

**About Hobgoblins.**  
**- Granny Elenka, Gorna Bela Rechka**

It was such a beautiful bell my husband made when he was the mayor... And they placed a very beautiful bell, before the 9<sup>th</sup> of September<sup>1</sup>. One woman, Granny Bona, tolled it every Sunday and also when somebody died... Granny Bona tolled it from home, from her terrace. Granny Bona collected herbs and went to Varshets to sell them. Then they placed a clapper, but it was taken too... So now we have no bell...

*Who should toll the bell?*

Someone will be chosen, it should be a religious person. But there are no such people. Here, in our village, they are such disbelievers – to go to work on Easter Day itself. I won't start anything on Sunday, you know, this day is meant for a rest, to pay respect to nature.

**There are hobgoblins**, to tell you the truth. My husband didn't believe but there were. I didn't believe either, you know, that when somebody dies, somebody who hates you, when they are unhappy with you, they don't love you and after that they do such things...

They have come to me personally to knock... One night I went out, a woman here had died and something started knocking on my door. These are the souls of the dead... It's not all of them, but you should know, now for several years I've seen it's true... It's not scary, it won't do you a thing.

There have always been hobgoblins. And then, when my sister-in-law's husband died, good gracious, to tell you, not everyone is acting like that. Once Angel came here to treat him to a drink, but I didn't manage and when he died, oh dear me, I was in deep trouble. I am telling you... every evening... the night lamp, above it, and he was knocking, every evening, wasn't talking, just knocking. When he was taken ill, he went to Vratsa, and as I was all by myself, I didn't know he had died at 11 p.m. and, oh dear me, when he started knocking at 12 p.m., and he was kind of towards my window... with force, as if the window was gonna break... every evening for 40 days... then it was no longer... I even placed needles, finally I said: 'Angel, please, go away, I beg you, please...' I poured some rakia. I am old myself and I am telling you the truth. You can laugh at me, but to tell you... for 20 days I stayed here and then I went to Sofia and we sat until late, and I went in, I went to the bathroom, oh dear me, when we went to bed. I locked up, something started knocking on the door of the bathroom... Well, the souls go everywhere... God forgive him, I haven't told this nowhere...

*11<sup>th</sup> April 2008, in conversation with the theatre company of Mariy and Valeria, Diana, Albena.*

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1 September 9<sup>th</sup>, 1944. During World War II the Fatherland Front took power in Bulgaria through a military coup in the capital and armed rebellion in the country and a new pro-Soviet government was established. Bulgaria became a communist state and part of the Eastern Bloc.