



South Carolina Ghost Tale

This happened about a month ago just outside a little town in the low country of South Carolina, and while it sounds like an Alfred Hitchcock tale, it's real.

This guy was on the side of the road hitchhiking on a real dark night in the middle of a thunder storm. Time passed slowly and no cars went by. It was raining so hard he could hardly see his hand in front of his face.

Suddenly he saw a car moving slowly approaching and appearing ghostlike in the rain. It slowly crept toward him and stopped. Wanting a ride real bad the guy jumped in the car and closed the door, only then did he realize that there was nobody behind the wheel.

The car slowly started moving and the guy was terrified, too scared to think of jumping out and running. The guy saw that the car was slowly approaching a sharp curve, still too scared to jump out, he started to pray and begging for his life; he was sure the ghost car would go off the road and in the marsh and he would surely drown, when, just before the curve, a hand appeared through the driver's window and turned the steering wheel, guiding the car safely around the bend.

Paralyzed with fear, the guy watched the hand reappear every time they reached a curve. Finally the guy, scared to near death, had all he could take and jumped out of the car and ran to town.

Wet and in shock, he went into a bar and voice quavering, ordered two shots of whiskey, then told everybody about his supernatural experience.

A silence enveloped and everybody got goose bumps when they realized the guy was telling the truth and not just some drunk.

About half an hour later two guys walked into the bar and one says to the other:

"Look Bubba, dere's dat idiot who rode in our car when we was pushin' it in da rain."