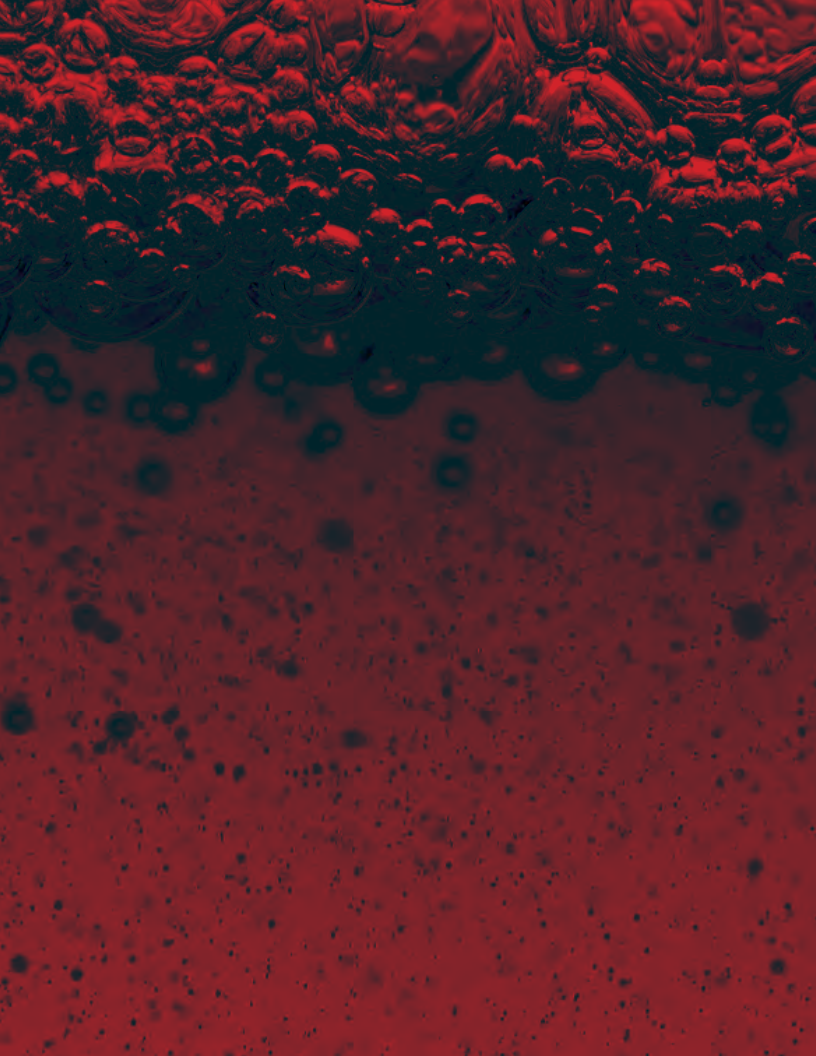



The background of the entire image is a vibrant, dark red color with a dense, bubbly texture, resembling carbonated water or a hot tub. The bubbles vary in size and are scattered throughout, creating a dynamic and textured effect.

HOT TUB

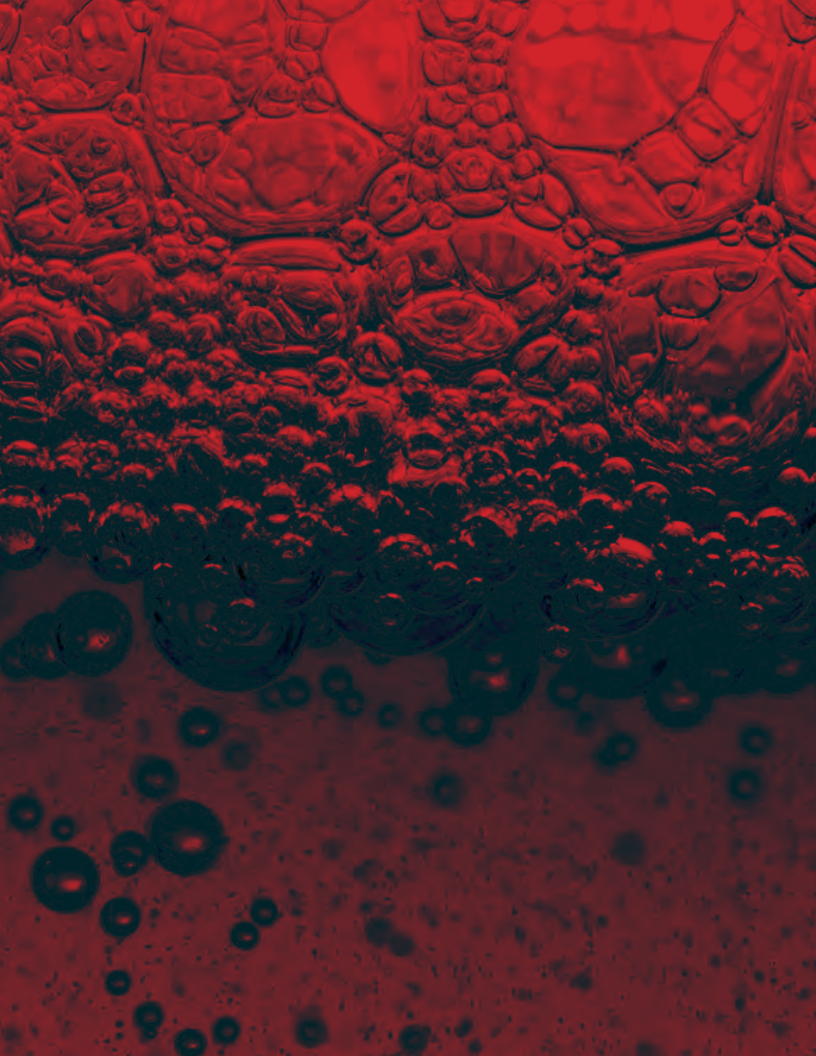
C R I M E M A C H I N E

@brickfrog



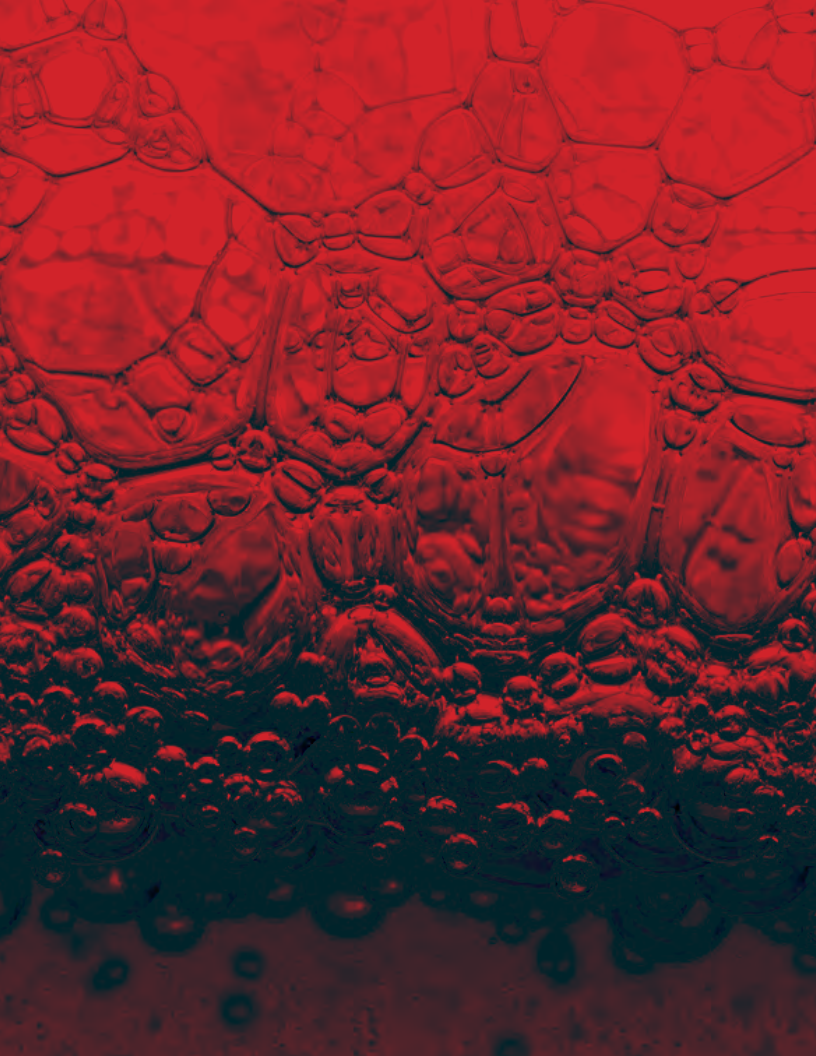


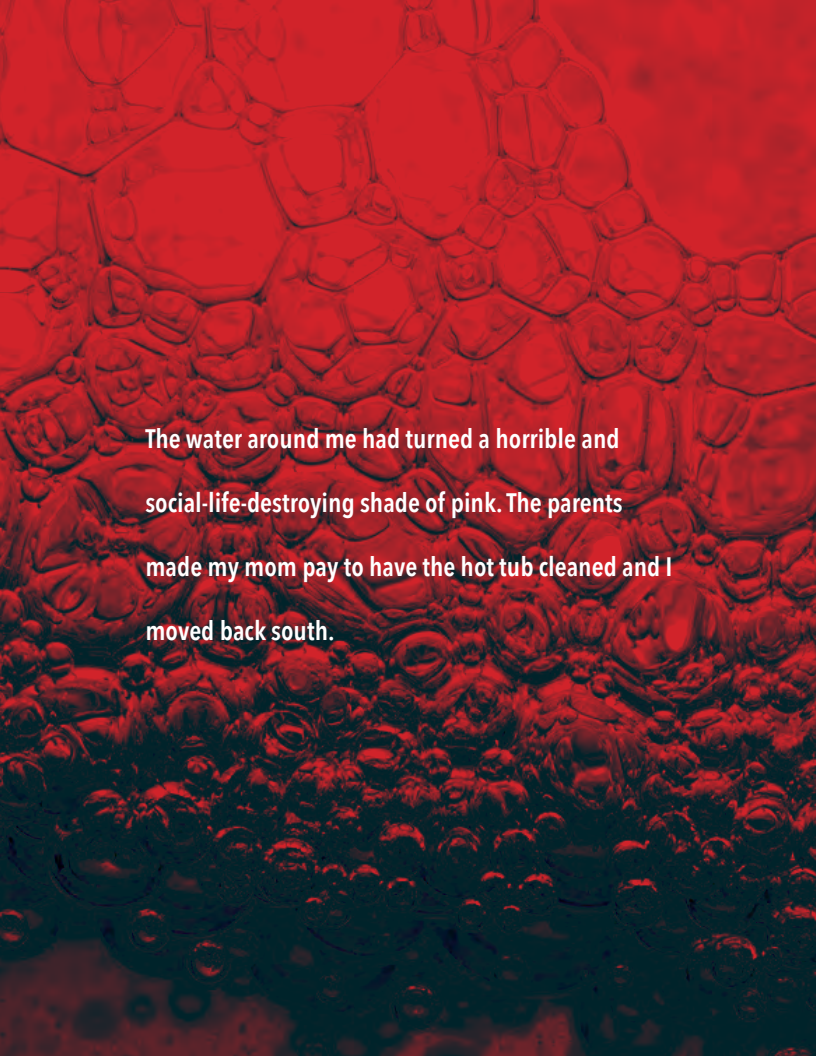
In ninth grade my boyfriend and I got invited to his friend's girlfriend's house. Her parents are loaded. Everybody wants to get in the hot tub, and rich girl let me borrow a bathing suit.



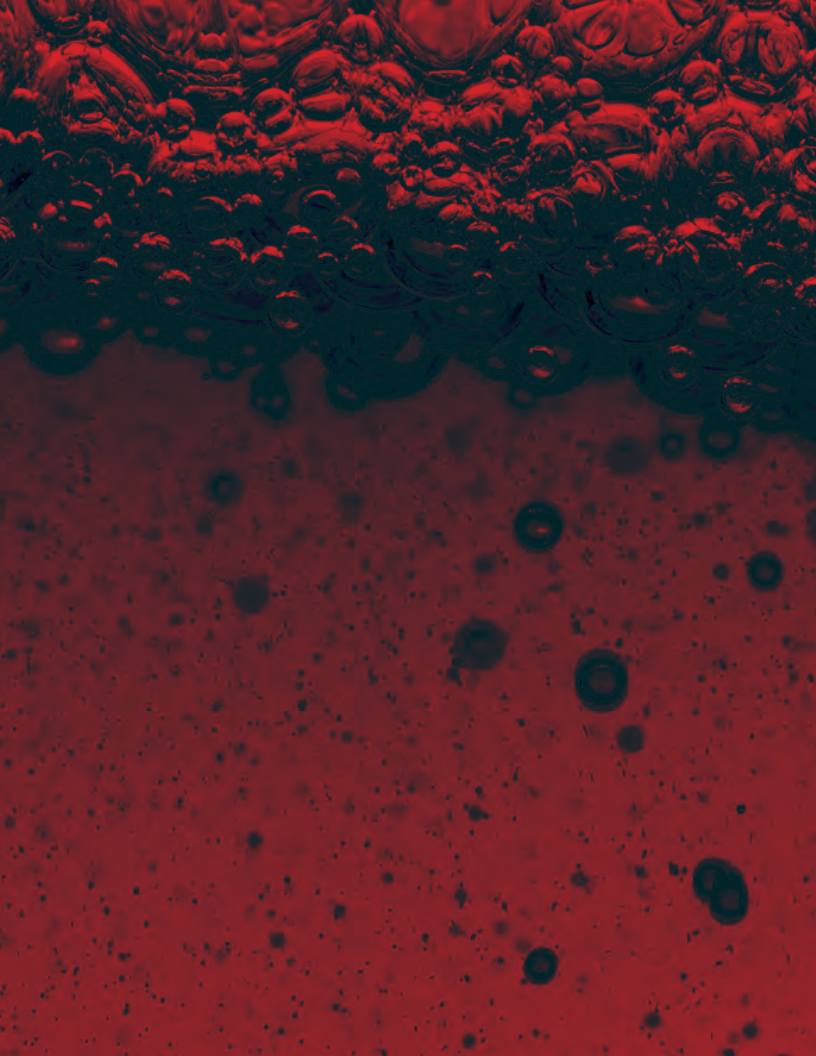


I'm too busy worrying about my awkward 14 year old body to notice the strange pains in my stomach. After about 10 minutes in the hot tub, my boyfriend's friend starts screaming and pointing in my direction. My jaw dropped.





The water around me had turned a horrible and social-life-destroying shade of pink. The parents made my mom pay to have the hot tub cleaned and I moved back south.

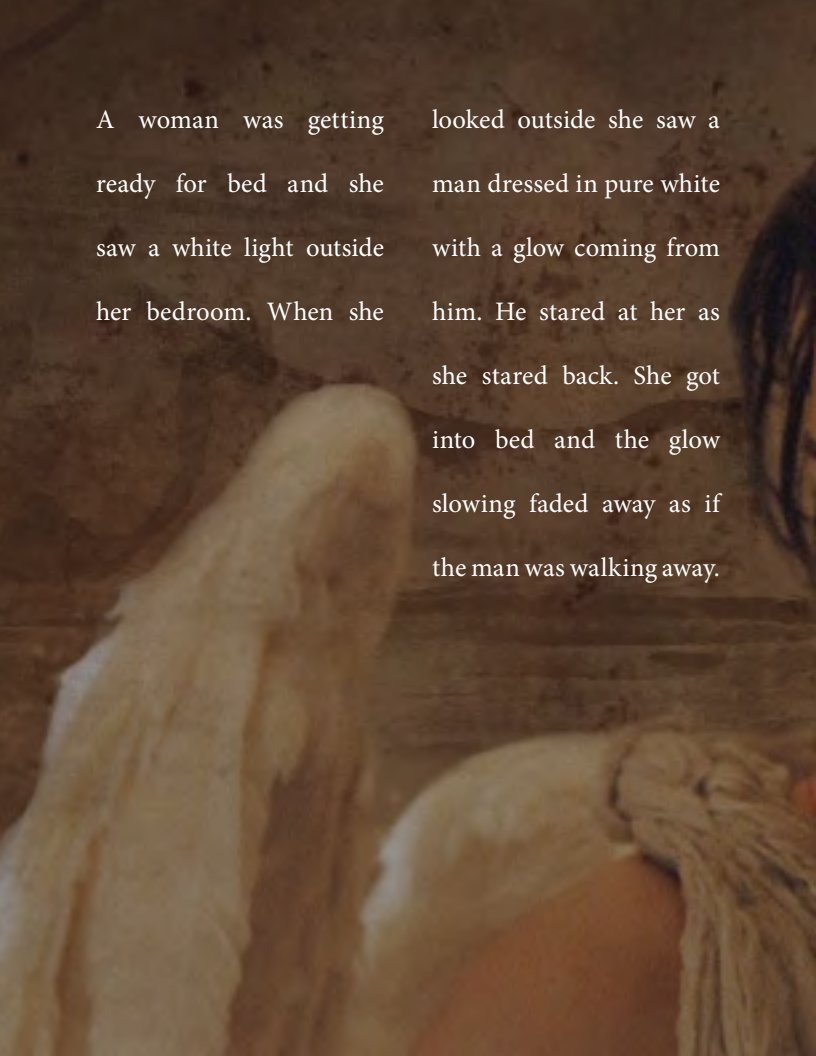


Angel

in the

ELEVATOR



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white nightgown, is lying in bed. She is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a textured, brownish wall. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a calm atmosphere.

A woman was getting
ready for bed and she
saw a white light outside
her bedroom. When she

looked outside she saw a
man dressed in pure white
with a glow coming from
him. He stared at her as
she stared back. She got
into bed and the glow
slowly faded away as if
the man was walking away.



The next morning the woman went to work. She and a few other people waited for the lift to the next floor. The door to the lift opened and there in front of her stood the man dressed in white. The women couldn't move from her spot as fear had taken over her. Her eyes stayed glued to the man. She didn't realize all the people going passed her into the lift. Before she knew

7

5

3

★ L

▶▶▶



it, the door closed, and the lift fell seven floors
killing everyone instantly.

Only one body wasn't accounted for...

The man dressed in white.



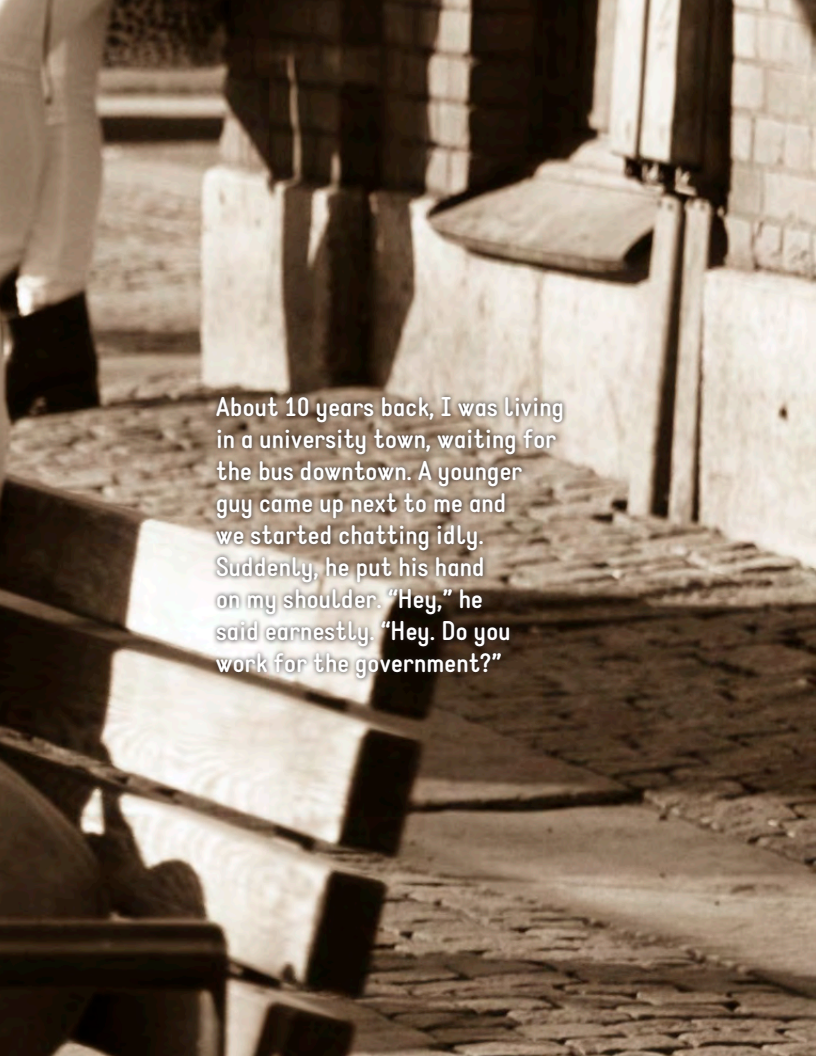





A woman in a dark, heavy winter coat is talking on a mobile phone. She is standing in front of a brick wall. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, possibly from the setting or rising sun. The overall mood is serious and focused.

***THE
GOVERNMENT***

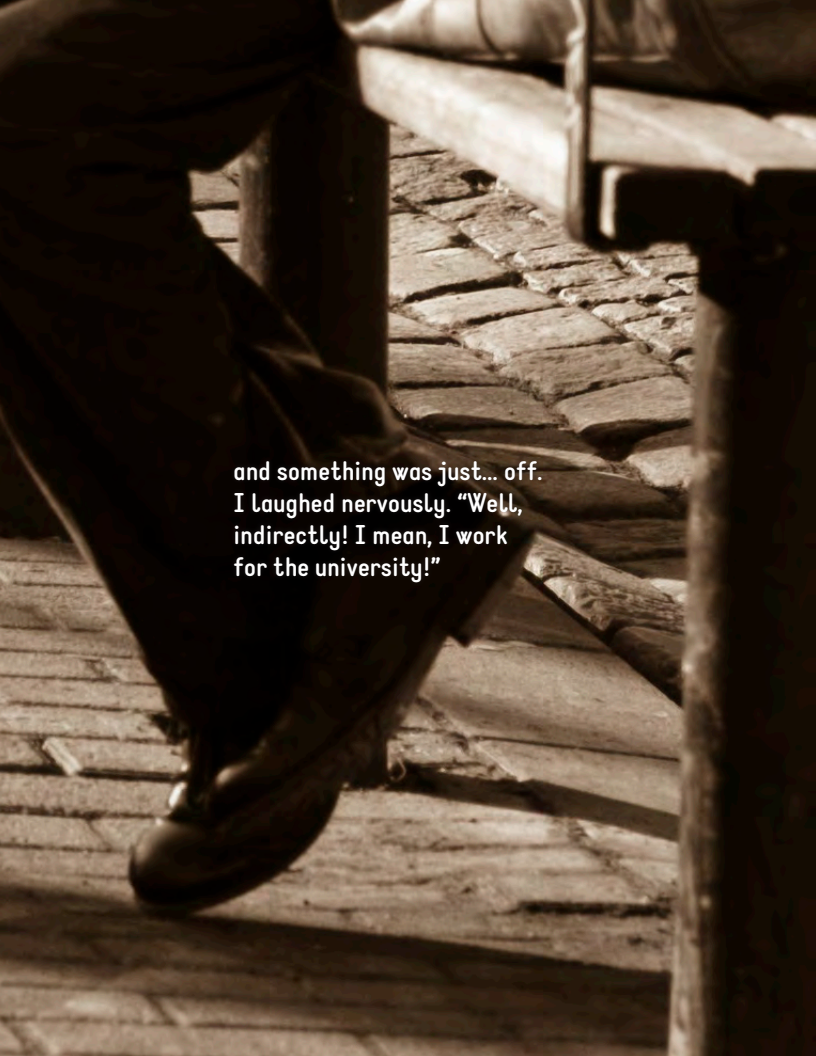


A sepia-toned photograph of a cobblestone street. In the foreground, a wooden bench is partially visible, with its slats running diagonally across the frame. The street is paved with irregular cobblestones. In the background, there is a building with a brick or stone facade and a doorway. The lighting is warm, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The text is overlaid on the middle of the image.

About 10 years back, I was living in a university town, waiting for the bus downtown. A younger guy came up next to me and we started chatting idly. Suddenly, he put his hand on my shoulder. "Hey," he said earnestly. "Hey. Do you work for the government?"




Everything shifted. He looked completely like an average college student. Just another guy on the street. But then I looked closely into his eyes

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's legs in dark trousers and black shoes walking on a cobblestone street. The person is moving from left to right. In the background, a wooden railing is visible. The lighting is warm and directional, creating strong shadows on the ground.


and something was just... off.
I laughed nervously. "Well,
indirectly! I mean, I work
for the university!"






A blurry, sepia-toned photograph of a person sitting at a table. The person is out of focus, but their dark hair and shoulders are visible. In the foreground, the front wheel and handlebars of a bicycle are partially visible, also out of focus. The background shows a table with a white tablecloth and some indistinct shapes, possibly other people or objects. The overall mood is nostalgic and candid.

He nodded with total conviction.
“That’s true. That’s absolutely
true.” He grabbed my shoulder
tighter. “You should work
for the government.”



I slapped him on his
shoulder, in a friendly
gesture that incidentally
got his hand off mine.

A person wearing a dark, quilted jacket is sitting on a wooden bench. The person's hands are clasped in their lap. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, golden-brown light source from the left, creating strong highlights and deep shadows. The background is dark and out of focus.

**“Dang!” I said. “I think I’m
actually waiting for the wrong
bus, I’m going to head off. Bye!”
I got all the way across the
street before he shouted.
“HEY!” He was waving both
hands over his head like he
was sending me off on an
ocean liner in a newsreel.**

**“YOU’VE GOT A BRIGHT FUTURE
AHEAD OF YOU! I CAN TELL!”**

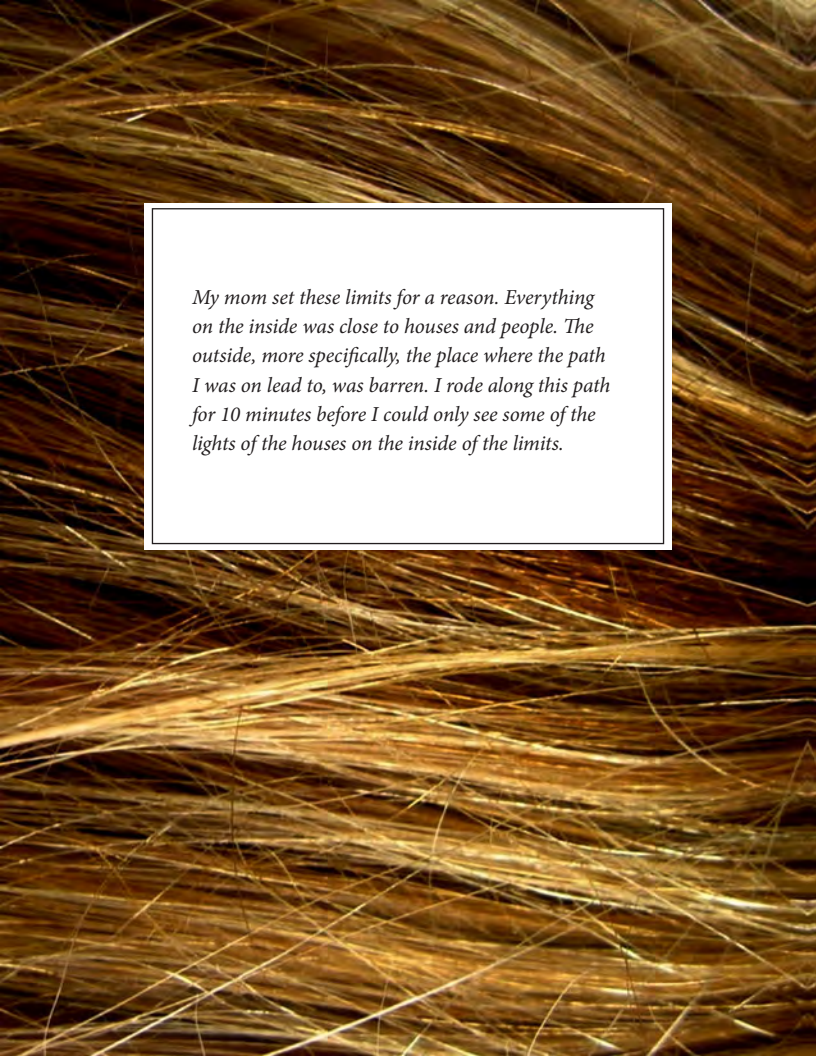





Eleanor
Rigby

Growing up, I always wanted to go on a bike ride at night, something about it seemed really cool to me. It wasn't until I was 13 that my mom finally let me. She told me to wear my helmet, have my phone, take a flashlight, and she set the parameters for where I was allowed to go. She gave me about 4 miles, which was a lot to me. So right after the sun set, I was off.

I loved it. There were no people out walking their dogs, no kids running around, the temperature was perfect, etc.. It was really fun, so fun, that I ignored the limits my mom set. You see, where I was biking was all walking paths. It was one of those grassy areas between two neighborhoods. There's this long path that went at least 600 feet at a 25 degree angle. I was flying down this hill, having an absolute blast, and darted right through the parameters.



My mom set these limits for a reason. Everything on the inside was close to houses and people. The outside, more specifically, the place where the path I was on lead to, was barren. I rode along this path for 10 minutes before I could only see some of the lights of the houses on the inside of the limits.



After 15 minutes of riding along this dirt path, I hear singing. It sounded about 30-40 feet in front of me. I stop riding to hear it better. It was a woman's voice. She was singing Eleanor Rigby by The Beatles. But she wasn't singing the words, just the melody of the vocals. Her voice was strange. You know how when you have phlegm in your throat, your voice gets scratchy? That's what her voice sounded like.

I inch forward to try and see her. I get close enough to see the silhouette of hair bouncing up and down, like she was headbanging. I decide to get my flashlight out. I'm thinking that maybe this person is in need of help or something. Or maybe this is an insane person and the light will scare them away. So I take the flashlight out of my pocket, point it at her, and turn it on.

The moment the light hit her, she stopped moving completely. She was facing away from me. She had disgusting hair that seemed to be sticking together in clumps. Some of her hair was ripped off, too. She was wearing a very over-sized, bright red hoodie. I was almost too scared to move. I think she was, too. I conjured up as much bravery as I could and said "Sorry" in a very, oops-this-is-the-wrong-room, kind of way. She didn't respond.

I turned off the flashlight and put it back in my pocket. Just as I was turning my bike around, she screams. She screams in an awful, awful, high pitched voice. I damn near shit myself as I throw myself back onto my bike. I hear her voice getting closer to me. I book it as fast as I can. I don't look behind me, and I don't stop pedaling. Her screaming grew quieter and quieter until it dissolved into the howling of the wind.




A close-up photograph of a person's hair, showing a mix of dark brown and lighter brown strands. The hair is being touched by a hand, with fingers visible at the top and right edges. Overlaid on the hair is the word "Confusion" in a large, white, elegant cursive font. The background is slightly blurred, focusing attention on the hair and the text.

Confusion


@andthenitwaslike






As a little girl, my mother used to talk about this nice old lady who used to sit on her bed and stroke her hair as she fell asleep.

My grandparents thought she was just imagining it, and my uncles thought the house was haunted – but on the whole they just put it accepted it as an overactive imagination.

A close-up photograph of a person's face, focusing on the eye and surrounding skin. The person has long, wavy, light orange hair. The skin is a warm, orange-brown color and shows significant wrinkling and texture, particularly around the eye. The eye is partially visible in the lower right corner, looking towards the viewer.

One day, their housekeeper sees a woman coming out of the little girls' bedroom. Screaming, she runs her with a broom and tackles this real-life woman.



A close-up photograph of an elderly woman's skin, showing wrinkles and texture. She is wearing a gold-colored necklace with white beads and diamond accents. The text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

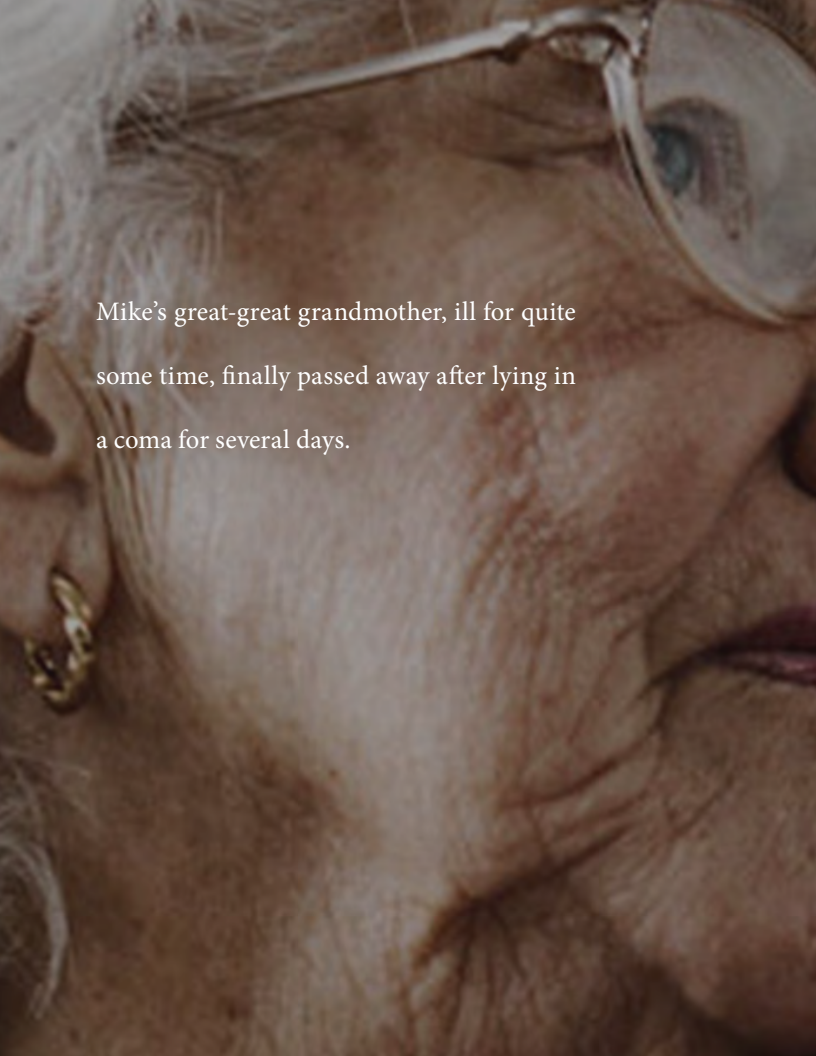
This old woman used to live in
the house and moved nearby, but
since they didn't change the locks
when they moved in, she kept
letting herself into the house at
night and gently petting my mom






The background of the image is a close-up, top-down view of dark, rich, and crumbly soil. The soil has a granular texture with many small clumps and particles. There are some very small, sparse green plants or weeds starting to grow, and a few thin, dry sticks or twigs are scattered across the surface. The lighting is even, highlighting the natural texture of the earth.

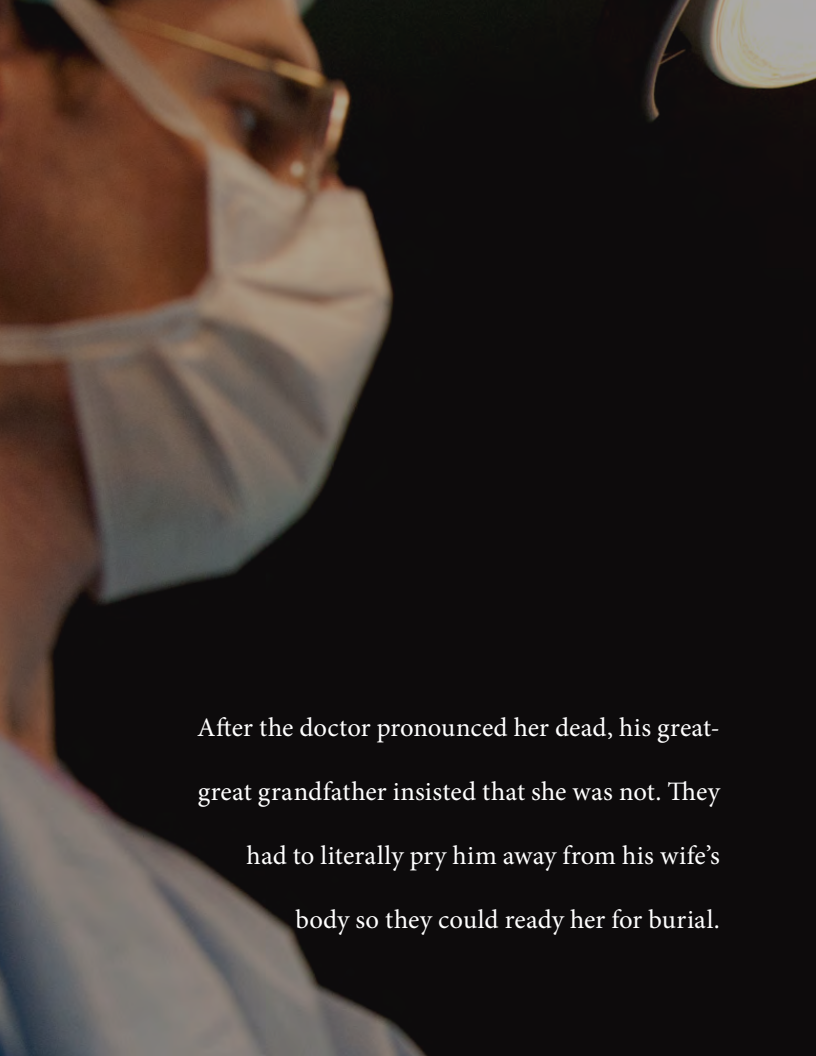
**Buried
Alive**

A close-up, slightly blurred photograph of an elderly woman's face. She is wearing glasses and a gold hoop earring. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of her skin and the details of her features. The text is overlaid on the left side of her face.

Mike's great-great grandmother, ill for quite some time, finally passed away after lying in a coma for several days.

A close-up, low-angle photograph of an elderly woman's face. She is wearing round, thin-rimmed glasses. Her skin is wrinkled, and her hair is white. She is looking down and to the left. Her hand is visible near her chin, wearing a gold ring with a large, clear diamond. The background is dark and out of focus.

His great-great grandfather was devastated beyond belief, as she was his one true love and they had been married over 50 years. They were married so long it seemed as if they knew each other's innermost thoughts.



After the doctor pronounced her dead, his great-great grandfather insisted that she was not. They had to literally pry him away from his wife's body so they could ready her for burial.



Now, back in those days they had backyard burial plots and did not drain the body of its fluids. They simply prepared a proper coffin and committed the body (in its coffin) to its permanent resting place.

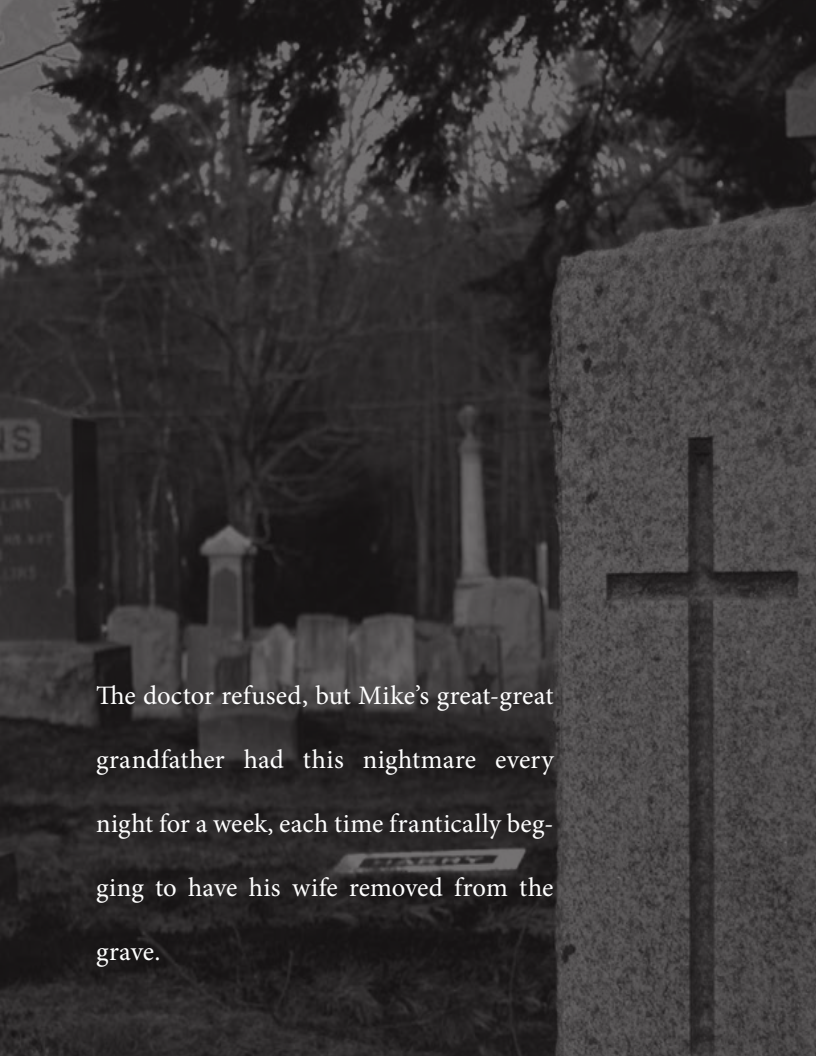




Throughout this process, my great-great grandfather protested so fiercely that he had to be sedated and put to bed. His wife was buried and that was that.

That night he woke to a horrific vision of his wife hysterically trying to scratch her way out of the coffin. He phoned the doctor immediately and begged to have his wife's body exhumed.





The doctor refused, but Mike's great-great grandfather had this nightmare every night for a week, each time frantically begging to have his wife removed from the grave.



Finally the doctor gave in and, together with local authorities, exhumed the body. The coffin was pried open...



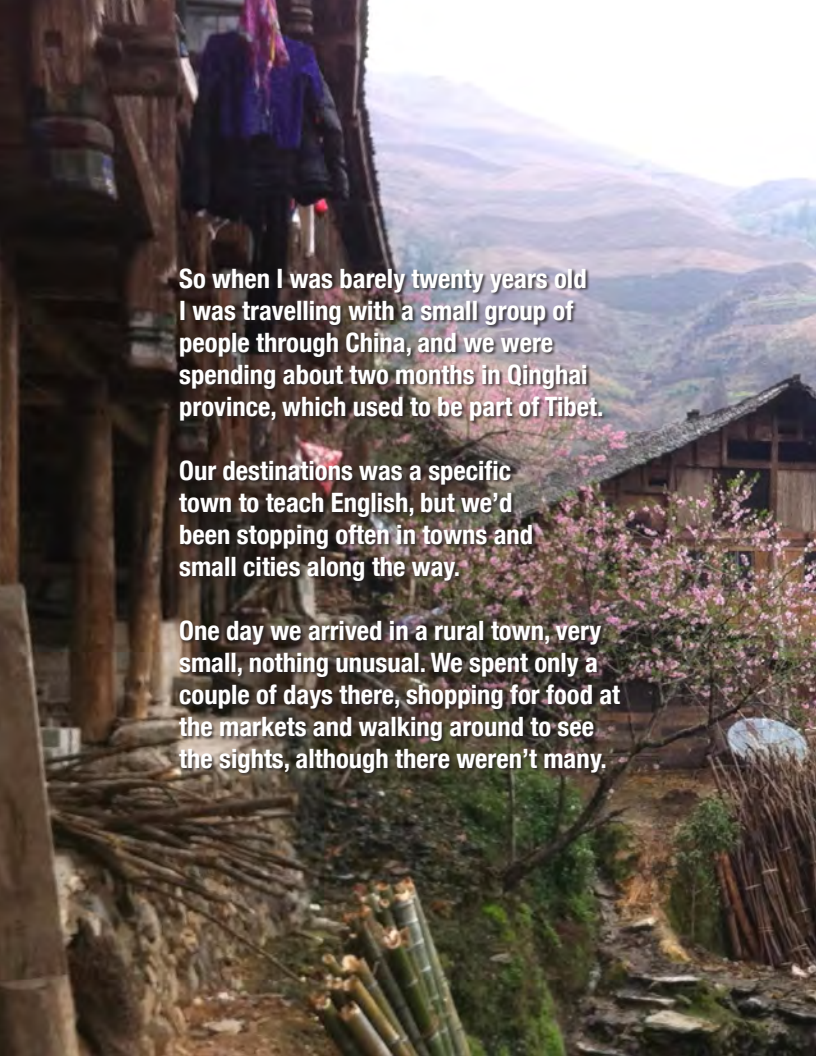
and to everyone's horror and amazement, my great-great grandmother's nails were bent back and there were bloody scratch-marks on the inside of the coffin.



A group of four people, three women and one man, are smiling and posing for a photo in a traditional Chinese village. The background features several buildings with distinctive multi-tiered, dark grey roofs and ornate wooden details. The scene is set in a lush, green, mountainous area. The text 'LOSING YOURSELF IN CHINA' is overlaid in large, bold, white capital letters across the center of the image.

LOSING YOURSELF IN CHINA

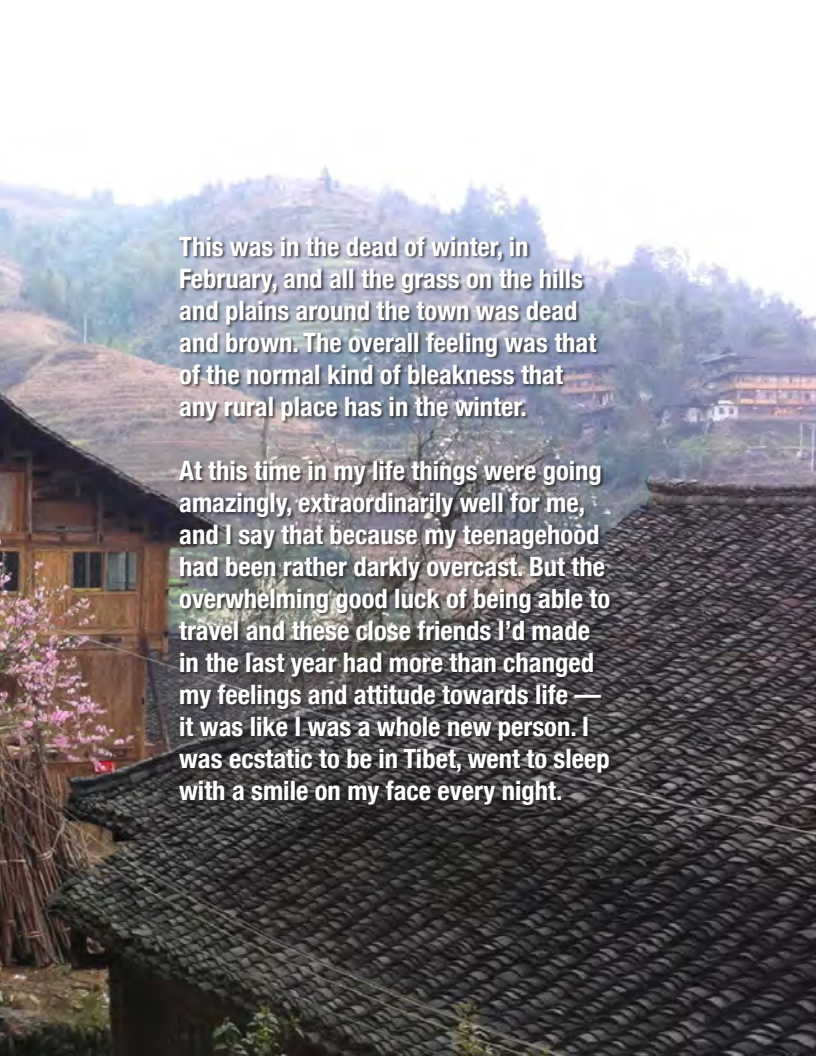
@NILLY



So when I was barely twenty years old I was travelling with a small group of people through China, and we were spending about two months in Qinghai province, which used to be part of Tibet.

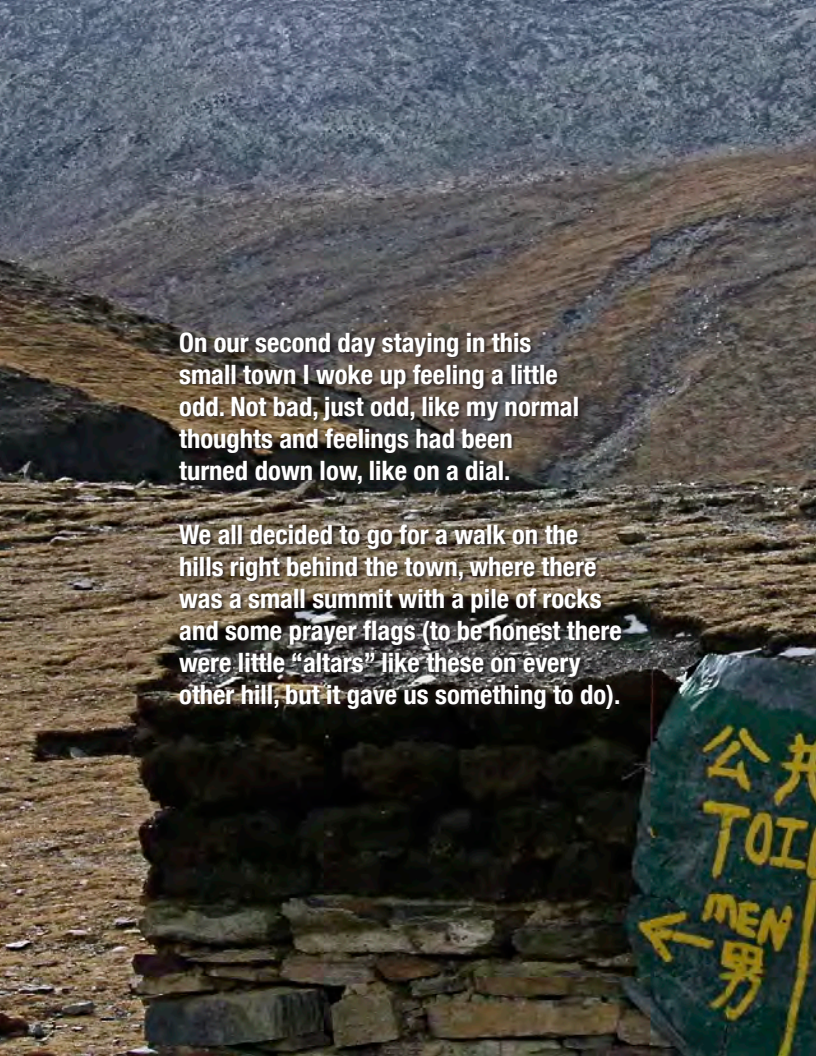
Our destination was a specific town to teach English, but we'd been stopping often in towns and small cities along the way.

One day we arrived in a rural town, very small, nothing unusual. We spent only a couple of days there, shopping for food at the markets and walking around to see the sights, although there weren't many.



This was in the dead of winter, in February, and all the grass on the hills and plains around the town was dead and brown. The overall feeling was that of the normal kind of bleakness that any rural place has in the winter.

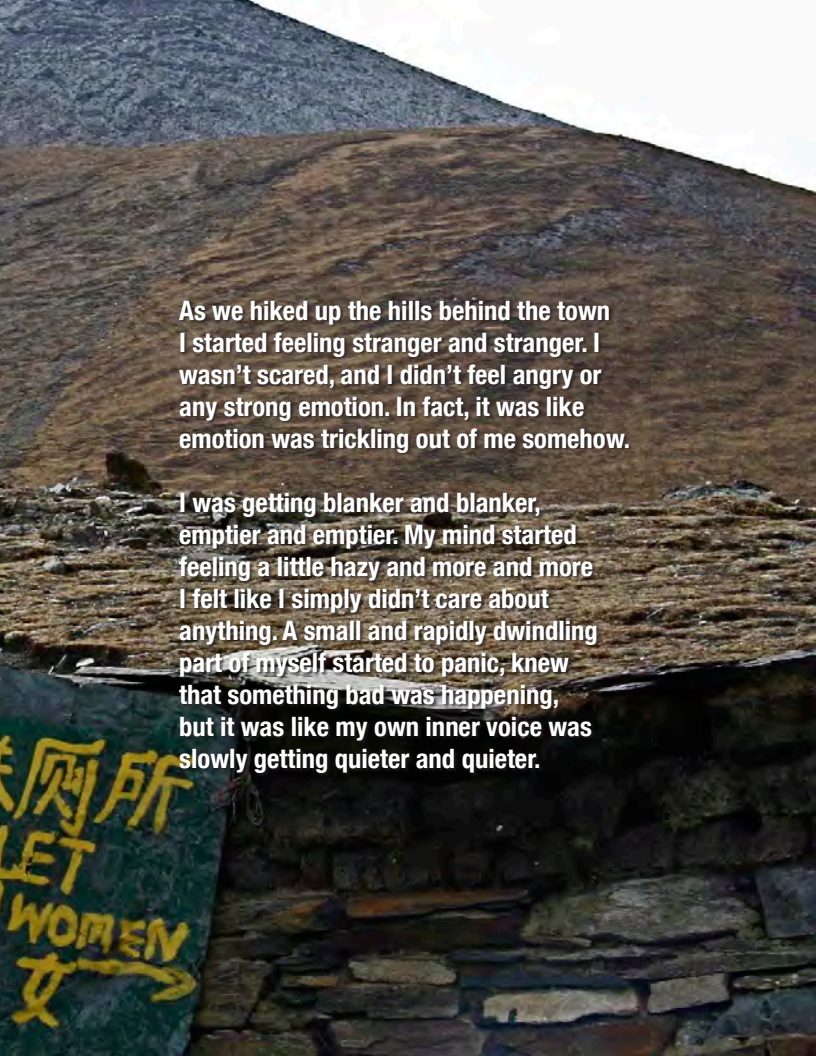
At this time in my life things were going amazingly, extraordinarily well for me, and I say that because my teenagehood had been rather darkly overcast. But the overwhelming good luck of being able to travel and these close friends I'd made in the last year had more than changed my feelings and attitude towards life — it was like I was a whole new person. I was ecstatic to be in Tibet, went to sleep with a smile on my face every night.

A landscape photograph showing a stone wall in the foreground, a dirt path, and a large, layered mountain in the background. The mountain has distinct horizontal strata of different colors, including grey, brown, and tan. The sky is overcast and grey.

On our second day staying in this small town I woke up feeling a little odd. Not bad, just odd, like my normal thoughts and feelings had been turned down low, like on a dial.

We all decided to go for a walk on the hills right behind the town, where there was a small summit with a pile of rocks and some prayer flags (to be honest there were little “altars” like these on every other hill, but it gave us something to do).

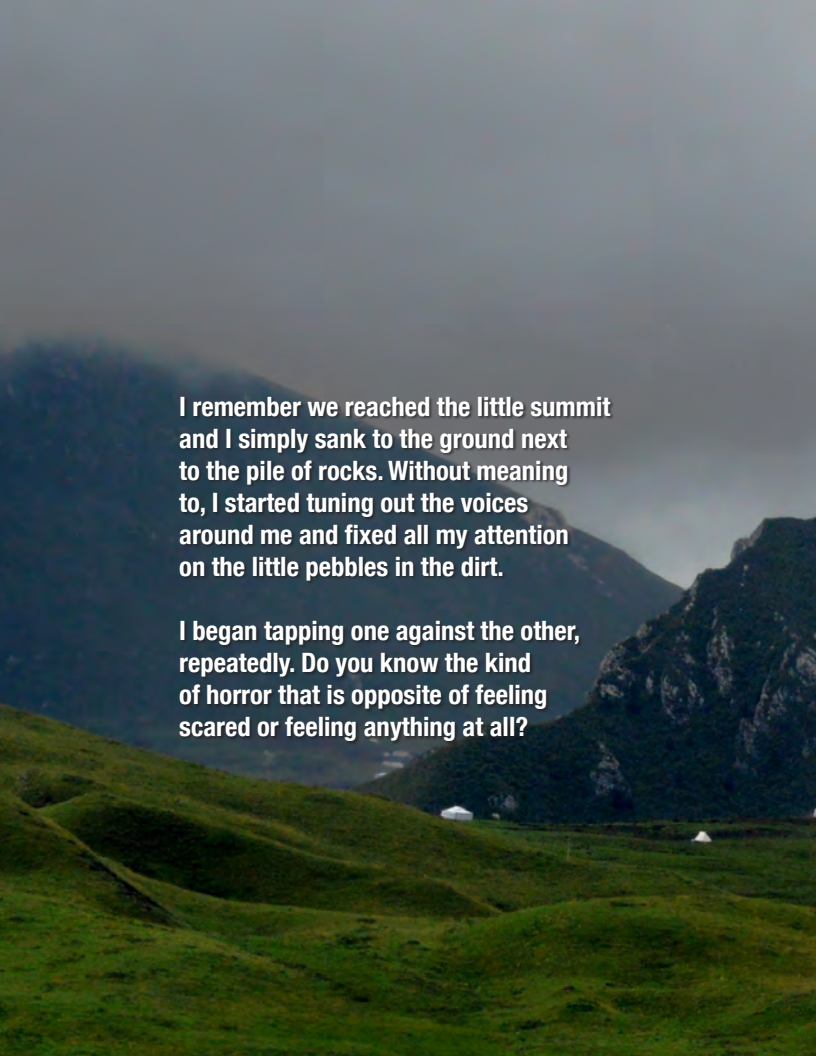
公共
TOILET
← MEN
男

A photograph of a mountainous landscape. In the foreground, there is a stone wall made of irregular grey stones. To the left, a green sign with yellow text is partially visible. The background shows a large, brown, grassy hillside leading up to a grey, rocky mountain peak under a pale sky.

As we hiked up the hills behind the town I started feeling stranger and stranger. I wasn't scared, and I didn't feel angry or any strong emotion. In fact, it was like emotion was trickling out of me somehow.

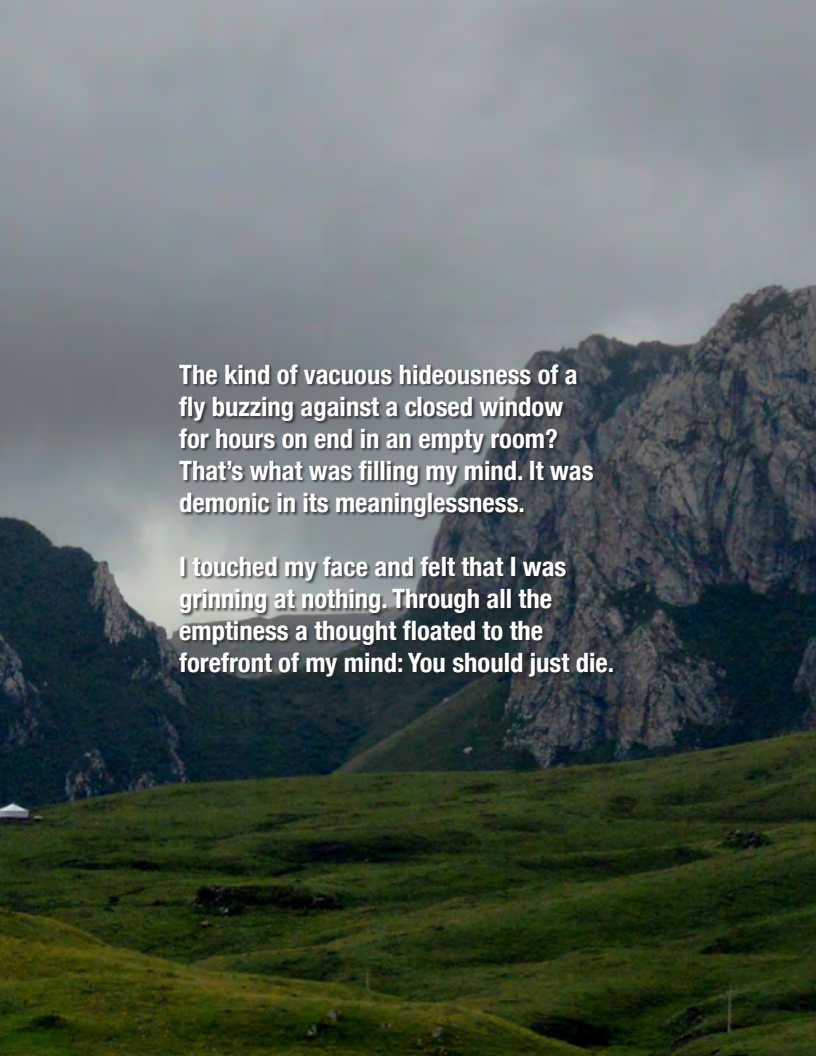
I was getting blanker and blanker, emptier and emptier. My mind started feeling a little hazy and more and more I felt like I simply didn't care about anything. A small and rapidly dwindling part of myself started to panic, knew that something bad was happening, but it was like my own inner voice was slowly getting quieter and quieter.

女厕所
LET
WOMEN
女 →




**I remember we reached the little summit
and I simply sank to the ground next
to the pile of rocks. Without meaning
to, I started tuning out the voices
around me and fixed all my attention
on the little pebbles in the dirt.**

**I began tapping one against the other,
repeatedly. Do you know the kind
of horror that is opposite of feeling
scared or feeling anything at all?**

A landscape photograph showing a valley with rolling green hills in the foreground and rugged, rocky mountains in the background under a cloudy sky. The text is overlaid on the upper half of the image.

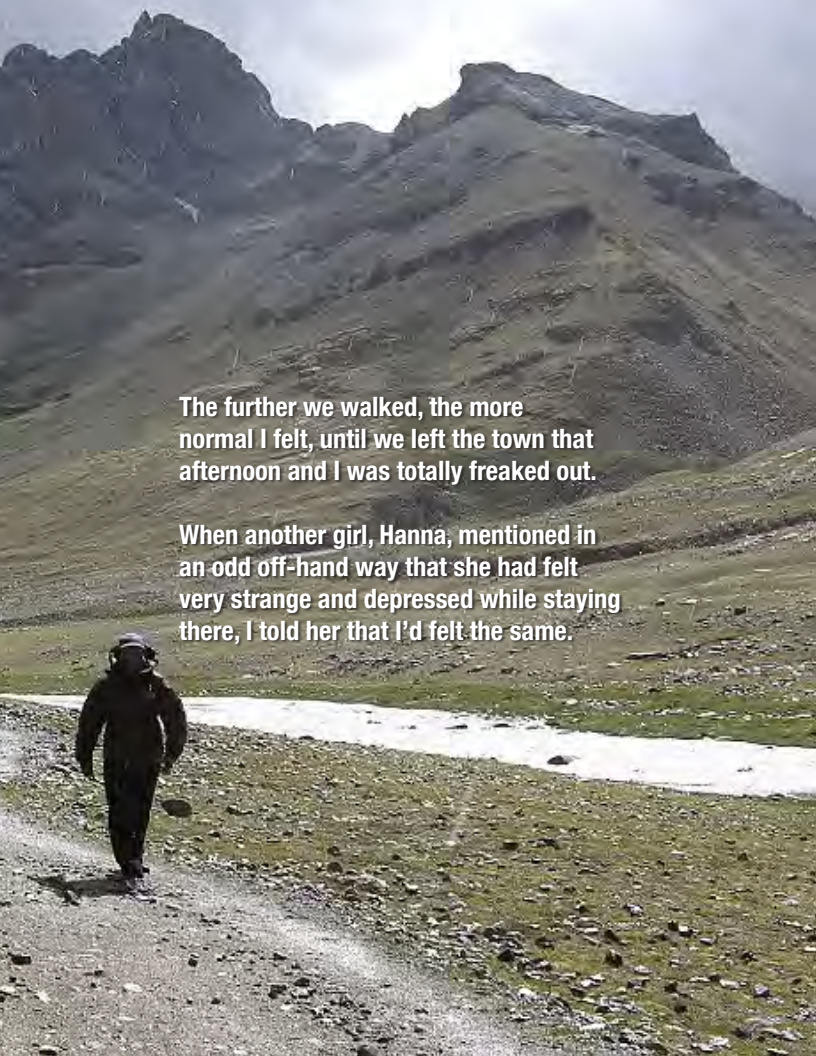
The kind of vacuous hideousness of a fly buzzing against a closed window for hours on end in an empty room? That's what was filling my mind. It was demonic in its meaninglessness.

I touched my face and felt that I was grinning at nothing. Through all the emptiness a thought floated to the forefront of my mind: You should just die.

A hiker wearing a blue jacket, dark pants, and a red hat with a blue stripe is walking on a rocky, gravelly trail. The hiker is holding a blue trekking pole in their right hand. The background features a vast, open landscape with a dirt path leading towards a range of dark, rugged mountains under a grey, overcast sky. The ground is covered in small rocks and patches of green grass.

**At first it sounded totally reasonable,
but something in me fought it and
I was momentarily troubled.**

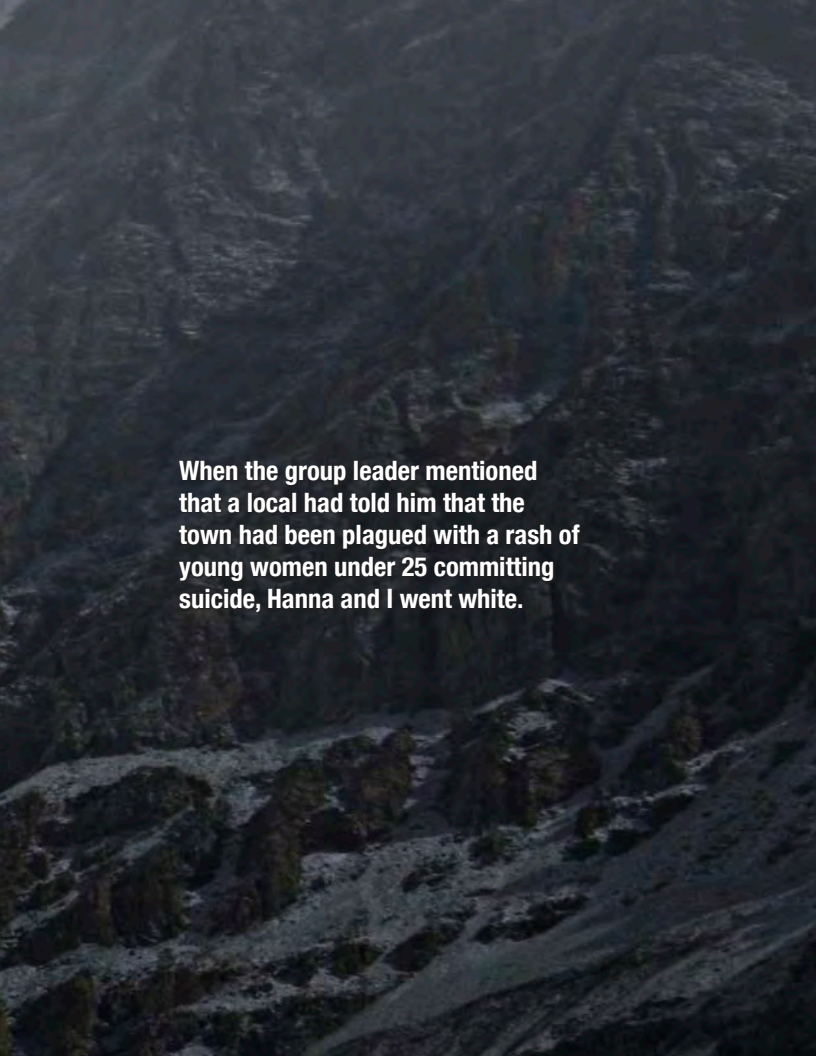
**Right then, my group started to walk
down from the hill, and I followed.**

A person wearing a dark jacket and a hat is walking away from the camera on a rocky, gravelly path. The path leads towards a valley with patches of green grass and snow. In the background, there are large, rugged mountains with rocky peaks under a cloudy sky.

The further we walked, the more normal I felt, until we left the town that afternoon and I was totally freaked out.

When another girl, Hanna, mentioned in an odd off-hand way that she had felt very strange and depressed while staying there, I told her that I'd felt the same.



A dark, atmospheric landscape with a mountain range in the background and a rocky, ash-covered foreground. The scene is dimly lit, with a heavy, overcast sky. The mountains in the distance are silhouetted against a slightly lighter background. The foreground is dominated by dark, jagged rocks and a thick layer of ash or sand, suggesting a volcanic or post-apocalyptic setting. The overall mood is somber and mysterious.

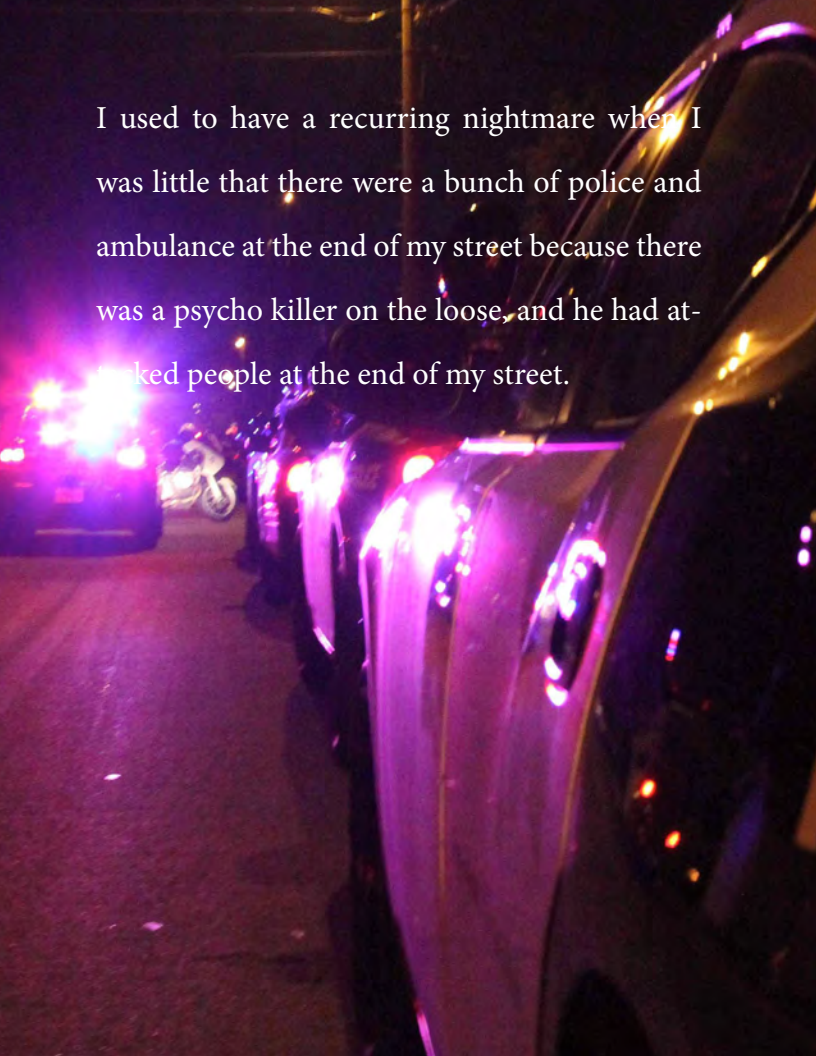
When the group leader mentioned that a local had told him that the town had been plagued with a rash of young women under 25 committing suicide, Hanna and I went white.




Killer Dream Clown



I used to have a recurring nightmare when I was little that there were a bunch of police and ambulance at the end of my street because there was a psycho killer on the loose, and he had attacked people at the end of my street.



A dark, blurry night scene. In the top left corner, a portion of a police officer's tan hat is visible. In the bottom left corner, the word "POLICE" is written in large, bold, orange letters. The background is mostly black with some faint, out-of-focus lights, including a small blue light source in the upper center.

Every time I had this dream, he would
be closer and closer to my house.

POLICE

The last time I had it I was around 13ish and I “woke” (but was still asleep) to see a crazy man in a scary clown mask standing over my bed, and he darted into my little sister’s room.





Then I heard her scream and jolted awake, to
find she actually WAS screaming in real life.

I ran into her room and she was
wide awake sobbing in bed

saying she had a nightmare that a man in
a scary clown mask came in her room and
started stabbing her.



A close-up photograph of a weathered wooden surface. On the left side, there is a vertical strip of paper with a red top section and a yellow bottom section. A silver coin is placed on the yellow section. The wood has a prominent vertical grain and several small holes or knots.

the
stalk.

@limsical



YOU ARE B

When I was 16, this guy called my house asking for a “Mark”. I politely told him that there was no Mark living in the house, and he had the wrong number.

He continued talking to me. He said, “You have such a beautiful voice!” “You are so funny” etc.

BEAUTIFUL

I wasn't even saying anything to him, except "You have the wrong number..." and "You sound drunk." etc.

I hung up on him about 5 minutes into the creepy conversation. I thought that was the end of that, but I was wrong.

HOW ARE

A week later, this guy showed up at my house, asking to see me.

My sister called me down, and I went outside to talk to this man. (I should add, he was about 30 years old).

He asked, "Do you know who I am?"



Me: No...

Him: We talked on the phone about a week ago. Wow, you are so beautiful up close.

Me: Up close?

Him: crying I love you so much!

YOU ARE



BEAUTIFUL

He tried hugging me but I punched him in the “area”, ran inside, and said, “fuck you! Go away before I call the police!” He didn’t leave, so I called the police.

Turns out this guy had been stalking me for about two months.

He called me to try and start some sort of relationship, but since it didn’t work, he went crazy and came to my house.

He didn't try touching me, besides the hug. He did spend a little time in prison, and was put on medication.

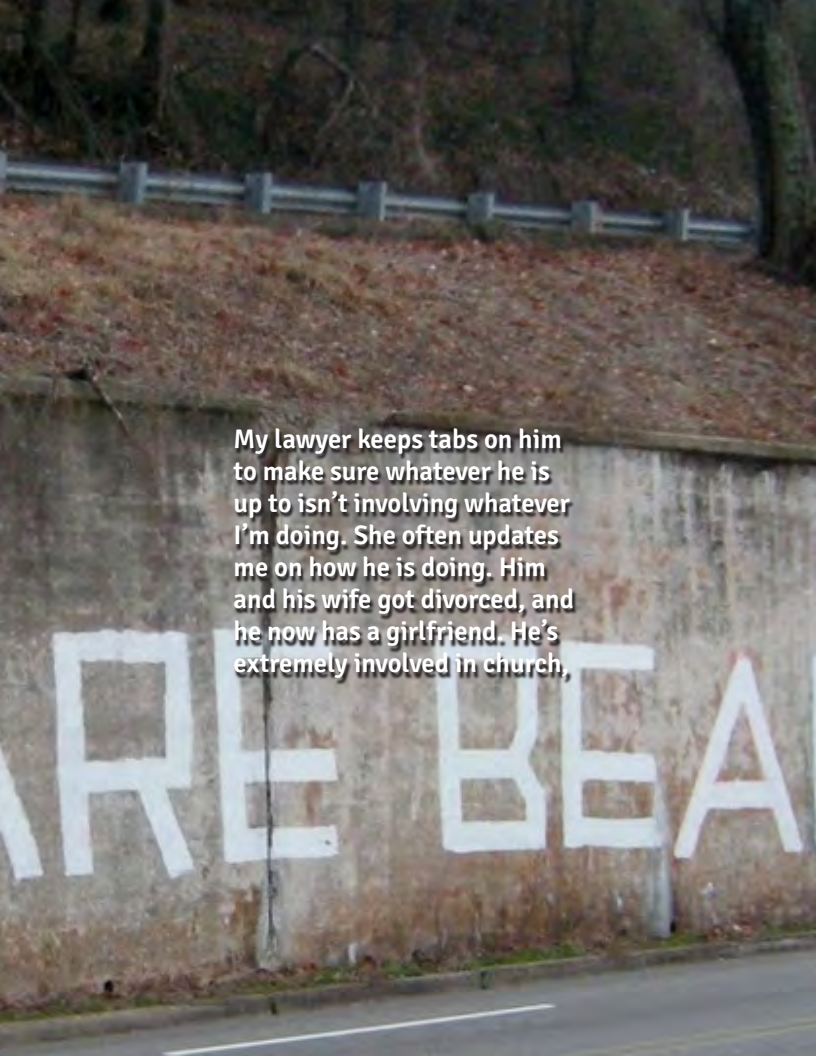
Eventually, he apologized to me saying that his wife left him for his best friend. He went to the park to get some air, which is when he saw me.

Apparently I looked a lot like his wife, and became obsessed with me. He is doing good now, and actually is extremely ashamed of what he did. It's still the creepiest thing that ever happened.

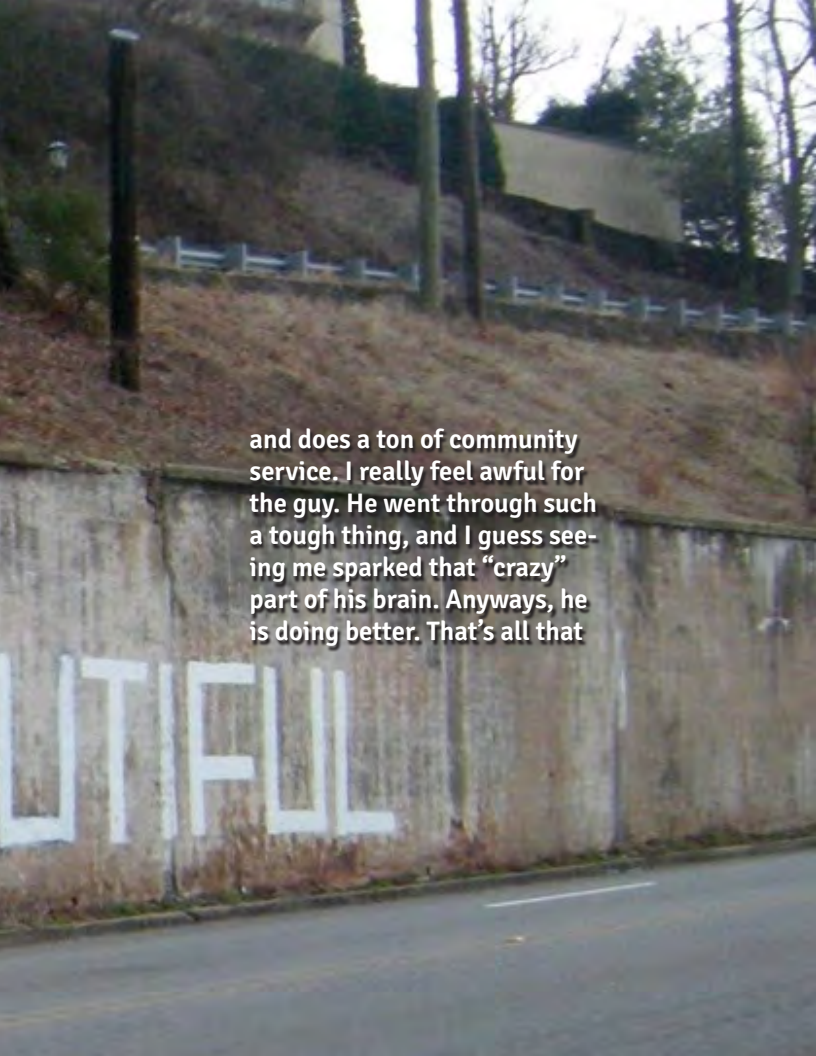
To know that someone was watching your every move for a whole two months... it's weird.

antifur

**Edit: I DO NOT STALK MY
STALKER.**

A photograph of a concrete wall with large white letters spelling 'ARE BEA'. The wall is outdoors, with a metal guardrail and a hillside with dry leaves above it. A road is visible at the bottom. A text overlay is centered on the wall.

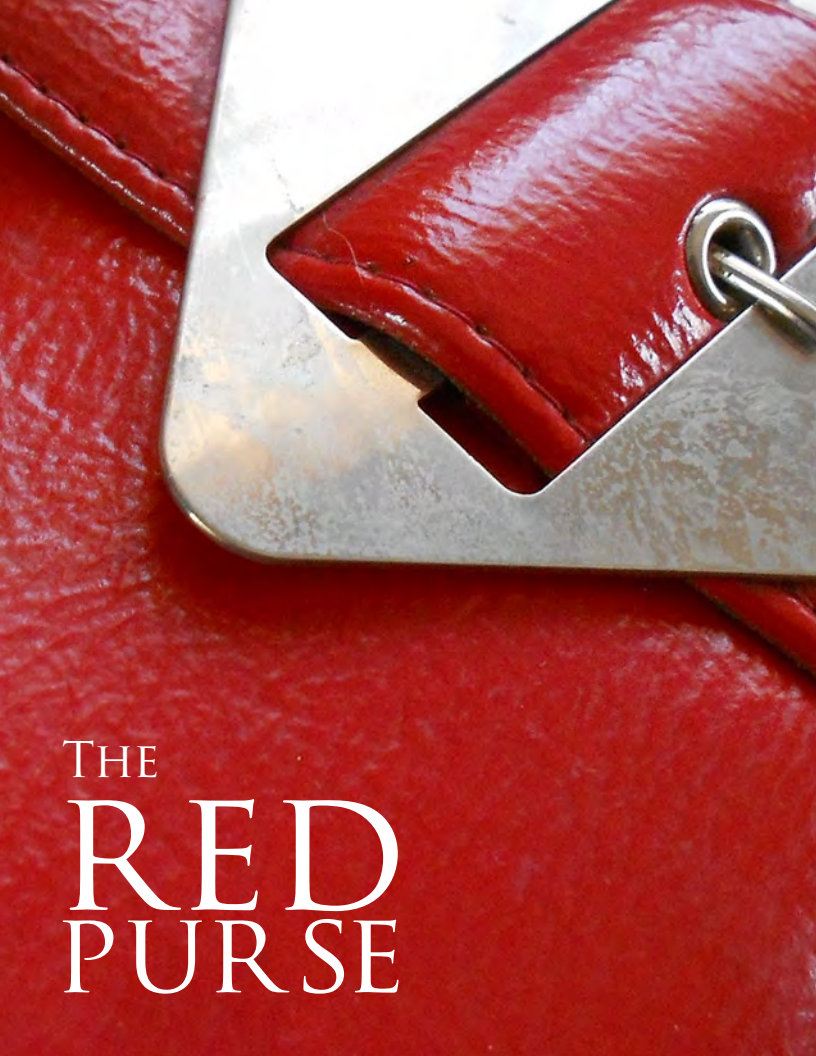
My lawyer keeps tabs on him to make sure whatever he is up to isn't involving whatever I'm doing. She often updates me on how he is doing. Him and his wife got divorced, and he now has a girlfriend. He's extremely involved in church,



and does a ton of community service. I really feel awful for the guy. He went through such a tough thing, and I guess seeing me sparked that “crazy” part of his brain. Anyways, he is doing better. That’s all that



**you are
beautiful**



THE
RED
PURSE





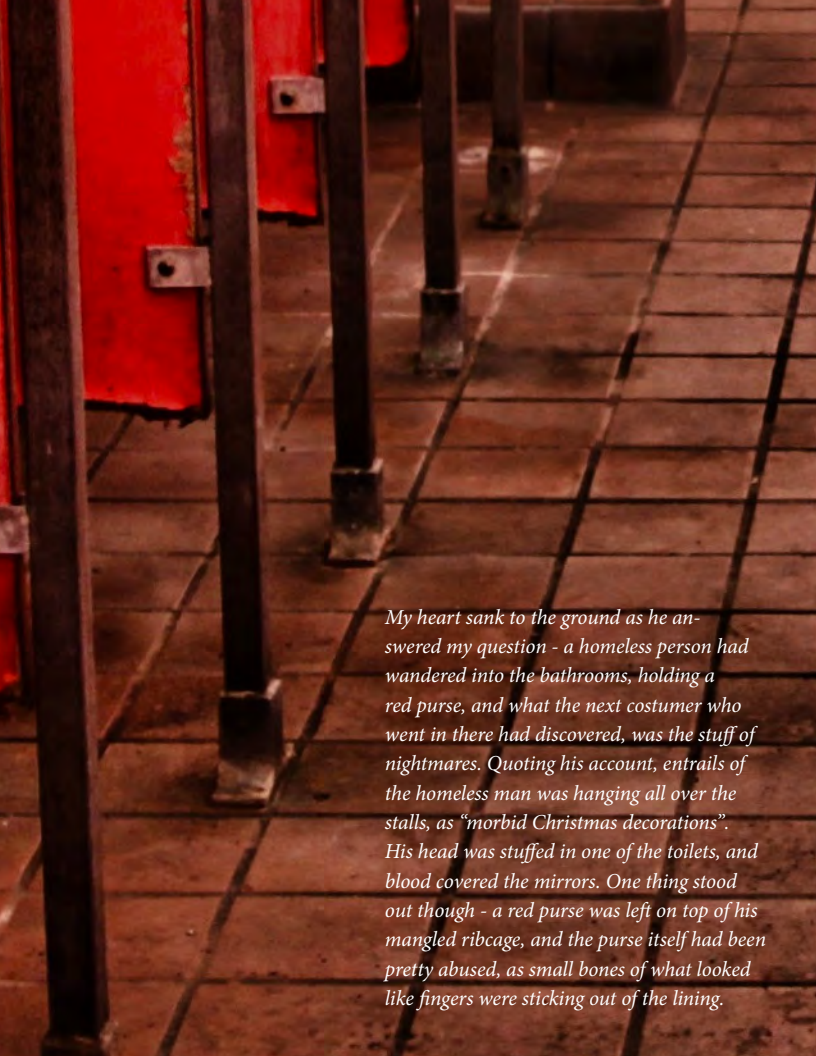
A week ago, my roommate hurried me out of our apartment so I could catch the bus downtown to meet my boyfriend at our regular drinking place. I had actually forgotten all about it, as I was busy watching the new season of Bridezillas on TLC.

A photograph of a red wooden door with two silver handles. The door is slightly ajar, and the text is overlaid on the central part of the door. The wood grain is visible, and the color is a deep, vibrant red. The handles are positioned on the left and right sides of the door, about halfway down.

After a few drinks I realized I had forgotten my old, red purse my sister used to own, outside the apartment door, so I got a ride back to my place. Mind you, this purse means the world to me, as it's the last memory of my only sister - she had disappeared 4 years earlier, and was found brutally murdered. She was both mangled and naked, only her purse had been left at the scene, and as bizarre as it was, I took the purse as my own. Now, we arrived outside my apartment, and I checked outside the door, but to no avail, it wasn't there. I thought maybe someone had stolen it, but checked everywhere inside, just in case I had left it on my bed, or on the sofa. I even checked the bathroom, although I never take my purse in there.

Eventually I gave up, consoling myself with the fact that I had a few bills in my pocket to drink the sadness away. We ventured downtown again, to our regular place, but as I entered the bar, something seemed amiss. I quickly noticed a few police officers near the entrance to the bathrooms, and being curious about the situation (this is a really small place, with few regular costumers - nothing usually happens), I went over and asked one of them what was going on.





My heart sank to the ground as he answered my question - a homeless person had wandered into the bathrooms, holding a red purse, and what the next costumer who went in there had discovered, was the stuff of nightmares. Quoting his account, entrails of the homeless man was hanging all over the stalls, as “morbid Christmas decorations”. His head was stuffed in one of the toilets, and blood covered the mirrors. One thing stood out though - a red purse was left on top of his mangled ribcage, and the purse itself had been pretty abused, as small bones of what looked like fingers were sticking out of the lining.





*Drick
wall*

S.E. Schlosser

Massey was a soldier unfortunate enough to cross me, his commanding officer. He did not live to regret it. There was something very satisfying in the moment when I thrust the tip of my sword into the soldier's heart during our duel.

**I watched him fall to the ground
with the satisfaction of a job well
done.**

**The men under my command
seem depressed in the following
weeks. They mention Massey
frequently, but I ignore their
conversations.**

One night, I retreat to my chambers to sulk and soon was joined by a delegation of men who were friends of Massey. I am surprised and delighted to learn that they had come to their senses and now saw the impertinent lieutenant for the

**cheat he really was. We share
a round of drinks and laughed
together. I'm afraid I drank far
too much that evening.**

**The other soldiers suggested we
explore the lower dungeons.**

**That sounded like a fine idea
to me. We set off in merry**

**spirits, drinking and singing
and laughing, our voices echoing
through the narrow passages.
Deeper and deeper we went.
My head started spinning and my
legs felt like rubber after all that
drinking. I am afraid I passed out**

from drunkenness, to my shame.

**When I came to, I was lying on
my back with my wrists and
ankles shackled to the floor.**

**Drunken men, fooling around, I
thought.**

"Very funny, lads," I called out.

"Now set me free."

**The soldiers didn't answer me.
A moment passed and Massey's
best friend appeared in the
doorway, holding mortar and a
mason's trowel. The other men
began handing him bricks and
I realize that the soldiers are
bricking up the entrance to the**

cell in which I lay shackled.

"Very funny," I said again.

No one answered me. They

worked in silence, laying brick

after brick until one row is done,

then two. They were playing a

nasty joke on me.

Then Massey's best friend paused

**in his work and looked directly
into my eyes. At that moment
I realized that this is no joke.
Scream after scream ripped from
my throat as I struggle against
my bonds. But the dungeon was
too deep within the fort, and no
one heard my screams.**

They were on the final row of bricks. I was reduced to bribery now, using my wealth in an attempt to escape my fate. No one listened to my bribes. I watched in heart thudding horror as the last brick is put in place, as the last chink of light faded from

**my sight. I have been entombed
alive in the deepest, darkest
dungeon of the fort. I howled in
panic, writhing against the iron
manacles binding hands and feet
and twisting my body.**

**Eventually I fell back against
the floor, my wrists and ankles**

saturated with my own blood.

**My fingers were torn and throbbing
from their intense scrabbling against
the hard floor. I found myself
weeping angrily, though I have
never shed a tear in my lifetime.**

**The agony of the thought sent
me writhing again in spite of the**

**horrible pain racking my wrists,
ankles, and hands. Daylight. I must
see daylight again. Just once more.**

“Don’t leave me here to die alone!

Don’t leave me!”

**But I was alone, and the sheer brutal
horror of it overwhelmed me. My
eyes strained against the complete**

**and utter darkness, and I wondered
if they were even open.**

**Dear God, I can't get out. I can't get
out. I CAN'T GET OUT!**



The Legend of MOTHMAN

RIGHT LANE
MUST
TURN RIGHT
ON RED

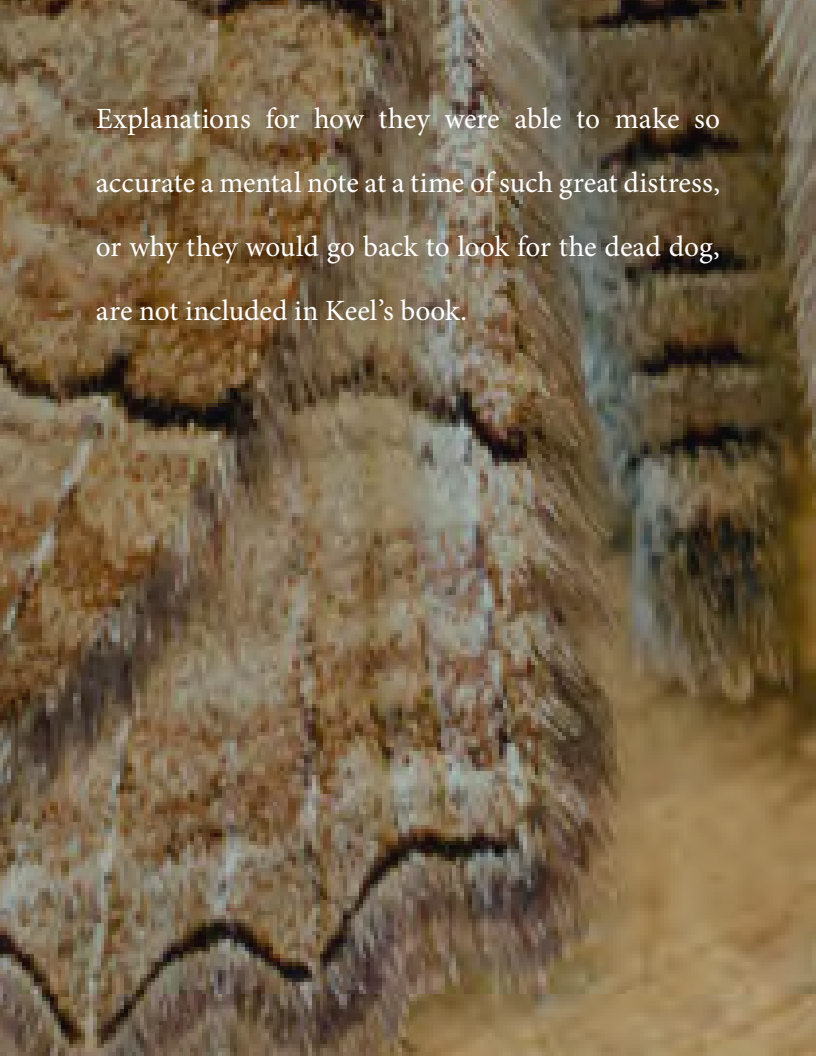


On November 15, 1966,

two young, married couples from Point Pleasant, David and Linda Scarberry and Steve and Mary Mallette, were traveling late at night in the Scarberrys' car. They were passing the West Virginia Ordnance Works, an abandoned World War II TNT factory, about seven miles north from Point Pleasant, in the 2,500 acre McClintic Wildlife Station, when they noticed two red lights in the shadows by an old generator plant near the factory gate. They stopped the car, and reportedly discovered that the lights were the glowing red eyes of a large animal, "shaped like a man, but bigger, maybe six and a half or seven

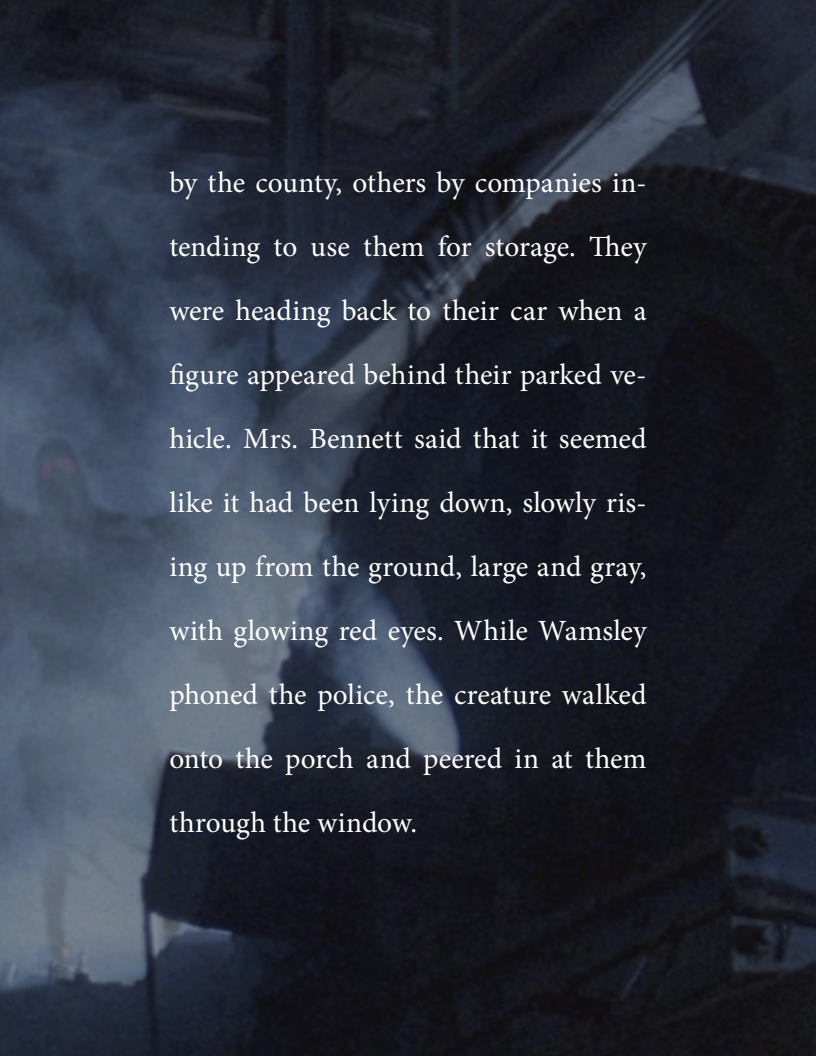


feet tall, with big wings folded against its back”, according to Roger Scarberry. Terrified, they drove toward Route 62, where the creature supposedly chased them at speeds exceeding 100 miles per hour. However, as quoted in Keel’s *The Mothman Prophecies*, the Scarberrys, despite driving more than 100 miles per hour, claimed to have noticed a dead dog on the side of the road, and in fact made such accurate note of its location that they claimed to have gone back the very next day and looked for it.



Explanations for how they were able to make so accurate a mental note at a time of such great distress, or why they would go back to look for the dead dog, are not included in Keel's book.

The following night, on November 16, several armed townspeople combed the area around the TNT plant for signs of Mothman. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wamsley, and Mrs. Marcella Bennett, with her infant daughter Teena in tow, were in a car en-route to visit their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Thomas, who lived in a bungalow among the “igloos” (concrete dome-shaped dynamite storage structures erected during WW-II) near the TNT plant. The igloos were now empty, some owned

A dark, grainy, blue-tinted photograph of a person in a white protective suit and mask, possibly a hazmat worker, standing in a dimly lit environment. The person is wearing a full-body white suit, a hood, and a mask with glowing red eyes. They are standing in a dark, possibly industrial or outdoor setting with some structural elements visible in the background.

by the county, others by companies intending to use them for storage. They were heading back to their car when a figure appeared behind their parked vehicle. Mrs. Bennett said that it seemed like it had been lying down, slowly rising up from the ground, large and gray, with glowing red eyes. While Wamsley phoned the police, the creature walked onto the porch and peered in at them through the window.



On November 24, four people allegedly saw the creature flying over the TNT area. On the morning of *November 25*, Thomas Ury, who was driving along Route 62 just north of the TNT, claimed to have seen the creature standing in a field, and then it spread its wings and flew alongside his car as he sped toward the Point Pleasant sheriff's office.

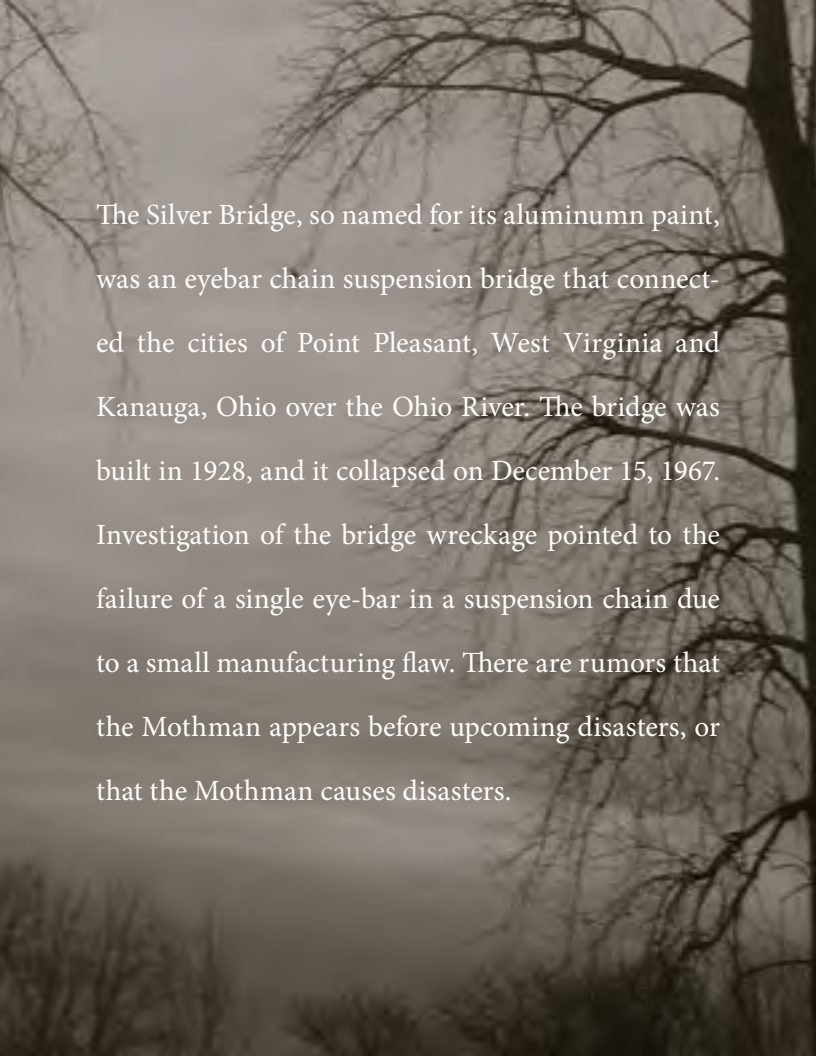


On November 26,

Mrs. Ruth Foster of Charleston, West Virginia reportedly saw Mothman standing on her front lawn, but the creature was gone by the time her brother-in-law went out to investigate.

Further, on the morning of November 27, the creature allegedly pursued a young woman near Mason, West Virginia, and was reported again in St. Albans the same night, by two children.

A Mothman sighting was again reported on January 11, 1967, and several other times that same year. Fewer sightings of the Mothman were reported after the collapse of the Silver Bridge, when 46 people died.



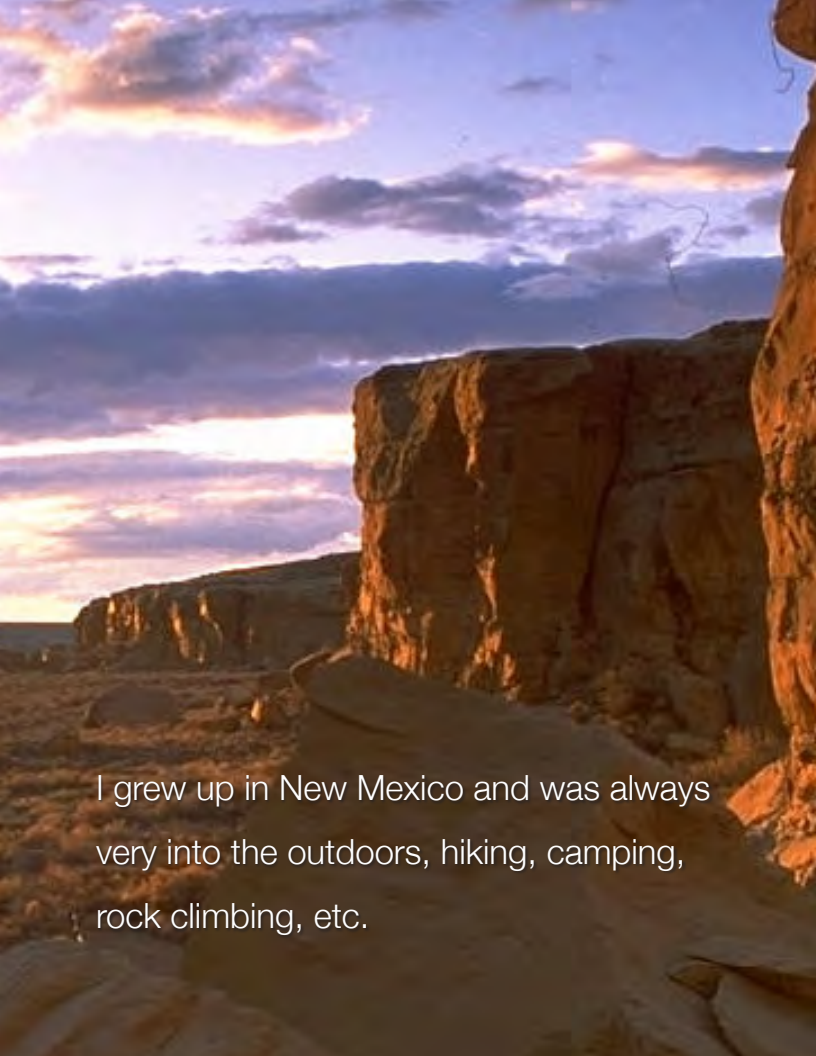
The Silver Bridge, so named for its aluminum paint, was an eyebar chain suspension bridge that connected the cities of Point Pleasant, West Virginia and Kanauga, Ohio over the Ohio River. The bridge was built in 1928, and it collapsed on December 15, 1967. Investigation of the bridge wreckage pointed to the failure of a single eye-bar in a suspension chain due to a small manufacturing flaw. There are rumors that the Mothman appears before upcoming disasters, or that the Mothman causes disasters.




A photograph of a desert landscape at sunset. The sky is filled with soft, colorful clouds in shades of purple, pink, and orange. In the foreground, there are several tall, weathered stone pillars or structures, some of which appear to be ancient ruins. The ground is dry and rocky, with sparse vegetation. The overall mood is serene and nostalgic.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORIES

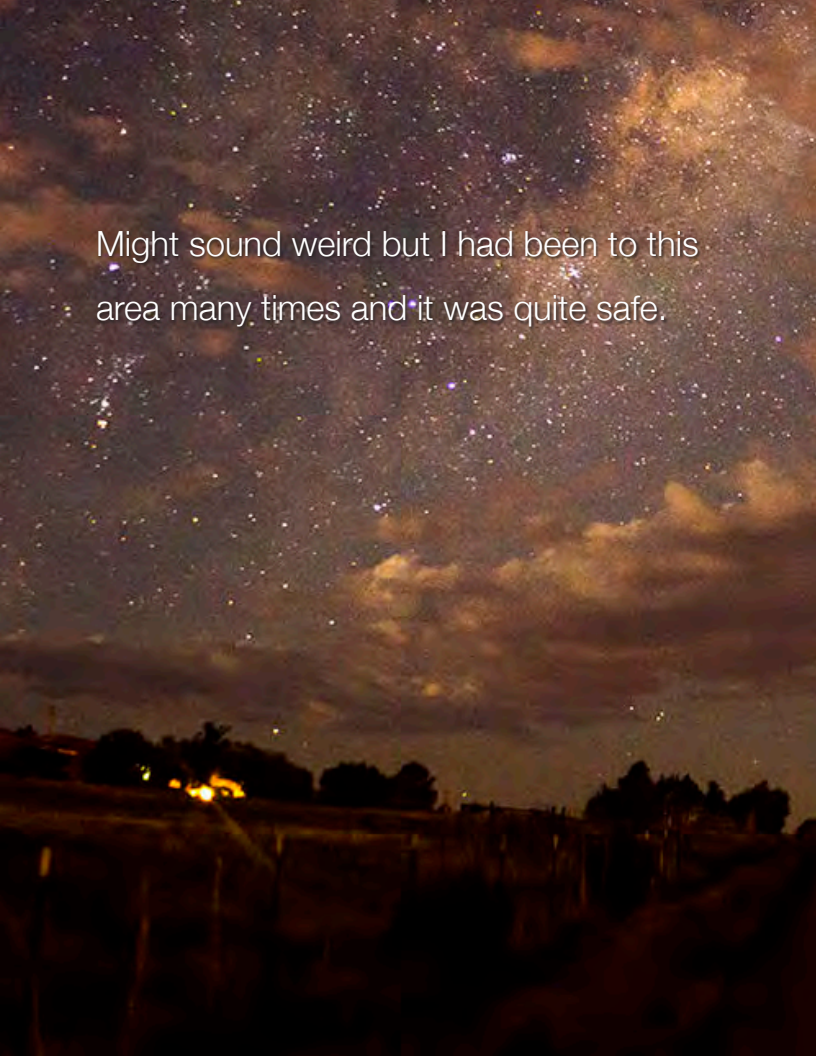
@ANNIEBANNANAS



I grew up in New Mexico and was always very into the outdoors, hiking, camping, rock climbing, etc.



One summer when I was 19 I went on a 4 day/3 night camping trip near my parents' house on my own.



Might sound weird but I had been to this area many times and it was quite safe.



Anyway I brought my camera and took
lots of pictures.





When I came back and developed my film, there were 3 extra pictures that I didn't take.



.. of me...sleeping.

One each night. None of my stuff was missing or stolen.





~~Slit-Mouthed~~
~~Woman~~



Picture the scene. You are walking home from school and your path takes you down a deserted city street.

Suddenly, you hear a faint noise coming from the shadows. You glance over and see a beautiful woman standing there. She has long black hair and is wearing a beige trench-coat. A surgical mask covers the

lower half of her face. In Japan, wearing a surgical mask is not uncommon during flu season, to prevent spreading germs.

She steps out of the shadows and blocks your path. "Am I beautiful?" she asks. Before you can answer, she tears off her mask, revealing a hideously deformed face. Her huge mouth is sliced from ear to ear and gapes open

revealing rows of sharp teeth and a big red disgusting tongue twisting and twirling inside. "Am I beautiful NOW?" she screams. Terrified, you struggle to answer her. If you say "No" she pulls out a huge pair of scissors and kills you immediately, chopping off your head. If you say "Yes", she takes her scissors and slices your mouth from ear to ear,

making you look just like her. If you try to run away, she will hunt you down and kill you, by slicing you in two. The only way to escape from Kuchisake Onna is to give a non-committal answer. If you say "You look average" or you look normal, she will



be confused, giving you just enough time to run away. There are many rumors about how Kuchisake Onna got her horribly disfigured mouth. Some say that her slit mouth is the result of plastic surgery that went horribly wrong. Others say that she was injured in a terrible car crash. Some even believe she is an escaped mental patient who was so demented that she cut her own mouth apart.



According to one legend, years ago, in Japan, there lived a very beautiful woman who was extremely vain and self-absorbed. Her husband was a very jealous and brutal man and he became convinced that she was cheating on him. In a fit of rage, he took a sword and slit her mouth from ear to ear, screaming "Who will think you're beautiful now?" She became a vengeful spirit, and began wandering the streets of Japan, wearing a surgical mask to hide her terrible scars. The Slit Mouth Woman's reign of terror began.



In 2004, South Korea was plagued by reports of a red-masked woman who was chasing children.

In 2007, a coroner found some old records from the late 1970s about a woman who was chasing little children, but was hit by a car, and died shortly after. Her mouth was ripped from ear to ear.

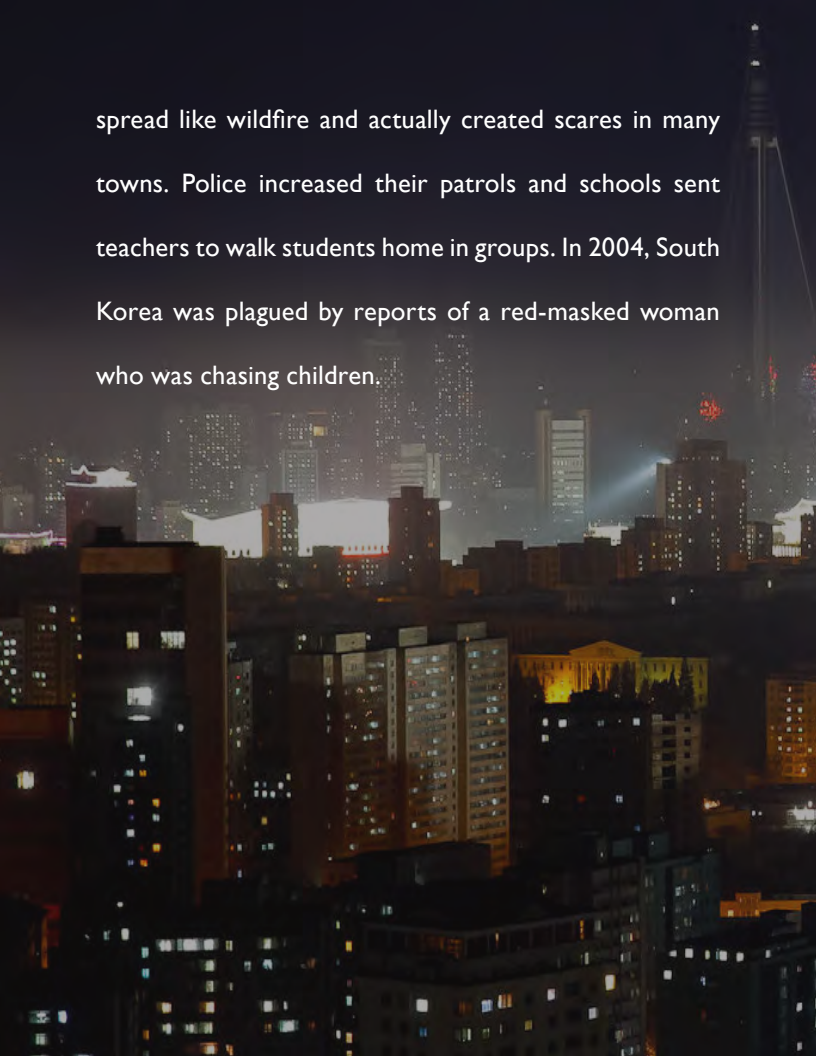
There are many rumors about how Kuchisake Onna got her horribly disfigured mouth. Some say that her slit mouth is the result of plastic surgery that went horribly wrong. Others say that she was injured in a terrible car crash. Some even believe she is an escaped mental patient who was so demented that she cut her own mouth apart.


According to one legend, years ago, in Japan, there lived a very beautiful woman who was extremely vain and self

absorbed. Her husband was a very jealous and brutal man and he became convinced that she was cheating on him. In a fit of rage, he took a sword and slit her mouth from ear to ear, screaming “Who will think you’re beautiful now?” She became a vengeful spirit, and began wandering the streets of Japan, wearing a surgical mask to hide her terrible scars.

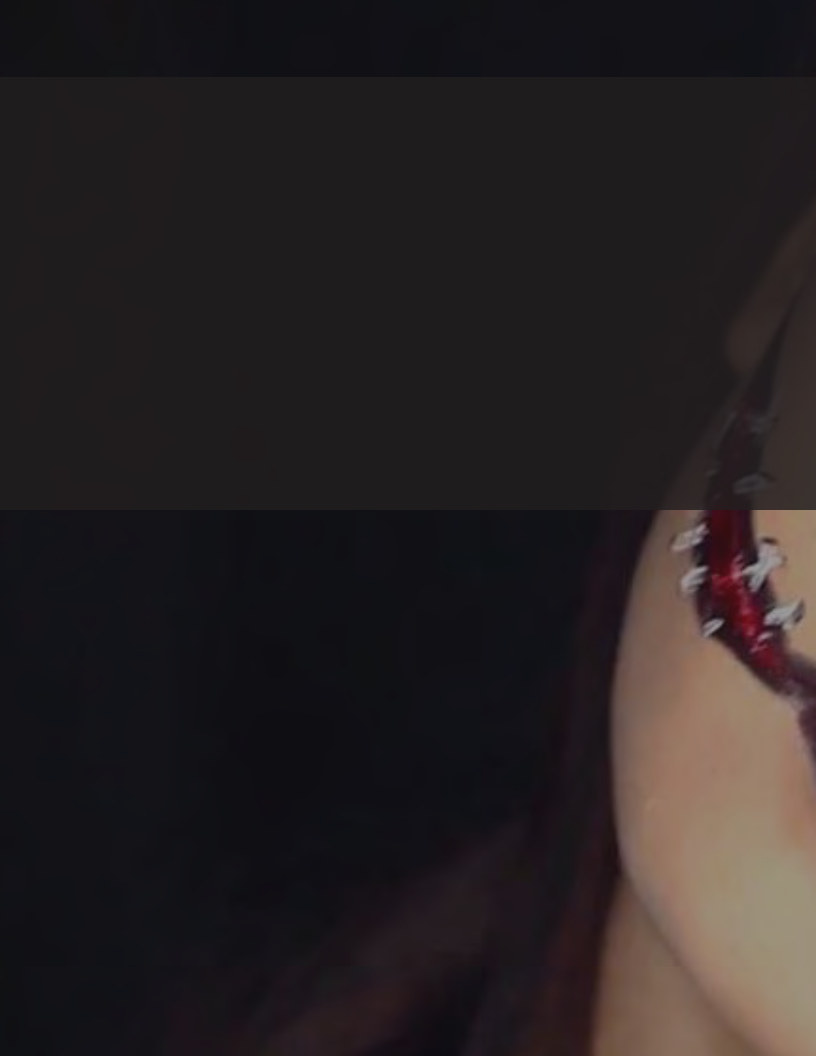
The Slit Mouth Woman’s reign of terror began in the spring and summer of 1979, when rumors began to spread throughout Japan about sightings of the Kuchisake-onna hunting down children. The story

spread like wildfire and actually created scares in many towns. Police increased their patrols and schools sent teachers to walk students home in groups. In 2004, South Korea was plagued by reports of a red-masked woman who was chasing children.





In 2007, a coroner found some old records from the late 1970s about a woman who was chasing little children, but was hit by a car, and died shortly after. Her mouth was ripped from ear to ear.





THE

RAKE

Marie and her husband just returned from a trip in Niagara Falls with their family for the 4th of July. They were all very exhausted after a long day and decided to call it a night and go to bed. At about 4am, Marie woke up thinking her husband, Mark, had gotten up to use the restroom. She used the moment to steal back the sheets, only to wake him in the process. Marie apologized and told him she thought he got out of bed. When Mark turned to face her, he gasped and pulled his feet up from the end of the bed so quickly his knee almost



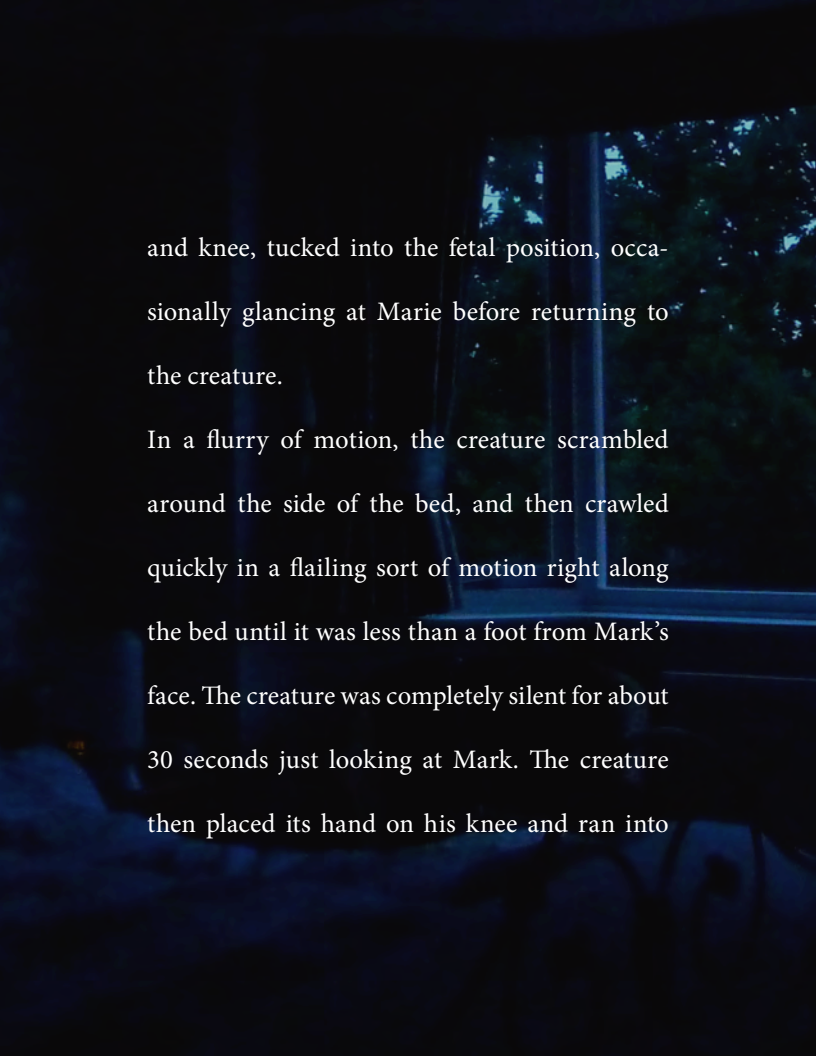
knocked Marie out of the bed. He then grabbed her and said nothing.

After adjusting to the dark for a half second, Marie was able to see what caused the strange reaction. At the foot of the bed, sitting and facing away from us, there was what appeared to be a naked man, or a large hairless dog of some sort.

Its body position was

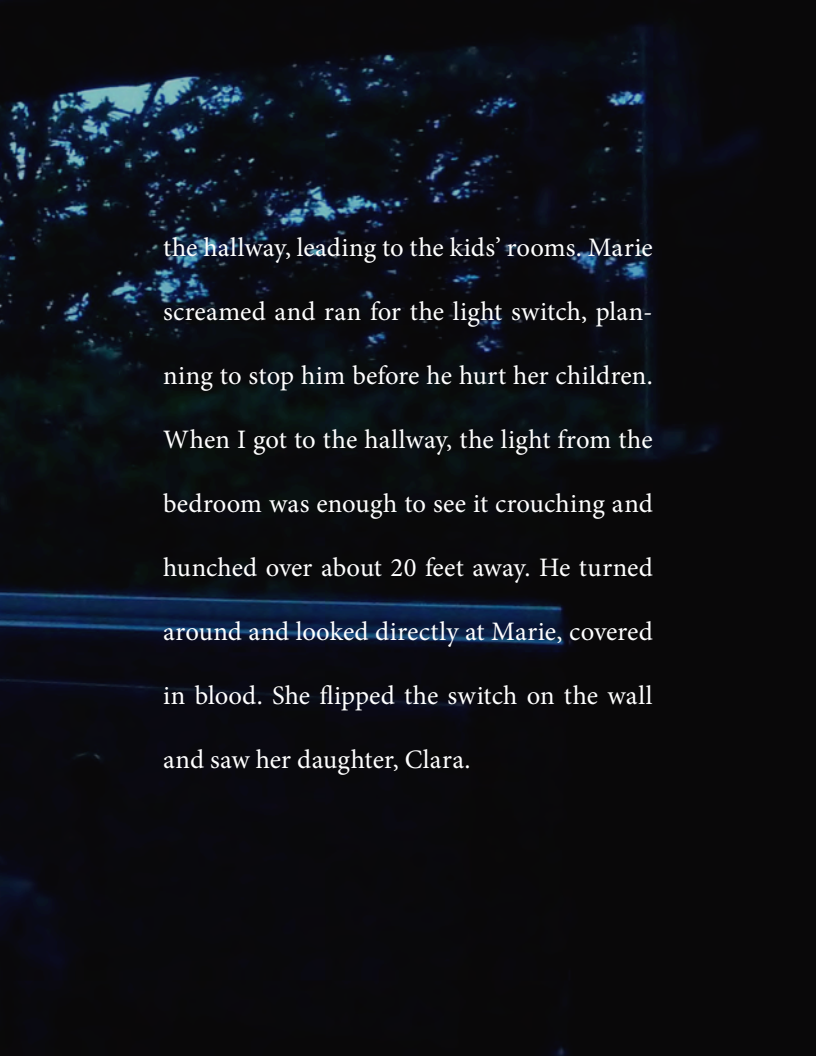
disturbing and unnatural, as if it had been hit by a car or something. For some reason, Marie was not instantly frightened by it, but more concerned as to its condition. At this point she was somewhat under the assumption that they were supposed to help him.

Mark was peering over his arm

A dark, blue-tinted photograph of a window. The window frame is visible, and outside, there are trees and foliage. The lighting is very dim, creating a moody and mysterious atmosphere. The text is overlaid on this background.

and knee, tucked into the fetal position, occasionally glancing at Marie before returning to the creature.

In a flurry of motion, the creature scrambled around the side of the bed, and then crawled quickly in a flailing sort of motion right along the bed until it was less than a foot from Mark's face. The creature was completely silent for about 30 seconds just looking at Mark. The creature then placed its hand on his knee and ran into



the hallway, leading to the kids' rooms. Marie screamed and ran for the light switch, planning to stop him before he hurt her children. When I got to the hallway, the light from the bedroom was enough to see it crouching and hunched over about 20 feet away. He turned around and looked directly at Marie, covered in blood. She flipped the switch on the wall and saw her daughter, Clara.

The creature ran down the stairs while Mark and Marie rushed to help their daughter. She was very badly injured and spoke only once more in her short life. She said “he is the Rake”.



Mark drove his car into a lake that night, while rushing Clara to the hospital. They did not survive.

Being a small town, news got around pretty quickly.

The police were helpful at first, and the local newspaper took a lot of interest as well. However, the story was never published and the local television news never followed up either.







PILL LS

FOLK JOKE

**BEFORE
CLIMBING INTO
BED, A MAN**

The image features a solid green background with several thick, bright yellow curved lines that sweep across the frame. The text is positioned in the upper left quadrant, rendered in a bold, black, sans-serif font. The lines create a sense of movement and depth, framing the text and adding a dynamic visual element to the composition.



**SETS DOWN
A GLASS OF
WATER AND**

The background is a solid teal color. Two thick, curved yellow lines sweep across the frame. One line starts from the top left and curves towards the bottom right. The other line starts from the bottom left and curves towards the top right, creating a sense of movement and framing the text.

**AN ASPIRIN
ON HIS WIFE'S
SIDE TABLE.**



**“WHAT’S
THIS FOR, I
DON’T HAVE**

**A HEADACHE”
SHE SAYS.**

The background is a solid, vibrant purple. Overlaid on this is a large, abstract, organic shape composed of several overlapping, curved bands. The primary color of this shape is a bright, neon yellow, which is outlined or shadowed in a darker, burnt orange or brownish-yellow. The shape flows from the top left towards the bottom right, with a large loop on the left side and a tail extending towards the bottom right corner.



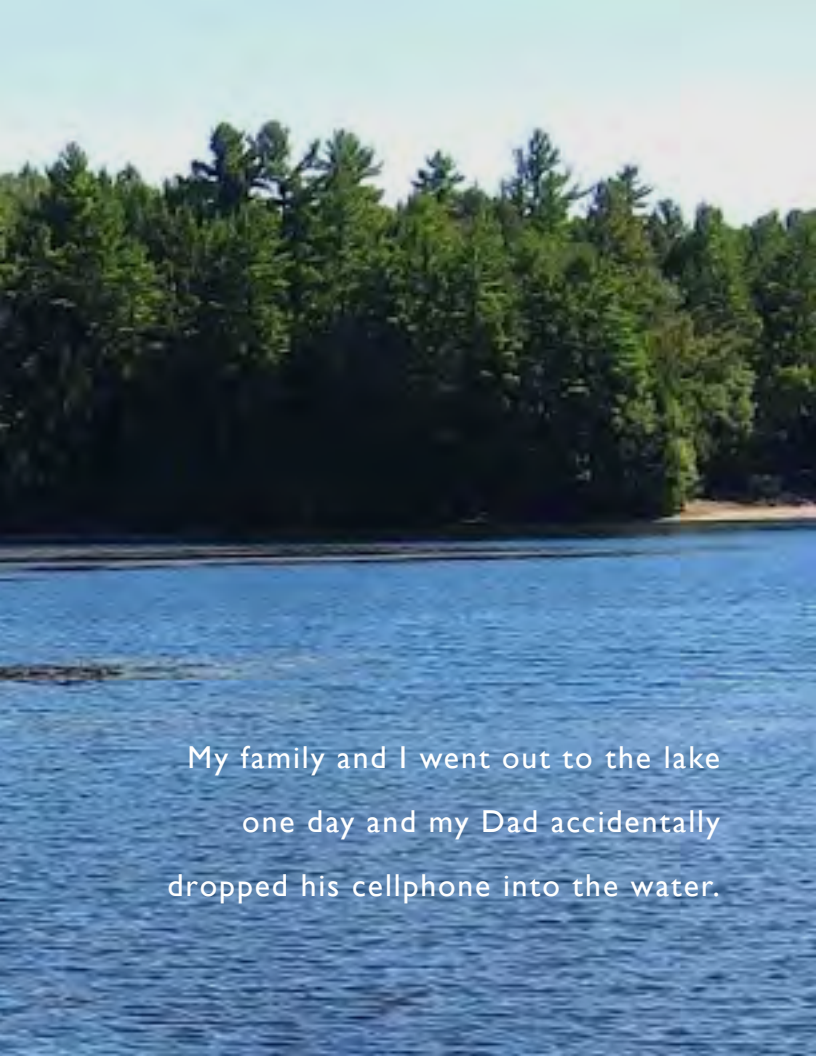
**“GOOD. LET’S
FUCK.”**



UNDER WATER

CONTACT

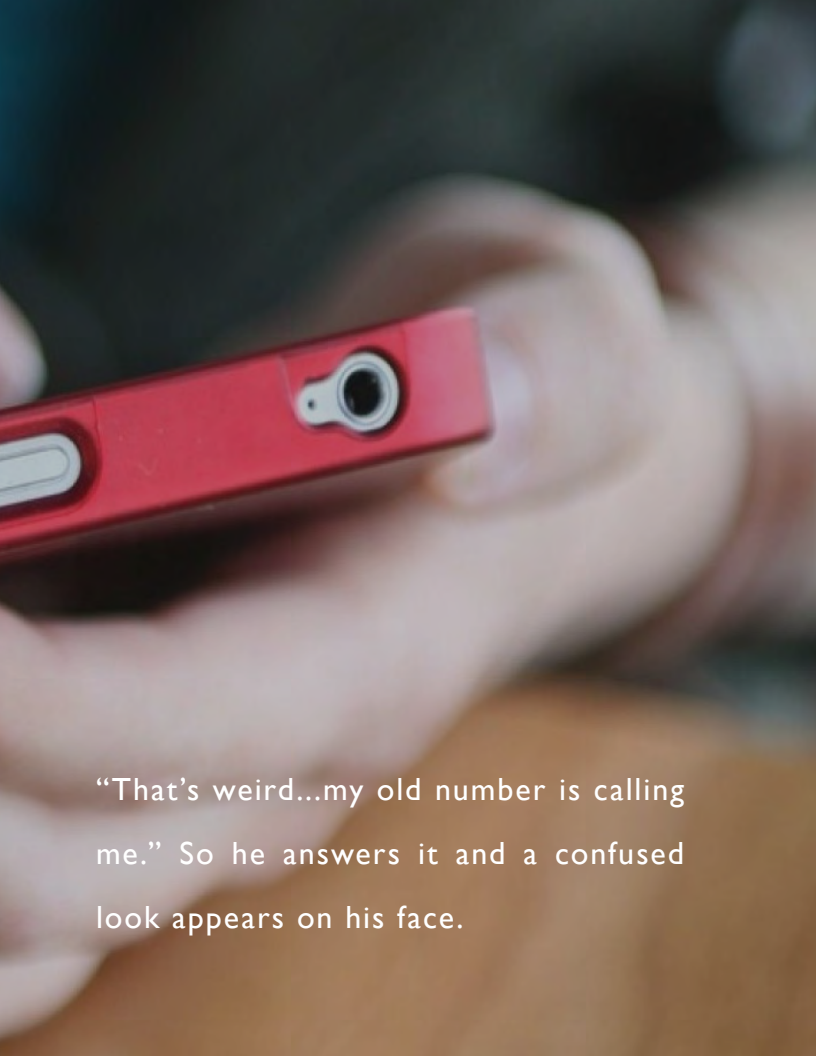




My family and I went out to the lake
one day and my Dad accidentally
dropped his cellphone into the water.

I was sitting by my dad while he was
working on his laptop and he says,





“That’s weird...my old number is calling me.” So he answers it and a confused look appears on his face.

He puts it on speakerphone so I can hear it too and it is just a loud gargled sound like someone breathing heavily into the phone.

It went on for about a minute or so before we decided to just hang up, never knowing exactly who or what was on the other side.

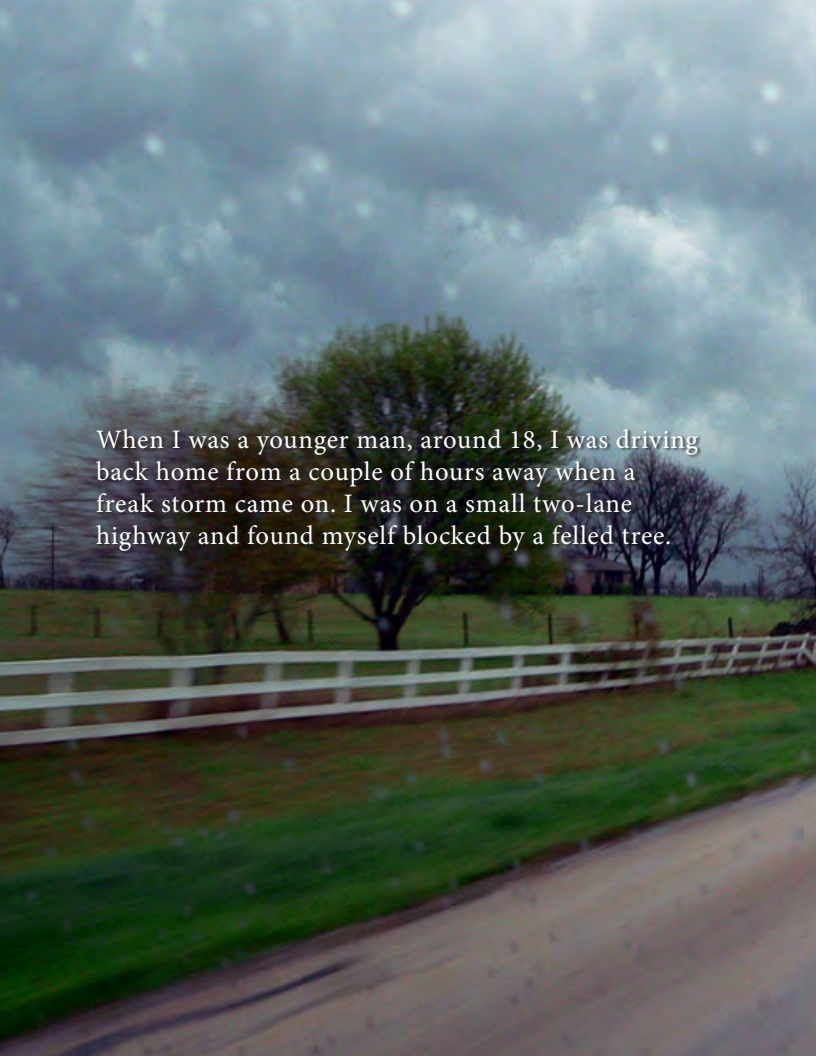




A close-up, high-resolution photograph of a man's face, focusing on his right eye and the bridge of his nose. The man has light-colored eyes and a slight stubble. The word "SHE" is overlaid in large, bold, white, sans-serif capital letters across the center of the image, partially obscuring the man's eye and cheek.

SHE


@CASSANDRAVINDICATED




When I was a younger man, around 18, I was driving back home from a couple of hours away when a freak storm came on. I was on a small two-lane highway and found myself blocked by a felled tree.



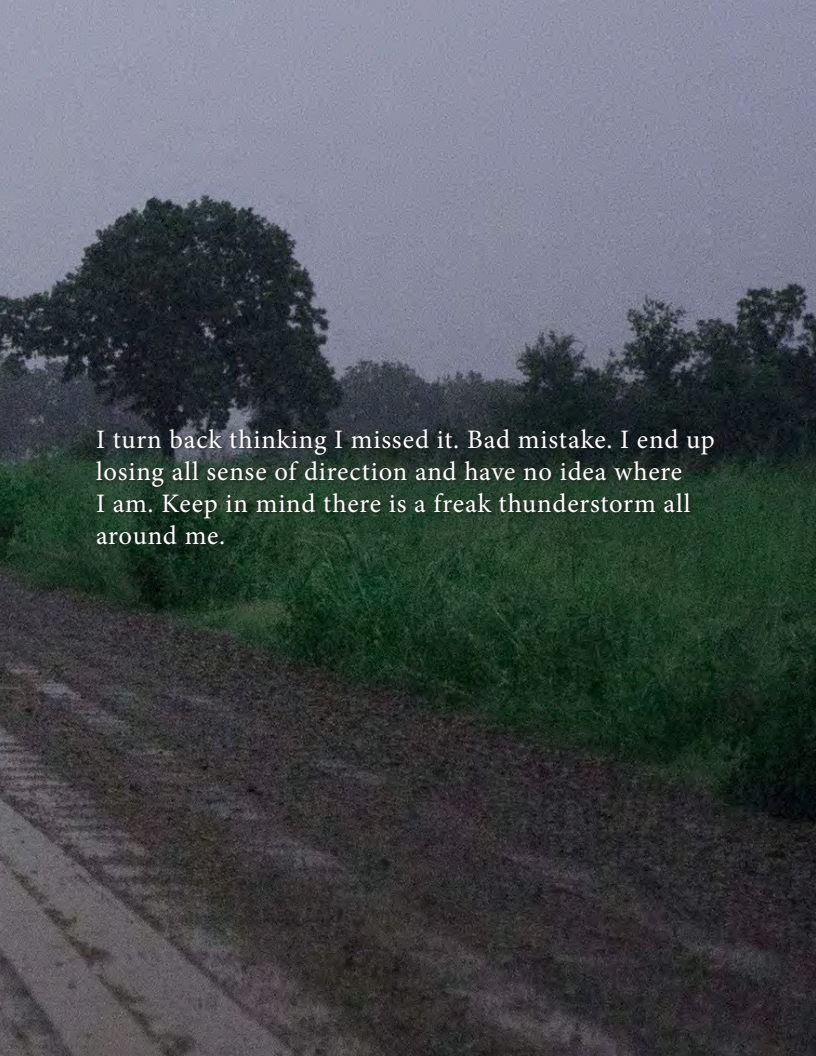


A large, thick tree trunk lies horizontally across a paved road, completely blocking it. The road has yellow double lines. In the background, there are bare trees and a white building with a window. The scene appears to be the aftermath of a storm or a fallen tree.

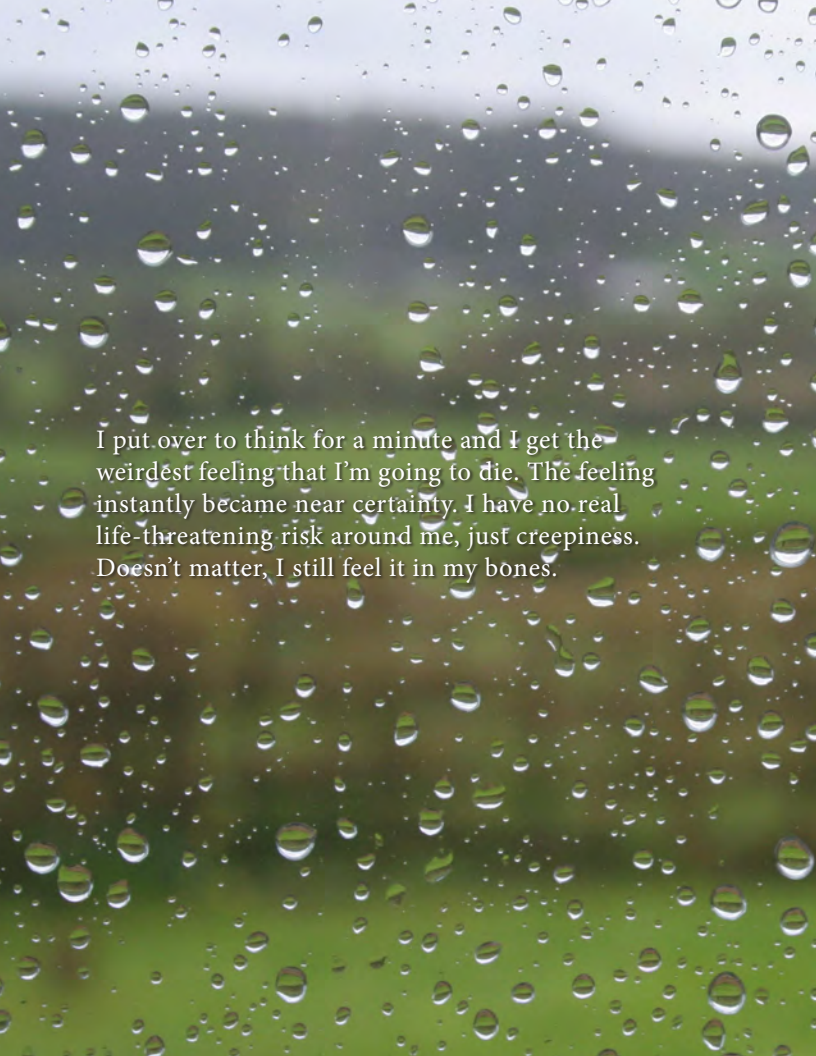
Being a country boy, I immediately reversed direction trying to do a country mile around the tree. This is where you take the first road, go a mile, turn and go a mile, turn again and go a mile to get around the obstruction.

A photograph of a dirt road with prominent tire tracks, curving into a misty, tree-lined path. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting an overcast day or early morning. The road is flanked by green grass and trees, creating a sense of a secluded, perhaps eerie, location.

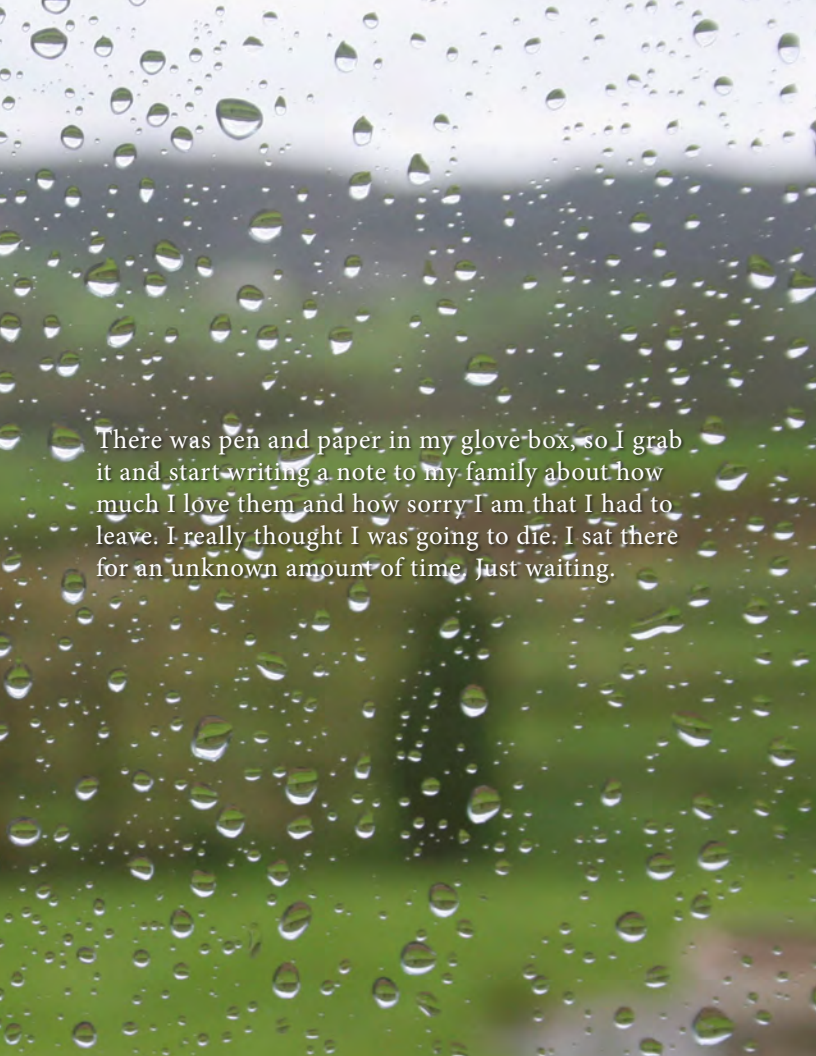
Well, on the second “parallel” leg, the road starts to get all curvy and becomes a tree tunnel. Creepy as fuck. I go for more than a mile and there is no side road, I turn back and go what I think is further than I originally came and no side road.

A dark, overcast landscape with a large tree on the left and tall grass in the foreground. The sky is a uniform, dark grey, suggesting a storm or late evening. The ground is covered in tall, green grass and some darker, possibly dead or wet, vegetation. A concrete curb is visible in the bottom left corner.

I turn back thinking I missed it. Bad mistake. I end up losing all sense of direction and have no idea where I am. Keep in mind there is a freak thunderstorm all around me.




I put over to think for a minute and I get the weirdest feeling that I'm going to die. The feeling instantly became near certainty. I have no real life-threatening risk around me, just creepiness. Doesn't matter, I still feel it in my bones.




There was pen and paper in my glove box, so I grab it and start writing a note to my family about how much I love them and how sorry I am that I had to leave. I really thought I was going to die. I sat there for an unknown amount of time. Just waiting.






Eventually the feeling passes and I continue on. I find my side roads, no problem.


A close-up photograph of a car's side mirror and door panel. The mirror is silver and has several water droplets on its surface. The door panel is dark grey or black. The window is visible in the upper left, also showing water droplets. The text is overlaid on the door panel.

When I get home I was told that my cousin
had been in a near fatal car accident and
it was touch-and-go for awhile.



A dark, shadowy handprint is cast onto a light, textured surface, possibly a wall or a piece of paper. The handprint is positioned on the left side of the frame, with the fingers spread. The background is a mix of light and dark tones, creating a moody atmosphere.

Thing is, my cousin and I are ridiculously close, like broken-arms close.

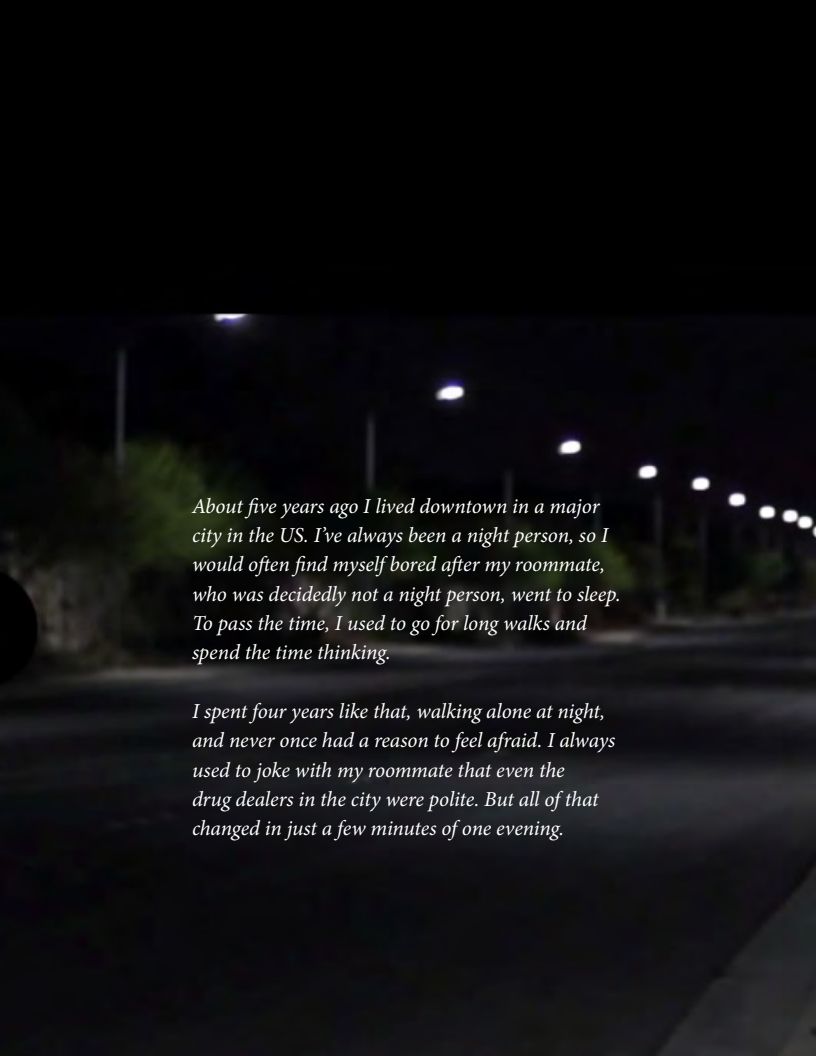
A handprint in red ink is visible on the right side of the page, set against a light, textured background. The handprint is dark red and shows the outline of the fingers and palm. The overall image has a soft, painterly quality with some darker, blurred areas on the left side.

I'm convinced to this day that I was
feeling what she was on that night.





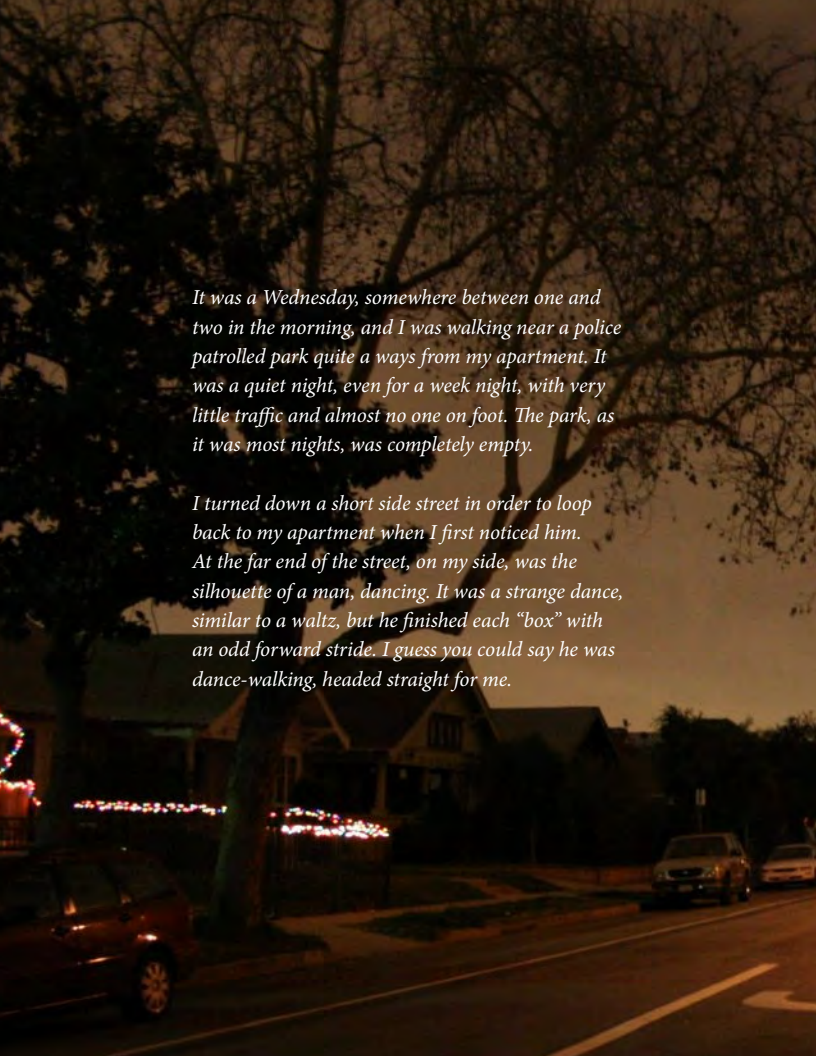
The
Smiling
Ms



About five years ago I lived downtown in a major city in the US. I've always been a night person, so I would often find myself bored after my roommate, who was decidedly not a night person, went to sleep. To pass the time, I used to go for long walks and spend the time thinking.

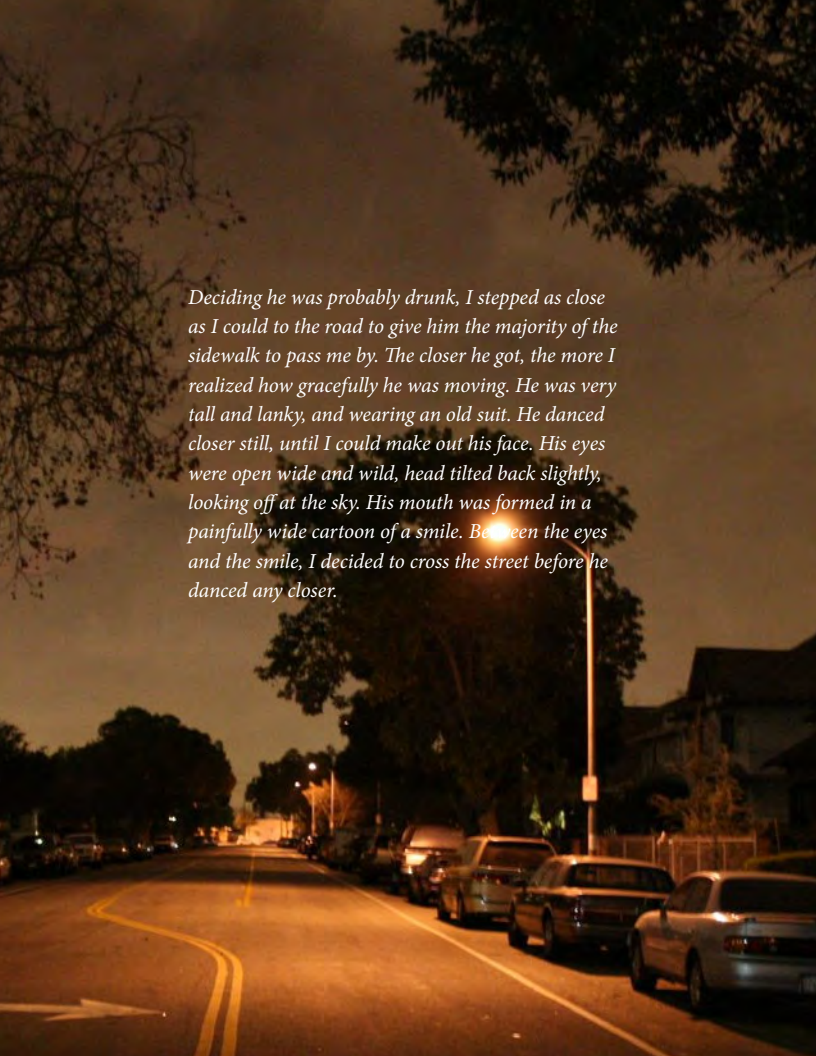
I spent four years like that, walking alone at night, and never once had a reason to feel afraid. I always used to joke with my roommate that even the drug dealers in the city were polite. But all of that changed in just a few minutes of one evening.




A nighttime photograph of a residential street. In the background, a large tree with bare branches is silhouetted against a dark sky. Below the tree, a house with a gabled roof is visible, partially obscured by the branches. A string of colorful, multi-colored lights is strung across the front of the house. In the foreground, a dark-colored car is parked on the left side of the road. The overall scene is dimly lit, with the primary light sources being the house lights and the ambient light from the street.

It was a Wednesday, somewhere between one and two in the morning, and I was walking near a police patrolled park quite a ways from my apartment. It was a quiet night, even for a week night, with very little traffic and almost no one on foot. The park, as it was most nights, was completely empty.

I turned down a short side street in order to loop back to my apartment when I first noticed him. At the far end of the street, on my side, was the silhouette of a man, dancing. It was a strange dance, similar to a waltz, but he finished each “box” with an odd forward stride. I guess you could say he was dance-walking, headed straight for me.

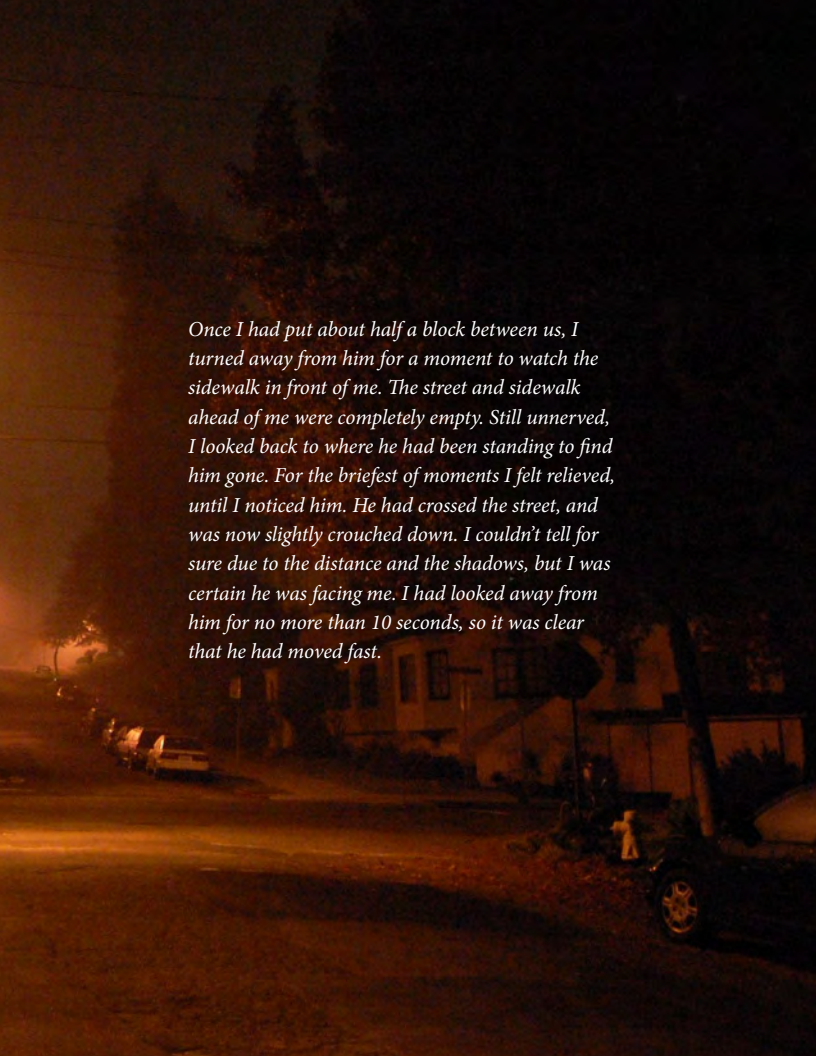
A nighttime photograph of a residential street. The street is illuminated by warm, yellow streetlights. On the right side, several cars are parked along the curb. The trees are dark against the night sky, and a house is partially visible in the background. The overall atmosphere is quiet and still.

Deciding he was probably drunk, I stepped as close as I could to the road to give him the majority of the sidewalk to pass me by. The closer he got, the more I realized how gracefully he was moving. He was very tall and lanky, and wearing an old suit. He danced closer still, until I could make out his face. His eyes were open wide and wild, head tilted back slightly, looking off at the sky. His mouth was formed in a painfully wide cartoon of a smile. Between the eyes and the smile, I decided to cross the street before he danced any closer.

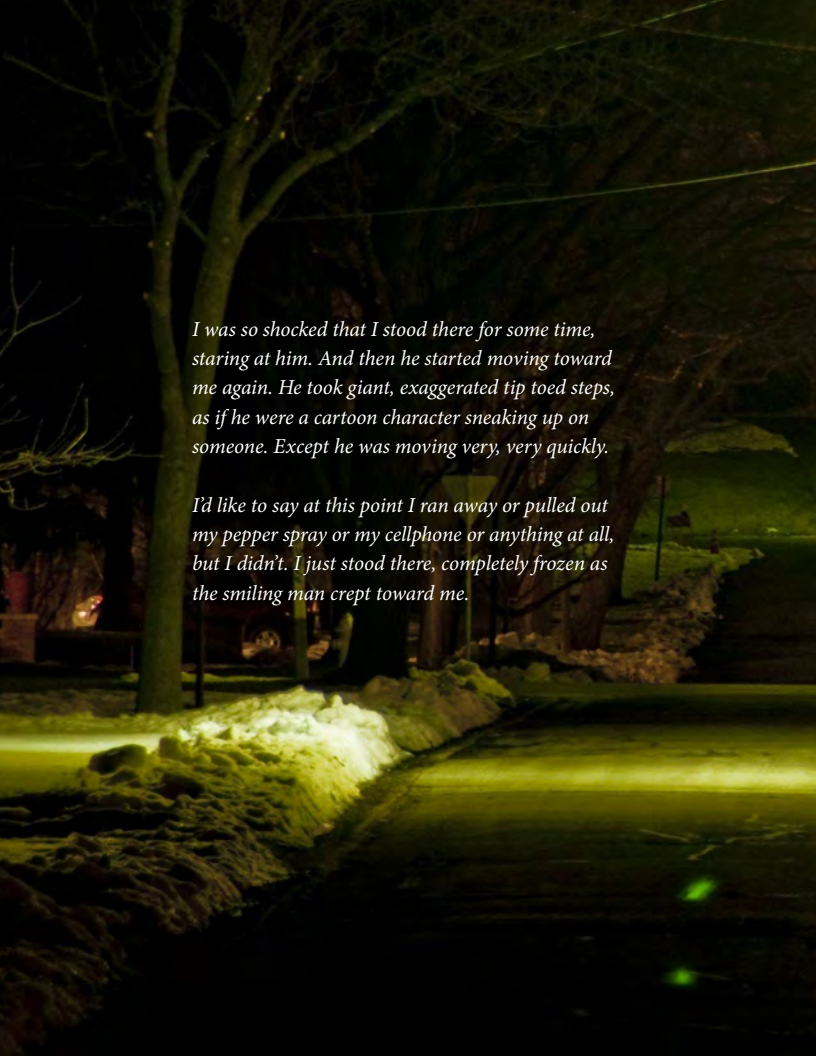


*I took my eyes off of him to cross the empty street.
As I reached the other side, I glanced back... and
then stopped dead in my tracks. He had stopped
dancing and was standing with one foot in the
street, perfectly parallel to me. He was facing me but
still looking skyward. Smile still wide on his lips.*

*I was completely and utterly unnerved by this. I
started walking again, but kept my eyes on the man.
He didn't move.*

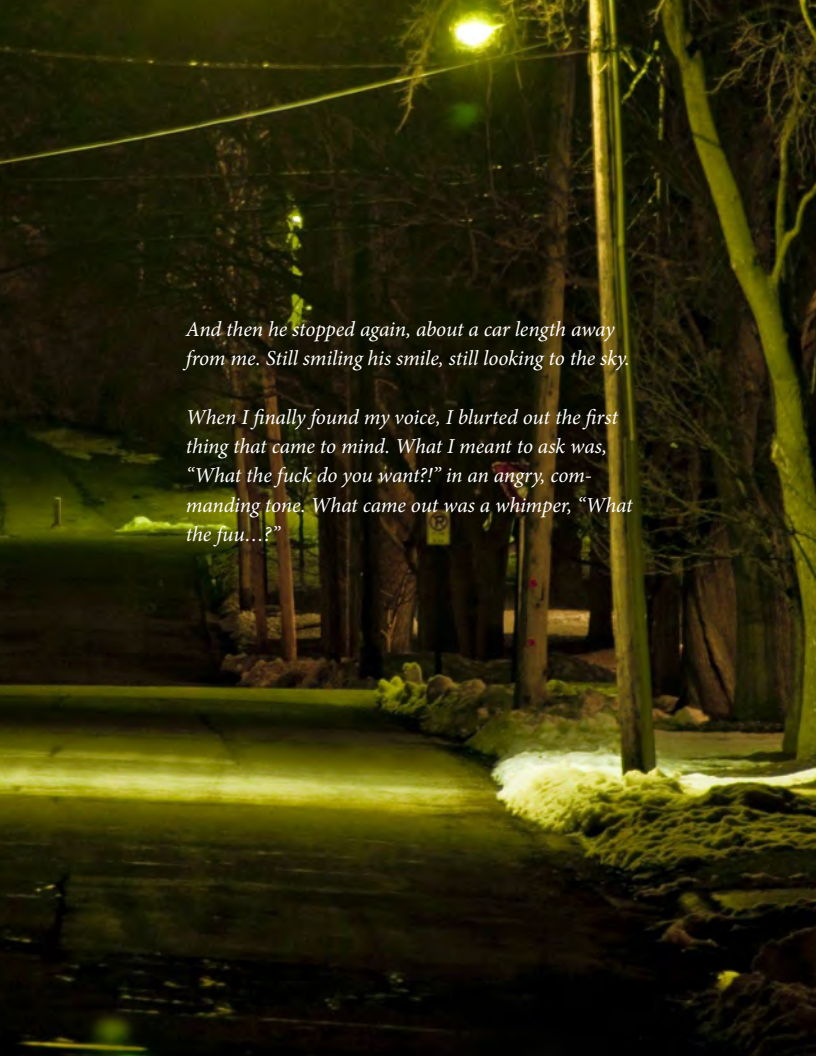


Once I had put about half a block between us, I turned away from him for a moment to watch the sidewalk in front of me. The street and sidewalk ahead of me were completely empty. Still unnerved, I looked back to where he had been standing to find him gone. For the briefest of moments I felt relieved, until I noticed him. He had crossed the street, and was now slightly crouched down. I couldn't tell for sure due to the distance and the shadows, but I was certain he was facing me. I had looked away from him for no more than 10 seconds, so it was clear that he had moved fast.



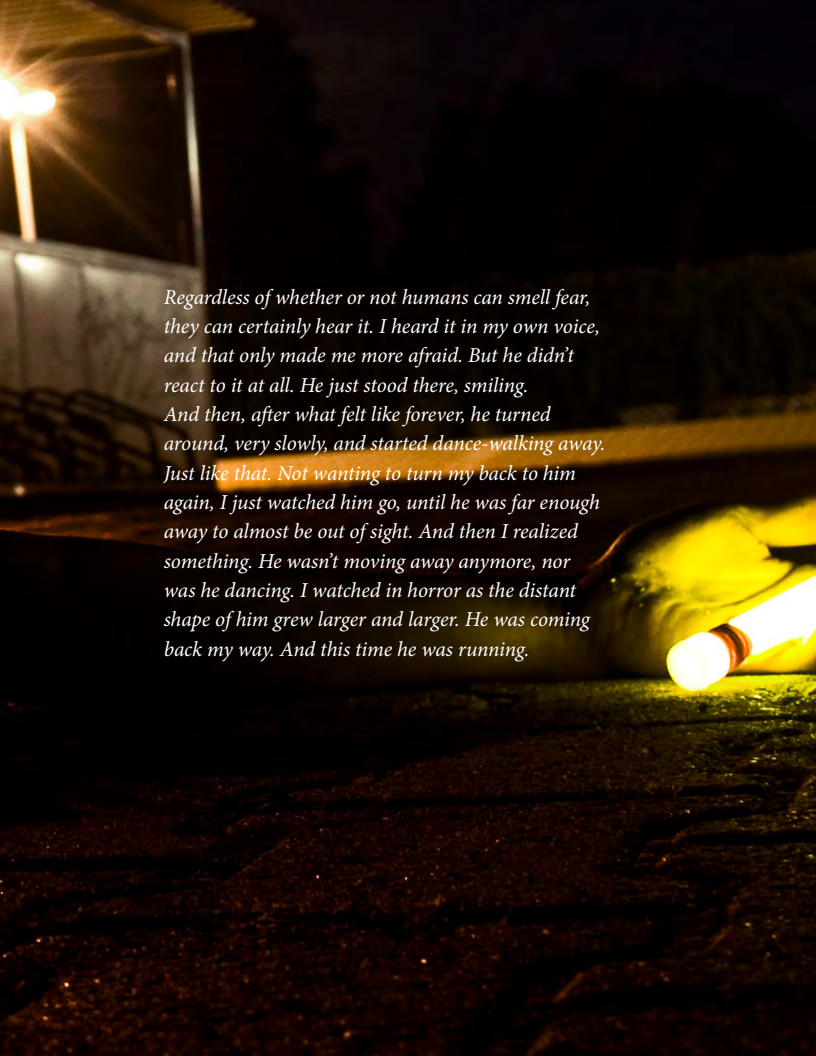
I was so shocked that I stood there for some time, staring at him. And then he started moving toward me again. He took giant, exaggerated tip toed steps, as if he were a cartoon character sneaking up on someone. Except he was moving very, very quickly.

I'd like to say at this point I ran away or pulled out my pepper spray or my cellphone or anything at all, but I didn't. I just stood there, completely frozen as the smiling man crept toward me.




And then he stopped again, about a car length away from me. Still smiling his smile, still looking to the sky.

When I finally found my voice, I blurted out the first thing that came to mind. What I meant to ask was, "What the fuck do you want?!" in an angry, commanding tone. What came out was a whimper, "What the fuu...?"



Regardless of whether or not humans can smell fear, they can certainly hear it. I heard it in my own voice, and that only made me more afraid. But he didn't react to it at all. He just stood there, smiling. And then, after what felt like forever, he turned around, very slowly, and started dance-walking away. Just like that. Not wanting to turn my back to him again, I just watched him go, until he was far enough away to almost be out of sight. And then I realized something. He wasn't moving away anymore, nor was he dancing. I watched in horror as the distant shape of him grew larger and larger. He was coming back my way. And this time he was running.

A blurry night photograph of a street scene. In the foreground, a person is running, their body blurred by motion. The background shows a street with a traffic light and some trees, all out of focus. The lighting is dim, with a few streetlights visible.

I ran until I was off of the side road and back onto a better lit road with sparse traffic. Looking behind me then, he was nowhere to be found. The rest of the way home, I kept glancing over my shoulder, always expecting to see his stupid smile, but he was never there.



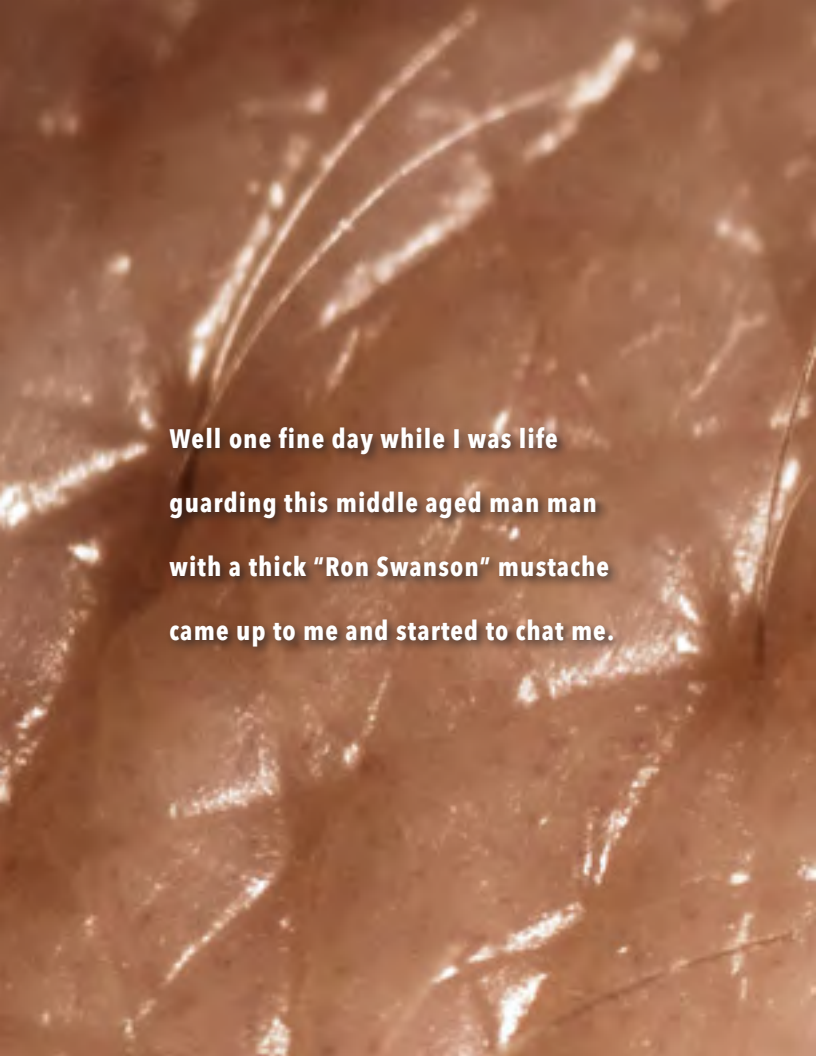


BRUCE

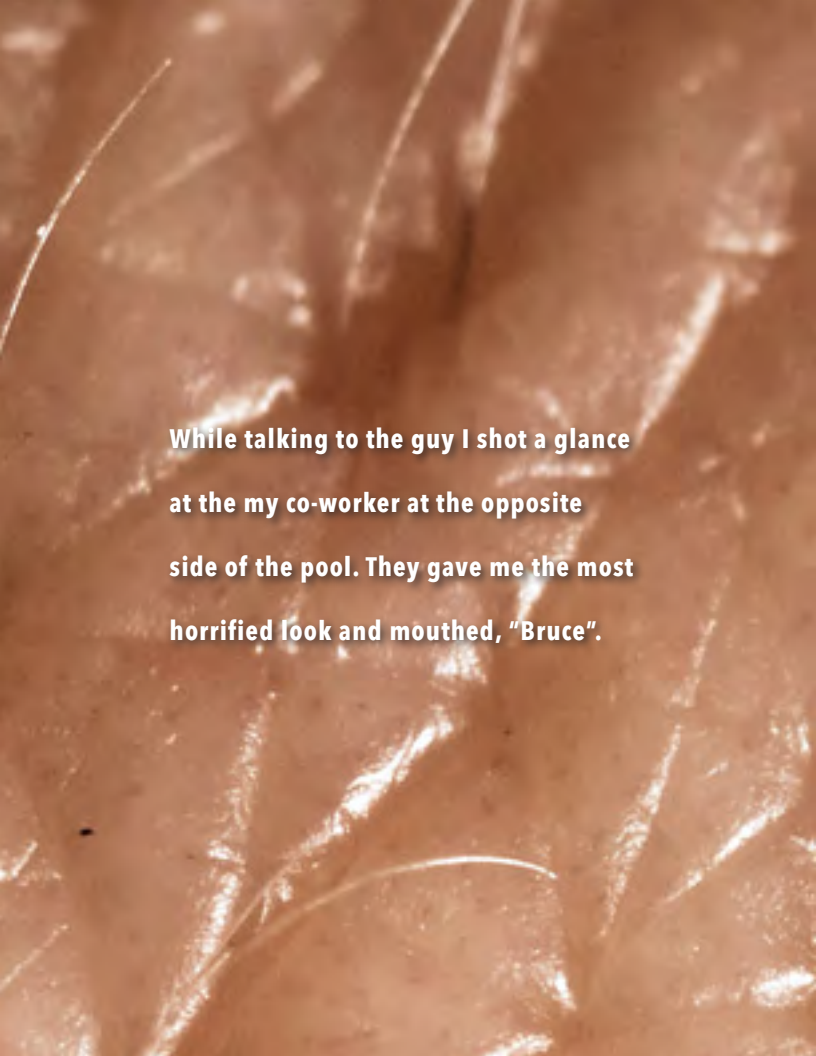
RiscoRob

I used to lifeguard in high school and during the summer we would get camps of adults and kids with special needs.

**I was warned of one fellow named
Bruce. Everyone who had dealt with
Bruce in the past had a crazy story to tell
after talking to him.**



**Well one fine day while I was life
guarding this middle aged man man
with a thick "Ron Swanson" mustache
came up to me and started to chat me.**




While talking to the guy I shot a glance at the my co-worker at the opposite side of the pool. They gave me the most horrified look and mouthed, "Bruce".

**After I realized that I was talking to
Bruce I tried to mentally prepare myself
for whatever horrors were to come next.**


**So the conversations keep going and we
get to talking about the fourth of July
and what we plans we had made.**

**He told me that he usually goes to his
parents house and watches fireworks. I
reply with "Oh that sounds nice".**

Then... he put his hand on my shoulder.



**He says, "Yea, If you ever mess with
me or my family I'll kill you, send you
through my wood chipper and fertilize**



my yard with your remains”.

Fuckin’ Bruce man...

