The Ghost Stories of Terrell, Texas

True and Amazing Paranormal Encounters:

A Collection Compiled, Experienced, and Told by the Terrell Ghost Walk Paranormal Investigators

Second Edition (eBook)

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Brenda Newby and Mary Jo Woodruff.

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These stories are written from memory, recalling events, locations, and conversations as accurately as possible. To protect privacy and anonymity, certain information, including names of specific locations and personal details, may be altered. Every effort has been made to accurately convey the experiences described to us.

While the authors used Gemini AI as a tool to fix grammatical errors and smooth out sentence structure, the heart of this book is human. The AI served only to refine the readability of the text, leaving the authors' original words and ideas intact

Cover designed by Brenda Newby and Mary Jo Woodruff

All photographs were taken by Mary Jo Woodruff

For information contact: Brenda Newby at TerrellGhosts.Com
or learn more about the Terrell Ghost Walk at TerrellGhostWalk.Com

Dedication

Mom

It's been an incredible journey, and I cherish every moment. I'm thankful for our bond, seeing you as not only a mother but also a true friend and the remarkable woman I aspire to be.

Dayton, My Son

My profound love for you, far exceeding my expectations, has always been immense, despite my shortcomings as a mother. I only hope that I was a good enough parent that you'll consider placing me in a quality nursing home when the time comes.

Jason, My Husband & Best Friend

We've overcome unimaginable hardships together, as one. I truly lucked out with you, and it's undeniable—you're still an absolute smoke show.

Through all the highs and lows, I couldn't have asked for better company than the three of you.

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Why is the City of Terrell, Texas so Damn Haunted?

"The city is a palimpsest, a parchment that has been written upon again and again, with the old texts still shimmering through."

— Unknown

TERRELL, LIKE MANY TOWNS WITH A RICH HISTORY, possesses a network of prohibition-era tunnels. These

subterranean routes facilitated the illegal distribution of moonshine and supported the operations of organized crime. Similar tunnel systems are rumored to span thousands of miles across the United States, particularly in towns like Terrell, which benefited from railroads and a high volume of transient visitors. I've stood at the barricaded entrances, lending credence to the whispers of up to three miles of winding underpasses. It's believed these tunnels once connected key locations such as the town's bank, the infirmary, and the state-run psychiatric hospital, a subject we'll delve into later.

Intriguingly, these very buildings are often associated with reports of paranormal activity. Unbeknownst to many Terrell inhabitants, underground passageways were indeed built in older, developed areas, and they often facilitated illicit activities. The concealed nature of these routes was key, as organized crime thrived on the clandestine sale of bootleg liquor, a highly lucrative enterprise. Years later, these hidden passageways became secret playgrounds for local children. Many of our tour guests have fondly

recalled their youthful adventures exploring this underground city.

During the early 19th century, Terrell was a vibrant and prosperous city. Older residents still have vivid memories of Moore Avenue as a bustling hub of culture and activity. Over the decades, the street has been home to opera houses, billiard halls, general stores, candy shops, and even wagon shops. We've also discussed the numerous soda shops where younger generations socialized, and the many movie theaters that drew crowds. During Prohibition, a few discreet "underground" establishments offered a place to grab a drink at a local speakeasy. And as the stories go, if a gentleman desired companionship for the evening, it could easily be arranged on the east side of Highway 34.

The upper floors of the Anderson building have their own intriguing tales. Rumor has it that high-stakes card games were held there, with one particularly audacious story claiming the city's newspaper was once wagered on a single hand of five-card stud. Whether it was won or lost depended

entirely on the cards dealt. These are the stories that echo the Old West days. In fact, if you were determined enough, you might still unearth some old bones, perhaps a little closer to the surface now due to soil erosion. Terrell is certainly not lacking in colorful legends and grand stories. While I can't always discern fact from fiction, ultimately, does it truly matter? These tales contribute to a small town's unique charm. One of the remarkable things about cities as captivating as Terrell is that a rich past only deepens its intrigue for future generations. However, our primary focus here lies in a different kind of story – the kind that can't be found on microfiche or through a quick internet search. We're interested in the things that go bump in the night, the stories that send a shiver down your spine. As naturally curious individuals, we want to explore the experiences that make us question our perceptions and the reality of what we've just witnessed.

Unveiling a City and Its Specters: My Initial Encounter

OUR PURPOSE HERE IS TO DELVE into the realm of ghosts and the unexplained. In a city with as many paranormal stories as Terrell, one is naturally drawn to the historic buildings, hoping to encounter something that might offer a glimpse into life after death. It wasn't until recent years that I became a believer in such things, sparked by my own first paranormal experience. It was an inexplicable photograph captured by my mother, with me present, around my 36th birthday. The picture was taken in another small city not far from Terrell. Initially, my discovery of Terrell wasn't tied to its ghost stories at all. In fact, I found Terrell in a decidedly non-paranormal way.

Like many brides-to-be, I became intensely focused on every detail of my upcoming wedding. My preoccupation reached a point where even my closest friend, my maid of honor, jokingly considered drastic measures to silence my incessant complaining. Despite my earlier vows to remain a calm bride, I

must now confess that I did, indeed, become quite frantic in the lead-up to the big day, expressing my displeasure rather loudly and colorfully whenever something wasn't exactly as I envisioned. My obsession had spiraled out of control. My mother, ever the pragmatist, seized this moment to gently point out the noticeable mustache that had been subtly developing above my upper lip for the past few years. I may have been a new bride, but I was an aging woman as well and "riper" than most. This was just another unwelcome sign of that, whether I chose to acknowledge it or not. It was clear something had to be done. The thought of walking down the aisle sporting a Fu Manchu was, understandably, deemed unacceptable. Discreetly, my mother made an appointment for me with a highly recommended electrolysis technician in Terrell.

The clinic is still on the main street downtown. Driving down Farm to Market Road 148, I turned onto State Highway 80, which then transitioned into a more intimate road, marked by intersections and stop lights. It was no longer a highway but a comfortable stretch of street – Moore Avenue. This area is

lined with buildings dating back to the 1800s, and they retain a significant historic charm despite some attempts at modernization. This is the heart of the Small Business District. Today, the street offers a diverse array of unique shopping experiences to cater to almost any taste. It's an area that commands attention, even from the most inattentive traveler. Despite my overwhelming anxiety about the upcoming procedure, I distinctly remember a sudden and palpable heaviness in the air after crossing the intersection at Rockwall Avenue.

I had never considered myself to be particularly "sensitive" or "psychic," but I quickly recognized this sensation. I would later come to understand that this feeling is often associated with the presence of spirit energy. At that moment, the heaviness was so pronounced that my anxiety dissipated, replaced by an unexpected sense of calm. Years after that experience, I learned that many people are quite capable of sensing these echoes of the past. Mediums, who are more prevalent than one might think, can sometimes hear, see, feel, and even smell the energetic signatures left behind by ghosts. While I've

never been able to consciously access these abilities, I can easily detect shifts in the atmosphere. If that shift is particularly strong, my old and worn-out joints might protest loudly, much like my Aunt Edna's famously unreliable knee. We all knew Aunt Edna's knee was more predictable than even David Finfrock, our most trusted Dallas meteorologist. Subsequent trips to the area yielded the same results. It seemed that at the intersection of Rockwall Avenue and Moore Avenue, this tangible sensation would immediately envelop me. It never occurred to me at the time that this might have paranormal or ghostly origins. Ghosts were, to me, a vague possibility, with most stories seeming to stem from overactive imaginations. There was never a sense of negativity in the area. Instead, it felt like stepping back into a simpler time. I often thought, "If these buildings could only talk, the stories they could tell." Something was undeniably different about this part of the city, and the increasing number of unexplainable experiences shared by those who frequented it began to feel less like mere coincidence. Eventually, a paranormal experience far from Moore Avenue would serve as the catalyst for my deeper investigation into

the area. As my curiosity grew, fueled by my own encounter, I became something of a paranormal enthusiast. With the development of my skills as an investigator alongside a professionally assembled team, our focus naturally turned to Terrell. We all began to formulate various theories to explain the substantial number of reported accounts of perceived paranormal events in that unique area. Mostly, we just asked ourselves, "Why is Terrell so damn haunted?" Here are our theories.

Magnetic Energy from the Railroad

MANY PARANORMAL INVESTIGATORS BELIEVE that our departed loved ones can draw upon various energy sources, such as magnetic, static, atmospheric, and electromagnetic energy, to help them manifest in different ways. If they can effectively channel this energy, it increases the likelihood of them being seen, heard, and sometimes even moving objects, often to the complete shock of unsuspecting witnesses.

Interestingly, a railroad track runs parallel to the Small Business District on Moore Avenue, less than a city block away from the busiest street in town. At one point, our investigation team was subletting space a block behind the track. One evening, feeling significantly behind on my work, I spent a restless night at the office, intending to start working again in the very early morning hours. Additionally, staying overnight in the building provided an ideal opportunity to observe any ghostly activity during its quietest period.

Lying on my air mattress that night, I was awakened by the train passing through almost twenty times. That's a significant

amount of magnetic energy being released into the air, making it perhaps unsurprising that the office experienced particularly heightened ghostly activity that night. The train generated so much energy that at times, our equipment, even when simply sitting out, would have its proximity meters light up and beep shortly after a train passed. Sometimes, the intensity of the train's energy was so strong that the entire building would shake and vibrate. You could physically feel the tremor in your core as the train horn blared, warning of its steady approach to the intersection.

Each time that train came through, it was one of the most amazing and fulfilling sensations I've ever experienced. It served as a powerful reminder of the historical commerce that the railroad brought to Terrell in the early 20th century, allowing the city to thrive and grow. It was a sensation that evoked feelings of achievement, innovation, and hard work. It also represented an unending supply of magnetic energy for our ghostly predecessors to potentially harness and make their presence known.

Tak, a psychic medium we collaborated with, once asked me if the railroad crossing gates would ever close when there was no train approaching. I had never witnessed that before. He laughed, seeming almost uncertain himself, and said, "I feel as if there's a ghost train zooming through the city sometimes." The very next morning, on my way into the office, I gasped as I saw the crossing gates close on their own and remain down for a full five minutes with no train in sight. Since then, I have heard several other reports of this phenomenon occurring in Terrell. It makes you wonder: what is the freight of this spectral train – cargo or passengers?

DOES THE RAILROAD FUEL THE PARANORMAL ACTIVITY?

Some people believe that magnetic energy from sources like the railroad may give spirits a "lift" when it comes to manifesting. Terrell's railroad brought commerce and economic growth to the city. Does it also bring its ghosts?

Thank You for Stepping into the Shadows

We sincerely hope you enjoyed this glimpse into the eerie history of our city. These stories are more than just legends; they are the echoes of Terrell's past that still shimmer through the present.

Experience the Hauntings in Person...

If these pages gave you a chill, imagine standing in the very spots where these encounters occurred. We invite you to join us for the **Terrell Ghost Walk**. We will guide you through the historic Small Business District along Moore Avenue, exploring active hotspots and visiting our 150-year-old Opera House—a building that truly has a life of its own.

Continue the Journey...

There are many more stories waiting to be told—from the mysterious magnetic energy of the railroad to the hidden tunnels beneath our feet. To thank you for reading this sample, we would like to offer you the eBook for free. Click the link to redeem.

Stay Connected...

We are constantly amping up our online presence and sharing new discoveries. Follow us to stay updated on upcoming tours, unique events, and new evidence from our investigations.

Website: TerrellGhostWalk.Com

Join Our Facebook Group for More Paranormal Fun

We look forward to seeing you in Terrell soon. Until then, keep your eyes open—you never know who might be watching.

Brenda Newby & Mary Jo Woodruff
Terrell Ghost Walk Paranormal Investigators