

Chapter 1 : Ghost stories: When things go bump in the night Northern Ireland style - theinnatdunvilla.com

The Second Book of Irish Ghost Stories Mass Market Paperback - Be the first to review this item. See all formats and editions Hide other formats and editions.

When things go bump in the night Northern Ireland style BelfastTelegraph. It seems the thirst for the paranormal has become unquenchable all over the world in recent years. The satellite TV channels are full of ghost hunts and more celebrities than ever before are willing to admit to spectral experiences. Singer Meat Loaf is the latest star to be interviewed for the American hit series Celebrity Ghost Stories, relating his terrifying story about a haunted recording studio, and the US X Factor judge Demi Lovato this week revealed that she regularly saw the ghost of a little girl called Emily in her Texas family home. Books on the paranormal are popular, too. The success of Slipways, A Ghost Story from the Shipyard of the Titanic, encouraged its author to set up a website and Facebook page dedicated to the sharing of ghost stories. Negative energy hangs about, in places like the Crumlin Road Gaol, for example, which has a lot of paranormal activity. He has been intrigued by the paranormal since his grandmother, Nanny Peg, began telling him ghost stories as a child. They included the one from the Titanic slipways, about a Robert Hill who was working lonely nights on slipway number two at Harland and Wolff shipyard in , guarding the half-built Titanic, when he began to hear disembodied voices in the river mist. She said her dog is still petrified to go for a walk in the park. That was very hard to explain. It had no face and no defined form; it was like a silhouette. The temperature had dropped and it seemed to take about four steps towards me before it disappeared. It was very unnerving. And that feeling of deja-vu, or of someone watching you - I think in 50 years from now all that will be scientifically proven to have a paranormal basis. Now there are loads on, especially American ones. It has become more mainstream. There has been a lot of reports of figures from the s appearing there over the last couple of years. Until about five years ago, the area was virtually unchanged but it is being transformed by development, and that often sparks paranormal activity. Images of the past re-emerge. Some of the stories in the book are recent; others have passed from one generation to the next are now being shared online. Personally, it terrifies me. Some believe the ghost is a maid impregnated and abandoned by one of the Stuarts, the 18th century local landowners. My husband and I were driving along Bregagh Road a couple of years ago. It was dark but not yet midnight, and we were lost. But our car suddenly skidded out of control and we were about halfway through when my husband finally got it under control and pulled off to the side of the road. It was scary enough in daylight. In the dark, it was almost unbearable. Creepy is too kind a word for this place. Maybe it was just my imagination, but the air felt thick under the trees, like trying to breathe through a heavy fog. The car was up on the jack and I was trying to hold the flashlight steady when a bug flew into my eye and I dropped it. The light went out and my husband scrambled over the ground, searching for the flashlight in the pitch blackness that surrounded us. It was then that we heard a noise. It was like a low whistling sound, almost like a deep train whistle from far away. A strange buzz began to surround us. I could feel it on my skin, like a warm electric current caressing my face. Suddenly, a strange, grey mist descended on us. It glowed, giving off just enough light to see what was happening. A thin, pale woman emerged from between the trees. Her eyes flashed with anger. It looked like she was floating above the ground as she moved slowly towards us. Her eyes were black. My husband screamed and started running for the entrance to the tunnel. I followed behind him. He tripped and fell over something in the dark. The woman descended on him. My husband was screaming, terrified, as she reached out and grabbed his wrist, pulling him up off the ground. He tried to get away, but she refused to let go. She leaned in close to him. I saw her lips brush his ear as she whispered something only he could hear. His face went white. Then she let go and he fell to the ground. She sailed back into the trees and disappeared. I saw her handprint burned into his wrist. He finished changing the tyre in silence. He looked at me in our bedroom, the fear as fresh in his eyes as it had been that night. She just wanted to scare you. He nodded and took a deep breath. I hated the place. It was old and creepy. There was always a strange mist that hung in the air that made me shiver whenever I walked past it. One rainy day, I was sitting on my couch, drinking a glass of wine and reading a book. The sound of the rain thumped on my roof,

but there was a moment, around nine, when it let up. I sat up, listening. I kept listening, my ears perked, but the sound had faded. I relaxed once more into my book and it was almost 11pm before I finally closed it to go to bed. I sat bolt upright, my heart thumping as hard as the rain now. This time, the sound did not fade. I put my raincoat on over my pyjamas and grabbed my umbrella and went outside to see what kind of ninny had taken their baby out for a stroll in this rain. The night was horrendous. I wanted to go back home but what if there was a child in the cemetery, left by some idiot who wanted to get rid of it? I walked into the cemetery and began searching for the source of the cries. It was like something out of an evil fairy tale, bent and twisted. Suddenly, I felt something at my ankle. I looked down and saw a dark blob at my feet. It looked like black jelly, except more creamy than gelatinous. There was no real form to it, except an ill-defined circle atop a longer oval-ish mass. It reached towards me with what I think were its hands, though it was hard to tell. The mass slithered towards me while I lay there, panting. In the centre of the black form, that I think was its head, a hole opened up. I stood up and ran. When I got back to my house, I turned on every light and locked every door and window. I listened to that thing crying for me all night long. It was the last night I ever spent in that house. It was a nice day and I decided to walk up to the waterfall. He ran ahead of me and when I rounded a corner, I saw he had stopped and was growling with anger at some ordinary-looking bushes. He just stood there, his tail straight up in the air, his back hunched. Goose-pimples broke out on my arms. The air began to change. It was suddenly colder than it had been just a moment before. A strange sound erupted from the bushes, like a hiss, as if someone had just let air out of a tyre. Maurice began to bark and I moved to grab him. That was when I finally saw it. It was standing about 10 feet away from us. It was about three feet tall and very I mean it emanated a strange, negative energy. I could feel it in the air. I could smell it, like rotting meat. I tried to convince myself that it was just a child in a fancy dress, but then I noticed its teeth.

Chapter 2 : A Guide to Irish Folk Tales | Owlcation

*The Second Book of Irish Ghost Stories [Patrick F. Byrne] on theinnatdunvilla.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. A compendium of Irish ghost stories.*

Contact Author Themes in Irish Folk Tales Irish folk tales are very different from the fairytales of mainland Europe which were gathered together in collections by Hans Christian Anderson and the brothers Grimm. Irish folk stories centre on a very different group of characters - heroic warriors, deadly goddesses and mischievous supernatural creatures, rather than the fairy godmothers, talking animals and wicked stepmothers of European folk tales. Irish folk tales are steeped in the unique celtic culture of Ireland and can be divided into the following main themes: Medieval Irish monks were the first to write down the ancient Irish myths and fairy tales. Development of Irish Folklore Tradition The Irish storytelling tradition has always been essentially an oral tradition. This is why many different variations of the same fairy tale can exist in different parts of Ireland. It also explains why famous fairy characters in Irish mythology can become confused and interlinked as storytellers concentrated on staying true to the essence of the story, while changing the details to suit their audience. An interesting example of how characters could become confused with each other is the case of the celtic goddess Aine and the early Christian Saint Brigit. Aine was associated with fire, and was credited with acting as an inspiring muse to poets. Saint Brigit was an early Irish Christian who founded a convent in Kildare but popular legend associates her with fire - there was a sacred fire reputedly kept burning at her convent from her death in AD until the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the s, and she is also considered to be the patron saint of poets. This easy mixing of native Irish stories and culture with historical Christian figures helps to illustrate how Irish fairy tales adapted to social changes and survived ,albeit in altered form, until the present day. In fact, despite their heretical nature, the earliest Irish myths and fairy tales were written down by Irish monks. From the eighth century on, Irish monks seemed to have felt secure enough in their Christianity to value Irish fairy tales as an interesting historical legacy, rather than as a threat to Christian doctrine. Irish fairy tales have held on stubbornly into the modern age, even finding a place in Irish Catholic doctrine as people described the nature spirits they feared and respected as angels which had fallen from heaven but been saved from hell. If there is one thing which has augured the end of the Irish fairy tale it has been the dawning of the age of television. TV more than anything else has damaged the oral tradition of sharing stories round the Irish hearthside. That said, Irish fairy tales have been laid down for posterity in a variety of excellent books. And there are also modern Irish writers who have been heavily influenced by Irish mythology and they are, in there own way, creating a new body of Irish fairy tales for the current generation. There has even been a recent animated film inspired by Irish mythology - The Secret of Kells Scene from the story of how C Chulain got his name - because he accidentally slew the hound of Cullen he offered to take the guard dogs place. Ever after he was known as Cu Chulain, the hound of Cullen. Ancient warrior myths Celtic Irish society revolved around the cult of warrior heroes. The most important people in early Irish society, equal even to the kings, were the Seanachie or storytellers. Irish wars at this time consisted mainly of targeted raids aimed at stealing cattle the measurement of wealth in Irish society before coins were introduced by the vikings , and individual contests of strength. The two great heroes of Irish warrior myths are Finn MacUail, leader of a band of warriors known as the Fianna, and hero of the Fenian cycle of legends, and Cu Chulain a warrior of supernatural strength and abilities, the hero of the Ulster cycle of myths. Although the tales surrounding these two figures are warrior stories, and may even be based on real historical figures, they also have many fantastical elements which allow them to be classified as fairy tales. Both heroes use enchanted weapons and magical abilites as part of their success. And both must contend with hostile supernatural beings such as the Morrigan, the Irish Goddess of death and destruction who wants to claim them for her own. These warrior heroes face not only human enemies but an array of supernatural forces - from druids and sourceresses to mythical gods and goddesses. Romances and Tragedies The other major theme of early Irish legends is romance. Even the most hardened of warrior heroes, had a single true love, a woman who could bring them to their knees. These early romances offer an intriguing insight to the position of women in Irish culture at the time. Some are out-and-out sexual

predators like Queen Maeve, who use their wiles to gain political power and economic status - and who lose their temper when a man refuses to play their game. Others are beautiful but ultimately tragic figures like Deirdre who are victims of a society where young girls were offered in marriage to powerful but old and unattractive men. Soul-mates are common in Irish stories. One such in the story of Midir and Aileen where even magic cannot break apart their love. Emer is widowed when Cu Chulainn dies in a heroic battle and the flight of Diarmuid and Grainne ends in a tragedy to equal Romeo and Juliet. There are heart-wrenching tales but beautiful also, and a powerful warning about the cost of human greed and envy. Many of my Irish friends swear they have seen a ghost at night, or have had a strange experience of ghostly premonition just before a relative died. Ghost stories have only become common later in Irish history. In early Celtic times it was believed that the dead passed onto eternal life in the Otherworld - they did not come back to haunt the living. It is most likely that ghost tales became more popular in the late Medieval and Early- Modern period, in line with the rest of Europe. Ghost stories have also had a great influence on Irish literary figures. For example there is a tale told near where I live of an evil man who came back from the dead three times before he was finally successfully buried under a stone slab with his head cut off. Oscar Wilde and WB Yeats have also written ghost stories, among others. Irish ghost stories are very much rooted in particular places. There is no ruined castle, no ancient building that does not have at least one tale of a ghost that haunts its walls. Often they are also morality tales - the tragedy which led to the haunting is a result of some sin or crime committed, and these tales offer a stark warning against such acts. An example from the area of Ireland where I grew up is the tale of Princess Maeve who is said to haunt Dunluce Castle on the north coast. It is believed her ghostly white face can still be seen at times in the window of castle tower where she was kept imprisoned by her own father. There are also much Irish folklore dating from the medieval period and beyond which concerns dark fairies as harbingers and bringers of death. The legend of the Banshee is the most famous. This dark fairy woman is said to give a heart-stopping scream when someone is about to die - if you hear that cry then the person who is going to die soon is you! The Banshee is a classic example of how Irish fairy tales have grown and changed over the years. This legend is rooted in the Celtic goddesses of death and destruction, such as Magda or the Morrigan who would appear as an old crone in stories just before the warrior hero was about to die. Another dark figure of Irish folklore is the Dullahan, a headless horseman who rode the countryside on certain nights of the year bringing death in his wake. These tales may have been a mythological interpretation of the highway men who were very real and who haunted the roads of Ireland in the 17th and 18th century, making journeys hazardous and sometimes deadly. Local folklore tales The little people, such as Leprechauns, Pookas, and changelings, and also the sea people such as the merrows and selkies populate local legends the length and breadth of Ireland. This folklore was gathered together by the likes of WB Yeats and Lady Gregory at the end of the nineteenth century, and reveal that the Irish mindset, despite centuries of christianity, had not lost its fascination with nature spirits. There are countless tales of leprechauns who gave tricky riddles, pookas who upended water pails and turned milk sour, local people who fell asleep near a fairy mound and were transported to the otherworld for a thousand years, and peaceful babies who were stolen by the fairies and swapped for a changeling who did nothing but fuss and cry. These tales of local folklore helped Irish people to explain phenomenon in a supernatural way, before the advent of modern science. They remain fascinating and lively tales, full of wit, wisdom and supernatural surprises.

Chapter 3 : True Irish Ghost Stories, Free PDF, ebook | Global Grey

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She is a spirit with a lengthy pedigree—how lengthy no man can say, as its roots go back into the dim, mysterious past. So it would seem that in the course of centuries her attributes and characteristics have changed somewhat. Very different descriptions are given of her personal appearance. Sometimes she is young and beautiful, sometimes old and of a fearsome appearance. One writer describes her as "a tall, thin woman with uncovered head, and long hair that floated round her shoulders, attired in something which seemed either a loose white cloak, or a sheet thrown hastily around her, uttering piercing cries. Other descriptions will be found in this chapter. By the way, it does not seem to be true that the Banshee exclusively follows p. Galway family English by name and origin. One of the oldest and best-known Banshee stories is that related in the Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw. At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and looking out of bed, beheld in the moonlight a female face and part of the form hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale, and the hair, which was reddish, was loose and dishevelled. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two p. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit, but to account for the superstition. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in this family or castle, the female spectre whom you have seen is always visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the moat. The motive for the haunting is akin to that in the tale of the Scotch "Drummer of Cortachy," where the spirit of the murdered man haunts the family out of revenge, and appears before a death. Harrison Ross-Lewin, was away in Dublin on law business, and in his absence the young people went off to spend the evening with a friend who lived some miles away. The night was fine and lightsome as they were returning, save at one point where the road ran between trees or high hedges not far to the west of the old church of Kilchrist. The latter, like many similar ruins, was a simple oblong building, with long side-walls and high gables, and at that time it and its graveyard were unenclosed, and lay in the open fields. As the party passed down the long dark lane they suddenly heard in the distance loud keening and clapping of hands, as the country-people were accustomed to do when lamenting the dead. The Ross-Lewins hurried on, and came in sight of the church, on the side wall of which a little gray-haired old woman, clad in a dark cloak, was running to and fro, chanting and wailing, and throwing up her arms. The girls were p. They searched every nook, and found no one, nor did anyone pass out. All were now well scared, and got home as fast as possible. On reaching their home their mother opened the door, and at once told them that she was in terror about their father, for, as she sat looking out the window in the moonlight, a huge raven with fiery eyes lit on the sill, and tapped three times on the glass. They told her their story, which only added to their anxiety, and as they stood talking, taps came to the nearest window, and they saw the bird again. A few days later news reached them that Mr. Ross-Lewin had died suddenly in Dublin. This occurred about Westropp also writes that the sister of a former Roman Catholic Bishop told his sisters that when she was a little girl she went out one evening with some other children for a walk. Going down the road, they passed the gate of the principal demesne near the town. There was a rock, or large p. Going nearer, they perceived it to be a little dark, old woman, who began crying and clapping her hands. Some of them attempted to speak to her, but got frightened, and all finally ran home as quickly as they could. Next day the news came that the gentleman, near whose gate the Banshee had cried, was dead, and it was found on inquiry that he had died at the very hour at which the children had seen the spectre. A lady who is a relation of one of the compilers, and a member of a Co. Cork family of English

descent, sends the two following experiences of a Banshee in her family. My mother, when a young girl, was standing looking out of the window in their house at Blackrock, near Cork. She suddenly saw a white figure standing on a bridge which was easily visible from the house. The figure waved her arms towards the house, and my mother heard the bitter wailing of the Banshee. It lasted some seconds, and then the figure disappeared. Next morning my grandfather was walking as usual into the city of Cork. We suddenly heard the most extraordinary wailing, which seemed to come in waves round and under her bed. We naturally looked everywhere to try and find the cause, but in vain. The nurse and I looked at one another, but made no remark, as my mother did not seem to hear it. My sister was downstairs sitting with my father. She heard it, and thought some terrible thing had happened to her little boy, who was in bed upstairs. She rushed up, and found him sleeping quietly. My father did not hear it. One of the boys, happening to become ill, was at once placed in a room by himself, p. On one occasion, as he was being visited by the doctor, he suddenly started up from his seat, and affirmed that he heard somebody crying. The doctor, of course, who could hear or see nothing, came to the conclusion that the illness had slightly affected his brain. However, the boy, who appeared quite sensible, still persisted that he heard someone crying, and furthermore said, "It is the Banshee, as I have heard it before. It was a woman of no earthly type, with a queer-shaped, gleaming face, a mass of red hair, and eyes that would have been beautiful but for their expression, which was hellish. She had on a green hood, after the fashion of an Irish peasant. My great-grandfather served in the Irish Brigade, and on its dissolution at the time of the French Revolution had the good fortune to escape p. On his death his son, who had been born in Italy, and was far more Italian than Irish, changed his name to Neilsini, by which name the family has been known ever since. But for all that we are Irish. Pray Heaven it is not my wife or daughter. Other people may see or hear it, but the fated one never, so that when everyone present is aware of it but one, the fate p. Apparently these dread vehicles must be distinguished from the phantom coaches, of which numerous circumstantial tales are also told. The first are harbingers of death, and in this connection are very often attached to certain families; the latter appear to be spectral phenomena pure and simple, whose appearance does not necessarily portend evil or death. Westropp, "occurred the remarkably-attested apparition of the headless coach in June , when Mr. Ralph Westropp, my great-grandfather, lay dying. The story was told by his sons, John, William, and Ralph, to their respective children, who told it to me. They had sent for the doctor, and were awaiting his arrival in the dusk. As they sat on the steps they suddenly heard a heavy rumbling, and saw a huge dark coach drive into the paved court before p. One of them went down to meet the doctor, but the coach swept past him, and drove down the avenue, which went straight between the fences and hedges to a gate. Two of the young men ran after the coach, which they could hear rumbling before them, and suddenly came full tilt against the avenue gate. The noise had stopped, and they were surprised at not finding the carriage. The gate proved to be locked, and when they at last awoke the lodge-keeper, he showed them the keys under his pillow; the doctor arrived a little later, but could do nothing, and the sick man died a few hours afterwards. One of them, Halloran, said that the heavy rumble of a coach roused them. The other servant, Burke, stood on the top of the long flight of steps with a lamp, and sent Halloran down to open the carriage door. He reached out his hand to do so, saw a skeleton looking p. When the badly-scared Burke picked himself up there was no sign or sound of any coach. A little later the invalid arrived, so exhausted that he died suddenly in the early morning. On the night of December 11, , a servant of the MacNamaras was going his rounds at Ennistymon, a beautiful spot in a wooded glen, with a broad stream falling in a series of cascades. In the dark he heard the rumbling of wheels on the back avenue, and, knowing from the hour and place that no mortal vehicle could be coming, concluded that it was the death coach, and ran on, opening the gates before it. He had just time to open the third gate, and throw himself on his face beside it, when he heard a coach go clanking past. Westropp informs us that at sight or sound of this coach all gates should be thrown open, and then it will not stop at the house to call for a member of the family, but will only foretell the death of some relative at a distance. We hope our readers p. We may conclude this chapter with some account of strange and varied death-warnings, which are attached to certain families and foretell the coming of the King of Terrors. Wicklow family a death is preceded by the appearance of a spectre; the doors of the sitting-room open and a lady dressed in white satin walks across the room and hall. Fâ€™” and her son lived near Clonaslee. One day, in mid-winter, their servant heard a cuckoo;

they went out for a drive, the trap jolted over a stone, throwing Mrs. Fâ€™ out, and breaking her neck. The ringing of all the house-bells is another portent which seems to be attached to several families. A death-warning in the shape of a white owl follows the Westropp family. This last appeared, it is said, before a death in , but, as Mr. Westropp remarks, it would be more convincing if it appeared at places where the white owl does not nest and fly out every night. No doubt this list might be drawn out to much greater length. Her patient was a middle-aged woman, the wife of a well-to-do shopkeeper. One evening the nurse was at her tea in the dining-room beneath the sick-room, when suddenly she heard a tremendous crash overhead. Fearing her patient had fallen out of bed, she hurried upstairs, to find her dozing quietly, and there was not the least sign of any disturbance. A member of the family, to whom she related this, told her calmly that that noise was always heard in their house before the death of any of them, p. Knocking on the door is another species of death-warning. All in the room heard it.

Chapter 4 : True Irish Ghost Stories Index

The Ghost of Archbishop Narcissus Marsh in Marsh's Library, Dublin. In their book True Irish Ghost Stories, St. John D. Seymour and Harry L. Neligan describe how Marsh's Library - Ireland's oldest free public library - is meant to be haunted by its founder, Archbishop Narcissus Marsh.

Faces by LisaP I have been reading this site for quite sometime now and I finally had the courage to tell one of my stories. Ever since I was a young girl I was very aware of the other plane. We shall put it that way. And being a young child seeing certain things would scare me and give me nightmares. So on Saturday night my aunty and I were at her house, having a few drinks and telling stories etc. She had mentioned a story and it involved the very small rural village of A I have quite a few piercings but I have these specific earrings that look like gauges. Ghost Octopus by darklight99 I have had experience with an Octopus entity here in my hometown of Limerick City. It all started when my Grandmother died. It was 3 days after she had died and I was lying in my bed when this ghostly figure started hovering in the corner of the room. It had tentacles and for a minute it looked It was a 4 bedroom house in a estate 80 miles north of Dublin. Although they had lived at that address for a few years and all seemed well, the problems started when I I really want to tell you guys the story of the trickster. He was a 15 year old boy named Alex and boy did he love to play pranks and mess with people. He just seemed to show up at my house one day and he stayed for abo I had just come home from work and the atmosphere in the house felt different than earlier that day. When I was starting to make dinner I felt very uncomfortable in the kitchen but I pressed on and got it done. Then for awhile after that the atmosphere seemed to I usually never had any vivid dreams before this happened. I went to bed and fell asleep as normal but I had a very vivid dream that night which I still can remember to this day. I dreamed that I was in the car driving my normal route to work, when a woman in whi One night I was on my laptop watching videos on Youtube when I came across the trailer for the Conjuring 2. After I watched it I googled about the Enfield Haunting. I stayed over at my best friends house the night before and I needed a lift to my parents house, as I was supposed to be having dinner there. I decided I would text my mum and ask if she could pick me up. She agreed and would ring me when she was outside Trying To Get My Attention? I had some friends over earlier that night discussing what our plans were for over the Christmas period. My friends stayed quite late. By the time I had finished My bedroom in my house is the main location for things to happen. I was on my phone before I went to bed and came across an app called Ghost Radar. I decided that I would download it just to see what it was all about. As soon as it had finish It was a really nice sunny day so I decided I would drive out and visit my parents for the day. I arrived at the house and everything seemed normal. My mum was really busy that day so I said I would help her out while I was ther I keep a journal of all my paranormal experiences so I know what happened just encase you were wondering. I woke up like normal and went to get a drink of water from the kitchen. The Necklace by kayraa So this is just a quick background on the house I grew up in. I moved into this house when I was four just tuning five. I had one experience when I was younger which I have written about. Years went by with nothing happening. Or at least nothing major. I had this necklace my father bought me as a I woke up around 4AM and heard the sound of breathing from the far corner. It sounded tranquil and rhythmical, like somebody is asleep. Tall Man In Slacks by kayraa This happened about this time two years ago. It was the beginning of our good Irish weather and I was relaxing in my smaller sitting room. I had just spent the day cleaning and moving my sitting room from the larger room at the back of the house extension to the smaller room which was part of t Music And Dancing by kayraa This is my first story and is quite a short one so I hope I reach the minimum character limit. The first experience I can remember was when I was about 6 or 7 years old. It was in my family home in the evening time. We lived in a housing estate that is only 40 years old. I was standing in th I have always picked on things others have not. For a few years, the haunting I had experienced seemed to have stopped. However, in the last couple of months things have started again. It started shortly after I began university. Sisters In Europe by LunaEclipse I am a 25 year old Australian who travelled around Europe last year with my younger sister 20 years old who for this story I will just call K. K and I had been travelling for 3 months by ourselves and with friends for

some parts. K and I are both interested in the supernatural so on our adventu I was aware that there was reported hauntings prior to going but did not want to read any stories before I went, and my wife was totally unaware of any stories relating to the castle. We stayed in Normans Room and a serious of eve Mimicing Rachael by Roconnor I have always been interested in the paranormal and ghosts but had never really thought that I would have an experience of my own. In January of this year I experienced a rather unsettling occurrence in the house that I rented at the time with my best friend. It was a renovated house but would ha Holiday Haunting In Donegal by kirgeek My dad is from Donegal, a rural county in the republic of Ireland, and my family have gone over every summer since I was born. Normally it is a fun, family filled affair, all of my aunties and uncles and many cousins join us and we spend a fortnight or so on the beach and enjoying the "Mary from Don I would just like to say my mother told me she had to get a priest to bless her because of a incident with a Ouija board when she was younger. Maybe this thing she conjured has latched The Italian Mirror Ghost by emmaleeh2 My grandparents used to live next door to me growing up, and as they got older they were soon incapable of taking care of themselves and unfortunately both of them ended up in a nursing home. My father began to rent their house out to different tenants at different times over a a couple of years to First there is George. He is a 10 year old boy who haunts the drama studio balcony. She originally thought that it was one of her year 7s me I have two previous stories by the same name, this story is a continuation of my paranormal experiences that have occurred so far in my life. My last story was based at my uni in England It started with small things like my brothers toys turnin I have helped people with their experiences before who will remain anonymous. I was sleeping in my bed and sat up awake looking round. It used to be an attic but we converted it into a bedroom. There is now two doors leading to an attic in my room, one right beside my bed and one above my bed. At night time I always hear noises coming from the attic doors, but mainly the one beside my bed. I suppose you have seen the title of my story. It all started in school in the bathrooms. I was taking a wee when in the distance behind me in the cubicle I heard my name like a faint "Luke Just last July I got my daughter a puppy she called Poppy, she is a miniature Jack Russell, we took her home and she settled in well wi For the past 3 or 4 years I have been experiencing people that are dead. I did experience this when I was younger, but it had stopped for a while then it all happened again. Call From The Other Side? We were very close, and when I heard the news he had died I was devastated. I was babysitting at the time, and the c Nothing major and possibly they can be explained away but then again possibly not, and I hope not. Demonic Voice by Eimer My name is Eimer! Two major things have happened to me. This happened when I was 14, 6 years ago. My brother and I were playing the PS2 really late, so about half 2 we decided to turn in.

Chapter 5 : The second book of Irish ghost stories (Book,) [theinnatdunvilla.com]

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He had an elder sister, Catherine Frances, and a younger brother, William Richard. Within a year of his birth his family moved to the Royal Hibernian Military School in the Phoenix Park, where his father, a Church of Ireland clergyman, was appointed to the chaplaincy of the establishment. There were about six thousand Catholics in the parish of Abington, and only a few dozen members of the Church of Ireland. In bad weather the Dean cancelled Sunday services because so few parishioners would attend. However, the government compelled all farmers, including Catholics, to pay tithes for the upkeep of the Protestant church. The following year the family moved back temporarily to Dublin, to Williamstown Avenue in a southern suburb, where Thomas was to work on a Government commission. Thomas took the rectorships in the south of Ireland for the money, as they provided a decent living through tithes. However, from 1845, as the result of agitation against the tithes, this income began to fall and it ceased entirely two years later. In the government instituted a scheme of paying rectors a fixed sum, but in the interim the Dean had little besides rent on some small properties he had inherited. At his death Thomas had almost nothing to leave to his sons and the family had to sell his library to pay off some of his debts. His widow went to stay with the younger son William. Under a system peculiar to Ireland he did not have to live in Dublin to attend lectures, but could study at home and take examinations at the university when necessary. He was called to the bar in 1845, but he never practised and soon abandoned law for journalism. In 1846 he began contributing stories to the Dublin University Magazine, including his first ghost story, entitled "The Ghost and the Bone-Setter". He became owner of several newspapers from 1847, including the Dublin Evening Mail and the Warder. Their first child, Eleanor, was born in 1848, followed by Emma in 1850, Thomas in 1852 and George in 1854. Others involved in the campaign included Samuel Ferguson and Isaac Butt. Butt wrote a forty-page analysis of the national disaster for the Dublin University Magazine in 1847. Her parents retired to live in England. His personal life also became difficult at this time, as his wife suffered from increasing neurotic symptoms. She had a crisis of faith and attended religious services at the nearby St. She suffered from anxiety after the deaths of several close relatives, including her father two years before, which may have led to marital problems. She was buried in the Bennett family vault in Mount Jerome Cemetery beside her father and brothers. From then on he did not write any fiction until the death of his mother in 1855. He turned to his cousin Lady Gifford for advice and encouragement, and she remained a close correspondent until her death at the end of the decade. In 1856 he became the editor and proprietor of the Dublin University Magazine and he began to take advantage of double publication, first serialising in the Dublin University Magazine, then revising for the English market. After lukewarm reviews of the former novel, set in the Phoenix Park area of Dublin, Le Fanu signed a contract with Richard Bentley, his London publisher, which specified that future novels be stories "of an English subject and of modern times", a step Bentley thought necessary for Le Fanu to satisfy the English audience. Le Fanu succeeded in this aim in 1857, with the publication of Uncle Silas, which he set in Derbyshire. In his very last short stories, however, Le Fanu returned to Irish folklore as an inspiration and encouraged his friend Patrick Kennedy to contribute folklore to the D. Le Fanu died of a heart attack in his native Dublin on 7 February 1871, at the age of 44. Work[edit] Le Fanu c. He was a meticulous craftsman and frequently reworked plots and ideas from his earlier writing in subsequent pieces. Many of his novels, for example, are expansions and refinements of earlier short stories. He specialised in tone and effect rather than "shock horror", and liked to leave important details unexplained and mysterious. He avoided overt supernatural effects: James, and although his work fell out of favour in the early part of the 20th century, towards the end of the century interest in his work increased and remains comparatively strong. Also apparent are nostalgia and sadness for the dispossessed Catholic aristocracy of Ireland, whose ruined castles stand as mute witness to this history. Some of the stories still often appear in anthologies: McCormack in his biography of that year. Spalatro has a typically Gothic Italian setting, featuring a bandit as hero, as in Ann Radcliffe whose novel The Italian includes a repentant minor villain of the same name. Like Carmilla, this undead femme fatale is not portrayed

in an entirely negative way and attempts, but fails, to save the hero Spalatro from the eternal damnation that seems to be his destiny. Le Fanu wrote this story after the death of his elder sister Catherine in March. She had been ailing for about ten years, but her death came as a great shock to him. Like Scott, Le Fanu was sympathetic to the old Jacobite cause: *The Cock and Anchor*, [16] a story of old Dublin. It was reissued with slight alterations as *Morley Court* in

Chapter 6 : Famous Irish ghost story of creepy predictions from the dead | theinnatdunvilla.com

ghost stories. Books on Irish fairy and folk-lore there were in that the majority of the stories were sent to me as first or second-hand experiences by ladies and.

Share Shares 14K Ireland is famous for its vast mythology. From leprechauns and fairies to banshees and kelpies, the Emerald Isle has at least as many legends as it has real, recorded history. But not every Irish legend is fairy tale material. The country has plenty of paranormal myths and ghost stories that are as creepy as they are mysterious. Here are some of the strangest ones. However, most of them are limited to crying or bleeding. In , a particular Irish statue of the Holy Mother showed some special abilities stronger than that: The moving Virgin Mary statue of Ballingspittle was first witnessed by a retired police sergeant who saw it begin levitating in the grotto of the church. The legend of the statue started spreading and others started claiming they had also seen it move. Of course, the phenomenon wasâ€”and still isâ€”widely disputed. Despite all this, believers in the phenomenon stand by their claims. Some say they can still see the statue move sometimes. The Killakee House in Dublin was particularly unfortunate in this respect, because the cat stalking its halls and grounds was clearly supernatural , if it was an animal at all. The Black Cat of Killakee is an old, legendary creature that has reportedly been sighted in the area for centuries. However, its legend really sprung to life in , when a young couple bought the rundown Killakee House and started renovating it. The workers soon reported strange sounds and eerie events, which culminated when a huge black cat with glowing demon eyes started haunting them. The animal appeared and vanished in the blink of an eye and scared the workers greatly. The lady of the house first thought the workmen were merely superstitious, but soon, she and her husband started encountering the beast as well. The Black Cat appeared in hallways and areas with clearly locked doors, staring and snarling at frightened witnesses. Before long, an exorcism was performed in the premises. This took care of the catâ€”at least, for a few months. It has since been taken down, so its authenticity is dubious, but the area has such a storied reputation when it comes to paranormal that a fruit poltergeist is actually far from the strangest thing to have happened there. Parts of the shopping center have a history as an old hospital, and as such, it has seen its share of human suffering. Various people have reported ghostly singing and figures wandering the area. At least one shopper has reported an encounter with a mysterious mumbling woman who was clearly looking directly at him before turning around and vanishing in front of his eyes. According to legend, a particularly notable ghost of the area is Lord Norbury, a ruthless 19th-century judge who was cursed by the widow of one of his victims to forever wander the Jervis area as a large black dog carrying heavy iron chains. In fact, Malahide is famous for no fewer than five resident ghosts. The spectral Lord Galtrimâ€”who died violently on his wedding day in the 15th century, after which his bride married his biggest rivalâ€”is said to wander the castle grounds at night, groaning from the pain of heartbreak and spear wounds alike. The beautiful, anonymous White Lady in a large painting in the main hall has been reported to leave her painting to walk the corridors at night. A ruthless lord called Miles Corbet is sometimes seen as an imposing armored soldier who suddenly breaks into pieces. There are at least two variations of his legend: Some say his lover was taken away and he was found stabbed through the heart, while others claim he hanged himself for seemingly no reason at all. In both versions of the story, Puck vowed to haunt and protect the castle after his death. Many are certain that he kept his promise, as the small caretaker has made numerous appearances throughout the years. It is said he also appears in many photos taken by the tourists. A 20th century stoneworker in Athenry found this out the hard way when he dismantled a fireplace in the old Dunsandle House. He liked the mantelpiece and took it with him to his workshop. Unfortunately for him, the ghost of a tall man haunted Dunsandle Houseâ€”and it had attached itself to the mantelpiece. Objects were flying around and a strange fiddle played at night. Presumably, the ghost himself made a few appearances as wellâ€”how else would they have known it was a tall man? Eventually, the stoneworker was able to make the apparition stop. It is built directly on top of a number of huge year-old burial vaults. These vaults are still full of corpses, stacked in coffins and eerily well-preserved. Some of the coffins have crumbled, while others have collapsed into piles where corpse limbs are sticking out from a mound of broken wood. Some are even

completely open, revealing the mummy-like figures within. Eerie as they may seem, the burial vaults of St. The pub is located near the large Glasnevin cemetery, and as such, many of its patrons have been gravediggers, body snatchers, and other people who work with the dead for a living. This gave the landlord time to pour them a pint as they leaned their shovels on the wall and entered. With traditions like this, one would assume that the pub has a history of violence and the kinds of ghosts that might haunt it are frightening apparitions. This could not be further from the truth. Although the pub does have a resident ghost, it is actually one of the most harmless spirits around. The specter is a neatly dressed elderly man with a white beard and all it wants is a quiet pint of Guinness in the corner before disappearing. The ghost, thought to be an ancient relative of the Kavanagh family, is apparently a regular at the pub and has been spotted by many a patron. The pub owners encourage offering the ghost a pint if you ever see him. After staring at the mysterious island for a while, a few fishermen took their boats to sea to check out their newest neighbor. However, before they managed to get too close, the entire large island suddenly vanished in thin air. Strange as this event may seem, these mysterious phantom islands have actually been reported in several coastal areas of Ireland. Ballyheigue Strand, Carrigaholt, and Ballyinalearne Bay have all experienced a similar event, along with certain areas of the neighboring Scotland. Although generally written off as detailed mirages and other optical illusions, there is another intriguing theory. Old Irish legends tell of a fantastical island of plenty known as Hy Brasil. This legendary island is supposed to be shrouded from the human eyes, only becoming visible once every seven years. The island is supposed to be located somewhere off the western coast of Ireland and several people have reported either visiting the place or witnessing its appearance and disappearance. Bango Art Most countries have at least one mythical monster lurking in their waters or forests, and Ireland is no exception. In fact, the whole island is littered with legendary beasts and cryptids, but possibly the most impressive of them all is Dobhar Chu. Where the latter is a more or less peaceful theoretical Scottish plesiosaur, the former is a bloodthirsty, crocodile-sized beast with an appetite for human flesh. Dobhar Chu live in small populations and may be migratory, so their hypothetical numbers are unknown. In the rare instances where they can do so, they are usually confined to poltergeist activity and speaking through mediums and Ouija boards. Corney, a poltergeist that haunted a household in Dublin in the early 20th century, had no such problems. After he had announced his presence in this way, he spoke to the family and servants in a booming voice that sounded like it came from inside a barrel. Corney soon proved to be a complete nuisance. He continually played practical jokes on the servants, who were deathly afraid of him. Thinking that he was confined to the coal cellar of the kitchen, they requested new quarters in the highest floor of the house. The second they moved there and were about to go to sleep, the doors were slammed open and they were taunted by Corney, who gleefully informed them he was not confined in any part of the house and could go as he pleased. He stated that he had been a bad man that had died a bad death and could not tell where he was, metaphysically speaking, because God would get angry. He was unable to speak when priests visited the house and sometimes had mysterious ghostly visitors who left soot marks behind them. Despite all these hints toward his hellish nature, Corney was eventually accepted as a part of the household, although only temporarily—his cruel pranks and slightly malicious nature were eventually too much for the family and they started to consider moving. At first, Corney sabotaged their attempts to sell the house by speaking to potential purchasers and driving them away, but the lady of the house—the only person Corney seemed to genuinely respect—convinced him to let them move away. Within half an hour, the house was sold to a wealthy widow and the family was finally free to find a ghost-free home. Perhaps that is why the Emerald Isle is said to be a particularly attractive place for aliens. According to Carl Nally, UFO expert and founder of UFO and Paranormal Research Ireland, the country is such a hot spot for alien activity that Irish pilots are in constant danger of colliding with the alien crafts zipping around the skies. He says he has met many pilots who have almost crashed with a strange cloud that had solid objects hiding inside them, some of whose encounters have been caught on tape. Nally even believes that the Tuskar Rock air tragedy, a mysterious accident where the crash of an Aer Lingus plane which killed 61 people, was caused by a collision with a UFO. According to him, the most dangerous areas for pilots are Cork, Roscommon. Pauli Poisuo also writes for Cracked. Why not follow him on Twitter?

Chapter 7 : 10 Eerie Paranormal Tales From Ireland - Listverse

Author and photographer Tarquin Blake loves ghost stories. But when he set out to write a book about Irish ghost tales, and photograph the locations, he hit upon one small problem.

This is probably the most well-known ghost story in Ireland – from a childhood pact becomes a ghostly presence. This one will haunt you. A manuscript of this story was found in Curraghmore, County Waterford. The story was recorded by Lady Betty Cobbe, the granddaughter of Lady Beresford, sometime in the 1800s. As children, they were orphans and raised by an atheist guardian who was determined to convert the children to his atheist views. The children continued to believe in heaven and a never-ending life so they made a pact with each other. They decided that the first of the siblings to die would reappear to the other, thus proving that there was life after death. A ghost would one day appear to one of the siblings, but which one? One night she woke up to find her foster-brother standing beside her bed. He told her that he had just died, reminding her of their childhood pact. The spirit of her foster-brother then told her of future events. He told her that her husband would die and she would re-marry, that she would have four children and that she would die on the day she turned 47. Terrified and doubting that her vision was real she asked her foster-brother if this was real. He grabbed her wrist causing it to shrink and wither. From that day forth she wore a black silk ribbon to hide the deformity. Terrifying Irish secrets to know about Halloween Everything that her foster-brother had predicted came true except for her death. She did not die on her 47th birthday. On her 48th birthday, Lady Beresford decided to celebrate the occasion with some friends. They included a clergyman who was an old family friend. Do you know any creepy Irish ghost stories? Share them in the comments!

Chapter 8 : True Irish Ghost Stories: Chapter VII. Banshees, and Other Death-Warnings

Seymour also wrote Irish Witchcraft and Demonology. True Irish Ghost Stories is a unique and very entertaining read, particularly for fans of Irish tales, as well as the paranormal investigator J.B. Hare, May 6th,

Wikimedia Commons Get daily updates directly to your inbox [Subscribe](#) Thank you for subscribing See our [privacy notice](#) Could not subscribe, try again later Invalid Email Ireland is a country with a history is steeped with folklore, myth and mystery. Almost every Irish person has been told some form of ghost story from their granny or grandad, or even witnessed one themselves. Would you be brave enough to visit any of them?

Wexford Loftus Hall Image: Wikimedia Commons The story of the mysterious house guest with the cloven foot has become a legendary tale in Irish history. It is rumoured that Anne Tottenham, a young girl minding the house with her parents was so traumatised by her meeting with the mysterious man who she believed to be the devil. It is rumoured that Anne can still be seen wandering the halls of the mansion today. A tourist caught this snap of a ghostly figure while on a tour of Loftus Hall. Is it Anne Tottenham?

Thomas Beavis Wicklow Gaol, Co. Wicklow Wicklow Gaol Image: Built in , the gaol was known for its cruelty and suffering, until it eventually closed its gates in . Within its walls, thousands of prisoners were penned in during the Great Famine, the Rebellion and the War of Independence. Conditions were horrific, harsh and inhospitable, which led to thousands of prisoners dying from a wide range of diseases.

Sarah Gallagher It is alleged that Charleville castle is haunted by the ghost of a young girl, named Harriet. Harriet was the youngest daughter of the third Earl of Charleville. On April 8th, , Harriet was in a playful mood, and decided to slide down the banister of the large, twirling staircase. Tragically, Harriet fell and passed away. Visitors have felt the chill of her presence while climbing the stairs, and have seen her ghostly figure skipping past. Some have even claiming that they have caught little Harriet on camera. Others also say she is sometimes accompanied by a boy of her own age.

Cork Charles Fort, Co. Peter Craine A wedding that led to three funerals. The story of Charles fort is truly a tragic one. She is mostly seen by children, and is said to be quite friendly, waving at them. But others have claimed to be pushed or tripped by the ghost.

Dublin Malahide Castle Image: Stories tell that the Puck had fallen in love with a prisoner, Lady Elenora Fitzgerald. The Puck was mysteriously stabbed to death outside the castle days later, and with his last breath, vowed to haunt the castle forever. There have been many sightings of the jester, who has apparently been photographed several times. When the castle was sold in , potential buyers claimed to see the ghost roaming the grounds and the castle itself.

Dublin Ardgillan Castle Image: Since her death, she haunts the castle waiting for her husband to return. Legend has it that if you see her on Halloween night, that she will pick you up and throw you in the sea.

Cork Belvelly Castle Image: A strange one indeed. She was said to be something of a Jezebel or floozy with quite a number of suitors and an extensive collection of mirrors. Tired of being kept at bay, one of her men, Clon de Courcy, took it upon himself to starve Lady Margaret and her family into submission. When Clon rejected her, she smashed all the mirrors in the castle, and can apparently be seen wandering the castle today, faceless, constantly rubbing at patches of the wall until they gleam like mirrors. Have you ever heard something go bump in the night? We want to hear YOUR spookiest, most spine-tinglingly terrifying ghostly experiences. Tell us your stories via this form and scroll down for the tales our freaked out readers have been sending in, if you dare Like us on Facebook.

Chapter 9 : Banshee Blacktop, an Irish Ghost Story () - IMDb

True Irish Ghost Stories is a unique and very entertaining read, particularly for fans of Irish tales, as well as the paranormal investigator. I run Global Grey completely on my own. On average, a book will take me around 3 hours to format.