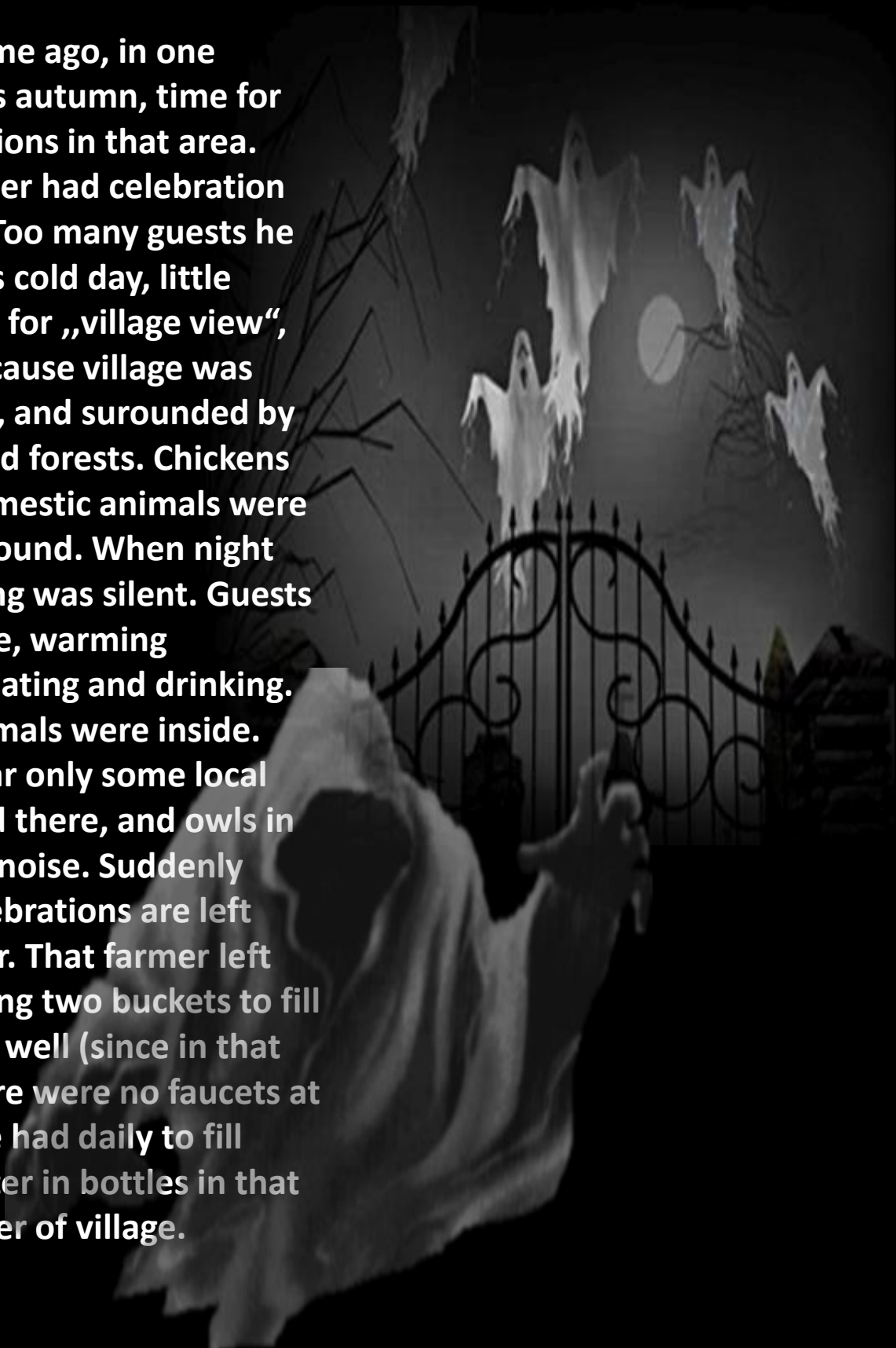


Ghost in village

It was long time ago, in one village. It was autumn, time for local celebrations in that area. One rich farmer had celebration at his home. Too many guests he invited. It was cold day, little foggy, perfect for „village view“, especially because village was located in hill, and surrounded by mountains and forests. Chickens and other homestic animals were wandering around. When night felt, everything was silent. Guests were all inside, warming themselves, eating and drinking. Domestic animals were inside. You could hear only some local dogs here and there, and owls in trees making noise. Suddenly people in celebrations are left without water. That farmer left home and bring two buckets to fill water in local well (since in that old times there were no faucets at home, people had daily to fill drinkable water in bottles in that place) in center of village.



His property was one of last in upper side of village, so center is maybe 15 minutes of walking. He was walking in road (those roads are made of combination mud/rock) alone, holding those two empty buckets. No person was there. It was late at night, around midnight. Before center, he saw their church, he crossed himself, as local customs are saying „In name of father, son and saint spirit. Amen!“ And kept moving forward. Then saw water well. Suddenly, out of nowhere, young girl approached him. She asked him what is he doing here. He told her that he needs to fill buckets with water so his guests can drink. She offered him help, to hold him one bucket and holding it until they get his home. He accepted her kind help.



He filled one bucket, while girl filled another one. Then they left place. Girl was silent. They walked, and passed near that church. Old farmer again crossed himself and said „In name of fath, son and saint spirit. Amen!“ Then suddenly in this moment, buckle hit ground. All water was spilled. Girl was gone, dissapeared. Gone in moment. Man was so afraid that he throwed another buckle away, and started to run away. During his running towards home, he saw that girl again. She was walking in front of him. He remembered that he heard that she died recently and that her spirit is told to be wandering around (it is said in that region that soul is wandering for 40 days around in moments of violent or unnatural death). He was wearing his cross in pocket for „any case“. He showed it to girl, she screamed loudly and exploded in mist like effect. Old farmer ran away to his home, and told to guests what happened. He was so scared that never ever went outside of his house in dark.

