay at my mansion, and if things get really serious between us maybe we could get married some day." "That sounds fine to me," replied Melissa. Melissa said "I'll stay, on one condition." "What would that be?" asked Sam. "Under no

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circumstances are you to remove my ribbon from my neck." Sam laughed and said "Are you serious?" "Yes, I'm dead serious. Now promise me you won't remove the ribbon around neck," said Melissa, in a serious voice. Sam replied, "Okay! Okay! I'll honor your wishes."

The girl scouts of troop 66 were happy to finally see the rain gone. Almost all summer the rain ruined every opportunity for troop 66 to camp out and tell ghost stories around the campfire. Finally, there was no rain in the forecast all weekend. Troop 66 wasn't about to let this beautiful weekend slip by especially being that it was the last weekend of summer. Troop 66 consisted of girl scouts Sarah, Jen, Brenda and Karen. The girl scouts of troop 66 headed out down old willow road in Jen's car dressed in their girl scouts uniforms anticipating their weekend campout. As they drove slowly through the mountain they all kept a lookout for the perfect spot to pitch a tent. Karen said "Look! Over there! That looks like the perfect spot to pitch a tent and build a campfire." The other girls chimed in and said "That's perfect." Jen pulled off the side of the road and parked the car. The sun was just setting and wouldn't be completely dark until about an hour. Just enough time to pitch their tent and gather wood for the campfire. Everyone got out of the car and got everything they needed for the weekend campout and headed to the campsite. Jen said "I'm so glad this day has finally come, because I would be so depressed if our campout got rained out and have to wait for next summer to arrive and hope that summer campout wouldn't be ruined." "Before we begin lets all

join hands and say a little prayer before we set up camp," replied Karen. After Karen said the prayer they all set up the tent and gathered firewood for the campfire. As they all sat around the campfire roasting marsh mellows and telling ghost stories the wind started to pick up and Karen said "I think I'll turn in for the night." Jen chimed in and said "I think I'll turn in as well. What about you Brenda?" Brenda answered "I think I'll get some more firewood and stay up a while longer." Jen and Karen said "Goodnight Brenda." About thirty minutes later Karen said to Jen "Did you hear that?" Jen replied "I hear a noise that sounds like Thump! Thump! Drag!" "Maybe our minds are playing tricks on us because we were telling ghost stories around the campfire," said Karen. "I heard it again," exclaimed Jen. "Why don't you check it out?" asked Jen. "Why don't you check it out for yourself, I'm not going out there, besides if it was anything, don't you think Brenda would come running inside the tent in fear telling us all about it," said Karen. "Let's go to sleep before we really scare ourselves," replied Jen.

An anthology of the most chilling urban legends of all time collected by the maestro himself. Urban legends are those strange, but seemingly credible tales that always happen to a friend of a friend. For the first time, Professor Jan Harold Brunvand, "who has achieved almost legendary status" (Choice), has collected the creepiest, most terrifying urban legends, many that have spooked you since your childhood and others that you believe really did occur—even if it was one town over to some poor hapless coed who left a party early only to be followed by a man who just got loose from a

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mental hospital. From the classic hook-man story told around many a campfire to "Saved by a Cell Phone," these spine-tingling urban legends will give you goose bumps, even when you know they can't be true. Still, you'll continue to check the backseat of your car at gas stations and look under your bed at night before praying for sleep.

More scary tales from the series with urban legends, vampires, ghosts, aliens and mysteries. Two stories from the book "No More Mr. Nice Guy" and "The Vanishing Hitchhiker" which has Clint Eastwood's daughter Kimber Lynn starring have been made into short films.

Just over the hill stood a shack where the most beautiful woman you ever laid eyes on lived. Her hair was blonde and wavy with eyes as blue as the sky. Her figure would make any man lose his breath. The only thing wrong with this picture was she's a Witch. Her name is Sarah and an evil Witch at that. Her mother had her out of wedlock. Sarah's mother kept her pregnancy secret from her parent's until one day when her father opened her bedroom door to scold her about something. Her father heard a baby's cry and said, "Did I just hear a baby's cry? "No! No! Father," cried Sarah's Mother. Her father pushed her aside from her closet door. Opened the door and shouted to the top of his lungs. "I want this baby out of my house by morning and that's an order," said her father in an angry voice. Sarah's Mother was only sixteen years old when she had Sarah. Having a baby out of wedlock and especially at sixteen was a

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disgrace to the family. The next morning Sarah's Mother carried her newborn baby Sarah into town looking for a good home for her daughter. Sarah's Mother came across this shack where a sweet old lady lives. She asked the old woman to take her baby and love her as her own. The old lady accepted and asked her. "Why are you giving up your baby? I'm just an old woman." "My father will kill me and my baby if I don't get rid of this problem. That's his exact words," replied Sarah with a river of tears flowing down her cheeks. Sarah's Mother turned away from the old lady weeping uncontrollably. Sarah's Mother's heart was so heavy with guilt and daily ridiculing from her father. She just couldn't handle the pain so she decided to end her own life. Her father found her hanging from a rope in her closet. Her father cut her down from the rope but it was too late she was already dead. Her father felt responsible for her death so he went into his bedroom and pulled open the top dresser drawer. Pulled out his revolver, pointed it at his head and pulled the trigger blowing out his brains. Later that evening, their bodies were discovered by his wife. She screamed in agony and dropped to her knees. The only two people she ever cared about were lying on the floor dead. She knelt down beside her husband took the revolver from his hand and took one last look at her daughter and husband and said "Please forgive me lord for what I'm about to do." Then she put the barrel of the gun in her mouth. Pulled the trigger and blew out her brains. After the old lady heard the news about Sarah's Mother, grandmother, and grandfather were all dead she felt even more compelled to raise Sarah the best way she knew fit.

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As Sarah matured into a grown woman, the old lady felt it was time for Sarah to know the real truth about her biological family. The old lady said to Sarah, "Come sit down at the table with me. I've got something very important to tell you." Sarah calmly sat down at the table with a concerned look on her face. "What is it that you need to tell me, asked Sarah? "Well, I know you think I'm your Mother but"paused the old lady. "But what asked Sarah with a confused look on her face?" I'm not your real Mother. Your Mother died when she was just sixteen years old," explained the old lady. "How did she die, cried Sarah?"

The Babysitter and The Man Upstairs has been adapted into a short film from Drac Von Stoller's 31 Horrifying Tales From The Dead Series available on Amazon Video. Jamie was thumbing through the newspaper in search of a weekend job for the summer. She was sixteen years old and needed the extra money to help save for textbooks when she starts college in the fall. She tossed the newspaper on the floor frustrated with no results. Then one of the newspaper pages flipped over to the last page of the classifieds and there it was in small print, "babysitter needed for the summer." She said, "How did I miss this, maybe, I passed over it because it didn't say weekends only." Jamie called the number, and a middle-aged woman answered, and said, "May I help you?" "Yes, you can. I am interested in a babysitting job, but wasn't sure if this was an everyday thing or just weekends only," asked Jamie. "I'm sorry, but I meant to put weekends only, but I was in a hurry," explained the woman. "If you're looking to babysit

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every day, I apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused you," said the woman. "No, this is exactly what I wanted. When can I start?" asked Jamie. "Well, can you start next weekend around five pm?" said the woman. "That sounds perfect! I'll see you then," replied Jamie. Jamie hung up the phone and was excited about having a job. That would ease her mind about how she was going to be able to pay for her textbooks. The week passed by like a rocket, and it was Saturday, and Jamie showed up to her babysitting job right on time. Jamie knocked on the woman's front door, and the woman opened the door, and said "You must be Jamie, so nice to see you." The woman introduced her children to Jamie and told her she would be back by six pm Sunday night. The woman said bye to Jamie, and her kids, then got in her car, and drove to her business trip. Jamie played some games with the children then the phone rang. Jamie picked up the phone and said, "Who's there?" all she heard was heavy breathing, and she hung up the phone, and went back to playing games with the children. Jamie checked her watch and said "Oh my! It's eight pm, how time flies when you're having fun. Well children it's time for bed." Jamie escorted the children upstairs to the bedroom that they shared together. She read them a story then a few minutes later the children fell fast asleep. Jamie got out of bed with them and turned the light out, then went downstairs to watch TV before going to sleep. As Jamie was eating popcorn and watching a movie called Halloween it started storming outside. Scary movies really scare the willies out of her, but she still liked watching them anyway. Then

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the phone started ringing, and she picked it up, and said, Hello!" Then an eerie voice said, "Have you checked on the children lately."

Presents descriptions of hundreds of urban legends and their variations, themes, and scholarly approaches to the genre, including such tales as disappearing hitchhikers and hypodermic needles left in the coin slots of pay telephones.

Drac Von Stoller brings together forty blood dripping tales of terror to give the reader nightmares with such tales of ghosts, a vanishing hitchhiker, voodoo, urban legends, scary clowns, hangings, castles and many more. Drac Von Stoller is already on the best sellers list on Audible. Drac Von Stoller has brought 4 of these audio books to film "Bloody Mary," "The Clown Statue," "The Vanishing Hitchhiker" and "No More Mr. Nice Guy," that is available on Amazon Video. Drac Von Stoller has also signed a world-wide distribution deal for his first Feature Length film "Horror Tales From The Dead." Drac Von Stoller's short stories have been downloaded over 1.2 million times around the globe and is destined to leave a legacy behind.

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