

The Ghost of the Lantern Lady (Nancy Drew Book) and millions of other books are available for Amazon Kindle. Learn more Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.

Enjoy and Happy Halloween! For as long as anyone can remember, residents of Canton, Michigan and neighboring communities have grown up with the story of the historical, wooden one-lane bridge over the Lower Rouge River on unpaved Denton Road and the ghost that haunted it. An aerial image of the Denton Road Bridge as it appeared in Photo courtesy of HistoricAerials. Even in surrounding states, the legend has been told of the ghost of a woman holding a lantern light crossing the road over the bridge, eerie cries from a ghostly baby, and mysterious orbs of light from disembodied spirits. Those bizarre sightings are even said to have been captured on video, such as the one below, shot in night vision on August 8, For many years, the original wooden bridge was the target of vandals, who would set it on fire every year or so. Eventually, it was replaced with a concrete bridge, but that did not stop the nighttime visits of curious ghost hunters, who would graffiti the guard rails as a testimony to braving the bridge. And even after Denton Road was paved in , the legend of the Blue Lady lives on. Although the original historical wooden bridge was replaced with a two-lane concrete bridge, the Blue Lady legend lives on. October 28, The Blue Lady legend has its origins in the first-half of the 19th century, when the area was being settled as a farming community. Supposedly, a farmer who lived on the north side of Proctor Road near Denton Road discovered that his wife had been unfaithful. However, she escaped on foot with her baby boy in her arms, carrying a lantern to light her way. She attempted to elude her wrathful husband by hiding under the bridge but the lantern light gave her away and he killed her. The names of the couple and the fate of the baby boy are apparently unknown. The current two-lane concrete bridge over the Lower Rouge River, which replaced the original historical wooden bridge. October 28, A spin-off legend focused on the farm house on Proctor Road that was owned by the murdering husband and his wife. That farm house no longer exists. The current two-lane concrete bridge and accompanying foot bridge over the Lower Rouge River, which replaced the original historical wooden bridge. October 28, The phenomena that are said to have been observed in the area seem to vary as well. The glow of the ghostly woman is said by some to be the manifestation of her spirit but other accounts say it is the light from her phantom lantern. Differing accounts have said the light is red, green, or white but most agree with the description of the Blue Lady. In addition to the crying baby and floating orbs, it is said that car windows would fog up for no reason and the footprints of an infant would appear on the glass. At least one group even claimed that the lights touched their car and left burn marks. Still others have reported vehicles mysteriously accelerating on their own at the bridge. In the s, a couple of pranksters were known to drive up and down the road with lanterns attached to fishing poles to mimic the appearance of the ghostly orbs. The fishing pole pranksters were very nearly exposed one night when a police cruiser got stuck in mud and the young men had to help get the car out. Luckily for them, they had successfully hidden their lanterns in the nick of time. Another popular stunt by local college students was to strand fraternity pledges somewhere around Denton Road with instructions to find a lantern that had been hidden nearby in order to help them find their way out. As a result, witnesses driving by would see their lanterns swinging back and forth in the cornfields, looking very much like ghostly lights. One autumn night, it is said that a barn on Proctor Road was accidentally burned down by college students when a lantern that they had hidden there was knocked over. Some kids would even hide under the bridge and imitate crying babies to frighten would-be ghost hunters. There were those who debunked the mysterious sightings as the glow of swamp gas and some even tried to attribute them to UFOs. October 28, Today, Denton Road, which runs north and south in Wayne County west of I in metro Detroit, bears little resemblance to its former self the spooky, remote dirt road surrounded by nothing but grassy swamps, woods, and fields. Now, resulting from the burgeoning population in Canton Township, Denton Road is a heavily traveled, paved thoroughfare in a rapidly-growing area of new high-end homes and condominiums. October 28, So what is it, if anything, that lurks beneath the Denton Road Bridge? Could it truly be the restless spirit of the Blue Lady, trapped there forever, reliving over and over again her untimely

death? Perhaps we will never know for sure. What is it, if anything, that lurks beneath the Denton Road Bridge? If you decide to try to find out for yourself, please keep in mind that the area surrounding the Denton Road Bridge is mostly residential private property. Please do not trespass, be aware of the busy traffic, and stick to the public area surrounding the foot bridge and sidewalk. If anyone wishes to share their experiences with the Blue Lady legend or has photographs related to the Denton Road Bridge haunting that may be included in this article, please email me at kristina.kristinascarcelli. Full credit will be provided. The Detroit Free Press, October 31, Sterling, July 25, Ghost Stories and Other Tales from Canton. The Canton Historical Society,

Chapter 2 : The Blue Lady – The Ghost of Canton, Michigan’s Denton Road Bridge |

The Ghost of the Lantern Lady has ratings and 8 reviews. AT A HAUNTED HISTORIC VILLAGE, NANCY SEES THE GHOSTLY SIGNS OF FOUL PLAY Nancy loves a good.

She stepped out of her Mustang. Its shiny blue color matched her T-shirt and her eyes. Her blue eyes sparkled with excitement. George had short, dark curly hair and brown eyes, and Bess had long blond hair and blue eyes. It would be hard to guess they were cousins. They headed toward the large igloo-shaped Visitors Center, the only modern building in sight. Inside were a gift shop, theater, restaurant, and museum gallery. Nancy, Bess, George, and the fifteen other volunteers walked the dirt path from the Visitors Center to the one-room log schoolhouse in the village. They sat down on long log benches that ran the width of the room and faced the slateboard wall in front. Thick blond hair hung straight to the shoulders of his T-shirt. His green eyes shone with a friendly gaze. She introduced herself, Nancy, and George. She looked enough like Cory to be his twin, except for her hair. It was long and wavy and a rich dark brown. The schoolhouse door opened and a woman walked in and went to the slateboard. We have two days during which the village will be closed before the festival begins. While you work here, you will always stay in character. Always pretend to be the person you are assigned to be and treat the other villagers as if they are really the people they are playing. Nancy thought Mabel looked and sounded just like a woman from the past. She wore a long dress in dark green with a lighter green border and a white apron. Her face was framed with the heart-shaped brim of a bonnet the color of butter. We just want you to act as if you live in There will always be regular villagers with you. It was going to be so different this time, living as one of the actual "villagers. When the food is cooked, we sit and eat. We treat the tourists as friendly strangers passing through. There are no cars, no telephones, or television -- " "Yikes! No video games," Cory said with a mock groan. There were twelve log cabins. Most had two rooms. Handmade wood chairs and tables were placed around one room, which was used for living, cooking, and eating. The other room was for sleeping. A few cabins had two with a sleeping loft up above. All were with a fireplace and lit by candles. Water in buckets from the icehouse spring. It was lumpy and made a crackling noise when Nancy pushed on it. She lifted up the mattress, which rested on ropes threaded across the bed frame like laces on sneaker. They walked through the general store, also made of logs. Its walls were lined with shelves holding fabric and thread, tools and nails, teapots and raw sugar. A large cast-iron stove sat in the middle of the room. The stove was surrounded by rockers and benches, where customers could "sit a spell, store up some heat, and catch up on village gossip," according to Mabel. The tour continued for the rest of the morning. Mabel walked the volunteers through the barns, which were filled with horses, cows, oxen, and goats. They all watched as the blacksmith walked over to where he was making a fireplace poker. His fire pit almost looked like a barbecue pit. It was made of bricks and was about waist high. A bellows hung above it. With one strong arm, he pulled on the bellows, forcing air down to fan the flames. His other arm turned the long iron rod that was resting in the flames. The end of the rod glowed yellow-white in the fire. The blacksmith pulled the rod from flames and placed it on an iron block called an anvil. The end of the rod was so hot that it had become soft. As Nancy and the others watched, he pounded the rod with a huge hammer to flatten and shape it. Each stroke filled the air echoing ring and a shower of sparks. Finally Mabel took the group to Windbreak, a house that sat on a small hill next to the village. It had been the original home in the area built by Brandon Parrish, who had settled there in The glass has waves in it. It had woven rugs, wallpaper, and upholstered furniture. There were two rooms plus a large kitchen downstairs. A central staircase led to two large sleeping rooms upstairs. One bedroom was for the parents. There was also a cradle for a baby in that room. The other bedroom was for the children. Several beds lined one wall, surrounded by old dolls, wagons, and other toys. Clothes were hung on hooks along all four walls. In one corner was a single bed with a little chest and a rocker. We have a small picnic waiting. As they dug into their sandwiches and sodas, they gazed at the village. All those beautiful handmade things ruined. The village ghost strikes again. The people who run this place probably thought her up to bring in the tourists. They finished their lunch, went back to their training until six, and then were ushered back to the barn. The sun was going down and a breeze

rustled the leaves, filling the orchard with dancing shadows. It got darker and darker as the horse pulled them deeper into the dense orchard. The chattering voices of the volunteers softened to a rustle of whispers. Nancy took a deep breath. The sweet smell of hay on the cool evening breeze filled her nose. She leaned back against the edge of the wagon and looked around. At first all she saw were dark shadows. But then something through the trees caught her eye. It was flickering and bobbing like a huge firefly. She squinted to watch it as the others noticed it and began pointing and murmuring. As Nancy watched, she felt her nerves dancing just under her skin. Out from behind a tree floated a figure draped in greenish cloak with billowing sleeves. The figure was concealed by a hood cascading down over the shoulders. Hanging at the end of a long sleeve was a tin lantern. In the light of its flame, the ghostly figure glowed.

Chapter 3 : The Ghost of the Lantern Lady (Nancy Drew, #) by Carolyn Keene

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Nancy, Bess and George are volunteering at Persimmon Woods Pioneer Village, a living history museum of the s, trying to witness the eerie sightings of the Lantern Lady, a ghost of an original settler.