Real Ghost And Paranormal Stories From India

By

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Name of the book

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My Great Grandfather And The Churail

Every family has their secrets and stories; these are the stories handed down from generation to generation. These are the stories that are never discussed during the bright light of day in front of the whole family, but rather the stories that are told in hushed tones, from one person to another in a darkened room. My family on my father’s side has a story such as this, the story of my great grandfather and the churail.

First of all, do you know what a churail is? Sometimes, it is used to describe a witch but most often, it is a woman who died while pregnant or during childbirth. Typically, if the woman died due to negligence of her husband, she will return to the world from her grave as “churail”, seeking vengeance on men, and any man will do.

Instead of being burned and ashes thrown in the River Ganges, in the olden Hindu tradition it was said that women who died in this manner should be buried face down, to prevent them for escaping the grave and by being buried face down, they see only the earth. Without being able to see upwards, to the world of the living, they would not be able to get up and roam. Unless precautions were taken, women who died while pregnant or while giving birth would become churails.
“You know the story of great grandfather and the churail,” my cousin told me one night when I was young, trying to scare me.

“She will creep into the rooms of men and suck their life force, turning them old and killing them, just like one nearly did to great grandfather,” my cousin continued. I went wailing to my father who berated my cousin for telling me stories but I saw the look my father gave my aunt and saw her shake her head no to him.

A few years passed and I asked my cousin about the story, curious. The look that passed between my aunt and my father told me that there was a story there and that was how I heard the story, told to me in whispers by my cousin, in a room with only a lantern to light it.

This is the story that my cousin told me, as had been told to him by my aunt, his mother.

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.........Our great grandfather and grandmother lived in a village near a sleepy railway town called Jamalpur (in Bihar, India). They lived in a rural area, and there was a graveyard not that far away. In fact, there was even an overgrown path through the forest that led to the unmarked graveyard, but it was not often used. As you know, Hindus are cremated on a funeral pyre, this graveyard was a special one, used on certain occasions. Very young
children when they die or those suspected of being churail are buried here.

The path had become unruly and overgrown as it was only one of many ways to get to the graveyard and many people did not use the path out of respect of my grandparents, for they would have had to go through their property to reach it. Most of the villagers used a path that joined up from the road, which led to the main entrance.

Shortly after their marriage, grandmother became pregnant. Both she and grandfather rejoiced in this happy event. Grandfather doted on grandmother, protecting her and nurturing her and the baby. All good men did this, it was necessary to prevent a churail from occurring, were the pregnancy to take a bad turn.

However, a churail ended up in their lives anyways. Because she was pregnant, sex was out of the question so grandfather began to sleep in the other room, so that grandmother would have the bed to herself. He did not mind the arrangement; he wanted what was best for his bride and the baby. However, he soon found himself in a very dangerous position, under the deadly spell of a churail.

Grandfather began to grow weaker, and he was looking frail and older than he should. The difference was shockingly apparent to grandmother, but grandfather insisted he was fine,
despite his increasingly fragile health. Grandmother was worried and rightfully so, one day, while outside, she noticed that the forest path to the cemetery no longer looked so overgrown. The weeds had been tramped down from somebody travelling along the path.

Curious, grandmother kept an eye on the path but saw nobody that day. That night, she was unable to sleep and so she was sitting by the window, in the darkness, when she saw the woman. The woman was young, and beautiful, and she passed so close to the window that grandmother could have reached out and touched her. Grandmother said nothing, assuming that she was perhaps from the village nearby, walking to the graveyard, perhaps to meet somebody in the darkness.

The next day, grandmother went outside and saw footprints, in the dirt around the side of the house. They were human and yet they were not. It almost looked as if they were backwards. Most people walk heel to toe, so the heel makes a deeper impression. These footprints had a bigger impression by the toes and the ball of the foot, not the heel and they just looked wrong, grandmother got a very uneasy feeling.

The next night, grandmother went to bed but did not go to sleep. Instead, she waited for her husband to retire to bed and then she waited some time and then took a lantern and entered the room grandfather slept in. She was so shocked that she
nearly dropped the lantern. She saw her husband, lying on his back in the bed, with the woman she had seen naked, over top of him. The woman had her feet on backwards; she was a churail!

Grandmother knew that her husband was under the churail’s spell. The churail was sucking his life force and it would kill him, then the churail would kill her and her unborn baby as well. She needed to do something and she needed to do something quickly. The next day, grandmother went to the village to ask if anybody had died recently. She discovered that a young woman had died recently of unsuccessful child birth and was buried in the graveyard, relatively close to where the forest path was. They told grandmother that it could not be a churail because they had buried the woman face down but then they admitted that no exorcism or rites had been performed and none of the traditional protections had been placed on the grave. You know that Hindus are burned but in some Indian societies and cultures and certain circumstances, bodies can be buried too.

Grandmother gathered the supplies that she would need from the village, several large nails, mustard seeds and hibiscus plants. Grandmother declined help from others, this was her fight for her husband and her family, and she needed to do it alone. She had to break the spell that the churail had placed on grandfather.
Grandmother went straight to the unmarked and unknown cemetery, following the path. She knew why the footprints looked so odd, the churail walked with her feet reversed. The grave was easy to find, it was new and the footprints led right to it. Grandmother sprinkled the mustard seeds over the grave. The churail would be compelled to count the seeds and it would keep her from seeking out grandfather, or any other man.

Grandmother than drove a thick, large nail into the four corners of the churail’s grave and then over the grave itself she planted hibiscus plants. The red flowers and the iron nails would keep the churail in her grave.

Grandmother then drove large nails into the threshold of the house to prevent the churail from entering the house. To further prevent the churail, grandmother took stones from the ground and built stone structures, similar to Stonehenge, in the front of the house and the back of the house.

Grandmother needed to clear the house now to rid grandfather of the spell. She performed havan, or homa. She made her offerings to a consecrated fire while reciting prayers; she prayed to god to help her husband by removing the spell and to make him well again. Grandmother had holy water from the River Ganges, and she went through their house, sprinkling the holy water while chanting hymns from the holy Hanuman Chalisa.
It took a week, but grandfather recovered fully. Not long after that, grandmother had a baby boy, a healthy baby boy....

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That is the story as it was told to me by my cousin and he had been told the story by his aunt, my father’s sister. They had learned it from their mother, who learned it from their mother, our great grandmother.

I never had the courage to ask my father or my uncles but recently when an uncle passed away, I thought again of the story and I asked my aunt. I half expected her to say that my cousin was just kidding but she told me that it was true. She said that the story is passed down from generation to generation because it teaches us what to look for. We know that when we see a beautiful woman, to always check her feet because that is how we know she is a churail. Churail’s are real. Ask anybody on my father’s side of the family. They will tell you.
The rest of the stories can be purchased on Amazon:

http://www.amazon.com/Real-Ghost-Paranormal-Stories-India-ebook/dp/B00K6JCLXY/

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**Message From The Author**

I hope I have not scared you and hope you have liked these stories. These stories have been told me or I have experienced them personally. I have no reason to assume that the stories that were told to me are not genuine. I believe them.

If you would like to know more about them, then feel free to contact me via the email address on my website http://www.shalusharma.com/contact.

Let me know what you thought of these stories on the Amazon page of this book. Simply go back and share them. If you wish to share some of your own personal ghost, paranormal or horror stories then I would like to hear from you too.

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Thank you