

109 South Main Street

In early 2000, I was delivering mail downtown. On this particular loop, I would make a big lap starting on Main and Church, then come down Lee St, and the Cabo Fish Taco building was the last stop for that route.

Over 20 years ago in between Cabo and what is now the Blacksburg Tavern, there is a tiny little building that once housed a taxi company and then later an office for a bar located in the Cabo building and the mailbox was located in the front.

The lady that ran the bar had 3 big old guard dogs and they were quite protective. I had made it a habit to look at the parking lot as I was walking down Lee Street approaching the business to see if the dogs were out. If they were, then I'd know not to go onto the property to avoid the dogs. That particular summer Saturday, I came down Lee as usual, took a look to see if the beasts were out, and didn't see any of them anywhere. Seeing that the coast was clear, I walked across the parking lot behind the old church building, walked up the 2 concrete steps up to the tiny porch on the tiny building, placed the mail that day for the bar into their mailbox, then turned to start down the steps. At this point, I looked down, and right there, sniffing my ankle, was one of the guard dogs, a big old German Shepherd. I about died on the spot! I have no idea where he came from or where he'd been, but he basically had me cornered on that tiny little porch.

I started trying to sweet talk him, "Hey Boy, how are you? What a good and handsome boy you are." I somehow managed to ease down the steps and was slowly backing up. Every step I took that dog stayed right with me, crouched over, lip curled in a snarl showing me his teeth, and gave me one low growl. Well, I kept backing up. I backed across the parking lot towards Main Street, fighting every urge to run because I knew that running or making any kind of sudden move would be a mistake. I kept backing away, aware that I was going to soon be up to the sidewalk on Main Street, and then would have no place to go except into busy Main Street. I could hear the cars going past behind me. I was getting more scared by the second, not sure if I was going to get mauled first or ran over from waking blindly backward into the street.

At about this point, I remember hoping somebody driving by would see what was going on and stop to help. Hoping somebody, anybody would see and help me. I distinctly remember thinking... I may have even said it out loud, I honestly can't remember... but my thoughts/words were, "Help me, Jesus!" Then all of a sudden, low and behold, there was a young man standing there beside me on my right side. He very calmly said to the dog, "Hey, easy there, boy. Everything's okay. There's no need for all that." Let me tell you, just like that, that dog went from snarling and snapping at me to rolling over in submission to the young man, who proceeded to reach down and pet the dog. This dog, who was known for being a fierce guard dog, was now bowing to this young man with the gentle voice, looking for all the world like the sweetest little puppy on earth. At this point, the lady that owned both the business and the dog came out, walked over, and retrieved her dog, apologizing profusely.

Now, here's where things get interesting. I can believe that this young man could've very easily approached me without me seeing him because my eyes and attention were completely on the dog. What I don't know or can answer is this... when the lady came out and got the dog, I looked at her while she was talking. I then looked back over to tell the young man, my real hero, thank you for helping me, and wanted to get his name... but he was gone. I had a clear view of both the parking area behind the building, the sidewalk in front of the building, and at least a block up Lee Street... and this young man was nowhere to be seen. He was just gone. He had literally just disappeared.





Alexander Black House

Several accounts have witnessed a shadow of a person standing in a first floor window and another in a second floor window. What takes the cake though, is someone said they were walking back to their apartment one night back in 2019 and saw a woman in a period dress out on the front deck just standing there. The person said they thought some event had just happened at the museum. They looked down at their phone quickly to get a picture and the woman was instantly gone.



Cabo Fish Taco building

Another location that has had rumors swirling around it for years is the downtown restaurant Cabo Fish Taco. It is the second oldest building in Blacksburg and was built in 1847, originally as a Presbyterian Church.

The specific stories surrounding the restaurant are unclear in their origin but may not be unfounded.

"The cooks have said things about things falling off of the shelves and odd stuff like that happening in the kitchen while they worked," said Richard Barrar, the general manager of Cabo Fish Taco.





Lyric Theatre

Many staff members and patrons over the years have heard footsteps when no one else is around, or they will feel like someone, or something has brushed up against them. Some have even heard whispers when no one was there. Another person reported seeing a transparent figure walking down the theatre aisle. It is rumored that during construction on the theater a worker died. There's an old legend that whenever a worker dies during the construction of a place that the place is forever going to be haunted.

Some Blacksburg students did their own research back in 2009: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=idow31XWSdY> (Youtuber: [A.M. Alpin](#))

I live in Blacksburg, and it was just bright to my attention that the Lyric was haunted the same time I was to attend a show that my sister was performing in. The more I think about it, the timing was really weird. It was the summer and was hot as hell outside, and everyone was bummed because the AC wasn't working during the show. We were all sitting and watching in a pool of sweat, and suddenly, this freezing breeze went through the last few rows where I was sitting. Everyone back there looked a bit confused as the doors were closed and there was no place the wind could have come from. It was at the same time I felt someone walk by, but I looked up and no one was there.

Robert Sebek, webmaster of the library and volunteer at the Lyric, described the first ghost as a woman who can be heard shrieking from the lobby late at night. She supposedly inhabits the apartments above the theatre, but not much else is known about her origins.

The second phantom, Sebek said, is a construction worker who fell off a wall and died while the building was being built.

"We heard this story and thought we've heard that one a million times before. We didn't really think it had any truth to it," Sebek said.

However, the story became quite real when a woman came into the theatre one day and told Sebek and his coworkers that her grandfather had worked on the Lyric but passed away in the same way the supposed ghost had – falling off a wall.

"That made it pretty creepy once we found that out," Sebek said.

The ghost has been known to make odd noises and touch employees while they clean up after hours.

(From [The Collegiate Times](#))