

THE BENTWATER GHOST

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There is almost always more than one side to a story. The side that is more comfortable to the majority of people is usually the one that moves to the forefront, sometimes totally suppressing some of the versions that have a distressing aspect. If you wish to stay comfortable, perhaps you should stop reading right now. On the other hand, if you have a more daring side, you may enjoy reading what they didn't tell you about the Bentwater Ghost.

I'm not claiming that this version is one hundred percent accurate. As are most stories that are passed along over many years, often whispered behind closed doors, the facts might have been stretched along the way. Nevertheless, the following is an account that could be "the way it was."



When the Bentwater community was in the planning stages, one of the early tasks was to lay out the streets. The main concern is usually to provide the absolute maximum number of lots, meaning straight streets. The second consideration is for an attractive neighborhood, which usually involves curving streets and cul-de-sacs. With the rolling terrain of this property, straight didn't make much sense, and it was a challenge to lay out in a reasonable design.

After receiving the street plans, the developer, who we will call, "Mr. Smith," was ready to give them his stamp of approval. That night, however, he had a very strange experience. He woke up in the middle of the night, going from a sound sleep to a wide-awake state instantly. He stared in amazement at a young girl standing at the foot of his bed.

Although the room was dark, there was a faint glow around the girl. She was looking intently at Mr. Smith, and the eye contact made him very uncomfortable. He tried to speak, intending to ask what she was doing in his bedroom, but no words would come from his mouth. The two of them stared at each other for what seemed like several long minutes. Slowly an idea began forming in Mr. Smith's mind. He realized that it wasn't his idea, but the girl was sending a message directly into his brain. It seemed like there was a link between them, made possible by the eye contact, and she was "talking" to him.

There were not sentences being "spoken," but general thoughts. He realized that the girl was warning him about something. It was something about the Bentwater property. It was something about the plans. There was a problem with where one of the streets was designed to be built. There was something about an old cemetery.

Suddenly Mr. Smith felt as though he had just awakened. He looked at the foot of the bed and saw nothing unusual. With a relieved sigh, he decided that he'd just had a bad dream. Perhaps he had been working too hard, and no doubt the stress was playing tricks with his sub-consciousness. He felt relieved, as glowing people appearing at his bed in the middle of the night was not something he was ready to accept.

The next day was a Saturday, so Mr. Smith decided to go over the street plans once more before giving his approval on Monday. Everything seemed to be in order, but for some reason, Bentwater Drive kept drawing his attention. He put the plans away, and went about his normal Saturday chores.

Late that night, Mr. Smith had the exact same experience again. He woke from a sound sleep to find that same young girl standing at the foot of his bed. She transmitted the same warning about the subdivision streets and a cemetery. This time when Mr. Smith came to his senses, the girl was gone, but he was enveloped in a cold sweat. He couldn't get back to sleep.

The dream, or experience, happened again the same way on Sunday night. The first thing Monday morning had Mr. Smith making an appointment with the former manager of the property.



When asked about a possible cemetery on the plot of land, the manager looked surprised, and then thoughtful. He admitted that he had heard something about an old family cemetery somewhere in that vicinity. Together they drove out to the property and began walking over it. Mr. Smith steered them to the area where Bentwater Drive was proposed to be. In a section overgrown with bushes and weeds, they discovered several field stones. The stones were laid out in such an arrangement to suggest that they could be marking graves. Both men agreed that they could have stumbled upon an unmarked graveyard.

Mr. Smith contacted a prior owner of the property. Sure enough, he was told that a family cemetery had been there back in the early 1800s. There was a family by the name of Dudley who had lived there. The man, his wife, and two children who had died young were known to have been buried there. It was possible that a few other graves might also be there.

Armed with this information, Mr. Smith quickly had Bentwater Drive re-drawn to avoid going right through the old cemetery. He also put into place arrangements to restore and preserve the graves. It was incorporated into a small park and made a central element signifying the historical aspect of the neighborhood.

After the total restoration of the cemetery and the completion of several homes nearby, Mr. Smith drove down Bentwater Drive late one afternoon. He stopped by the entrance of the cemetery, admiring how his plans had come to fruition. Suddenly his mouth dropped open and his face turned white as a sheet. There in the middle of the field stones marking the graves stood a young girl. It was the same girl from what he had hoped was a dream. She looked directly at Mr. Smith and smiled, waving her hand at him. Then she vanished into thin air.

Mr. Smith hasn't driven down Bentwater Drive again.