

The Slender Man Mythos

[Something Awful Forums](#)

[The Slender Man Wiki](#)

[Encyclopedia Slenderia](#)

[Facepunch Studios Forum](#)

[4chan's /x/](#)

"we didn't want to go, we didn't want to kill them, but its persistent silence and outstretched arms horrified and comforted us at the same time..."



1983, photographer unknown, presumed dead.



One of two recovered photographs from the Stirling City Library blaze. Notable for being taken the day which fourteen children vanished and for what is referred to as "The Slender Man". Deformities cited as film defects by officials. Fire at library occurred one week later. Actual photograph confiscated as evidence.

1986, photographer: Mary Thomas, missing since June 13th, 1986.



5/24/95**

1994: Wilks Estate. One subject reported nothing out of the ordinary before taking photograph. Lower stairs area was said to be very dark. Subject states that after the camera flash she heard a sound like a watermelon being *unable to understand subject*.

5/25/93**

Subject unable to recall events after manor power failure. Unable to question other two identified subjects. Camera and film acquired from Gloria Cready, current resident of Woodview Mental Hospital and Psychological Rehabilitation Clinic. Film mostly uncontaminated despite mass of blood and human tissue present on camera. No positive ID on anomalous tall and slender subject. Facial blur caused by possible contamination.

6/7/93**

Early digital analysis indicates tall subject may have no eyes. Anomalies, previously thought to be film errors and flash artifacts, now thought to be appendages.

6/10/93**

Final identified subject reported missing along with other thirty-three patients and staff of Woodview Mental Hospital and Psychological Rehabilitation Clinic south wing.

6/18/93**

Further inquiry to cease immediately.
(see report No.3339-2)



Misc.

POLICE DEPARTMENT

SLENDER MAN
KILL US
ALREADY
KILL US

Date 19

Complainant J.F. Flake (wm)

Address 27 No. Lewis St.

Phone No.

Offense Misc.

Reported By Same as above

Address

Phone No.

Date and Time Offense Committed 12-1-55 6:06 PM

Place of Occurrence In Front of Empire Theatre

Person or Property Attacked

How Attacked

Person Wanted

Value of Property Stolen

Value Recovered

WILLIS PLACE
SAME
SAME
SAME
SAME

Details of Complaint (list, describe and give value of property stolen)

6/11/93
Fog rolled in 3 PM
it appeared 3:27. Mark
and Evan went outside.
couldn't cover them fog too
thick. screams and sounds like
a baby crying but deeper
It's out in the fog. we may be a little
outside of town but someone
will come.
6/13/93
Rest of us can't
sleep, no food
no power

6/14/93
WHAT DOES
IT WANT!!

Officers

Division Patrol

Time 7:00 PM

THIS OFFENSE IS DECLARED:
UNFOUNDED ☐
CLEARED BY ARREST ☐
EXCEPTIONALLY CLEARED ☐
INACTIVE (NOT CLEARED) ☐

FORM 100-100000-100000-100000

I've been seriously debating sharing these, but after Victor Surge's posts I feel I have to.

This first photo was given to me by my uncle, a police officer who was part of the investigation trying to find nine missing teens who had gone camping in the local mountains six years ago. It was developed from a disposable camera found at the campsite. None of the missing teens have ever been found, and all their possessions were still at the campsite. He was pretty drunk and shaken up when he gave me this, and made me promise I'd never show anyone else.

-no pic available-

The second photo is of an elementary school fire in 1978. No official cause was ever found. Seven students and a teacher became trapped and died before firefighters could respond. Many of the students and teachers from the time have a history of anxiety disorders and panic attacks, even those who weren't at the school on that day. At least one has since committed suicide, and several others legally changed their names once they reached adulthood and have disappeared.





****Alert**Alert**Deployment Request****

ANTI-S WALKER UNIT to deploy to --Wichita--Kansas—



Steinmen Woods

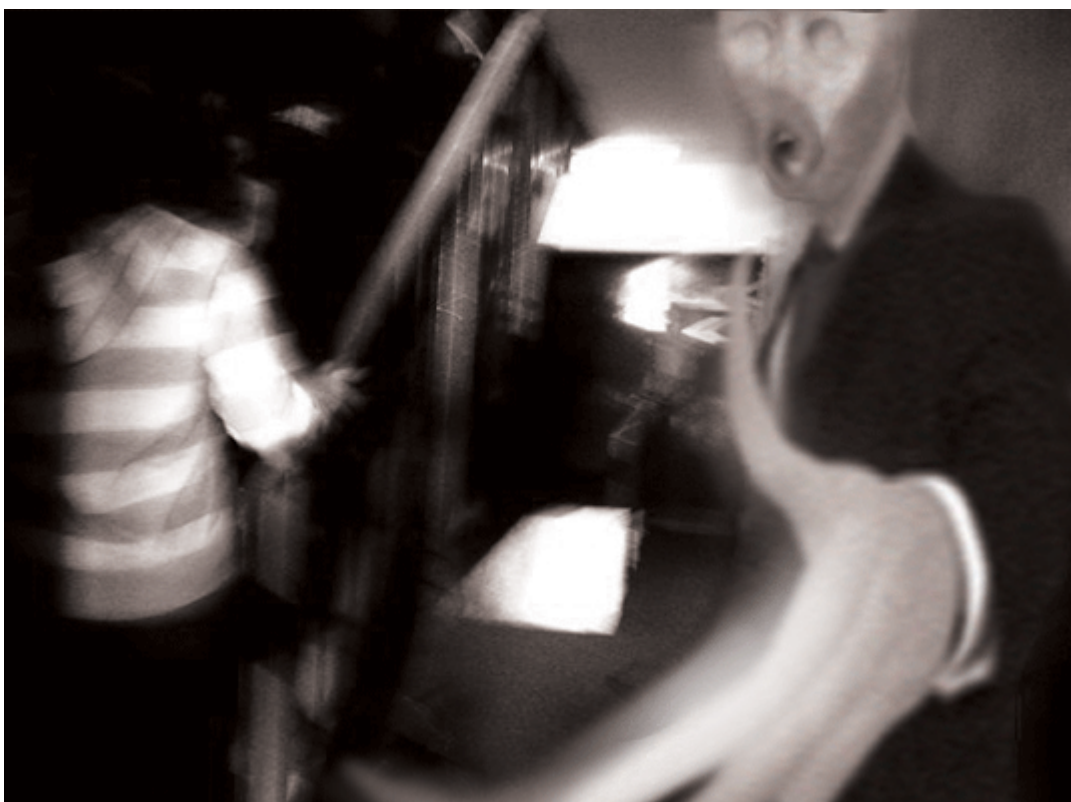
Both subjects were hunting in the Steinmen woods four hours before sundown. Surviving subject states that while hunting both men grew uneasy as fog levels rapidly increased. A constant murmuring sound accompanied by a low hum eventually became apparent to the two men an hour after the fog increased. An object falling out of tree stuck one of the men in the left shoulder causing him to discharge his weapon. Object said to be the body of a man of unknown age. It was very precisely dissected, with major internal organs still contained within the rib cage in what looked to be clear bags. Surviving subject placed organ bag within backpack. Attack followed several minutes later after a "low children's laugh, like a giggle". Surviving subject ran until he reached his vehicle. Subject then drove to assumed safety.

Backpack destroyed.

Surviving subject is classified as a B7 witness. B7 witness to be placed in quarantine "Blind Box" until resolution.



2007: Investigation team discovered twenty-two bodies of both genders and various ages impaled on broken tree branches in a radiating circle pattern with chest mutilation as often noted with Slender Man. Upon confirmation, lead investigator ***** called for an immediate evacuation of investigation team at 1700 hours. Bodies first discovered at 1100 hours. Deadline for safe evacuation of team with only viewed physical evidence of Slender Man approximately 1730. Lost contact of team at 1725. Safety procedures fell well within established protocols. Reason for abnormality is unknown. Second team recovered camera equipment one week later. Slender Man safety procedures require this incident's physical photographic evidence to be disposed of by no later than 10/20.



My friend is herejus came in barely made up staairs got pictur locked door but it s right there inthe hall
dont look at its pictures it dosent want to be known about dont loo

I know of an old Romanian fairy tale, highly unpopular even in its earliest iterations. It might be based on a particular event, or perhaps it is an extrapolation from existing Slender Man stories. The translation I'm most familiar with goes a bit like this:

* * *

Once upon a time there were twin girls, Stela and Sorina. They were brave little girls, and had no fear of the dark, nor of spiders and other crawling things. Where other young ladies and even young boys would cower, Stela and Sorina would walk with their heads held high. They were good girls, obedient to their mother and father and to the word of God. They were the best children a mother could ask for, and this was their undoing.

One day, Stela and Sorina were out with their mother gathering berries from the forest. Their mother bid them stay close to her, and they listened, as they were good children. The day was bright and clear, and even as they walked closer to the center of the forest the light barely dimmed. It was nearly bright as noon when they found the tall man.

The tall man stood in a clearing, dressed as a nobleman, all in black. Shadows lay over him, dark as a cloudy midnight. He had many arms, all long and boneless as snakes, all sharp as swords, and they writhed like worms on nails. He did not speak, but made his intentions known.

Their mother tried not to listen, but she could no more disobey the tall man than she could forget how to breathe. She walked into the clearing, her daughters shortly behind her. "Stela," she said, "take my knife, and cut a circle on the ground big enough to lie in." Stela, who was not afraid of the tall man, nor afraid of the quiver in her mother's voice, obeyed what her mother said. "Sorina," the mother said, "take the berries and spread them in the circle, and crush them underfoot until the juice stains the earth." Though Sorina wondered why her mother asked her to do such a thing, she obeyed, because she was a good girl.

"Stela," the mother said, "lie in the circle."

Stela, though she worried she might stain her clothes, did as her mother asked.

"Sorina," the mother said, and bid Sorina cut her sister open with the knife.

Sorina could not; would not.

"Please," her mother said. "If you don't, it will be worse. So much worse."

But Sorina could not, and she threw the knife away and ran home, crying. She hid under her bed, afraid for the first time in her life. She waited until her father came home from the fields, and told him of the terrible thing she had found in the woods. Her father comforted her, and told her she would be safe. He went to the woods, his axe in hand, and as he commanded, she stayed by the hearth, waiting for his return.

After some time she fell asleep. When she woke, it was to the sound of knocking on her door at the darkest hour of the night. "Who is there?" she said.

"It is your father," the knocker said.

"I don't believe you!" said Sorina.

"It is your sister," the knocker said.

"It cannot be!" said Sorina.

"I am your mother," said the knocker, "and I told you it would be worse." And the door, locked tight before her father left, fell open as if it had been left ajar. And her mother stepped in, her sister's head clutched in one bloody hand, her father's in the other.

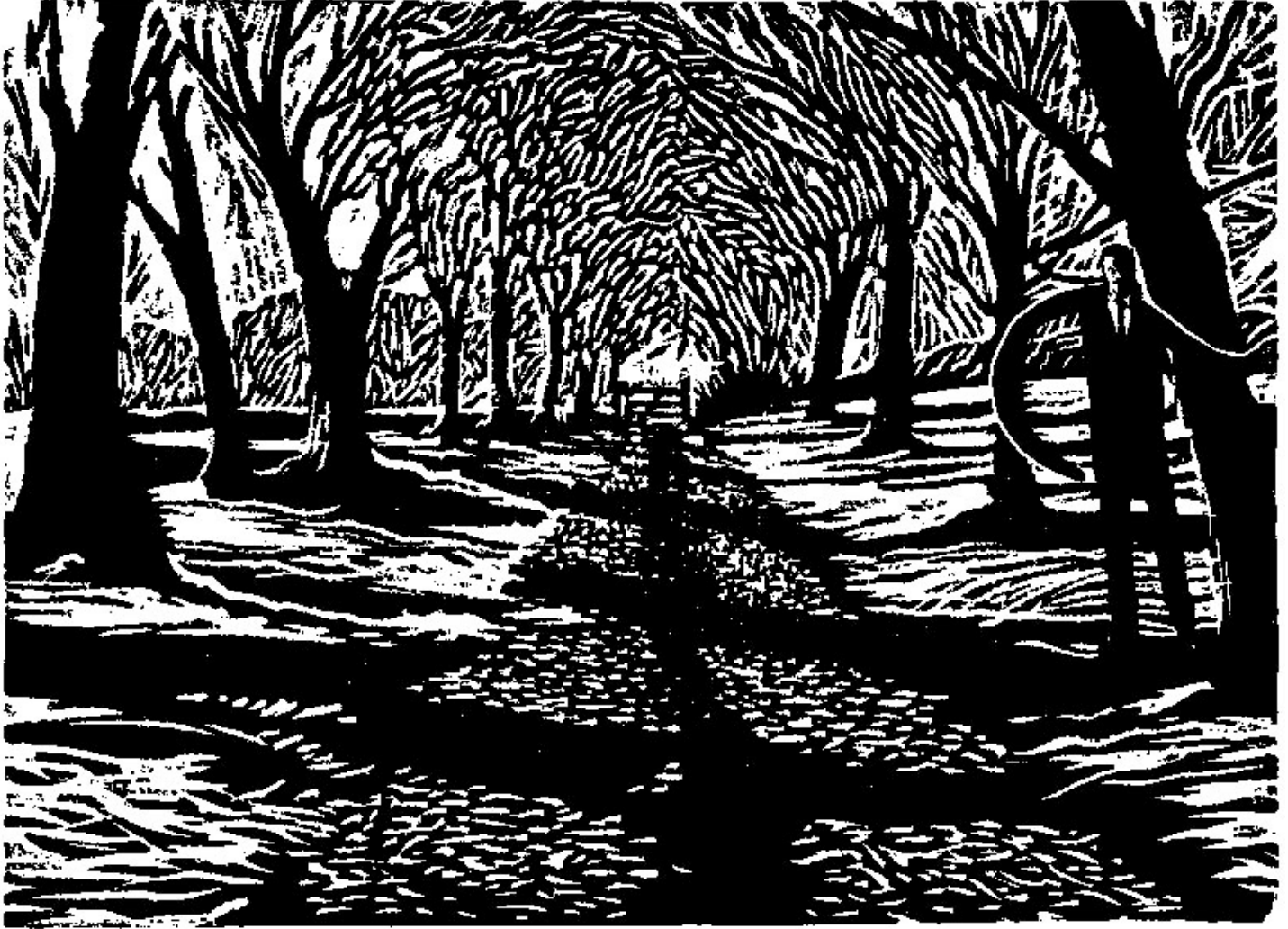
"Why?" wept Sorina.

"Because," said her mother, "there is no reward for goodness; there is no respite for faith; there is nothing but cold steel teeth and scourging fire for all of us. And it's coming for you now."

And the tall man slid from the fire, and clenched Sorina in his burning embrace. And that was the end of her.



From Brandenburg Circa 1550:



Schlankwald

by: Unknown

Translated (poorly) by: James Rossi

They say that monsters come only at night,
That light will drive them away.
But not all creatures follow this rule,
Safety not certain during the day.

He hides on the fringes of your vision,
Brief glimpses of the distorted.
He slithers and writhes behind your eyes,
Reaching for you, limbs contorted.

Before you know it your children are taken,
And now it's come down to you.
His breath is oppressive, his presence acidic,
He feels pity is undue.

Suddenly, trapped in his grasp so tight,
You struggle to break yourself free.
He laughs and he gurgles and he screeches with glee,
He turns your head for you to see.

Your children are crying though their eyes are removed,
They collapse, still and silent.
His arms and legs bend pulling you closer,
The man's eyes dark and violent.

He strikes and he cuts, your skin flays open,
Your soul too weak to resist.
This should not have happened, if only you had listened,
Never go into his forest.



Photo: Henderson Horse Farm, 1954

Case: The Hederson Family owned the farm and land since the mid 1800s. The owners were Ted Wilcox Henderson (age 41), Judi Henderson (wife, age 36) and Tracy Henderson (daughter, age 6).

On the morning of June 15th (about 8 days after picture was taken) neighbors called the local police, complaining of screams, and the sounds of gun fire.

Sheriff Clint Denterman (age 54) and two deputies, Dan Parks (age 24) and Chris Fines (age 33) came to the farm at 8:34 am. The horses in the barn were torn apart, almost as if attacked by wild animals. Inside the main house reports said that there was blood all over the living room, kitchen, and hall way.

Ted was found in the bed room, barricaded behind some furniture. next to him was the body of his wife, killed by a shotgun blast to the chest. Ted still had the weapon in his hands.

From Dan Parks' report:

"Ted had a freaked out, far off look in his eyes. He seemed to not realize that we were in the room. We asked what happened. Where was his daughter. But he didn't answer."

Ted was charged with the murder of his wife. Due to his mental state he was sent to Jenkins Mental Hospital. For almost a year and a half Ted did not speak. On the 3rd anniversary of the murder Dr. Dauton called the Sheriff. Ted was speaking.

From the recoding of Dr. Dauton, June 15th, 1956 8:30pm

DAUTON: *Ok Ted... go ahead*

TED: (almost out of breath) *It's on? Am I safe?*

DAUTON: *Yes, you are safe. Now tell me what happened that night.*

TED: *The horses.... horses actin up... the horses...*

DAUTON: *Go on*

TED: *W...went out there... dead... all dead... the eyes... no.... no eyes*

DAUTON: *What did you see?*

TED: *Ran... ran inside... got gun... Tracy crying... Judi screaming... r...ran to them... He had them... was holding them...*

DAUTON: *Who had them?*

TED: *Skinny fella... suite... Looking at me... Judi screaming... shoot me... SHOOT ME SHOOT MEEEE!*

(Ted starts screaming for a period, then slams hands onto table)

DAUTON: *You shot Judi?*

TED: *Saved her... saved her...*

DAUTON: *Did you shoot Tracy?*

TED: *No... It went after me... They went after me... shot them... shot them... keep shooting... Tracy... let Tracy go... damn it LET HER GO!*

(Ted started to had a yelling fit, suddenly starts slamming his face into the steel table. Two orderlies grabbed Ted and Dr. Dauton injected him with some tranquilizers.)

END OF TAPE

Ted Henderson was found dead in his room at 3 am on June 16th. Ted was somehow able to get out of his restraints and chew through his wrist, bleeding to death.

The picture was studied several times. The experts agree that the man in the suit may be the one that Ted was saying was the one who attacked his farm and stole his child.

Tracy Henderson was never found.

Alta-Missing-Skiers

received: Feb 12, 2009 at 07:49 PM

INDEX: Mountains, Environment

20-year-old skier found dead after month-long search.

JASPER, Alta. - The body of a 20-year-old woman has been found after a month-long search in the Rockies west of Jasper.

RCMP and park officials confirm the body to be that of missing skier Amanda Fischer, who has not been seen since leaving on a trip with three friends in early January.

Her remains were discovered today by park officials. Reports suggest her body was found contorted, and in an advanced state of decay, high in a tree. Investigators have refused to comment how her body could have been left in such a condition.

On January 10th, Fischer, along with boyfriend Douglas Bellanger, 21, and friend Natasha Pierce, 20, left their cabin at Mica Mountains Resort. That was the last time they were seen alive.

A second friend, 22-year-old Thomas Chambers left them a day before the disappearance, to return to Calgary, allegedly due to health concerns. He was questioned by RCMP two days after the other three were declared missing.

During questioning Chambers allegedly told officers that he had left the other three and returned home due to recurring night-terrors featuring a tall man in black peering in through his cabin's window.

Investigators confirmed they had ruled Chambers out as a possible suspect, but considered him a key witness. A source within the RCMP, who spoke on condition of anonymity, revealed to the Calgary Sun that officers had confiscated a digital camera and a camcorder at the time of the interview, which were never returned.

RCMP have been unable to question Chambers further, as he himself has been missing since January 21st. His home was found ransacked that morning, and he has not been seen since.

The hunt continues for information or clues that could lead investigators to the location, or bodies, of Bellanger, Pierce and Chambers. The disappearances are considered linked, but RCMP refuse to comment further.(Cal Sun)(The Canadian Press)

Eerie similarities? Or maybe there's something more going on here? I'll poke around and see if I can find other stories that might be linked to this.

Police Have Few Leads in Missing Girl Case

By Will Higgins

Posted: June 15, 1987

Stirling City, CA -- A spokesman for the Stirling City Police Department admitted this week that there were no promising leads in the case of eight year old Katrina Elkins, who went missing from her home Thursday night.

"It's like she disappeared into thin air," said neighbor and family friend, Marybeth Carlisle.

Police were called to the residence at 6:30 AM on Friday morning by Katrina's father, David. He realized that Katrina was missing when he went into her bedroom to wake her for school and discovered that she was not in her bed.

The only possible witness was the victim's sister, ten year old Alice, with whom Katrina shares a bedroom. Alice has been unable to provide many details to investigators, however.

"It seems that [the girl] suffers from an overactive imagination," SCPD Sergeant William Hohne said, "she told us the last time she saw her sister, was through the window where she was 'hugging the tall man'."

According to witness statements, over the past several weeks a man had been coming to the girls' bedroom window at night, where he would tap on the glass, 'make faces', and watch the girls.

Police investigators initially dismissed the account as a dream, as the bedroom window is on the second story, with no support beneath it.

"[Alice] Elkins reported that, on the night of her sisters disappearance, they were again awakened by a tapping at the glass," Sergeant Hohne explained, "She heard her sister get out of bed, and have a short conversation. When she didn't hear her sister get back in bed after several minutes, she got up and went to the window, where she saw her sister in the side yard, 'hugging the tall man'. According to the witness, the man looked up at her, grinned, and indicated that she was to come down as well with a 'snaky arm'. It was at this point that Miss Elkins became extremely frightened, and returned to bed. The tapping continued for some minutes, but finally ceased."

Police scoured the Elkins' yard for clues, with no success.

When asked why Alice had not told her parents about the tall men before, she explained, "He scared me. He told us to not tell Mom and Dad, or we'd be in trouble. He told us that he was our friend, and that he would give us anything we wanted, but we had to keep his secret. His smile was scary... and his voice. He said nice things but he sounded mean."

Police believe that there is no link between the disappearance, and the vicious killing of the Elkin's cat by disemboweling in April.

All this talk about a slender man from the forest rang a bell with something that happened to me when I was six or so. One fine summer day my dad said we should go camping. We had never gone camping before. At that moment my mom got this funny look on her face and said no, we where never going camping, ever. She shook her head and mumbled to my dad “you know why, that skinny thing” That was the end of that. Mind you, this all happened like fifteen years ago when I was just a little girl, I really haven’t put much thought into it since, but this recent thread reminded me to ask mom about when I saw her yesterday at church.

I asked her in the parking lot after Mass and she got real quiet, just like when my dad mentioned we should go camping all those years ago. Then she spoke.

“Well, it was over thirty years ago now and you’re an adult, so I suppose it’s okay if you knew. I was just a teenager, and Mike was just barely older than I. Him, your aunts Laurie and Kim,-“

“Who?” I asked, never having heard of either people, but she didn’t explain and kept talking.

“-we went camping up by Diamond Lake. Those days it wasn’t so built up and it was a nice place to camp. The second night we where there Laurie said he has to pee so she got up to do her business a few paces away from the campfire. But she didn’t return after a few minutes and we got worried and we went after her. We found her just a few yards from us, staring into the dark tree branches. Kimberley was closest to Laurie and she sorta nudged her, and when she nudged her she didn’t reply. And she didn’t reply when she pushed her and yelled at her, but Laurie didn’t move. I was just about to ask her what she was doing when I heard this...noise calling my name. It wasn’t a voice, it was like the sound of nails on a chalkboard. I don’t know if it was real or if it was in my own head, but it called me and I was too terrified to move or run or even call out to Mike or my sisters.

Then, out of the woods this tall thing in a business suit came at us. It wasn’t walking on it’s legs though, it bobbed along on these huge tentacles, like an octopus, if an octopus could walk. I don’t remember exactly how many it had though, it was just lit by our campfire. I was paralyzed but Mike wasn’t, he started after it and told us to run back to the tent. Suddenly I snapped back to myself and I did, I ran back to the tent and I hid there under all four of our sleeping bags, crying and trying not to listen the horrible sounds I could hear. No screaming, there was never any human voices. Sound of crunching and tearing and popping.

Two days later people came looking for us. I was still hiding under the sleeping bags but they found Mike first, then what was left of our sisters, high up in the trees, skewered like sis kabobs. Whatever it was it wasn’t just content to kill our sisters, instead it left Mike alive, with the eyes of both of our sisters in his mouth. They blamed him and he’s been in prison ever since but I don’t think he knows or even cares where he is, that skinny thing took his mind. They listened to my story and said we were on LSD. But my family, they knew Mike could never do anything like that and they believe me. Weird things happen. Weird things.”

It’s all a bit out there, but it has a lot in common with some of the other slender man stories so I thought I’d post it. This happened in Eastern Washington in 1977 and my uncle is in prison but I thought, up until yesterday at least, that he killed a guy in a fight. I’d never heard of my aunts before though and I’m not getting any Google results for Laurie or Kimberly Ward, but that may be because no one’s bothered to put that stuff on the internet yet.

Hamilton Psychiatric Hospital
100 West 5th St.
Hamilton, ON

Patient File – 97-213-011
Patient Name – Unknown

Supervising Doctor – Harris, J. (June 16, 1997)
Venditti, S. (August 30, 1997)

June 16, 1997 - Female subject, twenty to thirty years of age, was admitted to facility. The subject is unresponsive to verbal or physical stimulation. The woman of unknown origin was found wandering the streets earlier in the morning. She had several cuts and bruises as well as tears in her clothing. The police officers who responded suspect she may have been the victim of a mugging or sexual assault but so far the subject has been unresponsive. No identification was found on her person. The only clue to her possible origin is a receipt found in one of her pockets. The receipt, dated the morning of June 15, 1997, appears to be from a store in St. Louis, Missouri. The police say they will have to contact the store in the morning for confirmation of its origin. In the opinion of the supervising doctor the patient should be kept for observation. Copies of the police report can be found in this file as supporting document *1c: HWPS report 97017601*

June 17, 1997 – Constable Webber of the Hamilton-Wentworth Police services says the store confirmed that the transaction was indeed from their store. One of the store clerks remembered serving a patron matching the patient's description and clothing. They believe she must come here by plane, but without Identification there may be know way to trace her flight.

July 3, 1997 – Hamilton-Wentworth Police Services sent the results of their tests. There is no indication of sexual assault and wounds are not consistent with a physical attack. They believe injuries may have resulted from a scrambling escape; possibly through a wooded area due to some forest detritus found on the clothing. Copies of the police test report can be found in this file as supporting document *3a: HWPS report 97017832*

July 9, 1997 – The patient has begun to speak. Though she still remains unresponsive to questioning and physical stimulus, she has started to mumble. Most of what she says seems to be incoherent ramblings.

July 10, 1997 – The patient's rambling seem to revolve around a tall man with, as she puts it, empty eyes. Still no response to questioning.

July 15, 1997 – There was some success with the patient today. During a round of questioning she stopped her rambling and addressed the supervising doctor. Only two words were spoken directly to him before she continued rambling; "you're next". Patient is being kept under increased security due what is being perceived as a threat.

July 17, 1997 – The patient was not in her room. Security has reviewed their footage and according to them the patient was admitted to her room at 7:30 pm and did not leave through the door between that time and when the orderly came to retrieve her in the morning. There is no damage to the window or its lock. At this point it is unknown how she escaped.

August 30, 1997 – Patient's file has been transferred to Dr. Venditti due to Dr. Harris' unknown whereabouts.

July 17, 2004 – Patient file closed.

By Tom Chisolm
Posted: April 21, 1987

Stirling City, CA - A rash of pet deaths in northern Stirling City over the past several weeks has been blamed on coyotes, according to the Butte County Animal Control Department.

"After a particularly harsh winter, food supplies may be low, forcing wild animals to venture into town in search of prey," Animal Control Officer Joel Driscoll said.

As many as nine dogs and cats have gone missing since January, and have been found in various states of decay. Many of the pets were disemboweled, or otherwise seriously mutilated.

"It was unusual, I'll admit," Driscoll said in an interview. "The wounds were unusually precise, and it's rare that a wild animal would leave so much of the carcass uneaten."

"My daughters are extremely upset by this," said David Elkins, owner of the most recent victim, "They're ten and eight, and don't fully understand what's happened to [the cat]."

I always found it odd that my grandpa, who was a real smart man. Always worked construction and other seemingly low pay jobs, even though he had his college diploma in business management.

Well, one day when I was at his house we were watching tv when the local news had a story about some kids who gone missing and how some other children in the area were talking about a skinny tall man in a suit. My grandpa shook a moment and I asked whats wrong. He turned the tv off and asked me what I knew about his time in WW2.

All my dad told me was that Grandpa was a paratrooper. My grandpa laughed and told me that is what he told my dad. In reality he was a OSS field op. He said he was involved in many missions that remain secret to this day. Before I could ask what that had to do with missing kids he started to speak.

Near the end of the war grandpa and a team of agents were sent on a mission in the Black Forest in Germany. They were disguised as civilians. Their mission was to meet up with a group who was going to give them some stolen Nazi plans. As they set up camp that night they heard a noise. Hiding their weapons they saw what looked to be a Nazi soldier walking towards them. At first they thought he was drunk how he looked to be stumbling around until he got to their camp fire and they saw that his leg was broken. As they asked the soldier what happened Grandpa said the soldier just mumbled something then passed out. They figured that maybe there was a car wreck or maybe he was attacked by someone when the Nazi suddenly sat up, screaming "He's coming, oh God he's coming!"

My grandpa was shouting this in perfect German, I didn't know he could speak any other languages. Grandpa then said that a guy on his team, Jim, pulled out his Thompson and pointed it towards where the Nazi came from. The others grabbed their weapons when they saw him.

A man in a black suit was walking towards them. Grand said he yelled at the man in german, french, any language he could think of to make this odd looking man answer who he was. It got closer and closer till they saw it's face.

At that moment I saw my grandpa's face become pale, eyes gone distant.

He said there were no real features, just odd looking orbs and at first a little line for a mouth. It stood there looking at the men, then the Nazi on the ground. The Nazi was crying, mumbling to himself. One of the team yelled for the "man" to put his hands up. At that moment the "man" shot up in the air. Grandpa said that's when they saw the tentacles. Grandpa and his team opened fire on the thing. It seemed like their bullets weren't doing anything as the "man" used one of its tentacles to grab the Nazi. The Nazi screamed in terror as he was dragged through the air. Grandpa said he aimed his gun at the poor bastard but something hit him and he fell to the ground.

Grandpa said it seemed like time around him and the "man" just slowed down. He could see the bullets hit the "man" but they seemed to be adsorbed into him. The "man" looked down at Grandpa, then in a flash the man and the Nazi were gone. He said everything was so quiet. A little while after that the people they were waiting for showed up. Asking what happened. No one said anything.

After the war Grandpa got married and was going to work for this company in New York but had a massive panic attack when he saw all the men in black business suits. After that moment he worked any jobs that didn't involve wearing or being around strangers in business suits.

Oct. 23, 2007:

Sender: Maj. Tomas C. Witmoore

To: Col. Steven Bitman

Sub: Ongoing S. Man Investigation.

Colonel, as per your request, I am updating you as to our last investigation into the case. Having received the report from the police, we sent out a team to the last known site that the Slender Man was seen. Timeline of investigation is as follows:

0200: Car with the husband and wife pulls into the parking lot of the police station. Approx. 5 minutes later, police notice the car idling in the parking lot, and go out to investigate. The two civilians are then helped out of the car after pressure bandages are applied to their wounds, and brought into the station.

0230: After half an hour, both subjects are calmed down to the point where they could speak. Police are informed of what they were doing in the area, and why they were at the station covered in, according to the report, was "Blood, bits of human tissue, and unidentifiable pieces of what appeared to be some sort of bone or rock."

0300: The police sent the report in to the FBI, while sending out several deputies to the area, to investigate.

0315: All communication with the deputies is lost. Subjects sent to the hospital.

0330: Report comes in that the husband and wife fled from the ambulance at a red light. Location of them is still, at this time, unknown.

0400: FBI teams arrive to the police station, where they set up a perimeter around the area that the subjects had said they were camping in.

0415: First FBI team is sent in to find police deputies.

0417: Agent finds what appears to be a "clear bag, full of human intestine."

0420: Agent finds several corpses, including the police deputies, hanging from the trees in a circular pattern. Corpses have been opened on the front, with the ribcage cut in two. Internal organs seem to be in some sort of clear bag, arranged in their proper place in the human anatomy, except for the intestines.

At this point Sir, we are contacted and asked to form a perimeter around the area. Fog continues to thicken. Nothing has been seen, as of yet, but I believe it is simply a matter of time. Requesting further instructions.

Transcript #21

Session Three, 11 AM:

Dr. Phillips (P): Alright, Joseph. Do you think you can stay calm today?

Joseph Lhie (J): I don't want to talk about this again.

P: I know, but we need to go through this until you can come to terms with what happened to your friend.

J: I know what happened to Ned. I'm not crazy.

P: No, Joseph... You're just very ill, that's all. It wasn't your fault.

J: Of course it wasn't my fault! I didn't fucking kill him! We didn't do it!

P: Stay calm, Joseph. You don't want me to have to sedate you again, do you? I know you don't like the sedatives.

J: fuck no, I don't want that again, no sir, I do not want that again.

P: Then you need to stay calm with me, okay?

J: Okay. Okay.

P: Now, this tree man -

J: Tall man. He wasn't no tree. He was just tall and all... Branchy.

P: Right. Tall man. He wasn't real, Joseph.

J: I been telling myself that, doc... But he fucking was real! Hell, he weren't even no damn person... But he LOOKED like a person, like one of them X-Files guys or something...

P: Joseph. He was. Not. Real.

J: He was real! He weren't meant to be real, you could tell! ...like he was wearing a man's face as a mask or somethin'... It didn't fit right, doc. No sir, it didn't fit right. But he was real.

P: This 'tall man' didn't kill Ned. You need to accept that.

J: No sir, he didn't kill Ned. We did. But he made us kill Ned. Yes sir. That's what he did.

P: The 'tall man' wasn't real Ned. You and your friends were drunk and angry. That's all there was.

J: No sir, we weren't drunk at all. We only had a few beers, we was just going out in there what to shoot at some gators! Then it came all sorta sliding out of the trees an...

P: And you shot Ned.

J: No! We didn't kill our friend! No sir! Thing was all looking at us funny, and we're wondering, who's this

guy? Who wears a fucking suit in the Bayou? Why's he so tall?

P: Who does wear a suit in the Bayou, Joseph? He was a hallucination.

J: It weren't no hallucination! It weren't no real thing either. It was... fuck, I don't know how to tell it! It was fucking there but not there, doc! Wearin' the skin of a man like a different suit... Didn't fit right... No it did not...

P: You said he took you over. Why didn't he take over Ned, Joseph?

J: Ned were always kinda... Weird. Heard voices since he was fourteen, but he was a real solid buddy, y'know? We didn't care he talked to himself, seeing as he was just our old buddy. I guess that's why he couldn't make him do things.

P: He couldn't take over Ned because you killed him, Joseph.

J: We didn't kill him. It killed him. Yes sir, it was the thing.

P: The body was full of bullet holes, Joseph, not 'spear arm' wounds, whatever those would look like. Three of them were from your gun.

J: We didn't fucking kill Ned.

P: You killed your friend. It's important you accept that, so you can begin to move on and we can start fixing you.

J: We didn't do it.

P: Joseph, you -

J: WE DIDN'T KILL NED, damn IT! WE DIDN'T fucking DO IT! I DIDN'T KILL MY FRIEND!

P: Joseph, calm down!

J: IT DID IT! IT MADE US DO IT! WE DIDN'T WANT TO! IT MADE US DO IT! IT MADE US!

<Tape ends with a struggle and indecipherable screaming from Patient J as the orderlies pin and sedate him.>

I went looking through some of my dad's old books (He wrote journal entries and cooking recipes in the same book for easier accessibility), and I found something that sort of scares me. It's written in sort of a simple scratch lettering, like if it was written in the dark, which is kind of odd, since he normally writes very nicely. The notes in parenthesis are mine.

Oct 27, 1991 (Two months or so before I was born)

"I've been having these dreams again. They always start on nights when the trees hit the windows. I keep dreaming about my son. He is going to be born in a few months, the doctor says. But whenever I have these dreams, I hear this ominous sound like the air is just being pushed by some invisible subwoofer, and is rushing past my head in a pulse. Then I saw a man. I think it was my boy all grown up (It's not me, goddammit). He is tall and skinny, I can't see his face, but his eyes are dark spheres, and he has a weird gait as he moves toward me. His hair flows past his shoulders, and it looks like he's walking on that. I hear something being repeated over and over:

When you fear me, I love you, when you cower, I draw near to protect you, I will always protect you, I will always watch you. Your blindness is my omniscience, your weakness, my omnipotence. Until the day you die. Until the day you die.

I don't hear the words, but they always stick in my head. I'm going to watch over my son. Until the day I die, until the day he dies."





A German woodcut from the 1540s. It has puzzled historians since it was discovered at Halstberg castle in 1883. The woodcut bears the distinct style of a known woodcut artist from that area, Hans Freckenberg. Although known for his realistic depiction of human anatomy in his works, something that was unusual for the woodcuts in the 16th century, this picture differs radically from the rest of Freckenberg's works. The character to the right bears little semblance to a human being, with skeletal physique and long limbs at odd angles. Many theories have been discussed as to what Freckenberg wanted to symbolize with that character, some say it's a personification of the religious wars that raged in Europe at the time, others say it's a personification of the mysterious plague that has been believed to be the reason for the mysterious abandoning of the Halstberg castle and the nearby village in 1543.

In Scotland there is the legend of the *Fear Dubh* (The Black Man). This creature is said to haunt solitary footpaths at night, generally those that pass through woodland. It is reputed to be entirely malevolent. I can remember my granny telling me stories about a lot of Scottish folk tales, she only ever mentioned the Fear Dubh once, and that was in church. I was about eight, and was spending the summer holidays with her.

She took me to church one Tuesday morning, and told me to wait by the font while she spoke to Father MacAndrews. And all she said was the name, and then "He's been at the bairns' window again". The priest just nodded, and said he'd be round later.

I was a curious child, so I took a walk around the house later. It was built on the edge of woodland, so close that the branches of an ash tree almost touched the window. Ivy grew up the side of the house, but it was dying back in long thin patches, the leaves wrinkled and sort of *wet*-looking.

My grany made me say my prayers that night, and put her rosary beads under my pillow. And I fell asleep to the sound of wet leaves brushing against my window. And I dreamed of a thin man who looked at me, even though he had no eyes, and tried to touch me, even though he had no hands.

I can't actually remember much of the next few days. My mum says it was the trauma of my grans' funeral that's made those days so blurry, but I don't understand why, because I coped okay with other funerals round about that age. And I don't understand how Father MacAndrews died of a heart attack the same night (he was only thirty, and fit as a butchers' dog).

And if Gran died of a stroke, I don't understand why the police sealed off the house and woodland. It wasn't the local police either; they were all big serious men in dark blue with riot gear on. You'd have thought that their presence would have meant that local vandals would have stayed away, but they didn't, and poor Grans' house got firebombed a few weeks later. The walls are still standing though. You can see the long thin streaks that the smoke's made on the white walls. Looks almost like an octopus' tentacles, reaching for you.

I've still got the rosary, and even though people laugh, I sleep with it under my pillow. Because if I don't, I dream. About the sound of wet leaves sliding softly across a window, and the way he is still watching me, even though he has no eyes

MAY 8, 1993:

Three campers were announced missing today. They had gone on a week long trip into the nearby woods. Their campsite was quickly located, but all that was left were "blood and little strips of flesh[...] all over the ground," according to the leader of the rescue team, Chad Lewis. The official speculation is that the campers were attacked one or more grizzly bears, which then dragged the bodies elsewhere, though the team admits there "weren't any grizzly tracks we could see... just footprints, and we didn't see any dragging marks on the ground. The weird thing is, there are four sets of bootprints, but[...] didn't find any extra boots in the camp." When asked whether this could be the work of a serial killer, Mr. Lewis refused to answer, saying "we don't want to jump to conclusions." A camera was found at the scene, and the police are attempting to develop the pictures despite damage to film.

MAY 22, 1993

Chad Lewis' team has located the remains of the bodies of three campers who went missing two weeks ago. They had been "impaled in the uppermost branches of a tree, over 200 feet above the ground. "A grizzly couldn't have done that, and there aren't any black bears here. This definitely wasn't an animal, the bodies were[...] limbs torn off, and most of the internal organs had been removed. We found [the organs] at the foot of the tree[...] eight miles from their campsite. It appears that this was a deliberate murder, though[...] extremely odd circumstances. When questioned about details, Lewis shook his head, saying "We can't specify yet. The police are working on it. In the meantime we're issuing a warning people should avoid activities in the woods until further notice."

MAY 28, 1993

The local police chief has released baffling details of the murders of three campers in a press conference today. "We determined that the men's deaths occurred after they were impaled on the upper tree branches, leading us to believe there were multiple killers, as it would be nearly impossible for one man to have lifted three adult men, all over 150 pounds, to the top branches of the tree. However, there were no marks of abrasion on the arms or legs we recovered that would indicate they had been restrained beforehand. We believe they were drugged, and then transported to the tree." When questioned as to how the killers had transported the victims, and why they had chosen that particular location to kill them, the police chief said "There would have had to be multiple vehicles, as there was thick forests and a river between the camp and the tree. This tree could possibly have some kind of religious significance to the killers, as there were deep gouges all over the trunk[...] like claw marks, which at one point form an image of an elongated figure of a man" The police report states that the killings were possibly the work of cult. They have managed to recover a single photograph from the camera recovered at the scene. Anyone with information is encouraged to come forward[...]

Below: photograph from campsite, carving on tree





TO: OPTIC NERVE HQ

FROM: FIELD AGENT *****, N.American branch

SUBJECT: RISING S.MAN REPORTS

DATE: JUNE 16th 2009 1243 hours

When you guys gave me this assignment back in 88 there were about, I would guess, three to maybe four S.MAN reports a year... now it's 2009 and I'm getting hits of S.MAN sightings damn near 20 to 30 times A WEEK!

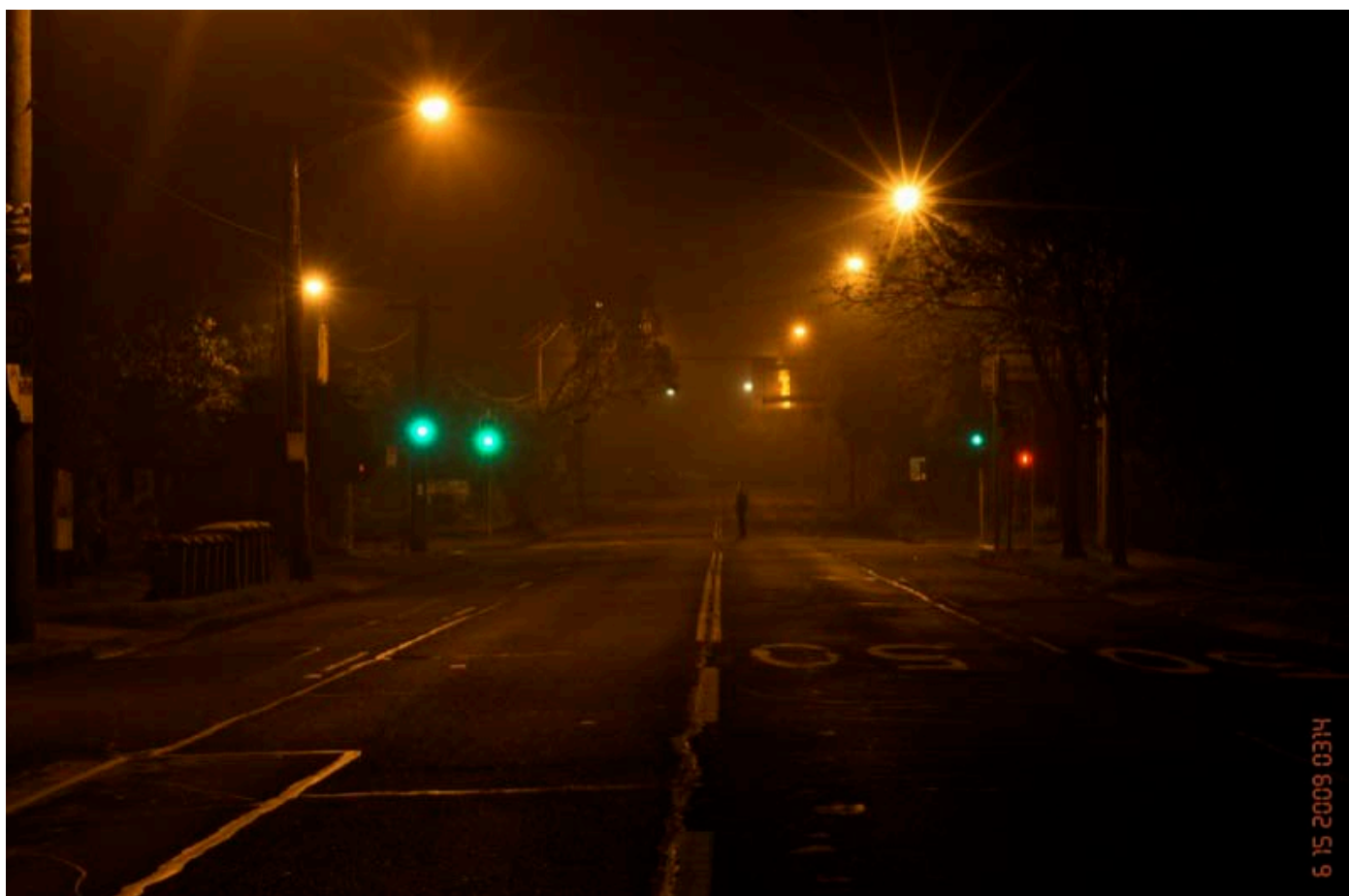
I have been on this case for the past 21 years and we are no closer to catching it or even finding out how to kill it! I have been saying for years that there has to be more than one and with these reports that flood my in-box and the things our Europe and Asian sector agents have sent I can only say that this fucker is every where. Either this thing is breeding or... I really don't want to think about it.

Something Agent *****, from the Japanese field office, told me has been kicking in my head for the past couple days. She said that maybe this thing isn't breeding... but these others are WAKING UP. That maybe these things have been hibernating for god knows how long and how they are up and feeding. It makes some kind of sense with the stories of this thing dating back to the Dark Ages of Europe and beyond that.

That leaves the six million dollar question... If *****'s theory is true... how many of them are there?

I spend a lot of my time outside at night cause I work till 3 AM and sleep in the morning. I walk back home just because I like being alone at night, and I usually carry my shit 15 year old camera with me

I usually walk down the middle of the road cause it's a weird feeling, you know, no fucking cars or whatever. I was snapping pictures tonight when all of a sudden this tall guy walks out from the eastern road of the intersection. I mean, a fucking business suit, 3 fucking AM. So I figure maybe he's drunk, really well-balanced drunk, because he walks really fucking slow and looks straight ahead. I mean this guy moves so slow it's creepy and unnatural. There's something off about his silhouette too. He stops somewhere in the middle of the intersection and i take a picture, cause damn this is fucking weird. I only noticed after I went through them that he's fucking looking at me! you can see his head is turned...



Well, I'm not in the mood to get raped tonight or anything, so I turn around and speedwalk up the hill. At the top there's an old gas station that's been closed for 5 years and a parking lot, and I have to cross the lot on my way home. I still feel my skin crawling after seeing that dude so just to make sure I turn around and there he fucking is.



I mean fucking seriously, this guy must be wearing running shoes cause I didn't hear a single fucking step and my ears are pretty good. Not to mention there's no other sound whatsoever. I'm sure men's dress shoes make noise even if you're trying to be quiet. I'm freaking out now, because this is really fucking odd. Not to mention he looks like he's holding rope or some fucking thing, I mean look at the silhouette. So I start running. I was hoping I'd lose him cause it really is foggy, and it's a neighborhood where you can easily get lost if you aren't familiar with it. Whatever amount of time later, I look back (this was seriously at least a mile away from the parking lot):



What the fuck. I realize that besides for when he walked to the middle of the intersection, I have not seen this guy fucking move. When I turn around he's just standing there. I just ran over a mile, and presumably so did he, and I can't even see him breathing. fuck all. And you can see whatever the fuck he's holding better here. What is that, fucking rope? At this point I figure fuck it, I'm going to run flat out, all the way home because I'm close now and I prefer this fuck not to know where I live. I start running and I get the idea to take some pictures just for the hell of it, I mean what if this dude starts following me around tomorrow? I only got one that wasn't blurred all to fuck.



Goons, what the fuck is that. Those fucking trees behind him are old and pretty goddamn tall. The dude could have torn the top leaves off of them. His magical fucking no-sound shoes are at least 6 feet off the ground. I can't fucking see what it is that's keeping him up but it looks like whatever I thought was rope before. I can bet he wasn't moving when I took the picture because the motion blur is pretty much the same for the background as it is for him. What the fuck. It's early morning right now and I think the sun's coming up, but I can't fucking tell for sure because every window is locked, every shade is drawn. I keep hearing tapping sounds on the window. I thought it was the tree in my backyard at first (its branches sometimes touch both the first and second floor back windows) but the tapping came from the front. And there isn't any fucking wind. I'm making GBS threads myself here. Goddammit, what do I do.

The following is a transcription of a tape found after a deadly house fire in 1993.

(Start of Tape)

Sarah: Why are you making me do this? What have I ever done to you? Why can't you just leave me alone?

Male voice: Please say your name into the microphone.

Sarah: S...Sarah West. He's going to (Inaudible) you know!

Male Voice: Who's going to come back?

Sarah:(Sobbing.)

Male Voice: Who's going to come back, Sarah?

Sarah: That thing! God, haven't you been listening to me! He's going to come for me, and then (Inaudible.)

Male Voice: Please speak into the microphone.

Sarah: He's going to come for me, and then he's going to find you. You can't stop it, you can never stop it. He finds you, and what he does to you is worse than death. Let me go, please? I promise I won't tell.

(At 0:50 the tape interrupts and goes silent. Sound resumes at 2:03.)

Male Voice: Tell me what I want to know, and I will let you go.

Sarah: (Sobbing.)

Male Voice: What is he, Sarah?

Sarah: (Yelling) I DON'T KNOW! (Sobbing.) I..just don't know. He looks like a man, but, he's wrong, yha know? He's too long. His face, it's just like a piece of cloth with a human face formed out of it. But, y..you can see behind it slightly, like an old worn out handkerchief. He moves so fast, God, why does it move so fast?

Male Voice: And what does he do to you if he finds you?

Sarah: I saw what he did to them. He took them, and he held them up, and they started to shake, like they were having seizures. As soon as they went limp, he would pull off their arms and legs one at a time, like the petals of a flower. And then, (Unintelligible Sobbing.)

Male Voice: Then what would he do, Sarah?

(At 5:34, a boom is heard in the background.)

Sarah: He's coming! Please don't let me die! (Sobbing)

Male Voice: Don't worry, he will never hurt you again. What would he do with them after he did that?

Sarah: He turned them into something else....Something wrong.

(At 5:38 a louder boom is heard. A scream and several gunshots are heard. The tape ends with a hollow distorted electrical noise at 6:01)



Another woodcut dated to around the 1540's. Its the work of Hans Freckenberg who disappeared in 1543 in Halstedt. The entity to the right is very similar to the odd humanoid from Freckenbergs earlier woodcut; 'DER RITTER' since both share many of the same features such as unnatural height and long limbs. One thing to point out is that much work went into the entity to the right, at the cost of the depiction of the people to the left and middle in the woodcut wich is very crude, something that is quite unusual for Freckenberg who was best know for his lifelike depictions of humans in his earlier works. The reason for this sudden change of priorites in Freckenberg's style are still a topic of hot debate.

Okay... I've been pondering this all day.

Let me preface this by saying that I am an extremely sceptical person. I do not believe in God, I do not believe in fairies, I don't believe in magic and I think stories about "alien abductions" or conspiracy theories are irritating beyond belief because so many people waste their time believing them. My job requires me to think of cases in terms of proof – I am a biologist, and unfortunately I get confronted with all sorts of kooky

theories more than I'd like. But I've never been able to get a grip on the following story, which has haunted me for years. I'm still not sure what it is, and I never had a name for it until I came across oblique references to the "Slender Man" from a friend who's interested in cryptozoology (and who forwards me this kind of stuff just to annoy me).

As a kid, I used to live in a rural area that only really got urbanized in the early '90s. Apart from the village's main road and a few smaller roads, the east of the village was a dense, murky forest and the west of the village was bordered by the Scheldt river. Since the Scheldt had been more or less straightened out by engineers a long time before I was born, a lot of its former anabranches had been cut off and had become marshes. Further uphill from the marshes were a number of farms, extensive wheat fields, grassy plains and an abandoned brickyard.

We used to live in one of the oldest houses in the village, so creaky floors, cracks in the walls that produced strangely melodious sounds when it was storming, or generally strange movements and sounds outside the house at night were pretty common, and I was used to them even as a toddler. I slept in a particularly noisy bedroom with a very high ceiling, a very tall door and a large window. One of my only memories of this room is quite a terrifying one. When I was about five years old, I awoke in the middle of the night because my window had been blown open by a strong gust of wind. Now, I probably would've gone back to sleep because I was used to the sound and the feeling of the chilly autumn wind, but this time I heard and felt nothing. A very strong sensation of terror gripped me, and I wanted to scream for my parents, but found that I couldn't speak a word, nor make any sort of movement. At that moment, the door to my bedroom opened with a very loud bang, and in the opening, lit in the back by the dimmed lights from the hallway, stood a vaguely human figure so tall that it easily filled up the available space. The figure looked impossibly slim, and its legs seemed to fade away near the ground, while its arms were flung wide and far. Although I couldn't discern any sort of feature, I got the dizzying sensation that it was looking at me. Then, I heard its voice, which didn't seem to emanate from its mouth, nor did it feel like it was directly speaking in my mind – rather, its voice came from all over the room simultaneously, surrounding me. Its sound was very deep and disjointed, as if someone was speaking through a metal tube. The creature thundered the word "Jozef" at me. Jozef used to be a fairly common Dutch name. When the creature then started shrieking at me, I somehow regained control of my voice, closed my eyes and screeched at the top of my lungs. I only opened my eyes again when I heard my parents dashing up the stairs. The creature was gone.

As I came of age, I dismissed this experience as an extremely vivid nightmare, possibly even a hallucination, since I became very ill the next day, and according to my mother, I had an abnormally high fever. The only thing that haunted me about the story, which I couldn't erase from my mind, was that when my parents were running up the stairs, my door was still wide open, while I knew that it had been shut when I fell asleep.

I nearly forgot about this ordeal until I was about 20 and started inquiring about my family history. I was asking my mother a few questions, purely out of curiosity. This mainly had to do with the peculiar fact that a lot of her male ancestors died at a very young age – she was a baby when her father had died due to stomach cancer, she was a toddler when her uncle died in a car crash, and she'd never known her mother's father because he'd died in 1947. My great-grandfather's brother died young as well, in a freak accident while watching a lightning storm from the window of his bedroom – he was struck by lightning and killed

on the spot. Another one of her great-uncles drowned in the Scheldt after losing a wager to see who could swim fastest after lunch. Nearly all of them were local villagers and farmers.

Now, as I was asking about my great-grandfather, whose fate piqued my interest, my mother became very dismissive, and told me I wouldn't want to know the story behind his untimely death, since "it was an ugly

mess”. Obviously, her attempts to not speak about it only increased my interest, if only because I had in fact known my great-grandmother for a short period, and she, too had refused to talk about her deceased husband. So eventually, my mother told me the story.

In 1940, Belgium was occupied by Nazi Germany. Because my future great-grandmother, whose name was Agnes, and her husband had a big grocery store on a transit road between two villages, their house was chosen by the Germans as a makeshift garrison. My family hated it. They spoke only very little German, and the soldiers made no effort to learn any Dutch. They treated my family as if they were mentally incapacitated yokels, and ate all of their food. There was one exception, however – a young soldier named Peter, who was actually interested in the village and frequently asked for directions to the best walking routes through the nearby forests and marshes. Grudgingly, my great-grandfather accompanied him, but over the next months, they hesitantly developed some sort of friendship, because it turned out that Peter not only was an adamant trekker who loved being outdoors, he was also an amateur photographer, just like my great-grandfather.

In the late Summer of 1942, something terrible happened. One evening, my great-grandfather and Peter were exploring the marshes and taking a few pictures. A few hours later, well past midnight, my great-grandfather came home, looking like an utter maniac, wide-eyed and sweaty, shaking and unable to utter a coherent word. The other Germans in the house were very alarmed, and while two of them guarded my great-grandfather, the rest went to look for Peter. From what my mother told me (and she heard the story from her own mother, who was about 9 years old at that time), the Germans came back in the early morning with some of Peter’s equipment, visibly shaking and completely silent. The next day, they took my great-grandfather, who was still dazed and alternated between screaming fits and apathy, with them and relocated to another house. My great-grandfather was sent to a German factory where lots of young Belgians were forcibly sent, because he was blamed for Peter’s death*, even though the local commander admitted to Agnes that they knew he hadn’t killed him. The commander hoped that my great-grandfather would “straighten out” again under the heavy routine of the labour there. He was wrong.

In 1946, one year after the war had ended, my great-grandfather came back home. He had obviously been treated very badly at the factory. He was completely emaciated, had a bunch of nasty scars and was deathly exhausted. The worst thing was, he was now completely apathetic to anything. He mostly didn’t eat and slept a lot, stared off into space or went on strange long walks without explaining where he had gone. The day before he died, he destroyed nearly all of his old stuff, and ripped out all pictures of all albums he had collected – he only kept one picture, which he paraded around the house like a lunatic, constantly pointing at it: “It’s him! It’s him!” he kept repeating, until he collapsed on the living room floor and drifted off into a coma. The next day, he died.

My great-grandmother wanted to burn that last picture, but my future grandmother managed to salvage it, and later kept it in her attic. Last year, after she had died, I quietly searched her house for the picture... and I found it. I wish I never had. The horror of my encounter with the terrifying creature, the “Slender Man” as you all call him, came back in full force. You can call me stupid for only making the connection at that moment, but my great-grandfather’s name was Jozef.

I apologize for the bad quality of the picture, but it was pretty wasted when I found it, and my scanner is a piece of junk. I have a higher-resolution image available on request.



* In my village's official history, Peter's death was described as an accident. The official explanation was that he had sunk into a pile of gravel while on watchout, and suffocated. This is ostensibly untrue, because there was no need for watchouts in my village in 1942, and no soldier in their right mind would think of a pile of gravel as a good lookout spot.

Perhaps the most famous sighting is reported to have taken place on October 11, 1966 in Elizabeth, New Jersey. The entity was sighted by two boys, James Yanchitis and Marvin Munoz, as they were walking home along Fourth Street and New Jersey Street when they reached a corner parallel to the New Jersey Turnpike. The turnpike is elevated and there is an extremely steep incline going down from the busy street above which leads to Fourth Street. A very large, high wire fence runs along the edge of the other street below where the boys were walking, making it incredibly difficult to near impossible for anyone to want to climb up the incline to the turnpike above. There are bright street lights in that area, which gave the boys a good glimpse of what they called "the strangest guy we've ever seen." Yanchitis noticed the strange entity first. "He was standing behind that fence", he stated later to investigators. "I don't know how he got there. He was the biggest man I ever saw." "Jimmy nudged me", Marvin Munoz reported to police, "and said, Who's that guy standing behind you?' I looked around and there he was... behind that fence. Just standing there. He pivoted around and looked right at us... then he grinned a big old grin." There had been recent reported incidents of violence in the nearby neighborhood, such as a middle-resident being chased by a "tall man" down that same street and on the same night, so the boys fled quickly.

Well-known author, paranormal investigator, and journalist John A. Keel visited the two boys in Elizabeth, New Jersey, three days after the incident. Along with Keel came UFO lecturer James Moseley. Munoz and Yanchitis were interviewed by Keel separately in the home of Mr. George Smythe and both boys told the exact same story. "The man was over six feet tall, they agreed, and was dressed in a black bussiness suit that seemed to absorb the street lights." The boys also said "He had a very pale complexion, and little round eyes...real beady...set far apart." The most frightening and bizarre aspect of the encounter is the fact that "They could not remember seeing any hair, ears, or nose on this figure."



Images associated with the "Slender Man" phenomenon. Filed under S.MAN. Extracted from journal of missing person [REDACTED], female, age 23.

Multiple corresponding depictions of humanoid form, multiple mutations or deformations. Several consistent identifying markers, with other traits changing or "transforming" from image to image. Total 32 pages relevant to case.

TO: OPTIC NERVE

FROM: AGENT *****, ASIA BRANCH

SUBJECT: INTERESING READ

SENT: MAY 8TH, 2009

A friend of mine who works with the Tokyo Metropolitan Police Department sent me this article while investigating the suicide of famed manga artist Go Waita. At first I just skimmed through it but then something caught my eye. Figured someone in the S.MAN case might want to see

TRANSLATED FROM JAPANESE HORROR FAN MAGAZINE "DEADLY DOOM DELIGHTS"

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MASTER OF EROTIC HORROR GO WAITA

by Hiro Koga

Feb 19th, 2009

Go Waita has written and drawn close to 230 guro stories in his 40 year career and in that time he hasn't given an interview until now! As I sit in his studio I am greeted by pictures of his most well know creation, **The Suited Demon**.

Koga: I like to thank you once again for inviting me into your studio. It is a real honor to be the first person to interview you!

Waita just slightly nods.

Koga: Well, I guess my first question is about your most famed creation, Suited Demon...

Waita: I didn't create him.

Koga: Oh... well who did? A friend?

Waita: He's real.

Koga: Real? A creature like that is real? Rapeing school girls...

Waita: The sex and surprise sex in my stories aren't my idea. That's something the editors and others wanted... the demon is real.

Koga: How do you know this?

Waita: I've seen it... it killed my sister.

Koga: You seen it kill?

Waita just looks at me. He then stands up, walks to his bookcase and pulls out a large, old sketch book. He opens it and shows me drawings of the Suited demon carrying a young child into the woods. As I flip

through the pages the story that plays out is like one that plays out in many of Waita's books, except no graphic sex.

Waita: The girl in those pictures is my sister. She was seven years old when the demon took her.

Koga: How did you see this happen?

Waita: I followed her and the demon into the woods. I was eleven at the time. I thought that the demon was a man... a child molester trying to harm my sister. I followed them into the woods... that's when I watch it happen.

Koga: You didn't try to help?

Waita: I couldn't I was stunned in terror when I saw it's true form... when I saw it tear into her... It didn't see me... or if it did it didn't care. I must have sat there for several hours because my father was the one who found me the next morning. I tried to tell the police what I saw but they said that I must have been in shock. That I must have been forced to watch some killer murder my sister.

Koga: I see... I'm sorry to bring it up... but if this haunts you... why base so many of your stories on it? Almost all your books are on this demon.

Waita: You don't get it... it's all I can draw...

At this time Waita looked upset. He went to his book case pulling out all his sketch books, opening up pages of half done works, most looking like they were the start of normal pictures but suddenly they are invaded by the suited demon.

Waita: See... see... I tried to draw different things... normal pictures, portraits, even other types of stories... but it always comes up... FOR FORTY GOD damn YEARS!

I could see at this point that Waita was very angry with me. I quickly left his studio. At the time of me writing this I almost scraped this interview until he called my office, demanding that I print this.

Waita killed himself last week. When I tried to see if there was any way to see those sketch books my friend with the TMPD said that Waita killed himself by setting himself and his studio on fire. I picked up several of his Suited Demon books. All of them have the same thing, S.MAN kidnapping and murdering girls in the woods (with extra panels of sex thrown in, talking with his publishers they stated that in fact they did ask him to throw in the sex/surprise sex aspect to the stories.)

I'm waiting for the reports to come in from the fire department to see what caused the blaze. I'm wondering if this was a suicide or if the reports will say anything about blue flames... like that house fire in 93!

I live in California, so we almost never get fog but several nights we've had it pea-soup thick. I couldn't let this rare opportunity pass, so I went out driving at night.

First up was an Elementary School close by, this is it's parking lot:



This was just a random intersection, I thought the green light in the back looked pretty cool so I snapped thi



Near my friends' house, I started getting a strange feeling. Like the one you get from being followed... never found out why:



This is when I started to head back out of fear. I didn't know if I'd ever been able to snap photos in this fog again, so I kept taking them:



One of the final stops through a dark residential block, I think someone dropped their hose while making the turn. I didn't investigate what those... things were on the ground:



On the road home, I was definitely worried but I still didn't know why, so I took one last shot before heading home.



So, it looks like The Slender Man phenomenon is more widespread than we thought. It's amazing what you can find on the web- these were leaked. Not going to tell you WHERE I found them though. Seems Slender Man has been sighted in England, at any rate, if these reports and photos are to be believed.

Emergency call transcript, Jul 20th 2003

Operator: Hello Caller, what is your location?

Caller: Help... Please help...

Op: What is your location, please caller?

Caller: [inaudible] know! we're in some old house...

OP: Where is the house located?

Caller: Somewhere on [inaudible]. Somethings here.

OP: What is the emergency?

Caller: Somethings here! Something bad. It's hurt my boyfriend, it just [iaudible]

OP: You and your boyfriend have been attacked?

Caller: Yes! Please send help. Anything!

OP: Sending officers to your location now. Please stay on the line, caller.

Caller: I can't! It'll hear me! Oh, god... [Inaudible.]

OP: Caller?

Caller: [Heavy breathing]

OP: Caller, officers will be there soon, please remain calm

Caller: [Unidentifiable sound]

[Caller disconnect]

According to the reports the emergency service traced the call to a mobile phone just outside city limits. When officers and paramedics arrived on scene they found an abandoned building, with no-one around. The door was wide open, broken into. On checking the interior they found nothing- except a camera.

When the pictures were published, they found these. Creepy, huh?

Oh, but it doesn't end there. Canvassing the few houses out there garnered reports that the place was 'haunted' they'd seen strange things around there, wouldn't let their kids play there, standard stuff like that. Some kid had died several years ago, pretty nasty. On a whim, I wanted to see if I could track down the statements from that time- I found one, from the brother. Pretty interesting reading... I've excerpted the best bits, got rid of all the distraction. The kid seems pretty upset when you read through it- understandable, really.

Extracts of witness statement, 16 May 1963

... I don't know why we went to the house. Just seemed like a fun thing to do. I don't know why the old owners left. It's been empty for a long long time. We got there at about ten I think and we went to look around. James did some silly stuff. Like throw a brick at a window. He's always trying to get me in trouble....[six sentences cut] it took us ages to break into the house but when we got in it was strange, really odd. All the old stuff there, all the old stuff from the old family. Even plates on the table, everything. It was really dusty, nothing has been in for long time... upstairs there was loads of writing on the wall it didn't make any sense. Pictures of a man. A tall man with long arms. The writing was scary. I didn't like it....[paragraph cut] when we went into a bedroom my brother said it was a girls bedroom. he got on the bed and started making moaning noises. My brother's thirteen. He was laughing, I told him he shouldn't. Because the girl might be watching...[two sentence cut] I don't know why I thought someone might be watching but it felt like it was. I really wanted to get out of the bedroom. The window was open and it was really cold...[paragraph cut] I looked out of the window. I saw someone. Someone really tall and plae,

wearing black. He was really thin. I thought he might be the house owner and I was scared. I shouted at my brother. My brother came to the window. He got all pale and started looking funny. The tall pale man was coming closer. My brother told me to get out of the room and hide. I hid for ages and I heard steps on the

stairs and then I didn't hear anything any more. I waited for hours but when I got out of the cupboard my brother was gone. I've seen the thin man twice since outside my house. I'm scared...

Oddly enough, on the 26th of the month Simon Doyle, brother of James Doyle was reported missing. Three months later two bodies were found at an abandoned train station badly mutilated. They were tentatively identified as Simon and James.

As for what happened to the family that owned the house before? I think we can guess. The words we know for sure were painted on the wall read as follows:

He is coming, the slender man is coming

He knows.

He knows where you sleep and where you live

Only he knows what he wants

He watches

He wants

Who knows what else has happened? Where else he's been? By the way the investigation has officially been taken off the hands of [REDACTED] police and handed off to a more 'experienced' squad, apparently. What are they keeping from us this time? Just what is going on?

THIS TRANSSCRIPT IS PROPERTY OF D.O.D.

TOP SECRET

RADIO COM

LOCATION: IRAQI DESERT, 0100 HOURS

HQ: Echo 1 come in.

Echo 1: Echo 1 reporting. Still no sign of convoy.

HQ: Any activity at all?

Echo 1: Negative, It is pitch black out here, nothing moving at all.

HQ: Stay alert. Insergents may be in area.

Echo 1: Hold on... I see something. Johnson give me a spot...

[massive static]

HQ: Come in Echo 1. What do you see?

Echo 1: It's [static] the doors [static] blood [static]

HQ: Repeat, is there wounded?

Echo 1: N...[static] Wai...[static]... the fuck shot.... [gunfire then static]

HQ: Respond Echo 1. Whats going on?

Echo 1: [paniced tone] Oh god keep fir... [gunfire, static]

HQ: Echo 1... Echo 1 respond... Echo 1 respond!

REPORT: Another four man Army Ranger Team went out to the last location of Echo 1. What was found were several discarded M16 rifles, clips empty, the radio, smashed, and the remains of several Humvees. Blood was found inside the Humvees but no bodies or any other signs of struggle were found. The night vision camera was found 300 feet away from the Humvees. The only image found was the one shown. It is unknown what the figure in the back ground is or if it was some kind of defect on the camera it's self.

Radio and video transmission from the bathyscaphe *Nyx*, following a deep-sea excursion on April 6th, REDACTED .

Transmission Resumes

(Following a burst of static, video and radio return. Outside *Nyx* is a wall of blackness lit only by powerful lights attached to the hull.)

Jonas REDACTED : "...ack online. Can you hear me? Over."

Patricia REDACTED : "Some interference, but clear enough to hear. Over."

J.: "Thought I was lost there for a minute. Any idea what's causing interference? Over."

P.: "No clue. Usually you come in nice and... wait. Port camera. What's that?"

J.: "Hn?"

(In the lights on the port side are long, irregular streaks through the plant life on the sea floor. The plants near the path are sickly and dying.)

P.: "Looks like something gouged into there."

J.: "Wait... there's scoring on the rock below. damn. Whatever did that had some serious kick."

(The port camera zooms in.)

P.: "There's a lot of them... seem to be going off in either direction. Did you notice any of these earlier?"

J.: "No. Rock face is clear behind me. Maybe whatever-it-was didn't start feeding until now."

P.: "You're... going to follow it. Follow the trail of something that cut through rock."

J.: "As long as it doesn't try to nip me, I'll be fine."

(The bathyscaphe follows the scorches through the plants. They continue on for several dozen yards.)

J.: "Hey... I see something."

(There is nothing visible in the wall of darkness.)

P.: "What do you see? The cameras aren't picking it up."

J.: "Hang on. Scooting in..."

(The bathyscaphe gradually crawls forward. For a moment, a tall, vaguely humanoid shape leans out of the dark. The cameras all go dead.)

J.: "...No way."

P.: "Jonas, the cameras went dark! What do you see?"

J.: "...sorta like a guy in a suit. And now you think I'm c... wait. What in the hell are... shit, he saw--
mother of fuck, what are--"

P.: "Jonas?! What's--"

(Screaming, hard metallic crunching, terrible wet popping sounds.)

Transmission Ends.

* * *

The above video was confiscated shortly after the *Pole Star* returned to port, minus the *Nyx*.
 Patricia REDACTED remains in our custody.

File SM852035

Generalized description of the Slenderman

Appearance:

Tall, thin humanoid with indistinct features, with between 2 to 6 boneless arms

Torso is of normal proportion, limbs lengthened to point of mild to severe deformity

Additional arms are frequently hidden.

Appears to be wearing a suit (black tie, black pants, black coat, black shoes, white shirt)

eyes may or may not glow.

Habits and habitat

Known to be predatory to humans

Frequently associated with fog (Either prefers foggy areas or capable of summoning it, unknown)

Frequently associated with woodland areas.

Abilities

No combat encounters, data or projections on record.

Strong enough to lift a fully grown man. (confirmed, incident SM165608)

Intelligence level unknown

Capable of traveling long distances, quickly without appearing to become fatigued (anecdotal)

Possibly amphibious (tenuous, assume true)

Capable of climbing with ease.

I found a man named Henry Coe's alleged recollection of what seems to be the Slender Man.

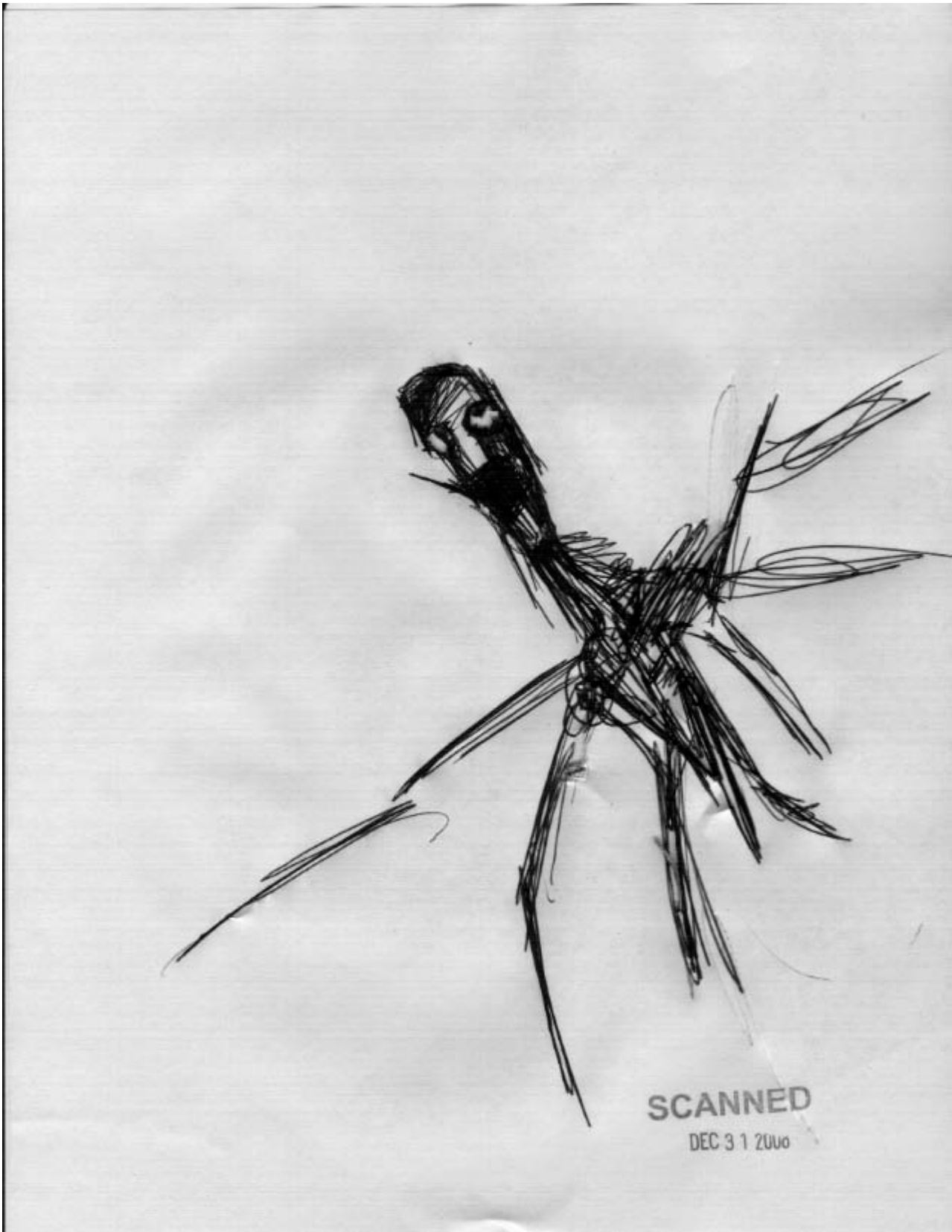
He was out hunting deer last year, way off in New Mexico or something. He found a quiet place to set up, and waited awhile. Around 3 o'clock or so, he heard rustling, and sure enough, it was a deer. Two deer. He was an amateur hunter, and didn't really know what more to do than wait, then shoot. He watched them pretty closely, but they were acting very nervous and skittish. Coe thought they may have heard him, so he did his best to slow his breathing and be quiet. They calmed down, and, suddenly, bolted off, so fast that one of the deer tripped over its own legs and went flying to the ground. Coe figured this was all he'd get to bring home, so he aimed for its head, and pulled the trigger. He said there was a click, and the bullet just fell out of the barrel- no force behind it, it just slid out and landed at his feet. He tried to fire a couple more times, but nothing happened beyond a click.

Frustrated and hungry, he decides to see whether he could follow the other deer and bag some lunch. He leaves his post and walks further into the woods. He walks awhile, but he doesn't see any wildlife. He keeps walking and sees the deer rifling through a cooler next to a tent, eating the sandwiches and the bags. He aims, but hears something else, and looks to the direction he came from. He sees a figure that looks like an emaciated man, walking in a jerky, but purposeful, gait (he describes this like "stop-motion with every other frame removed"). He watches as the figure speeds up and seems to be trying to tackle the deer. It speeds up, inhumanly, supernaturally, and suddenly "sprouted a bunch of branches". The deer runs off, but, to Coe's horror, the figure is still floating toward the tent, full-speed. It reaches it, and shreds the tent open in seconds. A family of three was in that tent, a chorus of visceral, horrified screaming starts as the figure rips the people from the battered tent. The couple's six-year old daughter tries to scuttle away, and is pinned to the ground instantly by the figure's apparent fourth arm. The figure turns around and looks at Coe; this is the last thing he remembers.

He allegedly went into a psychosis when he drew the creature's arms and eyes; there are holes in the paper from the pen he used.

He was eventually admitted to a state mental hospital. However, it had to be closed due to an unseen mold hazard. He was relocated to another facility, but disappeared afterward. He was later found in his old room at his former (now decrepit and abandoned) hospital, whimpering crying incoherently.

This is the illustration he made for the police.



My grandmother was a poor peasant from Russia; I never knew my grandfather, Pyotr. The last anybody heard of Pyotr was in 1939, when he “disappeared” to a gulag in Siberia. My father was born a couple months after that, in 1940, and in the winter of 1941, when the Germans were deep in the heart of Russia and stories of killings spread, my grandmother decided that she would not lose my father to the Nazis, to Stalin, or to hunger and the cold. She fled—she has still not told anybody how—and she reached America with the rags on her back, a spoon that had been blessed by the Patriarch Nikon, and my father, who was originally to be named Abraham, but out of fear of action triggered by a religious name, had been officially named Dimitri. My grandmother held him tightly, calling him “my sweet Mitya.”

According to the authorities in the Soviet Union, my father had no father; my grandfather was wiped from existence as he was taken away. When I was younger, I could not wrap my head around it; how could a man exist and leave proof of his existence—my father—and yet not exist? I later realized that it was simply denial on the part of the authorities. Little did I know that my younger self, who saw a paradox of existence and non-existence, was right. How could somebody exist and not exist? *It must be corrected.*

My father married twice. The first marriage was childless but not altogether unpleasant. The second marriage produced my older brother and me. My grandmother always had a strange way of showing her emotions about my father’s choices. During the first marriage, I am told, she did not scold him for picking a Jewish bride, as Russian mothers of that generation were expected to. She sat without emotion during the ceremony, clutching the heirloom spoon. Later, she took my father aside and, clutching his arm with surprising strength in her bony fingers, whispered with urgent eyes: “The world corrects its mistakes; it does not care who it hurts. Do not bring children. It is a mistake. It must be corrected. It will come. *He will come.*”

I am not sure why they never had children—perhaps the warning, perhaps medical reasons, perhaps something else. The second marriage, though hardly the most fruitful, saw two children born. My grandmother arrived to pay her regards to the birth of my older brother, telling my father, “You have made a mistake. It must be corrected. It will come. *He will come.*” She did not pay her regards to my birth two years later.

Growing up, she seemed distant to me. Whenever I was over, she would move as quickly as she could to grab her blessed relic and hold it tightly. She looked at the air around her, muttering in Russian. I asked her what she was doing, and she reluctantly acknowledged my presence, saying, “Something cannot come from nothing. It is a mistake. It must be corrected. It will come. *He will come.*”

My older brother protected me from schoolyard bullies and tried to help me as much as he could as we grew up. He gave me advice about the things boys had to know—school, card games, girls—and by the time he was eighteen and graduating high school, he was my hero and provided all the guidance I needed. About that time, things started to change. It was not the people so much as the air, which seemed to hold less oxygen and felt static at all times, constantly threatening to send out a spark at any point and any time.

My grandmother sensed the change first, and started to withdraw from us more, if it was even possible. My father noticed, and took us by one day. My father banged on her door and we heard footsteps inside, but the door never opened. “Open the door,” my father shouted at the door, “it’s Mitya. I have the boys.” We left in confusion.

To celebrate his graduation, my brother went on a fishing trip at a friend’s cabin in the woods two hours away. When they arrived, the four friends noticed that none of them had brought a bottle opener. My brother called me, begging me to bring one from home. “Couldn’t you just run by a convenience store?” I whined. I relented after only a couple minutes; I loved to drive.

About halfway through the trip, my father called me on my cell phone. “Have you heard from your

mother?”, he said, “Because she should have been home a while ago and I haven’t heard a thing.” I was a bit worried, but figured she just was working late. “Oh,” he said, “let me check the driveway, I think I hear her car.” I heard him go outside and stop, then call out my mother’s name. “Huh,” he said, “that’s weird. She left her car running in the driveway, but she’s nowhere to be found.” I began to ache and felt a bit hot. “I think...”, I started, but the phone call had ended. I was about to dial again when I felt a sharp pain in my temples, as if chisels had been hammered into each.

I don’t know how the car stopped on the road or how I didn’t crash. I was numb, worried, and hopeful that I had just fallen asleep at the wheel. “You’re just a worrier,” I thought to myself. Still, my grandmother’s words rang in my head. “It is a mistake. It must be corrected. It will come. *He will come.*”

When I got to the cabin, I found my brother in the front room, staring at the kitchen table. “I didn’t feel well,” he said, and I noticed that his face was pale and sweaty. “Let’s go for a walk,” I suggested.

We went into the woods, walking along a trail that had been partially grown over. Neither of us talked. He looked at the ground in front of him; I looked at the trees. Some of them seemed odd. They didn’t sway like the others. They didn’t look quite like the others. They just didn’t *feel* right. When I looked again, the oddness was gone, but out of the corner of my eye, I could see something that looked almost like a tall, slender man.

We stopped by the side of the lake. I could not see where his friends were fishing. I started to pick up flat pebbles and skip them across the surface of the water. My brother was always better at this, and I turned to make a joke and suggest that he try. I looked over my right shoulder and turned and turned and he wasn’t there. I was a bit spooked, but reasoned that he might want to be alone. I was about to turn back to the water when I heard a guttural sound that only said: “**RUN.**”

I shot back towards the trail and ran as fast as I could, stumbling over vegetation, feeling something bearing down on me, getting closer, closer...

As I ran, I realized what was happening. My grandfather did not die; he never existed. My father should not exist, nor should my brother, nor should I. It is a mistake. It must be corrected. It will come. *He will come.*

TO: OPTIC NERVE HQ

FROM: AGENT ***, N.AMERICA BRANCH

SUBJECT: AGENT *****'S DEATH AND FUTURE OF S.MAN PROJECT

DATE: JUNE 17th, 0300 HOURS

*I have to say once again Agent *****'s suicide came as a major shock to me and every one who had worked closely with him these past several years. He will be missed...*

But I already sent you that email yesterday. This is more about the "white elephant" in the room... the S.MAN Project.

A tiny part of me felt honored to be picked to be the new lead on this, but there is a large part that is saying I should not even open file number 1!

You asked me what I thought of the Project, if there is any chance of any "good" results.

I'm going to be perfectly blunt about this... it is of my personal and professional opinion that this project should be scraped immediately!

I have read the notes, looked through the files. There is no way on God's green Earth we will be able to do anything to stop this thing. In all my years with working cases for Optic Nerve I have seen things and proven many times before that supposed "Gods" can be killed.

*But this... Slender Man... There is nothing in any records of anything thing even **remotely** hurting it. Reports ranging from small arms fire, artillery fire (the report from that Nazi Artillery team... that's what made me think about this)even full scale forest fires doesn't do anything!*

This is a complete and total waste of time and man power. There is nothing you can say to me, or anyone in this branch that will make us change our minds. In a sick sad way the only thing we can do is keep a record of this thing.

We can't kill it

No way in hell we can capture it

Unless a miracle happens and someone, somehow, puts a dent in the thing, I consider this case to be changed from SEARCH/CAPTURE/DESTROY to OBSERVE/RECORD/STUDY.

TO: AGENT *, N.AMERICA BRANCH**

FROM: OPTIC NERVE HQ

SUBJECT: RE: AGENT ***'S DEATH AND FUTURE OF S.MAN PROJECT**

DATE: JUNE 17th, 1300 HOURS

AFTER READING YOUR REPORT AND CONSIDERING ALL ROUTES AND ACTIONS, WE CONCLUDED THAT YOUR SUGGESTION OF CLASSIFYING THIS AS A O/R/S IS REALLY THE ONLY LOGICAL CHOICE. AS OF TODAY, THE S.MAN PROJECT WILL BE A O/R/S UNTIL RESULTS SHOW OTHER WISE.

WE HERE IN THE ON HQ FEEL THAT IN SOME WAY WE LET AGENT *** DOWN BY DOING THIS... BUT THERE IS NO OTHER WAY.**

OPTIC NERVE OUT

{END OF TRANSMISSION}

One quick test shot in the garage, things already felt strange:



Through the alleyway that leads to the Gelson's parking lot, another test:



The actual parking lot of the market, just dead:



Once again, the elementary school... something was reaching:



The urge for another picture lead to other things:



An... unexpected unveiling:



In a panic, unknown streets, fog took all vision. Genuinely lost. Continue?:



Further into the black, obscure lights:



Under a lamp, one last memoir:



The car stopped, the engine revved but to no avail. The battery was the last look into the infinite abyss. He knew this was his stop.



I had another dream about the Slender Man.

The first involved me and a bunch of kids that for some reason I was in charge of. I decided to take them down to the park so they could run around, play on the swings and stuff like that, but as we got closer to the park gates, a thick fog started to creep its way over the ground and soon our vision was pretty bad due to how thick the mist had become.

I could see the park's trees vaguely in front of us and then I had a horrible thought. "This is when he comes," I thought to myself, looking around at the fog. I wasn't scared, though. I knew he was out there somewhere, but I felt no fear about it, as if it were just natural that he would be.

I turned to the children and told them that we wouldn't be going to the park today because of the Slender Man hiding in the fog. That was it.

Last night, in my dream, I woke up in bed. (I may have actually woken up, but that thought is a little too creepy, so I'm going to say I only 'fake' woke up in my dream, for my own comfort).

My room was dark, obviously, and I couldn't see anything clearly. My eyelids were heavy and my eyes were burning with tiredness. I was looking towards my computer desk which is beside the bottom of my bed when I suddenly realized there was someone else in the room, just out of my field of vision, standing right beside the bed head and just beside my pillow, if that makes sense. I knew that if I raised my eyes, I would see him. I knew it was The Slender Man without even looking, something just told me that it was him. I moved my eyes a fraction upwards, but was compelled to stop at a sudden surge of bizarre panic that told me I **really** did not want to see him. He was staring at me, I knew that much, and even though I felt nervous about not being able to see him, any time I moved my eyes I felt this stab of intense fear that made me stop. So, fully aware of this other presence in my room, so close and watching me so silently, I closed my eyes and hoped to fall asleep soon, expecting to feel his hands on me at any moment. I fell back asleep and that was that.

I work for a local College (UK) as a "resident technician" Basically this means i am an odd jobs man who will be farmed out to various courses whenever a technical issue arises. Recently I spent some time at our motor-engineering centre, located on a sister campus in a fairly small town in Michigan USA. We have a team of post-grads carrying out research into car safety mechanisms (think impact spreading seat-belts, crumple zones, collision detection etc.)

I was presented with this image as part of the collision detection research as they were having trouble with the sensor going off for no reason.

After pouring over the files for a few nights trying to find a reason for the fault I began to see something frankly rather strange in the image. Having read about the 'slender man' before i wondered if perhaps he had made an appearance and set off the detector?

Have a look for yourself:



Napkin embroidered as part of Occupational Therapy by inmate ref: removed at Paddock Centre, Broadmoor Hospital, Berkshire UK. When asked about figure, inmate would only state that "*he* was responsible" and that "*the maze should hold.*" Relevance of dog unknown, although poss. connection to Berkowitz/Harvey claims?



After getting to the slender man stuff in this thread I went nuts for about an hour rummaging through the boxes in my attic looking for my brother's old stuff. Finally I found his old mountaineering journals, and sure enough my memory wasn't just playing tricks on me.

Sorry for the lovely camera phone pics. I lent my camera to a friend and I didn't want to tear the pages out to scan them.



My brother and I used to be housemates before he moved to Ecuador, which is why I've got all his old junk. He's never made any mention of encountering anything weird or scary in the woods, and though I've only really flipped through his old trip journals, I'm 95% certain he's never written about such a thing wither. I remember seeing these sketches years ago and not thinking much of them. There are a few more with the humanoid figure in them, but these are the most clear ones.

I've sent my brother an email asking him about it, hopefully he remembers. I know I'm going to be on edge until I hear back from him.

Body of Missing Child Recovered Five Months After Stirling City Library Disappearance

AP, Kingston Falls - Slain toddler Joseph Pertman was discovered yesterday in the Great Swamp Nature Preserve, where passing hunters noticed his body in an unlikely hiding spot.

...Though Joseph, along with thirteen other children, had vanished over 5 months ago, his body was recovered in early stages of decay, suggesting he was alive until very recently, said Deputy Sheriff Jim Stolz.

Stolz told the Associated Press that the body was found in a state of "bizarre contortion", although the cause of death is pending investigation.

Coroner Patricia Clark did provide comment.

Assessment Number: 19-9300-24857a

Status: Eyes Only

Subject: S-MAN

At 0440 on February 22, [REDACTED] gas station in [REDACTED], Pennsylvania activated a silent alarm indicating a robbery in progress to the local police.

Officers D [REDACTED] M [REDACTED] and P [REDACTED] H [REDACTED] arrived on the scene at 0453.

D M and P H did not see the perpetrator nor the proprietor from the lot.

A procedural search of the premises did not turn up anyone.

There was no evidence of a struggle.

The register was intact.

The safe was not touched.

Surveillance video was mostly static.

Whether this was due to faulty equipment, poor procedures, or "other interference" they were not able to determine.

Attached are the only two frames that were recovered.

We have obtained the original tapes and are performing our own recovery efforts. See project L-4809334.

Note that the attendant L [REDACTED] C [REDACTED] is still missing, presumed dead.

TO: OPTIC NERVE HQ

FROM: AGENT *****, N.AMERICA BRANCH

SUBJECT: E-MAIL FROM ***** RETRIEVED FROM AGENT *****'S COMPUTER

DATE: JUNE 18th, 0930 HOURS

This was just emailed to *****. It's the old man's answer to the mail ***** sent him two weeks ago. Thought it pertinent.

Re: I just thought of something, need your thoughts

Agent,

I apologize for not being able to respond sooner and hope you are doing well.

I appreciate you contacting me about this concern of yours, but let me be absolutely clear: It is my belief that the scenario you are describing is absolutely impossible. While The Slender Man can take on human appearance, the idea that he could mimic a team member of yours is unthinkable. Let me walk you through my reasoning.

If the figure depicted on "Der Ritter" is indeed The Slender Man, as I insist it is, then we know that it has not always worn a suit, but rather, in the medieval ages, a suit of armor. This, not to mention the title of the wood cut, would make it quite clear that it was trying to mimic a knight. Knights, as I am sure you know, was the elite class of soldiers doing the bidding of barons and kings in the Feudal Age. If The Slender Man wanted to appear not only human, but a part of the human elite, why not go higher? Why not a baron? Because it can't, quite obviously. It can appear quite human, at least from a distance, but up close it could never fool anyone, and it knows this. Thus it settled for being a knight, who sometimes even wore full helmets, in an attempt to appear inconspicuous yet not undesirable.

So the question follows: Who is the most powerful yet faceless people today? Men in suits, of course.

I hope this puts your mind at ease, and again I wish you luck in your efforts. Do not hesitate to contact me again if you have any more questions.

Yours Truly,

***** **

DATE: July 15th, 1993

RESPONDING TO A MISSING 16 YEAR OLD IN LAKE OROVILLE STATE RECREATION PARK,
CA

Officer Jackson questioning missing girl's friend, Crystal Marie Parkriner

JACKSON: Please state your name and age.

PARKRINER: (clearly upset) I already told you...

JACKSON: Please...

PARKRINER: (sighs) Crystal Marie Parkriner, 16 years old... Why aren't you out there looking for Alice!

JACKSON: Ma'am please calm down, we are looking for her, we just need to hear your story to maybe better help us find out what happened. What is your relationship to Miss Elkins?

PARKRINER: She was my friend...

JACKSON: What were you and her doing in the park.

PARKRINER: We were doing a late 16 birthday party... her parents flaked out on her since America's Most Wanted ran that story about her sister again.

JACKSON: Her sister?

PARKRINER: Yeah... couple years ago her sister was kidnapped, you know Katrina Elkins.

JACKSON: Was Alice upset or maybe suicidal?

PARKRINER: She... she wouldn't do that.

JACKSON: Ok, tell me what happened.

PARKRINER: So... men, Donnie...

JACKSON: Donnie?

PARKRINER: Donnie Parkriner, my brother. Sal... (sighs) Sally Danes and Richie Farms decided to take Alice to have a birthday party since her parents been putting off doing anything for Alice. So we got some things and decided to have a camp party...

JACKSON: What things did you bring with you for this party?

PARKRINER: (getting annoyed) Beer... food... cigs...

JACKSON: Any drugs?

PARKRINER: No.

JACKSON: OK, go on

PARKRINER: We got there like 7 pm so we were setting up the tent and stuff... Alice seemed ok.

JACKSON: Was she drinking?

PARKRINER: No... she didn't drink. She was looking at the lake for awhile... It was like 9 pm when Alice started acting strange.

JACKSON: How?

PARKRINER: She... got quiet. Kept looking out at the woods... then she started walking into the darkness.

JACKSON: Did any of you follow her?

PARKRINER: I did... but it was like she was listening to someone else... like she was listening to directions by someone. I couldn't follow her. Donnie got a flash light and we went on... we started finding her clothes on the ground but we couldn't find her.... Please find her... (crying) she's out there missing and maybe hurt...

JACKSON: We are looking for her...

The German Renaissance artist Hans Baldung (better known as Hans Baldung Grien) was thought to be a contemporary of the previously mentioned woodcut artist Hans Freckenberg (indeed, it is presumed that Baldung acquired his "Grien" nickname at Albrecht Dürer's workshop in Nuremberg due to the preponderance of Hanses at one point).

Baldung died in 1545 (the cause of death is not recorded), a mere two years after Freckenberg. One of Baldung's better known paintings is the *Three Ages of Woman and Death*, painted in 1510 and currently in the possession of the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. Famous for its strange portrayal of a skeletal figure holding an hour-glass (similar to the recurring theme in Frackenberg's series of woodcuts), as an insurance requirement the painting was subjected to an X-Ray analysis following the theft of the Cellini Salt Cellar from the museum in 2003.

Unexpectedly, the painting seemed to have been altered at an early stage, and the X-Ray appears to show the skeletal "death" figure possessing a number of extraneous upper limbs. Again this is reminiscent of the figure portrayed as "Der Ritter" in Frackenberg's woodcuts of the period.



Graphic showing the original painting (left) and X-ray (right) with what appear to be extra upper limbs on the figure of Death

HOT Crewmember hot microphone voice or sound source
 RAD Radio transmission from accident aircraft
 CAM Cockpit area microphone voice or sound source
 CAB Cabin area microphone voice or sound source
 -1 Voice identified as Pilot-in-Command (PIC)
 @ Non-pertinent word
 # Expletive
 [] Editorial insertion
 ... Pause

INTRA-COCKPIT COMMUNICATION

TIME & SOURCE CONTENT

1834:16 START of RECORDING / START of TRANSCRIPT

1834:25 HOT-1 Jesus Christ, I shouldn't have flown back tonight.

1834:34 HOT-1 [sound similar to human sigh]

1837:43 CAM-1 [sound similar to crew seat movement]

1840:05 HOT-1 [unintelligible]

1843:10 CAB [sound similar to baggage sliding across floor]

1843:11 HOT-1 What the hell was that?

1843:17 CAB [sound similar to passenger seat movement]

1843:38 HOT-1 shit.

1843:58 CAM [sound of autopilot being engaged]

1844:21 CAM [sound similar to crew seat movement]

1844:28 HOT-1 Holy # mother #!

1844:29 CAB [sound similar to tension spring snapping]

1844:30 HOT-1 Who the # are yo--turn around.

1844:31 HOT-1 Some # man in black hiding out on my plane. I've got a # crow bar you idiot. Turn around.

1844:35 CAB [sound similar to deep inhale]

1844:36 CAB [sound similar to baggage sliding across floor]

1844:58 CAM [unintelligible] [screaming]

1844:59 HOT-1 Where's your # # face? [spoken in screaming voice]

1845:02 CAB [sound similar to external door being slammed shut] [note impossibility, similar sound]

1845:04 HOT-1 [unintelligible] [garbled]

1845:05 CAM [sound similar to single ECAM chime]

1845:08 HOT-1 [sound of human grunt]

1845:09 CAB [sound of crow bar? hitting side of cabin]

1846:13 HOT-1 I hit you # #! I hit you! Get off my # plane [unintelligible]

1846:17 CAB [sound of laughter]

1846:20 CAB [sound similar to fabric being torn]

1846:21 HOT-1 [unintelligible] [screaming]

1846:23 CAB [sound similar to dripping water continues for 30.4 seconds]

1846:25 CAB [sound similar to slurping? continues for 23.8 seconds]

1846:58 CAB [sound similar to human grunt]

1847:18 CAB [sound of cracking]

1847:29 CAB [unintelligible whispering]

1852:31 CAM [roaring noise begins and continues for 28.5 seconds]

1852:36 CAM [sound of clicking]

1852:43 CAM [sound of loud cracking]

1852:44 CAM [sound similar to stall warning repetitive chime continues for 2 seconds]

1852:45 CAM [sound similar to prop engine stalling]
 1852:50 CAM [sound similar to radio static continues for 2.7 seconds]
 1852:59 CAM [roaring noise greatly increases in amplitude continues for remaining duration]
 1853:10 CAM [sound similar to single ECAM chime]
 1853:15 CAM [sound similar to crackling continues for 1.4 seconds]
 1853:20 CAM [sound similar to single ECAM chime]
 1853:31 CAM [sound similar to single ECAM chime]
 1854:17 END of RECORDING / END of TRANSCRIPT

The following image, taken recently by "Jason E", a student at University of California, Santa Cruz, in a wooded area near Santa Cruz, CA is notable as one of the few photographs of the Slender Man in which he is the intended subject of the shot. Jason left a message on my page and when I replied and requested that he send his photo, Jason wrote the following along with the image:

We were just hanging out in the woods near ucsc on thursday what with me and Ed not havin class. Theres a few trails and one went by near where we were so people would walk by every once in a while.

Maybe like 3:30 or 4 this hot chick in shorts goes by shes got another girl with her and a couple of kids I think and I go to get out my camera (dont judge me man i like to take pics of hot chicks so what lol its a free country). I get it out and im like, shit its too late, they were goin pretty fast and where I was i couldnt see them any more (in the pic you can kinda see the edge of the trail up at the top left) so i was just about to turn off my camera when I seen the guy off in the woods. So I took this picture and then looked down at the screen to see if I got him you know, it shows the pic for a couple seconds after you take it on the lcd? but the screen is small and i cant tell so i look up and he's gone.

Me and ed went back later and checked out the pics. I had to resize it down to 800/600 so it would be small enough to e-mail but I got the full size one too if you want it man just let me know. I dunno it could be just some dude or fuck ed says its just a weird shadow but i dunno. You said to send it so here it is.

Jason's school e-mail address now bounces, I suspect he graduated or transferred.





Date: Oct. 28th, 2007

Sender: Maj. Tomas C. Witmoore

To: Col. Steven Bitman

Sub: Ongoing S. Man Investigation

Sir, as you requested, I am sending you another update. We've received yet another report of the Slender Man appearing. This time, it seems to have shown up near the edge of the Yellowstone National Park. Our analyst seems to think it may prefer to be near/around trees, as the body type of it appears to blend well with the trees. I have taken over as the head of this task force, and I am doing my best to keep things under control. The loss of the first team we sent in on the 23rd of October to attempt to remove the bodies that were discovered, is a shocking event. One that touched the people working on this task force deeply.

As to why so many of them committed suicide, I cannot say at this time. I reviewed their files extensively after the autopsies. All came back as confirmed suicide. None of the five men that committed suicide had any notes in their profiles to suggest suicidal tendencies. The psychological examination that everyone undergoes showed no suggestion of any mental disorder that might have pushed them to end their own lives. Investigation into this is still ongoing, we are interviewing family members and friends at this time.

I have sent in a suggestion to cease any further attempt to remove the bodies from the trees in which they were found in.

The sixth man, Sgt. Conner is currently in the hospital on base. He has been heavily sedated every hour, on the hour, after the incident. I have received the reports of the doctor on call at the time of the incident, and the report indicates that reattachment of his tongue is impossible, due to the damage caused by his teeth. The report states that the tongue was beyond repair. We are currently discussing which mental health facility he will be sent to for evaluation after he recovers. Despite what he had done to his brother, the psychologist we had brought in to evaluate him has stated that he has not been in a normal frame of mind for quite some time. I would venture as to say since the failed attempt at the body recovery.

Further information will be sent to you as I receive it.

To: Col. Steven Bitman

Sub: Ongoing S. Man Investigation

The latest attempt to study the Slender Man was a disaster. I was adamant in my belief that trying to enclose the Slender Man into a contained area would be a mistake. Time line of the incident is as follows:

0600: Task force, with Major Thompson in command, arrives in area where Slender Man was last sighted. Perimeter is started to be established.

0620: Temporary HQ for analysts and equipment is started to be established. Perimeter is still not complete.

0645: Perimeter is established. Men are sent out to set up weapons and equipment for recording and analyzing.

0700: Three men sent into the area inside the Perimeter to set up motion-sensitive video camera, thermal camera, sound recording devices.

0705: The three men return, having finished their task. Reported seeing 'wisps of fog near the bases of the trees.'

0705-0750: Nothing of note. Wisps of fog appear at tree line. No other movement or unusual sound noted.

0815: First of the sound recording devices picks up unusual sound. Described as 'small children laughing'. Noted that it sounded as if there was more than one child.

0823: The motion-sensitive cameras are activated simultaneously. Nothing of note except fog. Children's laughter continues off and on, several minutes between it being heard.

0852: First camera on north-eastern edge of the perimeter captures footage of Slender Man. Appears to be looking directly at the camera.

0900: Second and third cameras both capture video of Slender Man. Second camera is in the south-west area. Third in the north-west edge. Both recorded images nearly simultaneously.

0925: All recording equipment are disabled. Repeated attempts at contact fail.

1000: Recovery teams discover the corpses of the first task force. Major Thompson found alive underneath a fallen pile of sandbags.

Date: Nov 15th, 2007

Sender: Maj. Tomas C. Witmoore

To: Col. Steven Bitman

Sub: Ongoing S. Man Investigation

I apologize for not sending you a response sooner. I have been informed that my visit to the doctor about my recent insomnia has been sent to you. Sir, dealing with the aftermath of the last attempt to analyze the Slender Man has been very difficult. Though the scientists say the video and sound that was recorded is important, I do not find this to be very comforting over the fact that we lost over a dozen lives.

As to the question of what exactly was gained, I honestly cannot say. After many hours of studies, the exact nature of the Slender Man is still in question. Nothing has shown how it moves, or if it breathes, or what it exactly looks like, nor how it seems to be surrounded by fog when it appears. It has been suggested that it might be able to find fog banks. Some sort of defensive mechanism, perhaps. Personally, Sir, I do not believe it feels any need for a defensive mechanism.

More information will be sent after today's meeting.

Date: Nov. 29th , 2007

Sender: Maj. Tomas C. Witmoore

To: Col. Steven Bitman

Sub: Ongoing S. Man Investigation

Sir, I have recently visited Major Thompson. Our conversation follows. Note that he wrote down his responses.

Witmoore: Steven, thank you for seeing me. I was thinking you'd deny a visit again. I will make a deal with you. I will be completely honest with you if you ask me a question, if you will do the same with me.

Thompson: Yes.

Witmoore: The video on the cameras was recovered, but it cut off before the attack occurred. Can you tell me what happened?

Thompson: It came. It came to us.

Witmoore: It approached and attacked?

Thompson: It appeared. No movement. Never saw it move. It was in one place, then another place. No movement.

Witmoore: Did it have any weapons? The bodies of the soldiers showed no marks that would resemble that of a knife or wounds of a gun.

Thompson: It came and they died as it did. They couldn't fire at it.

Witmoore: Did it touch them?

Thompson: I don't know. I heard them fall down. Heard them die. The rattle of their breath.

Witmoore: Did it leave once they all died?

Thompson: No. It drew a line on their bodies, and they opened.

Witmoore: What do you mean opened? It removed their vests?

Thompson: Like a flower. Like a door. It drew a line down, and they opened. It watched as they opened, and began to work.

At this point, he refused to answer any more questions, and I left shortly after.

OFFICIAL REPORT

12:09 AM, AUGUST 23, **REDACTED** :

911 call received from Mr. [**REDACTED** of **REDACTED** Parish. Caller stated that he was concerned for the safety of his nearest neighbor (Mr. **REDACTED**). Caller states that he had been awoken at midnight by the sounds of some commotion, a dog barking loudly and furiously followed by shouting, a single gunshot, horrible screaming, and finally silence. Caller informs 911 operator that the home of Mr **REDACTED** is "*a few hundred yards away*" from his own, and thought it odd that the sounds had traveled so far through the woods. 911 operator dispatched officers to the scene.

12:48 AM AUGUST 23:

Officers arrive at the residence on Mr. **REDACTED** to discover the an area of the outer wall of the residence ripped away, leaving a gaping hole (approximately 15-foot wide by 10 feet high) where the entry door had been. Debris spread from the tearing down of the wall was spread both inside and outside the residence, in an area approximately 20 feet in every direction from the hole. Unable to determine whether the wall had been knocked down from inside or outside the home, one officer on the scene reportedly said the wall looks to have simply exploded from within. Signs of a struggle were evident in the upstairs bedroom. Some furniture had been knocked over and the mattress "*looked like someone went slash-happy with a sword*", in the words of one responder. A shotgun with one spent shell was on the floor, but officers were unable to locate any buckshot scoring of the walls or other objects in the room, and the window glass was unbroken.

Officers Were unable to locate any sign of Mr. **REDACTED** . Small traces of blood were found in the adjacent bathroom sink but this is not likely a result of this event, as an adjustable shaving razor was also in the sink.

Though the caller had reported hearing a dog barking and officers did find a bag of dog food and water/food dishes on the floor in the kitchen, the dog was nowhere to be found.

Though many photographs were taken, the data got corrupted somehow, and only one photo was usable.

February 8th, 2009

It's gotten colder again. Not that the temperature seems to change anything when it comes to my dreams.

I thought that maybe getting out for awhile would help. It's Valentine's Day soon and my wife and I want to go on some sort of date. I think my brother-in-law is going to watch our son for us. Maybe going out somewhere with my wife will make me stop thinking about hurting her.

Speaking of my brother-in-law, James, we went out the other day to some woods up in Marin County. Some open area a friend of his told him about. It was nice, if a little chilly. I snapped a few pictures (I really need to use my camera more) but nothing I really liked. But I saw something in one of them.



I'm not sure what to make of it, but I feel like I've seen it before.

This entry is going to have to be short, though. It's late and I need to get back to sleep. The only reason I got up was because I was tired of the trees tapping on our bedroom window.

Alta-Photo-Kidnapping

received: May 18, 2009 at 11:15 AM

INDEX: Police, Search

Search for missing Edmonton photographer widens

EDMONTON, Alta. - The RCMP is being called in to help with the ongoing investigation into the apparent kidnapping of an Edmonton photographer.

On May 5, the Edmonton Police Service received a call from a concerned neighbour, reporting strange noises coming from the home of Abigail Tuscone, 26. Officers attended the scene to discover signs of a struggle, but no sign of the young woman. Subsequent investigation led police to declare the situation a kidnapping.

According to friends and family of Tuscone, the professional photographer had recently been concerned that she was being stalked by an unknown man. This had included a report filed with police a week before her disappearance.

With few local leads, the EPS is now getting assistance from the Mounties, who intend to widen the search area through Alberta. Both organizations are still hopeful that Tuscone will be found alive.

Abigail Tuscone is described as Caucasian, 5'6" and 168 lbs., with brown hair and green eyes.

Based on Tuscone's description and a photograph found in her home, her alleged kidnapper is believed to be a Caucasian male, bald, standing 6 feet or higher. He was last seen wearing a black suit and tie.

Police and RCMP are looking for any information or tips from the public about Tuscone and her apparent kidnapper. You can contact your local RCMP detachment, EPS or Crime Stoppers at 1-800-222-TIPS.(CTV Edm)(The Canadian Press)

-pic missing-

July 13th, 1988

The body of Hilary Foster, age 32, was found high in the branches of a tree in an Oregon state park near Monmouth. Her body was described as "twisted". Hilary's camera, found hanging around her neck, contained the above picture. It was the last taken before her death. According to her husband, Hilary took their daughter Stephanie and two friends to the state park for an afternoon of fun on the river. The three girls: Stephanie Foster, Jill Baker, and Amanda Harwood are still missing.

About two or three years ago, a film school friend of mine, Alex, was working on his first "feature length" movie. It was called *Marble Hornets* and I think it was about a twenty something returning to his childhood home and recalling events that happened there. It was pretty pretentious film student fare, but I helped out for a few days before my summer classes started, and a few rare occasions after that. Everyone on the set seemed pretty excited to be making it, especially Alex. The set itself was about half a mile away from Alex's house, roughly a thirty minute drive away from where I lived at the time. It was a pretty heavily wooded area, I guess to give it a sparsely populated small town feel. Most of the movie took place outside.

After about two months of off and on shooting, Alex dropped his pet project completely. It was really sudden when he let me know about it. When I asked him why, he told me it was because of the "unworkable conditions" of where he had picked to shoot. Which struck me as very odd since he had been living around that area since he was eight, and never seemed to have a problem with it. What's even stranger is that he acted incredibly distant when telling me this news. Soon after, he started avoiding me and from what I hear, everyone else. All he did was sit around his house.

Being a film student as well, I hated to see his work go to waste and decided to talk to him about it a bit more. A few weeks after he had stopped shooting, I finally convinced him to let me come over.

Something about him was worse than I'd originally thought. He had lost a good bit of weight, and looked pretty sickly. I pretended like I didn't notice and we just hung out for awhile. Right before I left, I asked him about *Marble Hornets* and what he was planning on doing with all of his tapes of raw footage. With almost no hesitation, he simply said "burn them".

This caught me off guard. When I asked why he didn't just archive them for B-roll in future projects, he just said he never wanted to work with the footage again. He was completely serious about this. I couldn't understand why he'd just want to get rid of it completely. Surely it wasn't all that useless. So I asked if I could take a look at them.

He agreed, but only under the circumstance that I never bring them back to him, and never discuss what was on them with him. He also highly discouraged me from showing any if it to anyone else. I laughed at this, and said that he must have accidentally made *The Ring* or something with the way he was talking. He didn't acknowledge this and brought me up to his attic, where he was storing the pile of tapes.

There were tons of them. He grabbed a couple of plastic shopping bags and piled the tapes in and gave them to me, then shooed me out of the attic. Right as I was walking out the door, he said, in the most serious tone I've ever heard from someone, "I'm not kidding, don't ever bring this up around me again."

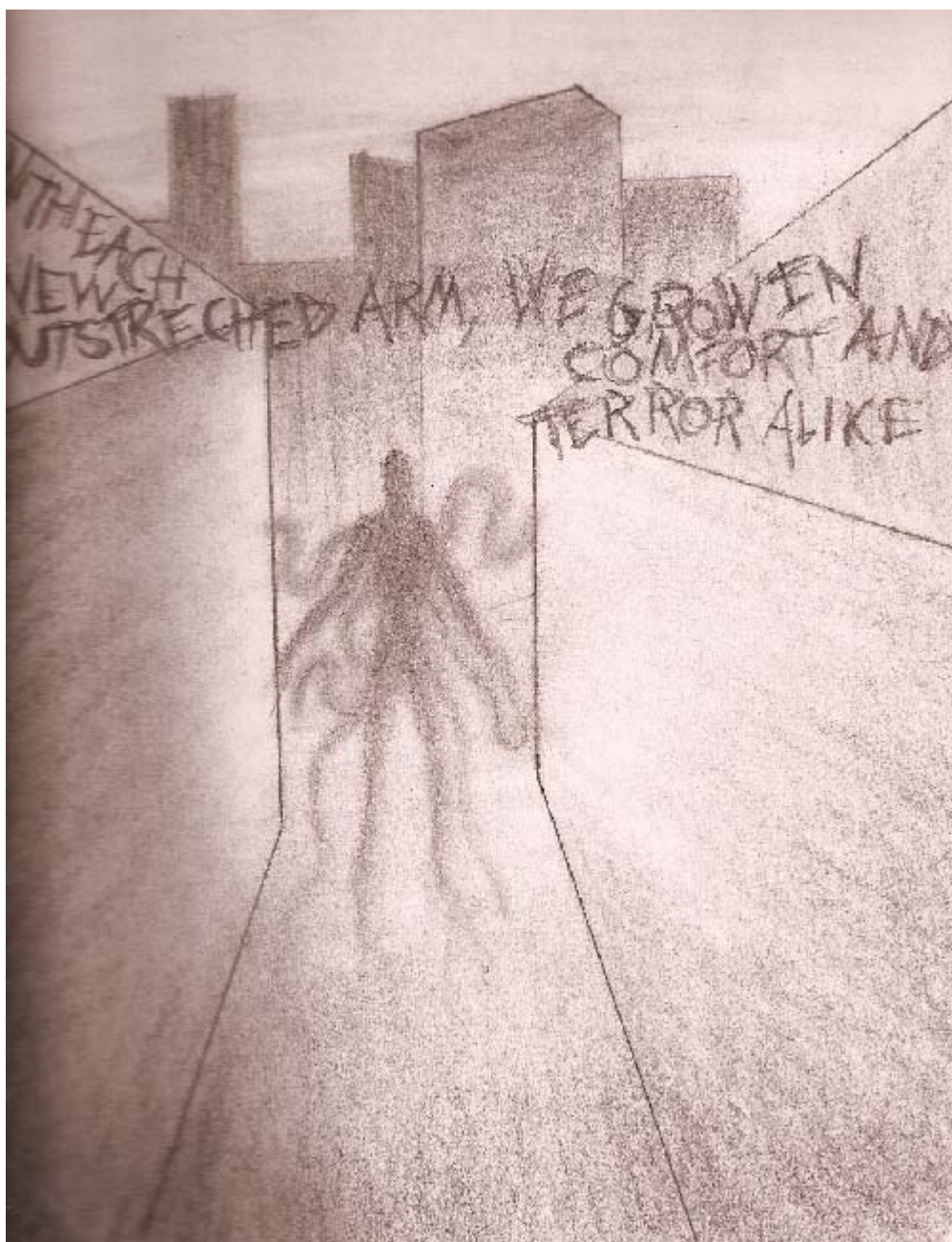
Alex's comment was so sudden that I didn't have time to react before he had closed the door on me. He transferred to an out of state school soon after that and I haven't seen him since.

I filed the tapes separately from my others, and was honestly too freaked out to look at them at the time, and eventually forgot about them. But reading about the slender man has peaked my interest again. Maybe it's what Alex was talking about that day.

I've decided to begin going through the tapes later tonight. If I don't do it now, I probably never will. I'm hoping all I find is an unfinished student film and nothing else. That would sure put me at ease now that I'm thinking about it again.

If there's interest, I'll post anything that I find on here.

unable to properly describe what happened, i was submitted to solitary psychiatric observation. I don't really remember what happened for most of the time I was there either, but i remember more questions. When i was released, i did my best to forget the whole thing, but I just couldn't. Then, three years later, a man arrived at my door. He said he had been a worker at my psych unit, and needed to see me. He had present at all of my "sessions," and that he had kept something that was mine. It was supposed to have been confiscated at the end of my evaluation with my other drawings in the file, but he said he knew he needed to save this for me, so that I would know for certain what happened. Without another word, he let himself out, and left me staring at that paper for hours. The next day, he was found dead in his apartment. The death was never investigated. I still don't know if it was a coverup, or if "it" came for him. But I am sure that I cannot sleep or will not wake up. I cannot leave. i can hear the waiting noises just outside. All i can do is wait, and return to this damned drawing, and wonder...



DATE: FEBRUARY 19TH, 1995
RECORDED WITNESS HEARING

1ST OFFICER: This is Officer Ian Tennisson, the time is.. 00.17 February 19th. Recording of witness.. Oliver Hodgeson.. Regarding (pause) circumstances occurring earlier. Oliver.. Will you corporate and answer my questions?

HODGESON: (murmurs) Yes.

TENNISSON: Describe what happened leading up to the events.

HODGESON: I was driving home from work. The radio began to (pause) flicker and all I could hear was static (pause) over the static I heard (heavy breathing, unintelligible)

TENNISSON: Sobbing?

HODGESON: Yes (pause) I began feeling uncomfortable (unintelligible) skin crawling. I called home..

TENNISSON: Why?

HODGESON: I (stutters) I couldn't tell you. I got a feeling..

TENNISSON: Your call home was recorded. Now playing Item 3C for the recording..

(silence)

(eventually)TENNISSON: How far were you from home after this call?

(silence)

TENNISSON: How fa(interrupted)

HODGESON: (panicked breathing) 5 minutes..

TENNISSON: And you drove straight home. What happened on arrival?

HODGESON: I saw(pause) I saw..

(unintelligible)

HODGESON: I.. Can't(breathing picks up pace, chair scuffling, loud crash)
ABRUPT END OF RECORDING.



RECORDING OF A SEANCE BELIEVED TO BE RECORDED IN 1937

IN ATTENDANCE ARE MADAM JESSICA DE VILLE (SPIRIT MEDIUM) ALISTER MARKEM, CLAUDIA MARKEM (ALISTOR'S WIFE), FREDERICK VON HYDE (GERMAN PARANORMAL RESEARCHER), AND DAN MICHELLES (RECORDING ENGINEER)

[First sound of some small talk]

DE VILLE: (softly tapping a glass) Everything is ready. Please gather around the table and join hands.

[sound of some chair being moved around and then a low humming sound from DE VILLE]

DE VILLE: Oh spirits of the other world. I call for you to hear me... call for you to help me and my guest find answers... oh spirits... Those of you who have joined hands please let the spirits know who you are.

ALISTER: (clears throat) A...Alister Markem

CLAUDIA: Claudia Markem

VON HYDE: Frederick von Hyde

MICHELLES: (nervous) Me too? Dan Michelles.

DE VILLE: Spirits, hear me... Two of us are looking for answers... looking for hope... looking for a missing child... please spirits... help us fi....

[A coughing, gasping sound comes from DE VILLE. Worried mummers coming from the others]

VON HYDE: (worried tone to his voice) Jessica... Jessica speak to us, are you alright?

[Chocking gasping sounds get louder]

UNKNOWN CHILD LIKE VOICE: Go away... go away...

CLAUDIA: (upset) T...that's Maggie.... Maggie where are you?

MICHELLES: Where is the voice coming from?

CHILD VOICE: Too late... too late... he is coming... too late....

ALISTER: Who is coming? Please Maggie tell us where you are!

VON HYDE: Dear god... Jessica!

[Sound of Claudia screaming, sound of chairs being pushed over]

MICHELLES: I will call for help

CHILD VOICE: (slowly doing deeper) He comes... for he will hear you... for he will know...

VON HYDE: Breath Jessica!

ALISTER: Wa... whats that around her neck?

CLAUDIA: Maggie... where are you? Please tell us

[A loud pitch noise, suddenly what sounds like a large number of children's voice can be heard in all different languages yelling and screaming]

[Sound of glass and furniture breaking]

ALISTER: W...what is holding her up in the air?

VON HYDE: [translated from German] My god... its the tall man... you... you can't be real...

MICHELLES: [Yelling from what sounds like another room] The phone... its dead...

ALISTER: [screaming] What are you!

VON HYDE: [yelling in German, can not hear what he is yelling]

CLAUDIA: What have you done with Maggie?

MICHELLES: W...What is that?

ALISTER: P...put the gun down Frederick!

VON HYDE: [screaming in German]

[Sound of gun fire, sound of glass and wood breaking. For several moments there is screaming, then silence. After about 50 seconds there is a sound of wimpering]

CLAUDIA: W...will you show me where she is?

[Odd sound]

CLAUDIA: Okay...

[Record ends]





After reading through this thread I decided to throw my hat into the "Slender Man" ring and wrote a short story.

Patient Report by Dr. Stephen Way, Windsor Pines Psychiatric Hospital, February 1998

02/12/98

Patient #015296

Patient was admitted a week ago with complaints of a loud piercing scream. Claims it happens every night, starts as a low mutter and then builds to an ear-shattering scream. No one else seems to hear to this. Consulting medical history on what medication should be given.

02/15/98

Patient still complaining of screams but now they are accompanied by low laughter, a giggle, like from children. Around 2100 patient was heard fearfully yelling to be let out. He was sedated shortly after.

02/17/98

Other patients are now complaining of hearing the same scream. Security has been placed on hallway to

assure nothing suspicious is going on. Patient is now claiming that one of the trees outside is coming to get him.

02/18/98

Patient has been clawing at the walls and carved "I NEVER MEANT TO LIE" into the walls with his fingernails. When asked about what lie the patient is referring to he won't answer.

02/20/98

Security now claiming to hear the scream. The patient now says that one of the trees is a man come to kill him. When asked to describe this man he said "He is very tall... and lanky. H-he wears a business suit, black with a white shirt and black tie. His skin is ash grey and his eyes, his terrible, TERRIBLE eyes.. th-they don't exist. Horrifying white orbs. He also has tendrils coming from his back and he-he-he's COMING TO GET ME OH GOD PLEASE FORGIVE ME!" The patient was once again sedated shortly afterward.

02/21/98

Patient #137601 has gone missing, though there was no visible damage done to the room and the door remained locked. #015296 claims the "Slender Man" as he has come to call this mysterious being, took him away.

02/28/98

Patient has been quiet for about a week now, no major disturbances since #137601 went missing.

03/01/98

click

"The hallway has gone completely black with a few flickering lights and I am now hearing the same muttering the patient first complained about. Maybe he isn't crazy. As I walk down the hallway I notice one of the guards slumped on the floor. Upon closer investigation.. my god. H-his chest cavity has been ripped open displaying his organs. There's a blood streak on the wall from where he must've slid down. I am now arriving at #015296 room. The door is wide open and he's not in here. I am now exiting his room and continuing down the hallway. Peering into the other patients room they-"

sound of vomiting is heard on the tape

"Oh god.. from what I can tell they've all been impaled on tree branches in the exact same spot with exposed chest cavities. Blood is covering the walls of the rooms and hallways. This.. this is horrible. And now the muttering is getting louder and louder."

tape goes silent for a few minutes

"I can hear whimpering coming from the down the hall way, it must be #015296."

silence except faint whimpering and footsteps

"I've found the patient, huddled in the corner of the hallway crying softly. He keeps muttering "I never meant to lie" over and over again. I am now hearing the piercing scream the patient initially complained

about and... No. Nononono.. it can't be true." "AAAHHHHHH"

"Th-the patient is being lifted into the air by what look to be tentacles and.."

yells can be heard on the tape for several minutes and then silence

Patient Report by Dr. Ken McCollough, Springhill Medical Hospital Psychiatric Ward, March 1998

03/05/98

Patient was admitted two days ago after being found in Windsor Pines Psychiatric Hospital surrounded by blood and corpses of patients and staff. Claims everyone was killed by a "Slender Man." Further investigation is pending.

Cop: So let's go over this again, *****. You say you were having a party in the Assistens graveyard.

Tias: We broke in after dark, man, fuck it. I was always told not to mess with the dead and that they had eerie powers, but we never suspected.. *static*

Cop: But you were there?

Tias: Yes. We had wine, Morgan did her thing where she burned a black candle and killed a chicken. Said it would bring us good luck and one up on our enemies in the year to come.

Cop: And then one of you killed her?

Tias: No!

Cop: *****, calm down. She's dead, you know. We're here to find out how.

Tias: I told you what happened.

Cop: You expect us to believe a monster killed her?

Tias: *static*

Cop: Okay, try to explain what happened.

Tias: Well, it was fucking cold, and really dark at that point. Some of the girls wanted to drop their clothes, but it wasn't happening in Danish whether, right? *weak laugh* That's when it got darker.

Cop: Darker?

Tias: Like the trees went from dark to black, man. Suddenly I could see a lot less.

Cop: You were drunk.

Tias: No! Well, some. But I know what I saw.

Cop: What did you see?

Tias: The shadows came alive. Some of them moved when they shouldn't. Like our fire was a lot bigger or something. But there was a big shadow that came for us.

Cop: Like a person?

Tias: That was not a person. It was nearly the height of two men - but it was alive.

Cop: So a very tall person.

Tias: I don't know.

Cop: Go on.

Tias: *clears throat, sobs* It had long arms and legs, but they didn't look like limbs. More like thick ropes of

shadow, twisting and.. *sounds of crying*

Cop: Calm down.

(10 minute wait)

Cop: You ready?

Tias: Sure, why not.

Cop: I'd be bitter too. Do you want to change your explanation?

Tias: No. The thing had something like.. black knives or something. Skewered Morgan.

Cop: I'm afraid that won't fly in a court.

Tias: Listen, don't you have an autopsy report or something? We didn't have any knives.

Cop: Except for you.

Tias: Yes but.. *cries* I didn't use it. There was no blood on it when you arrested me, was there?

Cop: There was blood on you.

Tias: Because I was close to Morgan when it killed her. Ask anyone! Ask your technicians!

Cop: That's quite enough, *****. I think we'll stop here.



So basically, Slender Man operates on what seems to be a sort metaphysical territoriality. If more you are aware of it, the more it is aware of you. By raising everyone's perceptions at a base level, you could possibly raise a sort of interference. That would require a spread of Slender Man, Or Slender Man like, media.

SECRET

Massive tree, previously not witnessed to be crushed; was now lying across the beach, several branches floated in the surfline. S. Man momentarily reappears, gives an ear-piercing scream and vanishes. Sign-off at 19:50 [REDACTED]

The loss of facility 0003 at [REDACTED] was not a wholly unexpected, and bore similar characteristics to the partial compromise of 0005 earlier last year. Unlike 0005, 0003 is a complete loss and [REDACTED] along with her full test team and personal are missing.

Project head [REDACTED] at 0001 in [REDACTED] has decided to suspend all normal operations at 0002 and 0004-0028 following elimination of all human [REDACTED] at each facility. Subject 1 to remain in standby until further notice.

0001 in tandem with Main Hall and Circulatory Roots will begin dissemination of KEY and KAGI to prearranged social intersections along with the LOSUNG. With the so-called "Web 2.0" [REDACTED]

quantum biologists feel that this will raise our herd mental resistance of [REDACTED] by raising the collective consciousness of Social Alpha and [REDACTED]

Propagation to increase incident rate by [REDACTED] percent. Expected casualties to in the range of [REDACTED] but [REDACTED] is our acceptable upper limit.

CLASSIFIED
SECRET





RE: Thin Man

Julie, I have included the relevant section of Dr. Thompson's thesis. Let me know if you need anything else. Would you also please convey my concern to his family and the history department over there at Cambridge? I'm sure he'll turn up in a few days.

All best,
JT
Atlantic Historical Review
June 1998
Vol 22
Issue 6

"The Diffusion of Gallic Archetypes into Roman Society "
By Bernard Thompson

...One such example of these Gallic "monster" tales can be seen in a correspondence dating back to the first century B.C.E.

G. Polonius, a Roman citizen serving under Julius Caesar, writes back to his wife in Rome detailing what seems to be a reconnaissance mission gone horribly wrong. It is unclear as to what extent Polonius' account represents truth. However, my assertion is that Polonius murdered his friend for a personal reason, and this story is Polonius' creative way of justifying it to himself and to others. In any case, it is a perfect example of the aforementioned effect that prolonged exposure to Gaul had on Romans. Following is the extant letter in its entirety. Translation is my own.

“Gaia, I write to you under significant stress. Our friend Lucius has died in the most horrible manner. We were sent into these accursed woods to ensure against a Gallic ambush. But I swear to Jupiter—a Gallic raid would have been welcome compared to HIM.

As I was hacking away at branches, Lucius stopped in his tracks. He was staring at something. I asked him if it was a Gaul. No reply. He was transfixed. I could not get him to make eye contact with me. But then I saw it too. It was some sort of a man, very tall and skinnier than anyone I had ever seen. He was beckoning to us, and for some reason Lucius obeyed. I told him we should just kill the man and follow Caesar’s orders, but he wouldn’t listen. He didn’t hear me anymore. He was walking towards the man quite quickly, and with an unsteady gait.

Right as I was about to follow Lucius, I saw them. The man had appendages protruding from his body, like some sort of a sea creature. And something about them was dreadful enough to make me stay back. It was a good thing I did, because as soon as Lucius reached the man, he was slowly disemboweled. The man did not seem to have any emotion as he disemboweled Lucius, which frightened me even more. Then, as if the disembowelment wasn’t enough, he picked Lucius up into the air and impaled him on a tree. And then he started walking towards me. I couldn’t move.

When he finally reached me, I wanted to die. Looking at him was making every part of my brain drunk with horror. I managed to ask him why he was doing this to us. He responded in a very quiet voice “because you thought about me”.

The next thing I remember is stumbling out of the forest with blood all over me. Gaia, they’re saying I killed Lucius. And Gaia, there’s something else. I know he’s been in the room while I’m asleep. I just want to die. I just want to die.

I dreamt of the Slender Man, but it wasn't caused by this thread.

It happened years ago, when I was a wee child, living with my parents. In that dream, I was getting something to drink from the fridge, I turned around and saw a creepy man that did not seem quite normal in the backyard. He would have been at least 8 feet tall according to what I was seeing. He turned around, I tried to scream but couldn't. I then dropped the bottle I held. I woke up at that point.

I was around 7 or 8. It was one of the creepiest nightmares I have ever had. In fact for the following years, I became extremely scared in the dark.

The Slender Man is real, it has existed forever in the back of your minds. You see it in the corner of your eyes, you might be on the third floor like I am, but you know that if you turn around, if you look through the window, he will be there. He's been watching, to him, you are already a victim. He's just waiting for the moment you realize it is unavoidable.

All of this Slender Man discussion got me interested. My friend Uli is a German Administrator of Wikileaks. They get thousands of submissions per week, and they can't possibly verify the ones that aren't groundbreaking, so they get shelved unless evidence is uncovered verifying the integrity of the documents.

I called Uli last night and asked him if he had gotten anything regarding Slender Man. He looked through the archives, and found a memo that was sent to him last year. The source said it was found in a dumpster in Modesto.

A bit of it seems to be missing, and it's pretty crumpled. This only took Uli about 30 minutes to find; I have to think there are more of these floating around. He said he'd keep looking.



Every night I take my dog out back to do his business and I freaked myself out pretty bad staring at the trees to make sure they were really trees and not something else.

I went a few days without worrying about Slender Man, but last night I swear he was in my room. I live on the second floor and I have two windows on both the north and south side of my room. Last night there was a storm and I kept seeing what looked like tree branch shadows on my window, but my house is not close enough to any trees to get tree branch on window action.

There was no logical way that tree branches could be waving outside my bedroom window. As I lay in my bed staring at the window the shadows looked more and more like tentacles. I was terrified. More terrified than I have been in years. I was frozen in my sheet and felt tingling in my legs as my fight or flight instinct kicked in, but I knew I couldn't move. If I moved he'd know I was awake.

I couldn't see the shadows anymore and I had almost convinced myself to roll over and turn on the light despite the cold, paranoid someone-looking-at-me feeling all over my back and neck and head. Then I heard clicking. fucking clicking on the other side of my room. He was there, tapping on my window or maybe in my room, tapping on the desk.

What I hope to god was wind from my fan or window unit moved my hair. It moved slightly and slowly until a lock fell to cover my wide-opened eyes. He didn't want me to see him. He doesn't like to be looked at.

I don't know how long he was there, but he left eventually because I was able to sit up and look around my room. I turned on the light and the tv and eventually fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Goddammit, goddammit, I've read about Tulpas and thoughtforms and I've tried not to think about him and shadow people and the messed up pictures in my dining room and then he's in my fucking room. I come up the stairs at night and turn on my lamp and in the flicker of light before the bulb turns on completely I know he'll be there. Just for a moment. He's there.

Search for missing family continues

by Martin Phillips - 8/19/77

The search continues for a missing family who vanished from their campsite in the Ozark National Forest two weeks ago. According to neighbors, Martin and Virginia Daniels, along with their children John and Jolene, left their home in Little Rock early on Saturday, Aug. 6, in their van packed with camping equipment. One of Mr. Daniels's co-workers told police the family was going on their annual summer vacation to the National Forest, and had planned to spend four nights before returning late on the next Wednesday. When Mr. Daniels failed to return to work on Aug. 15, the police were sent to investigate, but found an empty house.

In the course of the investigation, police determined where the family had camped, and discovered the site with all the equipment still there, along with the family's van. Both U.S. Forest Service rangers and State Police reported no signs of a struggle, with one ranger stating it was "like they just up and flew away." Rangers, police, and volunteers soon formed search teams, but after two weeks of air and land searches, hope is fading of finding the Daniels family alive.

Police sources have reported that a camera was found with several pictures taken, and they are being developed.

Missing family case takes strange turn

by Martin Phillips - 9/4/77

The case of the missing Daniels family has taken a strange turn, according to police sources. {recap of case removed}

According to sources with the State Police, shortly after getting the photos from the Daniels's camera developed, agents from the FBI arrived and took over the case. The State Police have been "shut out of the whole thing," according to one source. Neither the FBI nor official State Police spokesmen returned our calls for comment.

However, we have received the photo accompanying this article anonymously, which included a note stating it is from the film in the Daniels's camera, found at their campsite in the National Forest. According to the note, it was taken by a man from a nearby campsite, who appeared in two other photos. Friends and neighbors of the Daniels family have confirmed the picture is of them, and the note says the man is being sought as a possible witness.

Witness to family disappearance reported missing

by Martin Phillips - 9/12/77

Days after a possible witness to the vanishing of the Daniels family was interviewed by the FBI, he has been reported missing by his girlfriend. Cheryl Adams told Russellville police on Sept. 9 that her boyfriend, Travis Grady, hadn't come home from work the night before. Police found his car the next day in Atkins, with a dead battery and out of gas, but Mr. Grady still has not been found.

{recap of case removed}

According to Ms. Adams, after seeing the picture of the Daniels family published in the Gazette, Mr. Grady told her that he had seen the family the day they arrived, but hadn't seen anything unusual before he left a few hours later. He admitted to taking the picture, and Ms. Adams convinced him to talk to the police. After calling the Russellville police, two officers arrived and took a statement. The next day, two FBI agents arrived and interviewed Mr. Grady for several hours, according to Ms. Adams, who says she was forced to leave during the interview.

Police are still looking for Travis Grady.

Over three years later, bodies of missing family, witness found

by Harry Mason - 2/8/81

Nearly three and a half years after their disappearance from a campsite in the Ozark National Forest, the bodies of Michael and Virginia Daniels, as well as possible witness Travis Grady, have been found over 1,000 miles away in the Yellowstone National Park. {recap of case removed}

According to a witness who found the bodies, they were impaled through the chest on branches near the tops of trees, and appeared to have been cut open down the front of the torso. The witness also stated that what looked like organs were found sealed in plastic at the base of each tree. "The weirdest thing was that they looked fresh, like they'd just died a few days ago," he said. "How in the name of God they got up there, I'll never know," he added.

Neither the US Park Service nor the FBI would confirm these reports, other than to say the bodies had been recovered and sent for autopsy. The Daniels children, John and Jolene, were not found with their parents or anywhere nearby, according to sources with the FBI, and are still considered missing.

For my thesis I have been given access to a pretty big photography archive. My subject is to do with riots, so I've been looking at thousands of these photos for the last few weeks. Here are a few that stuck out a little, I'll leave you to judge for yourself:

Munich, 1976:



Jerusalem, 1982:



Ukraine, 1992:



The last one is perhaps the most interesting but unfortunately that's the highest quality version available.

Each of these instances were noted as having fog roll in unexpectedly during the course of the riot, which combined with tear gas being used by police, leaving many areas with virtually no visibility. In the Ukraine the fog only lasted for two hours, a north easterly wind causing it to clear rather suddenly. Several deaths and missing persons at each event were blamed on the police but few if any charges were filed.

Folks 'round here tend to be a superstitious lot. Strange happenin's 'round these parts don't help matters much.

The swamps are dangerous, even to those familiar with the local landscape. Lotsa the older folk who've lived 'round here for their whole lives will swear the swamps are haunted.

Me? I don't believe it. Tales of hauntins' and such are nonsense. I chalk it up to the older folks bein' from a simpler time, more prone to believin' in magic an' stuff.

There's a powerful long history of folks believin' in things that ain't real. The Algonquians and other tribes had their stories of the Wendigo, a tall, gaunt creature who ate people. Insatiable, growin' taller and gettin' hungrier with each meal.

I've heard tales that Jack Fiddler (*called "Mesnawetheno" in Swampy Cree, meanin' "Stylish man"*) once killed a wendigo, but I don't believe it. He killed someone, to be sure, but there ain't no such thing as wendigos.

Fables of the Roux-Ga-Roux are told from time to time. Simpletons insist it's real, but can't even agree on what it is. Some say it's a blood-sucker, others say it's a werewolf. I say it's rubbish. Mostly just the product of overactive imaginin's and similar foolishness.

I've even heard tell of a giant spider that rises from the depths and drags victims to the bottom. I say it's just a rottin' tree stump. The roots resemble spidery legs. The gasses from the rot float it up to the surface, then it sinks again. Sure, you could get drowned in the bog if you somehow got stuck on it, but that don't mean it's a monster.

Still, the swamps don't need any ridiculous stories of supernatural hauntin's to be dangerous. Lotsa venomous snakes and spiders out there. Poisonous gasses from rot. Gators can ruin your day pretty quick-like. There ain't no need to be makin' stuff up when there's enough real things to be scared of.

There's simple enough explanations without belivin' in magic and monsters.



See that? Just a tree. Yeah, it's a funny-lookin' tree, but that's all it is. No need for stories 'bout tree-monsters or somesuch.

One good rule I like to follow is "if there's water, there's gators". Every year durin' gator matin' season, people are all up on the TV news channels cryin' 'bout their dog that got ate 'cause they were stupid and let it go play in the swamp. People whinin' an' cryin', sayin' there shoulda been signs warnin' 'em 'bout gators. I say there ain't no need for signs. It's a swamp. If there's water, there's gators. Simple as that. City folk should be smarter'n to go traipsin' around in the swamp gettin' their pets ate.



See that? It's water. You wanna go snorkel in it, be my guest. I ain't gonna pretend no sympathy when you learn about your place in the food chain. Even if the gators or snakes don't get ya, you'll likely lose some blood to the leeches.

Me? I don't go in the water. I'm smarter'n that. Not that I'm scared of monsters or anythin'. Yer welcome to venture into the swamps as far as ya want, but I don't rightly recommend it. 'Specially if you don't know the area. All sortsa hazards abound, and folks do go missin' from time to time.

Prob'ly just gators though. Yeah, just gators. That's what I tell myself. Helps me sleep.



(A journal entry. Written around a taped-in photograph later removed.)

10/7/88

Thought: Why always in photo b/g?

Conj.: Nobody looks for him. Always accidental. Coincidence.

--SOLVED(?)--

Found three photos from S.M. hunters. One was usual b/g appearance. Rest no good, were supposed to be dead-on photos of the guy. Recovered photos ruined. Definitely not overexposure. Likely innate quality of S.M., only found after photography developed*. People can draw him without pictures going bad, problem being most people don't get a good look at him. Or get a very good look at him and are killed/go crazy. Lose/lose situation for us.

(Other side of paper.)

*Maybe developed this reflexively, when photos first invented. Or when first taken picture of. Or maybe he just can't be photographed because we don't have the tools to catch what he is on film in full detail.

Why show up at all? Bad luck for photographers? Idea: drawn to the flash, not too likely given daytime spottings but possible for night. (Leads to question, why photographers period? More later.)

-no pic-

The photograph above, reputed to have been taken by S. M. Prokudin-Gorsky circa 1902 is the only visual record of what has come to be known as the Pillaging of Pid'ma. Sometime during the early afternoon on the 1st of July 1902 unknown assailants moved swiftly through the Russian village, killing and dismembering men, women, children and the village's livestock. The remains of the deceased were later found co-mingled with those of their animals in the dying embers of a large bonfire lit in the centre of the village. Nothing was taken from any of the residences in the village, nor was the nearby Church of the Transfiguration desecrated. In several dwellings food set up to be eaten for midday meal was left untouched. The motive for the attack is unknown to this day and no group has ever come forward to claim responsibility.

The photographer and his party were none the wiser when they took this sequence of slides, assuming the black-clad figures on the right of the picture to be farmhands returning to the fields after their midday meal.

I'm an amateur folklorist, so I had a few source books lying around. It took me a while, but I finally found something in W.K. McNeil's **Ghost Stories of the American South**. Most of the tales collected are transcripts of recordings other folklorists made, but McNeil compiles them and offers notes. A really handy book. So anyway, this particular story appears in the book's seventh section, "Other Supernatural Creatures."

"Well, I'll you, when I was younger, a cousin of mine came to live with us. He was older than me and my sisters -- maybe sixteen or seventeen -- and we was the only folks he had left in the world, really. And he was the awfulest liar you'd ever know, anything he'd tell you was a lie, almost. I liked him all right. We slept in a loft during the summer because it was cooler up there, me and him, and in the winters we slept on the floor closer to the stove. My sisters had their own room.

So one night my cousin wakes me up by punching me in the shoulder, and it's summer so we're up in the loft, and my first thought when he wakes me up is to just push him out, because I'm not happy at being waked up, you know? But before I can say anything he puts his hand over my mouth and even though it's dark I can hear that he's scared. "Listen," he says, and so I listen real careful. It's this scratching, like something on the roof, and the roof is right over our heads, mind you, 'cause we're in the loft. I was a trifle rattled, but I wasn't having none of it. "So?" I says to him. "It's just some raccoon or a cat."

"No," says John, "I heared it before I waked you up, it's like footsteps, like someone's walking up there." I wasn't taking no truck with that, I told you he was the awfulest liar. So I went back to sleep, but the next day my cousin tried to tell Pap about it, and Pap wasn't having no truck with it, either. But one night later on, while we was all having supper, Pap sent out my youngest sister to fetch water from the pump we had in the back. After a while we heared Lily scream, and it was Ma who got up first, and then Pap. The rest of us stayed at the table because we was like to get in trouble if Lily was hurt and we was there to gloat. Soon enough, though, we heared Pap and Ma shouting too, so me and John went out to see if they needed our help. All they had was the water pail Lily carried out, and there wasn't no other sign of her.

At first I didn't understand what was going on, with both Ma and Pap shouting, and by that time my other sisters come out and they started crying, and my cousin was just standing there in the yard looking off toward something. "It's the man walking yonder!" he yells, and he's pointing out across the field. No one's listening to him but me, and he keeps saying it: "It's the man walking yonder! It's the man walking yonder!"

You already know it was supertime, so you know the sun was setting and it was hard to see. But when I looked out over that field at the back of the house, the whole thing was lit up orange, and there was a row of big black trees that was the edge of the woods, you know? And I swear to you that I saw one of them trees *moving*, like a man walking away. But it couldn't have been a man, 'cause there ain't no man that tall and skinny.

Pap seen it, too, I think. He took us inside and locked all the doors, and he made us keep still while he got out his rifle. We waited like that all night, Ma crying the whole time. When the sun come up we took a wagon into town and told folks what happened, though as I recall nothing much came of it. John ran off a few weeks later, and we got a new house closer to the mill where Pap worked. I still can't manage to look at trees during sunset though, especially not on windy days when they all move back and forth, like a man walking away.

A Negro family moved into our old house. Their son got executed for murder, I hear."

Here are McNeil's notes on the story from the end of the book. He is assigning it motifs as outlined in Ernest W. Baughman's **Type and Motif-Index of the Folktales of England and North America**.

“Collected September, 1963, by Ezum Cathill from an un-named seventy-year-old white male in Berea, Kentucky. The informant obviously believes the events occurred and presents them as a personal experience. The opening makes it unclear whether or not the informant is using the story as a conversation piece (which would make its apparent melancholy less sincere) or if he is responding to a question posed by Cathill. Regardless, the informant is obviously skilled at telling stories, going so far as to incorporate limited characterization and dialogue.

From a purely narrative standpoint the tale still has issues: the informant and his cousin’s experience with sounds on the roof as well as the misfortune of the Negro family appear to have no connection with the central action of the story, yet the informant includes the details anyway, either as embellishment or because he believes there is a correlation. Similarly, the revenant is never fully explained, and the informant and his family seem to have no prior experience with such a creature which, given its sparse description, can hardly be classified. The lukewarm response of the other citizens upon hearing the story is perhaps indicative of the story’s strange rootlessness. In short, this tale appears to be a collection of unrelated if tragic events that occur for no discernible reason.

Only obvious motif is R10.3 “Children abducted.” Other relevant motifs may include E275 “Ghost haunts place of great accident or misfortune” and E402 “Mysterious ghostlike noises heard”; more tenuously, one might also apply D940 “Magic forests” or F990 “Inanimate objects act as living.”

Excerpt from the journal of Dorothy Birch(pt. 908-01)

April 12, 1923.

I suppose this is will be one of the last voluntary entries in my journal, even though Dr. Keating told me to write down everything that happened. But I'm going to tell the entire story, which is what I should have done in the first place; damn my pride.

It was a biting and windy fall day, I still remember the date. October 5, 1918. Lizzie and I were playing hide-and-go-peek amongst the trees on the land behind my uncle's farm. She was only twelve to my fifteen, so she got her way most all of the time. It was my turn to find her, as I had given in to her incessant begging. She loved to hide.

I hid my eyes in my hands and leaned into the sweet-smelling bark of a thick oak. I called out the numbers until I got to ...98...99...100...! and set off to find her.

Looking back, I should have noticed the signs immediately. The wind which had blown out of the east all day had ceased entirely and there were no sounds in the forest save for my own uncertain footsteps breaking the virgin, untouched carpet of dried and fallen leaves. I kept walking farther into the woods, occasionally calling out for Lizzie. I was not answered except for the greedy silence and the still trees all around. As I kept walking, the large and stout oaks gave way to thinner, taller trees.

It was then that I should have turned around, it was then that I should have run back to Uncle Ed's cabin. But I kept walking.

I stayed on my way, still calling out for my sister, a bit more panicked now, as I almost always found her within a few minutes of starting the search. The taller trees soon engulfed me and a slight mist began to drift through. Then, a sequence of events commenced that will be forever burned into my memory.

I suddenly heard a cry of my name, "*Dorothy~!*" in a high-pitched, breathy sort of call. It was unmistakably Lizzie. I began to run now, my breath coming in harsh gasps as the cold air stung my throat. The mist came in quicker now, and it was difficult to see. Then, I got the unexplainable urge to hide behind a thicker tree, which I quickly obeyed, looking into the fog in front of me for evidence of Lizzie.

I can't tell you how long I sat there, shivering behind the tree. Then, a very very tall figure appeared faintly in the fog. It appeared to be a man wearing a suit like Daddy's friends from the bank, but it also looked like he was wearing stilts too, like the clowns at the Fourth of July parade we saw. He seemed to be so tall that his head grazed the leaves. What really didn't make sense was his arms. Oh, his arms. They looked like several hoses left unattended and cranked up to full blast, but moving very slow. That's the best way I can describe it. This...man, I'll say, this man stood there in the fog for a good few minutes, his (arms?) waving very slow. I got this weird feeling from the tall man, like I was intruding upon something I was forbidden to see, namely his presence.

I got a strange feeling as I gazed upon him, as if I wasn't looking at him, he was looking at me. No, looking through me. Then I realized that his head didn't quite make sense, in a way. It looked like it was moving, like, like.....there was a swarm of bees where his face should have been. Kind of like he was in between places and his head had not caught up with his body yet. I was very scared at that point and all thoughts of Lizzie had vanished from my head.

Then, as quickly as he had appeared, the tall man was gone. He just faded away into the fog. It was then that

I heard a whimpering sound close to where he was standing. I walked forward, propelled not by my feet but something else. I can't remember much of this time, I can remember walking up to Lizzie, who was lying amongst the leaves, and then my hands closed on something hard and heavy and holding it above my head. Then there was blackness.

The next thing I remember is sitting in Uncle Ed's kitchen, surrounded by Daddy, Ma, Uncle Ed, and a policeman, they were asking me questions and looking at me like we look at the tigers at the zoo; like I was something dangerous. Apparently I had....killed Lizzie with a rock to her head. I don't remember any of the actual...act. I still have trouble thinking of it now, but that's why I'm at Sunnyhaven, I suppose. However, the tall man still visits me in my dreams. I hope that Dr. Keating can help me banish him forever.

(Fake edit: Holy shit guys, this Slender Man stuff is freaking me out. I hate being the only one awake. It's also pure genius though, I'm going to be planning many more projects.)

Begin Transcript/ June 23, 1923/ Patient 908-01

Dr. Keating: Hello, Dorothy, how are you?

Dorothy: Just fine, Doctor, and yourself?

Dr. Keating: Well, Dorothy, I'm a bit concerned, to tell you the truth.

Dorothy: Oh?

Dr. Keating: Yes. I found your journal entry, and there are some crucial details that you didn't disclose to the police or myself, particularly some of the details concerning the appearance of this, this...*(ruffles through patient's journal)* Sle-

Dorothy: DON'T SAY HIS NAME! PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU, DON'T SAY IT!

Dr. Keating: Shhh, it's okay-

Dorothy: NO IT'S NOT OKAY! SPEAK OF HIM AND HE WILL COME! PLEASE! DON'T!*(patient begins to sob uncontrollably; a female orderly comforts her)*

Dr. Keating: I won't say his name, Dorothy, I promise.

Dorothy: Promise?

Dr. Keating: I swear it.

Dorothy: Good.

Dr. Keating: Now, would you mind telling me a little bit about this...man?

Dorothy: I can't tell you, even though you asked so nicely.

Dr. Keating: And why ever not, dear Dorothy?

Dorothy: *(Silent, hesitant)* Because, well, *he* tells me not to say anything.

Dr. Keating: You mean, he speaks to you?

Dorothy: Not really. I can just tell. When he appears in my dreams, it's always in that forest behind Uncle Ed's farm. And he's...taller, like he's gained power or something. But he's just so menacing that I know if I say anything, he'll...he'll....*(Patient begins to weep quietly)*

Dr. Keating: Dorothy?

Dorothy: I want to...go back to my room now.

Dr. Keating: Very well. Miss Dunbury will escort you.

{mm - scribe}

End of transcript

My brother managed to grab this off his dash cam before his seargent took it. I guess my brother almost ran into this guy in the middle of the street, he was just standing there, didnt even flinch when the car almost hit him. Just stood there, looking at him. He said he got a good look of 'it'. I will never for get what my brother said, it was mostly how he said it, "It was like his skin stopped growing as a kid but his body never stopped. I could see all his flesh and shit around his eyes and his gums. It was stretched so tight... God...". After that he said he just threw it in reverse and never looked back.



In reading this thread, I'm struck by one behaviour of Der Ritter in particular, that of its impaling its victims in a tree, while removing and reinserting their internal organs. It's remarkably akin to the feeding habits of shrikes, also known as butcherbirds.

See, what a shrike will do is capture a smaller animal - anything from a cricket to a smaller bird or mouse - and kill it. Shrikes are songbirds, and their musculature is pretty lacking compared to a straight-up raptor like a hawk or owl, so their kill is messy and inefficient, consisting of many pecks and bites to the head and neck. This continues until the prey animal is either dead or too tired to fight. But that's not the worst part. The worst part is that as weak as their jaws are, their claws are weaker, and they wholly lack talons. They're built to perch. So, what a shrike will do, is it will take its prey to a thorny tree, or bush, or even barbed wire, and it will ram its prey down on a spike so that it won't move when the shrike tears it apart.

It's a songbird that's learned to kill, and it does so far more cruelly than any raptor.

Anyone ever hear the Slender Man sing?

e: Wikipedia on *Lanius excubitor*, the Great Gray Shrike: "This species will lure birds closer by mimicking their calls."

Some recently discovered hieroglyphs. Scientists say they are of no real significance.



Found in the Safety Deposit Box of the late Henry Louis Marshall (ex. Lieutenant):

To the Executor of my Will,

First and foremost, this is a confession. If I thought it would do any good, I'd tell you to distribute this somehow; give it to the news agencies or a local TV station. That won't do any good, however. Most likely it would only cause more deaths. So, for the sake of my soul, humor me by reading this account, and allowing a poor soul to unburden himself.

This whole story began in World War II. Most people who know me assume I never talk about that period of my life either because I'm ashamed of it, or because I don't want to remember the experience. Neither of these assumptions is true. What we did over there was difficult, but I'm damn proud to have served my country. And as far as the latter charge is concerned, the most horrific thing that happened over there had nothing to do with combat.

This brings me to my confession.

It all started in April 1945. The war was close to over. I was leading a patrol with four other soldiers into Black Forest, Germany. I don't remember the names of any of the rest of the patrol, and I can't help but think that I've blocked this out. If I can make these people seem less real, then I can make their deaths hurt less.

Things with the patrol deteriorated pretty quickly when we got lost. It was a nasty day. I don't remember seeing the sun the whole time I was in Germany. It was nothing but rain and fog, the smell of damp cloying in my nose. It was like Mother Earth knew we were at war and had gone into a depression. Or else she was just rebelling from us firebombing the ever-fucking shit out of her.

Anyway, the patrol I was in ended up walking around looking at the same moss-covered trees over and over again, while trying to puzzle our way over a soaking wet map and figure out how to use a compass. We were all cold and hungry, and we started to get on each other's nerves. Sometime near dusk, I got this strange feeling. I figured someone was tailing us, and indicated it as discretely as possible to the rest of my patrol.

I turned around suddenly, my rifle at the ready, and there was a man standing in a clearing off in the distance. He wasn't in a true clearing, though. He was standing in the middle of a scorched patch of earth where a bomber had dropped its payload.

The first thing that struck me about the man was that he was wearing a suit, like he was getting ready to go out for a night on the town. It seemed like he hadn't got the memo that we were in the middle of a fucking war.

The second thing that struck me was that he wasn't right. He was impossibly tall. It was difficult to tell his exact height, but as near as I could discern he was right near 8 feet tall. His arms and legs, even his whole body, looked like it had been stretched. He looked like he had no bones in him, and there was a stillness about him that was even more unsettling. He was maybe 20 feet away, but he wasn't moving at all. His muscles didn't twitch and there was no discernable sign that he was inhaling or exhaling.

"Stop! Who are you? What are you doing here?" I shouted, and then, when I didn't get a response I repeated these words, this time in broken German.

When he once again refused to reply, I motioned quickly, and the patrol and I advanced as one towards the

figure, our rifles pointed at him.

“Who are you?” I shouted again, “Goddamnit, who are you?”

Something about him was really starting to upset me. By this time, we were close enough that I could see him in more detail. His skin didn’t fit on him properly. In fact, it looked like a second suit. Underneath his skin you could see movement. It looked like there were thousands of bugs crawling underneath the surface. I couldn’t see his face at first, but as we came closer he turned his head slowly towards us, revealing a gaping black mouth and flesh colored indentations where his eyes should have been.

“Holy shit!” one of my men shouted, and I could hear him scrambling away, his footsteps loudly echoing through the forest.

I started firing into the figure as I unconsciously backed away. This did nothing except leave burn marks on his clothing.

The slender man thing unfolded his arms, and I could see that they were many jointed. It reached an arm out to me, and I turned tail and ran, side-by-side with the rest of the men in my patrol. I could hear myself panting, the sounds of heavy army boots crushing leaves and other forest detritus, and this other sound; a howling.

In my periphery, I suddenly saw some movement. One of my soldiers was thrown by one of the things that this slender man thing had sprouted, the roots or tentacles that were growing out of him like weeds. The soldier landed against a tree, and I heard his spine crack. He was dead before he even hit the ground.

I turned back around, and I almost vomited at the sight. That slender man was standing over another one of my men, drenched and blood. The organs of his victim lay scattered over the floor. The slender man was moving now, in fact he was nothing but movement. His many arms folded and unfolded, his body roiling, collapsing, and expanding, like waves on an ocean.

Someone let out a scream beside me; another one of my men. He mindlessly fired off the rest of his clip into the slender man. It did nothing.

One of the slender man’s appendage reached out, touching the last of my men, and then that man was no more. He became fog. I can’t help but wonder if all that fog around us once used to be alive.

I tried to back away from this creature, but I tripped over a tree root. He looked at me, sightlessly. I felt as though every hair in my body was being ripped out simultaneously. I could still hear the howling. It’s in my head.

And then it formed into speech.

“Not you. Never you.”

And then the slender man disappeared, sinking back into the grown, like a plant growing in reverse.

I ran after that. I ran mindlessly, for miles and miles, until I found a group of French soldiers. For weeks I felt that howling. For weeks whenever I close my eyes I see nothing but blood and fog. And then I did what people do best. I convinced myself I’d made it up. War is horrible, and some people just can’t cope with it. The slender man was in my mind.

Pretty soon afterwards the war ended, and I was heading home. We had a stop-over in Britain, spent the night there. A boardinghouse down the street from where me and my fellow soldiers were staying caught fire that night. 13 souls were lost. I didn't think much about it at the time.

Then I went back home, back to Kansas. A group of boy scouts disappeared two weeks after I got home. A couple of cows got killed by some wild animal.

I went off to the University of Michigan on the GI Bill. Six co-eds on a camping trip disappeared.

I got a job in journalism in Missouri. 20 people ended up dead or missing in 5 years, mostly around wooded areas.

Deep in my heart, I knew what this was. I started digging around some more, using my job as a paper reporter to investigate. I found drawings of him, police reports, even government files. He comes from the Black Forest, yes, I know the history.

But I brought him here.

The slender man was in my mind.

He didn't spare me. He used me. He used me to travel. He must've thought the world was ending back in Germany, but I gave him a whole new lease on life.

I got married, I had kids, and then they had kids, but I always knew what I had done. This is my last chance at salvation, my extreme unction, and I'm confessing all of this to you.

Hopefully, you'll think I'm crazy. Hopefully you'll let all of this go and fold this letter back up and put it back into this safety deposit box until the paper it's written on rots away.

If you don't, then I pity you.

The closer you get to him, the more real he becomes. The closer you get to him, the more people die.

If you're reading this, then I got too close.

-HLM



1987. A camera was discovered with a full roll of film in a wooded area just outside a Richmond, VA suburb. All the film was developed, but only one picture (seen here) survived the lab process. Parapsychologists have suggested that it may be a particularly powerful "slender man" manifestation; the four-armed figure exhibits a strong background aura. Local police investigators have spent decades searching fruitlessly for the camera's owner, even checking missing person reports. To this day, the identity and whereabouts of the photographer are unknown.

I've been lurking this thread for weeks and I want to commend everyone for their detective work. I found an article recently about one of my favorite bands, but something about it bothers me. Here's the article, unedited, with the pictures included:

Led Zeppelin. The biggest band in the world, or such was their moniker in the mid-to-late 1970s. Setting airplay records with their hit Stairway to Heaven, and breaking concert attendance and grossing records during their American tours of 1975 and 1977, no band could compete with the unstoppable whirlwind force that was Led Zeppelin. They created the modern day image of a rock star – a cocaine thin musician with long, scraggly hair, forcing groupies to bath with octopi, embodying the essence of raw sexuality, financial excess, and supernatural mysticism.

In 1971, Led Zeppelin recorded their untitled fourth album at Headley Grange studios, a poorhouse converted into a studio that guitarist Jimmy Page had always insisted was haunted. The third track from the album was The Battle Of Evermore, the only track in their catalogue to feature a guest singer – in this case, folk singer Sandy Denny. Seven years later, Denny's life was cut short by what doctors ruled as a brain hemorrhage. A month prior to her death, Denny would often collapse from severe headache and hallucinations, which was attributed to a fall down a flight of stairs she suffered in May of 1978.



This is the only readily available image of Denny with Led Zeppelin. The photographer is unknown.

In 1977, as Led Zeppelin embarked on their tour of the United States, Jimmy Page's interest in the occult and addiction to heroin were at their peak. His playing was spotty at times, his weight had dropped considerably, and his focus was clearly elsewhere. His delving into the supernatural spirits made him lose sight of the goal of the band, with Zeppelin's lights manager later remarking that singer Robert Plant would often have to snap Page out of his between-song trances, with Page not remembering how their own tunes went. Page also grew increasingly paranoid, in an infamous incident prior to an interview with Cameron Crowe where he ripped a phone out of the wall because he felt that someone was spying on him. It was as if

a force he tapped into was corrupting him.

The tour came to an abrupt end when Robert Plant's son, Karac, died suddenly on June 24th, 1977.

It became apparent that the band was too big to be defeated. In spite of the aforementioned deaths associated with Zeppelin, the band just could not be taken down. Plant survived a horrific car crash in Greece in 1975, and Page managed to recover from his addiction to heroin despite weighing less than 100 pounds on the 1977 tour.

In 1979, however, the band was starting to become old news. Punk had swept the nation, and its contemporaries regarded Zeppelin as behind the times and out of date. In 1980, the band embarked on a short tour through Germany and its neighboring regions, with a much scaled down magnitude compared to their previous tours. The tour received very little press attention, and the band played much smaller venues than the stadiums they played three years earlier.

Drummer John Bonham died in September and was ruled to have asphyxiated on his own vomit. Bassist John Paul Jones remarked that he seemed to be drinking compulsively that day, as if to forget something.

Many remarked that Page's interest in the occult was abnormal, but some would later argue it had caused the crash of the Led Zeppelin.

Local College Student Reported Missing, Dorm Room in Disarray.

Wednesday, 11 August 2009. 13:25 PST.

A student at Holybrooke College was reported missing by her parents late Tuesday night. Jessica Samson, 19, failed to show up to her parent's house on Sunday afternoon. She was reportedly going to stay with them for several weeks but did not arrive as scheduled.

"She told me that she was feeling sick lately," her mother, Catherine Samson, told the Associated Press.

"She said someone had been bothering her at school and she wanted to get away for a while."

"We expected her sometime Sunday, around the afternoon. When she didn't show up, we figured there was some traffic and just left the front light on." Samson was becoming visibly upset at this point. "We woke up on Monday and she still wasn't there. We called her cell phone and she didn't answer. We even called her roommate but she said she hadn't seen Jessica since Saturday morning."

Jessica's roommate wished to remain anonymous. When reached for comment, "Patty" only answered, "I've given my statement to the police, and I've been cooperating with them. I don't know who had been bothering her or where she might be."

Jessica's counselor, Miranda Gomez, reported that Jessica had not come to her with any problems. Her only statement for the press was, "We at Holybrooke College take reports of harassment very seriously. But Jessica has not talked to me about any harassment, nor has she filed an official complaint with campus security."

The local police have reported that an initial investigation of Jessica's room resulted in little evidence, though her side of the dorm room was found disheveled, as if she were burglarized. However, Patty reported nothing missing, and her section of the room was strangely untouched.

The only clue the police have is in Jessica's sketchbook, found on her unmade bed, which was empty save for four strange pen sketches. They all seem to depict a tall, sharp figure in a suit. In one of them, the figure seems to be stabbing another smaller figure with several spikes.

When asked about the sketchbook, Catherine was too upset to speak. Her husband, Rob Samson, then spoke to the press.

"Jessica always expressed her problems through her artwork, ever since our youngest daughter Ashley died," he said. "If she never talked to anyone about her troubles she probably drew them."

According to police reports, Ashley Samson was found dead at age six on the 23rd of December in 1996 of a wound to her stomach. Detectives at the time determined that Ashley had exited her home sometime in the middle of the night and was attacked by a feral dog in the woods near her house. No feral dog was found that may have killed Ashley.

Neither Patty nor the Samson family recognized anyone in the drawings.

When asked if her parents had any statements for anyone who may have something to do with her disappearance, Rob tearfully responded, "Whoever has Jessica out there, please. We'll do anything, we'll give anything just to have our only remaining daughter back."

Jessica Samson was last seen around 10:00 am on Saturday, in her dorm room. Patty told police that Jessica was finishing her homework when Patty left for classes that day. Patty said that when she returned, Jessica

was gone and her belongings were disheveled. She assumed Jessica had left to visit her parents early and didn't bother cleaning up after packing. Jessica's car was missing from the residential parking lot and has not been found.

Anyone that has any information as to Jessica's whereabouts, or of anyone who may have been harassing her is strongly encouraged to contact the police immediately.

Edit: Photos of the drawings were not included in the original article, but someone claiming to be a Holybrooke campus police officer linked to them in the comments section on the website, commenting only that they "freaked him the fuck out".



My existence before meeting the slender man in the woods was quiet and normal. Since then, he has always been with me and I am his silent disciple. Apparently the very thing that saved my life is the same thing that makes it a living hell, my mind. He uses me as a means to store his savage, brutal memories. Our minds are linked. As a result, he knows my every thought, and makes sure that I know the consequences of betrayal long before I have the chance to do it. He anticipates every situation as I sit here, locked away in prison.

I still remember the day I first saw him. He made me kill the woman I love. I remember every detail. It tortures me every second of the day. The look of hurt and confusion in her eyes will scar my soul for eternity. It was like watching it on a television. He had complete control over my body. Inside, my mind was screaming in agony and disbelief as I watched her die. If there is a god, and she in Heaven, I hope that she has forgiven me. I've long since given up praying. Whatever this thing is, God seems unable to break its grasp on me, despite my prayers. I simply exist now to be a slave for this tall, slim demon who wears a black suit. A man with no soul, no limits, and... no face.

"Time to see the doctor, Mr. Sanderson."

The nurse seems terrified of me, even with a steel door between us. I nod as I assume the position for my restraints. In a few minutes, I am sitting at the same table, in the same room, with the same lifeless eyes peering into my soul. Every week, this is the routine. Maddening! When I first came here, I was tempted to blurt everything out, but the slender man knows all. He leaves the same reminder for me every week. All I have to do is look at the table, and I see my tongue laying on it. There is nothing remarkable about it; no way to tell that it is my tongue. I just know it is. Only it is rotten and bloated; all the time a feast for maggots. The only minute comfort is knowing it is an illusion. I know this only because there is no putrid smell punching through my nostrils. Still, the point has been made, and it may just as well be reality. I could not move my real tongue to utter words even if I wanted to.

"You know, when you scream at... 'him' during the night, it's the same conversation every time. Won't you give me a little insight into what you two are discussing?"

A small, involuntary chuckle is all that my body is permitted to muster. This fool would beg to unsee the things I am forced to see ever so often. Eventually, the silence makes its point and I am taken back to my hole, tucked away neatly from the rest of the world. The "conversations," as the doctor put it, don't happen on a regular basis. Only when he kills. It is so very different than what he did.... made *me* do to her. Sometimes his victims are adults, but more often than naught, they are children. I see, feel, and hear every detail as if I am the slender man. I can't see their faces when he slaughters them; they are as featureless as his. Every time he kills, I beg of him, screaming...

"No... No. No! NOOOOO! You DON'T have to DO THIS!..... WHY?!"

It's worse when they are children. Sometimes, he simply has fun and toys with the remains with no real purpose in mind other than to satisfy his boredom. The victims might as well be made from modeling clay. Then, sometimes he has a specific purpose in mind. He has been searching for something since his beginning; something that I personally doubt even exists. Which begs the question, "Would he stop this carnage if he found it?" I doubt it. I can see and feel what he does when he inspects their internal organs. He always takes great care in wrapping them neatly into the clear bags and placing them back inside like they should be. To him, it is as if to say, "See? I searched thoroughly, but I couldn't find it. Perhaps next time I will succeed."

"STOP!..... WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?!..... NO, I DON'T KNOW, damn YOU! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!..... leave them alone, they're just children, you sick fuck...."

He uses his power to remove the feelings of remorse that I feel. However, this does nothing to prevent the feelings of self-loathing that I feel from not being able to grieve for a murdered child any more than killing a fly. This is the only time I speak. As the doctor mentioned, it is basically the same thing, every... single... time... As far as I know, I am the only person alive who has this connection with him. I hope I am, anyway. I would not wish for anyone to suffer through this hell.

It has been forty-one years since I was convicted and thrown into prison. Yet, every time I look in the mirror, I feel like bursting into tears... I have not aged a day. The slender man is no doubt keeping me alive for his purposes. Most of which, I cannot even remotely comprehend. "Suicide?" you ask? I wish I could... The slender man has made it abundantly clear that he would prevent it and punishment for trying would far outweigh the risk of attempt. I contain all of his thoughts and memories. Even his origins are known to me. I could not possibly describe it in words. It would probably be easier to explain theoretical physics to a lab rat. Then again, who's to say he's telling me the truth about anything? I just wish I could go insane or die. Sadly, I don't believe either will happen any time soon. I have lost faith in it happening, frankly. All I can do is watch his ever changing form destroy lives, and tuck myself into nightmarish sleep until he calls for me again...

Of the Slender Man

A few years ago I had heard about something called “The Slender Man” from a friend who worked as a TA for the theology department at the University of Maryland. My friend, Fredrick, told me this story about a strange creature that seemed to be made of shadows, smoke and the things that drive men to madness. He said the professors would mention the Slender Man and relate him to other cultures, each seemingly having their own variation of him. The German’s claimed he was a spirit sent to punish wicked children, in Sicily he was believed to be a rogue angel of death who would devour the souls of whomever he was near. The Japanese claimed he was the ghost of a man who tried to overthrow the Shogun who ruled over his farm, made to destroy those who would seek to harm the empire. The oldest legend though goes back to Greece.

It was said that after Prometheus granted humankind with sentience by delivering unto us the flame of knowledge, the other beings of Olympus sought to undo what Prometheus had done. Ares gave us war in hope that we would use our new found intelligence to create weapons to wipe ourselves out, Athena gave us morality in an attempt to temper our rapid expansion, but there is a legend about the horror that Nyx, goddess of the night and her brother Erebus, god of the dark silence, unleashed upon our world.

It was told that the two had birthed a child together in an incestuous union out of spite for our kind. They knew that the offspring of their coupling would be a dark and mindless aberration driven by the fear that each man holds in his very soul. He isn’t given the courtesy of a name by his parents; he is given only a portion of his parent’s gifts. From his mother he has the ability to summon the darkness and cold of the underworld while his father blessed him with the capability to stifle all sound around him. Making those in his presence painfully aware of the terror they are to endure at his cold, remorseless hands. It is said he feeds off of the agony and anguish of those he stalks. His patience is otherworldly, as he’s been known to stalk the same prey for decades, visiting them in their dreams, afflicting them with sickness that cannot be labeled by medicine and letting them linger just to dread their final meeting with him.

We’ve been trying to collect as much literature as possible on this “Slender Man”, the ancient god of death and despair. So far all we’ve found are stories throughout the ages of people being put to death while being forced in to the very depths of madness. No matter what culture he descends on though, the outcome has always been the same. For in the wake of the Slender Man all that is left is a cold, dark road covered in corpses with agony on their distorted faces.

I recently found a fragment of an old newspaper in the store rooms of my college.



Interested, I followed it up by trying to find more information out, and from the camera only one photo was recoverable from the film.

But even more interesting, I managed to get my hands on a copy of the diary the man kept, and i'll try to give a transcript of the noteworthy parts.

Note: Asterisked words are unreadable

8/1/84

Got to Cardigan Mountain without a hitch, shame Mike got sick, he would have really liked this place. Set up tent and everything, and the weather's good, I think i'll have a wander around nearby, I think i'm all alone here so my stuff should be safe.

8/2/84

Had a lovely rest last night, though I think those **** I ate may be a little off, had a strange dream involving this forest and wandering around weirdly, it was pretty vivid but I can't describe much else about it. Today I moved the camp close to a nice brook, the sounds of it was quite calming. Took some more photos today, I hope they turn out alright.

8/3/84

Had another weird dream last night, but I **** up halfway through and the moon was out, the wind was still and I swear I heard someone moving about. But a quick look with my flashlight and all I could see was trees, though a trick of the light made it look like one was ***ing slightly in the distance, hah, how silly. It was a little foggy that night though, which was a bit strange. Today I found a really big, strange tree with this ***** marking on it, i'll try to get a sketch as well as a photo, I may have to come back here if it doesn't turn out well.

[Note: Below is a rough scan of the sketch, it had a hard time getting in there and the water damage made it awkward. The photo he supposedly took was not able to be recovered from the damaged film.]

8/4/84

Found this **** late yesterday, decided to ***** in **** since the fog had *****red and I didn't want to be ****. Had really ***** dream last *****, the fog descended upon the *****m itself and a ***** stepped through it ***** the ****. I am **** worried because I ***** tracks leading into *** cave, they were strange, ***** slender and k**d of like but *** quite shoeprints, ***** blank though. Something ***** different, as I explore the forest further, the fog hasn't gone and it seems colder and taller and spookier.

8/5/84

I can barely sleep, I thought I *** someone yesterday, afar in the fog, man in a suit wandering out here of all places. I ran ***** him shouting greetings as I was starting to get creeped out and lost in the trees, but **** lonely. But I lost him as he disappeared into the fog he came from, I decided to get out of here from that point and kept going what I remember being westwards although the compass wasn't pointing it as west anymore. I kept going but I didn't get anywhere, just more and **** trees, am I still in Cardigan Mountain?

8/6/84

Today upon awakening I ***** a huge tree, deciding to climb it to see if I can find a way out of here I climbed to the very top. All that I could see were trees in every direction and fog, fog and trees, trees *** fog. The dreams were still there last ***** but I don't want to write about them in case they start to make sense. Something smells wrong about here, like ***** but worse, much worse.

[Note: The following pages after this point are largely destroyed by water, or being torn out or smudged beyond legibility, occasional scant sketches of shapes changed by water damage litter it but I don't want to try to scan these as they look fragile and I don't want to do any more damage to this diary. There is one final entry beyond them, the script he is writing them in has changed hugely, almost but not quite as if someone else is writing them, some of his style still remains.]

??/??/??

I don't know how long I have been here for, why won't he let me leave. My food supplies ran out weeks(???) ago, but I keep finding berries or mishapen fish lying in stagnant pools. All there is here is forest and him. I wonder if I let myself starve, would I win? Would he want me to do that? I don't know anymore.

I think I hear him coming, I don't feel like fighting or running or chasing anymore. I will lie down and await the peace of death, perhaps I will find repose then. Perhaps I will find home.

It killed my little brother right in front of me, you know. Right in front of me. I watched its sick tentacles creep into our room and pick him up after my little brother opened the window.

But that's not how it started. No. This story began two weeks before the slender man took my brother into the woods. Two weeks before I followed them there.

It all started with the scraping at our windows.

My little brother idolized me. I'm not trying to be a braggart here, but it's true. My brother loved everything I did. When I got into baseball, he asked to be signed up the next day. When I started hitting homeruns, he started swinging for the fences too. Our parents we're so proud of us too. They got us matching bats. The same ones used by Grady Sizemore, our favorite player. We kept those bats by our beds. We never fought he and I. Ever. We usually just played catch together in our big yard. Tossing the ball back and forth, exchanging compliments and criticisms on our pitches. I miss that.

Then one night, I woke up to see my brother standing by the window. He was talking. I didn't know to who at the time. He was laughing. He looked excited. I told him to go back to bed. He looked to me and said...

"No! Jimmy, there's someone here! He's really cool! I think you'll like him!"

I got up, wiping the sleep from my eyes, and as I was walking towards my brother, he looked back to the window and a look of disappointment crept across his face.

"You scared him away, Jimmy"

I looked out the window and no one was there.

The next five days passed normally. My Brother and I woke up. We ate breakfast. We went to school. We ate lunch together. We came home. We played catch. We did our home work. We ate dinner. We slept. Life was good.

On the fifth night, I woke up at around the same time my brother did four nights earlier. I don't know why. Out of curiosity, I walked to our bedroom window, maybe to see what my brother was seeing. I didn't see anything. It dawned on me that night that I'd soon have alot more then a lack of imaginary friends between me and my brother. I was going to high school next year. Made me alittle sad to know I wouldn't be eating lunch with him anymore pretty soon.

Then something caught my eye. At the edge of my yard, where the grass meets the forest, something small. Almost like the tail of animal slithered into the shadows of the trees. It was black and oily looking. It spooked me. I tried not to think of it when I went to bed. Just as I was pulling up the covers Jimmy spoke.

"I don't think he wants to talk to you, Jimmy. I think he likes me best."

I didn't speak. I just tried to sleep.

The next morning, my brother got up before me. He finished breakfast before me. He didn't speak at all to me during lunch. Or dinner. And he didn't want to play catch either.

When we went to bed that night, my brother said...

"Don't talk to him, Jimmy. He's my friend."

Who is?

"The Slender Man. He's my friend and you can't have him."

What are you talking about?

"Don't be stupid. I know you tried to talk to him. He's my friend. He doesn't want you. He wants me to be his friend. So just go to sleep, stupid."

I think that was first time my brother had ever seriously insulted me. That bothered me, but I was tired and didn't want to make a big deal of it. I just figured he knew as well as I did that we wouldn't be seeing as much of each other as we're used too. Two hours later he was up talking again. But this time I heard something talk back.

It was faint. So faint. I could barely hear it. His voice sounded almost pleasant. Like an mall Santa almost. Jolly. Understanding. And I kept hearing him ask the same thing.

"Would you like to come out and play?"

My brother would say no and make up some excuse. But I knew why he said no. He was deathly afraid of the dark. Eventually, the man at the window said goodbye and my brother slept.

I did not.

The next morning, I told my parents. They just laughed. Told me my imagination was something else. I told them to ask my brother. They did.

"I don't know what he's talking about mommy. Jimmy's been acting really silly lately."

I wanted to scream at him. I wanted him to tell the truth. But then it occurred to me that I didn't really no what the truth was myself. So I decided I would get my little brother to introduce me to the slender man. And I tried to get him to do it that very night.

When we went to bed that night, I asked him if he would.

"No"

Why not, I asked.

"I told you, Jimmy, he's my friend, not yours. Now go to sleep before he gets hear.

Please, I asked. I just wanna make sure he's a good guy, I said. He didn't respond for a second.

"Fine. But you don't talk to him to much, you just ask him if he's okay and then you go to sleep, okay?"

Fine, I replied.

The time passed rather quickly. My heart was beating in my ears. I was sweating all over. I thought I was pretty stupid. I didn't even know what I was afraid of. Then came the scratching at the window. My brother

shot out of bed.

"He's here!"

He ran up to the window.

"Alright, Jimmy, ask him and then go to bed, okay?"

I got up slowly and I kept my eyes on my brother. When I got to the window, I saw him, but I couldn't look at him for too long. It almost hurt. Dull white skin. A strange, greasy looking black suit that almost seemed to dance on him. And his eyes, they were...not there.

And then I heard him speak. His voice was soft and low and pleasant. He asked me how I was. He asked me if I too wanted to go out and play.

"What do you want?"

He cocked his head suddenly. He said he wanted to play with us. Then my brother started shoving me.

"He's my friend, Jimmy! Go away! You asked your question, now go away!"

I shoved my brother back into his bed. Go away, I told it. It nodded its head and seemed to almost float back into the forest. I turned to my brother and yelled at him. Don't talk to that thing. He doesn't seem right!

"You can't make me!"

I'll tell mom and dad on you!

"They won't believe you anyway! The slender man told me so!"

Please, don't talk to him!

"I will if I want! In fact the next time he comes, I'm gonna go play with him!"

I froze. My breath caught in my chest. I didn't know what to do. I went back to my bed. But I didn't sleep.

For six days.

My school work plummeted. My parents were getting calls about me falling asleep in class. They even grounded me. I didn't care. I had to watch my brother. I didn't know what that thing was, but I would die before I'd let it take my brother. Everyday, my brother looked at me. His eyes seemed to say "You'll have to sleep sometime, Jimmy."

And on the seventh night of the second week, I did. I was exhausted. I couldn't do anything. My eyes were hot and my body felt like an over used elastic. I lied on my side looking at my brother, trying to keep my eyelids from falling. It was almost like in the movies. My eyes would close, I'd snap them open. They'd close again, and they'd open again, but not quite as fast this time. Then, my eyes closed and they didn't open back up.

I don't know how long I slept, but I know what I woke up too. The voice of a strange man saying "It's time to play."

My eyes snapped open and I saw my brother standing by the window. He was opening it. A black tentacle snaked in, coiled around him and jerked him out in once sinuous motion. I screamed. I threw the sheets off my bed and ran to the window. The moon was shining brightly that night and I could see clearly as the slender man dragged my brother into the woods. My brother didn't make a single sound. The light from the moon shined into my room. It casted a ray on the to corner of my bed. And leaning on the corner was my Grady Sizemore Louisville Slugger. I took it firmly in my hand. I twisted my grip and felt the wood and tape burn my skin from the friction. I hopped out of my window and chased after them. I would save my brother, I thought. I had too. I was his big brother, and this is what big brothers are made for.

The wet grass beneath my feet quickly turned into mulch and roots as I ran after them. I heard my brother laughing in the distance. The moonlight made it easy for me to see in the forest. And finally I came upon them in a clearing. My brother was looking up at the slender man, smiling. That was the last time I saw my brother do that. If I had blinked I would have missed what happened next. From another tentacle shot out of his greasy black suit and wrapped around my brothers throat. He didn't struggle. He just stood there, still smiling, his face turning blue. Eventually he went limp.

I screamed and charged the slender man. I ran faster then I had ever run before. I felt like I was flying I ran so fast. And when I got to with in hitting distance, I swung for the fences.

And I hit him.

The tentacle around my brothers neck loosed and he fell to the ground. Strange black bits of ooze flew off of him and crawled into the shadows. I swung again and again and again and again. I could feel him reeling through my bat. I could hear him screaming. And all he said was 'Why!'.

Eventually, I missed. He slunk around. I swung wildly, but he was too quick. I chased him about, tears in my eyes, my teeth grinding in my mouth. He got to my brother and snatched him up and slunk into the shadows. I chased him. Or I thought I was. I ran around that forest until the sun came up.

I went home. When I got to my yard, I just collapsed and started crying. I couldn't save him. I couldn't fucking SAVE HIM.

My parents came out. The asked me what was wrong.

I told them "Chris is gone. He took him."

I'm sure you know the song and dance. Missing child. News reports. Pictures on milk boxes. Search and rescue. So on and so forth. A couple months went by and nothing turned up. A few more and we tried to get on with our lives. My parents, for what its worth, are actually kind of okay. I wish I could say the same. I know he's still out there.

I know because some nights, I hear a scratching on the window. And some mornings, I find a piece of my brother on the window sill.

Back when I was in high school, my history teacher was a really nice old guy that had been a professor at uni until he quit for personal reasons and moved back to the rural area of Norway where I grew up. I was a huge geek back then (still am, actually), and I would sit and listen to his old stories for hours and hours. Got good grades, too.

Anyway, he told me about some of the things people believed back before Norway became a christian nation, about the story of Nøkken, the evil shrieking spirit that lived in ponds and rivers and drowned people, and about the lanternmen that would lure you to your death. What kind of stuck to me, though, was his story about the "withering walkers" (closest translation I could manage).

According to him, in old old times, people used to blame the walkers whenever somebody disappeared in the woods, close to the black mounds of earth known as faerie mounds or close to the mountains. They were thought to be "svartalfar", or black elves/faeries, and that doesn't mean they were anything like tolkienesque or D&D elves. They were the dark people, monsters that lived underground and only ventured out to steal children and abduct travelers.

If you didn't do the prerequisite offerings, the walkers would come and take your children from your home, or take them when they were outside playing in the woods. Sometimes, they'd even come for adults. In appearance, they looked like tall, thin people, but completely black. No face, no features, no nothing. Just a tall, thin humanoid figure.

Yeah. So slender men have existed for a long time.

Archeologists did make a big discovery a few months ago in the northern mountain regions of the middle country though, they found human remains in caves scattered all across the slopes. Carbon dating put them at between 700 AD and 1200 AD, which is really strange, because the vikings never buried people in caves, and as far as we know, caves were never used for anything death-related, and certainly not over that long a time period. Kind of makes you wonder if all those old stories really are pure superstition. After all, the walkers were supposed to "pull you into the earth"... And people have been disappearing from that area for ages. It already has a bad reputation, so why not add weird corpses to the list? Ugh...

Creepy.

I'm naturally kind of an insomniac, especially when it's hot outside. (too hot to sleep) I was up late last night, listening to music, and reading the forums.

my crappy computer speakers started distorting, I checked itunes to make sure it hadn't just switched to some ambient music track or something. then the squealing started. I might be going crazy but I thought i heard a voice in the squealing. it just kept repeating "soon...very soon." and then it clicked.

I was hearing the same kind of distortion that some of the marble hornets videos had. I turned off my speakers as soon as I realized.

at this point I was freaking the fuck out. I ran around my house closing windows and locking them, the last window was the one right by my computer. on the second floor.

it had a curtain covering it, I pulled that aside so I could close and lock that window. IT WAS STARING ME RIGHT IN THE fucking FACE! I froze completely, I couldn't make a sound, tears were streaming down my face. I stood there and shook while that thing just silently stared.

then it set something on the window sill, and said one word to me. it was so quiet, like someone exhaling a breath. but I think it said "a gift".

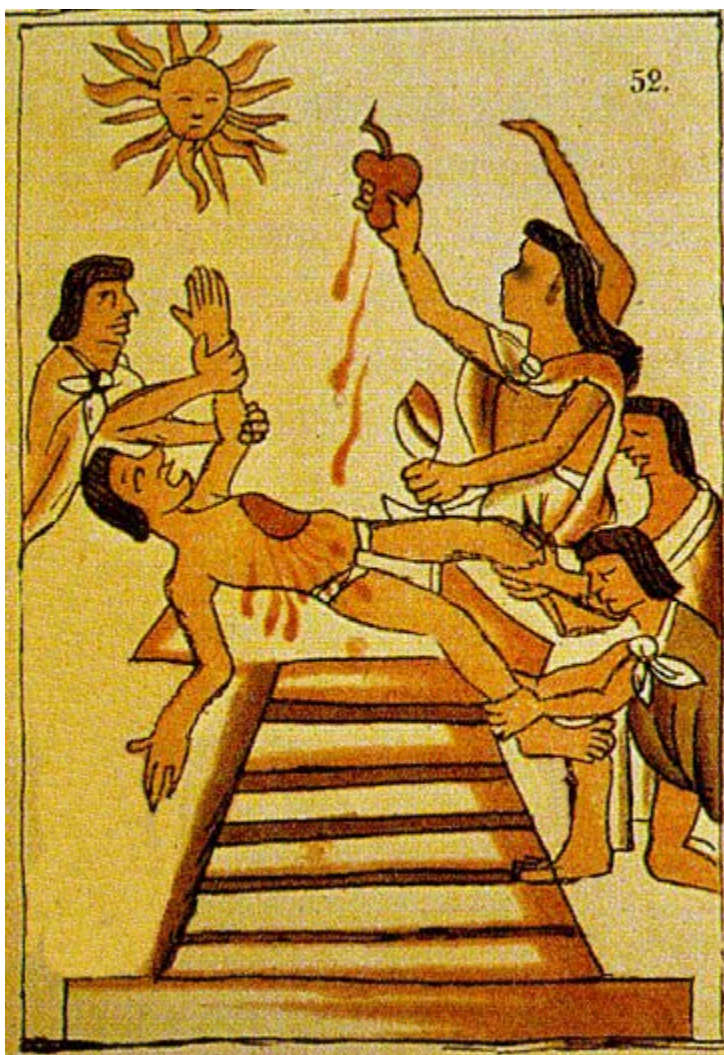
I looked down, and there was my cat's head, sitting on the window sill, staring at me. I looked back up, it was gone.

I shut and locked that window, and sat in the exact middle of the biggest room in my house, as far from any wall, window, or door as I could get.

I stayed that way, crying and praying until the sun rose.

at this point I've been up almost 30 hours, I'm so scared. my cat's head is still on the window sill. I'm not opening the window to get it.

Seems like the idea that he fits in by appearing as someone trusted is right. Who did the Aztecs trust more than their priests? He didn't even have to hide, they would cut out hearts for him when he told them to.



First, I would like to apologize if my grammar is quite awful, English is my second language and sometimes I can't find the correct words, I also suck at writing because of that little problem.

Seeing that pic remind me of something...

Mayans considered the ceiba tree to be sacred tree. Ceibas, are huge, with long breaches, and always the main part of many scary legends in the South of Mexico. Where I used to live(Tabasco) old people kept telling stories about the Devil coming out of those trees or how some evil spirit disguised as a Ceiba that lured drunk men and made them disappear to never be seen. It was very common to listen in the news about people disappearing, but really no one cared, although sometimes the bodies of those vanished appeared floating in the river near downtown. Police always mentioned they were drunk and drowned, and it was the fish and crocodiles that ate their fingers and face.

Ok, I'm derailing. You see, that pic, the ceiba tree and the river thing have to do with an old friend. I knew him since primary school, we were really close. But once i entered High School and lately college i lost any contact with him. It wasn't until five years ago that I heard news about him. He had gone to Mexico City and studied to be anthropologist, later to return home and start working in the INAH(That's the National Institute

of Anthropology and History). So, there we started to see each other as friends, as I was into some messed up relationship.

At first, we were cool. Talking about what we did and all that stuff, and well, I'm a big aficionado of the Mayan culture and kept asking him the things he did in the INAH. "Cool stuff." He said to me, usually what he did was that every time there were plans of constructing a new road or building houses he was sent to take a look, and make sure there weren't any remains of ruins, cool isn't?

Well, one day he showed me...no, he told me something. "You see, the INAH is keeping a lot of things secret". Yeah, I laughed, as that line was out of some lame movie. According to him, they had been making some amazing discoveries but were afraid to show them to the public eye, it could change history as we know it. Kinda of stupid, but whatever.

Then he told me about those legends we had always listened since kids. "Remember, the legend of el Diablo coming out of a ceiba? These legends are not from this century." He was very excited. "We have found proofs that the legends go beyond, the Mayans feared this god that lived inside the ceiba trees, and they always offered human sacrifices to calm him." He said that once the Spaniards came to conquest the place, and everyone was turned to Catholicism, the legend changed the god to the devil himself. He even showed me a scan of some Mayan painting they had found. I was like wow, cool, yes, awesome.

And that was it. He was sent to Chiapas later, as there had been some troubles with some the excavations. The last time I talked to him via phone, he told me the workers of the area were too afraid to get into the rain forest, afraid of something they called the *ya'axche' w'inik* (Ceiba man or something like that).

After that I moved to the north of Mexico and got in to a new University, that was 3 years ago. This year I went back to Tabasco for the Holy Week vacation to see my mother and sisters...and breaking up with my now ex-boyfriend, something that should be part of an E/N, but I'm not here to talk about that. So, I went to my friend's home, but it was abandoned. According to his neighbor he hadn't been seen in months. So I went to his mother's home, and she told me the same. He even made it into the newspaper as a missing person! His mother was heartbroken, and broke in tears right there in front of me. She said my friend had started acting quite strange once he returned from Chiapas, turned in to an alcoholic and well his life was turning in to a train wreck. He had disappeared since December.

Jesus, I got really sad that moment...but I couldn't investigate more as I was busy fighting with my ex.

The three days before leaving home I heard some very bad news. They had found my friend's body floating in the river, you know what was worst? Some sensationalist newspaper showed the pic of his corpse. Ugh, that was...horrible. I think I puked the moment I read that note. The police was a little confused, as his body seemed to have just a few days dead. His arms were gone, and his stomach had been split opened and filled with stones. They said he had probably been kidnapped, and the criminals killed him and tried to hide the body by throwing it to the river. Quite sad and depressing. I spent the last days retrieving some stuff from his house, his mother was too depressed to even come with me, and my dearest friend never had a girlfriend or wasn't even married.

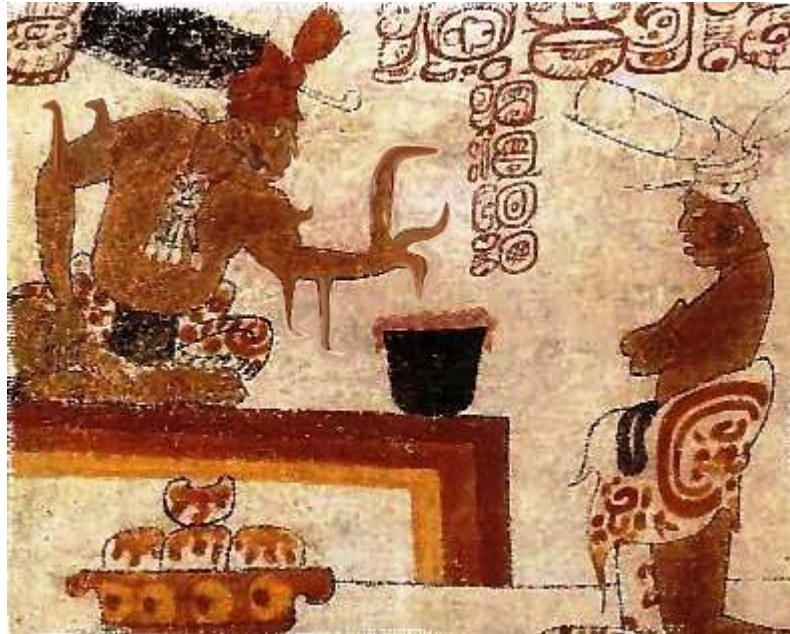
There wasn't much left in his home, the rooms were empty, no clothes, no furniture, no belongings. It seemed he sold all of them. All I could find was some shoe box hidden in a corner of his bathroom.

Inside there was only old corn seeds(which I tossed away) and these pictures:

A Ceiba tree:



A photo of the painting he showed be in the past, it was kinda of blurry:



Somewhere in Chiapas:



I'm not sure where is this from, this is not from the walls in his home:



shit. . . shit. . okay, okay. Alright. Okay. Hi. My name is Stanley. Stanley Ercavich. shit. Umm. I'm writing this because it might be the last think I ever write. Or say. Whatever. Okay, so, . . .fuck, this is so damn stupid. . .people are gonna' find this and think i'm crazy and i committed suicide. . ., okay, so, there's something downstairs. I'm upstairs. Yeah. I'm in my daughters room. I barricaded the door, I guess. Everything not nailed down is holding him back. I guess it's a him.

Okay, so, if this really is the last think I ever say, I want you to know everything. No fucking way am I going to disappear and never be heard from again. And fucker, if you've killed me and are reading this, about to destory this letter, fuck YOU.

Right, so, I live on a farm. Of course you knew this; you had to come get the fucking letter. . . maybe this'll get published one day, like Anny Franklin. . ., anyway, I live on a farm. And lately, scary shit has been happening. shit. One sec. Okay, back. Okay, so, I wake up. . . 8 nights ago, I think it was. Today is Wednesday? Yeah. Yeah.

So, I wake up to Anna, my little Annibelle, crying, just bawing her little eyes out. I'm the man, so i gotta comfort her, yeah? So i do, and ask her what's wrong. She starts talking about him, the fucker. I didn't know what the fuck, you know? Kids have nightmares, it happens. She says he talked to her. Said. . .hosed up shit, is what he said. Said she was going to join him. And the others. She said it. . . wanted her. . . fleshy bits. Honest to God she said that. Eyes and heart and shit. Dear god. She told me, my little girl, told me he was going to end them.

But then she started going on about how it wasn't an end, but a beginning. . .fuck it, right? It was around 1 a.m., I had to be up 4 hours. So I tell her it was a dream, yeah? And to go back to sleep. She was so fucking terrified. So i let her sleep in my room. Wife was okay with it, the sweetheart.

The dog was barking during all of this. Did i mention that? Let me see. . . no. fuck, whatever. Okay, so, the dog was barking. But, the thing is, is that when me and my little girl got back to my bed, and we got are snuggly and stuff, it stopped barking. But, and God strike me If i'm lying, it stopped. . . gradually. You know what i mean? It's barks got slower and slower. Not like it was tired, but like, when you slow down a record player or something. And then he just stopped. The next morning, or any other morning since, we never found our dog.

We get up, look for the dog, o'course, and don't find it, o'course. fuck, right? So I try to get to work. You see that? The key word, or whatever? It's try. I couldn't damn-well work, because all of my equipment and tools were gone. Now, i don't just mean my goddamn hand-held tools and whatnot, I mean all of my equipment, meaning my motherfucking tractors and pullies and trailers. Bull-fucking-shit, right? No. fuck that, I did NOT hear them start up last night. What, did that thing just pick them up and carry them off? fucking probably.

So, my dog is missing, and someone stole my shit, so i call the police, ya know? I do, and they come over, and, talk and shit. Said they didn't have any reports of other theft, so there was no leads or whatever. I told them about my dog, and they figure it's a bunch of vandals or thugs or whatever. So, one of the cops is ordered to stay overnight outside our house in a squad car. He's there about 3 days. The last day was. . . i think 4 days ago? Anyway, on the fourth day, shit hits the fan. It's dark, around 10, and we hear the siren go off. And then it stops. And a bunch of sound. Noise.

It was metal; I'm around it all day, i know what it sounds like. We look outside, and the car is fucking

wrecked. Torn to shreds. No cop. You'd think there'd be blood and gore and shit all around, right? Nothing. Just a car that had a can opener to it.

So, we're fucking scared out of our asses. We try to call the cops, but, guess what, the phones dead. Yep. fuck me, right? Well, enough of this bullshit, i say, so i get my rifle.. Mothefucker won't mess with this, right? And i yell that, too. You better believe it, i say, "Hey, goddamnit, I have a rifle that could punch a hole through the cop car you hosed up, so try me assholes!". And you better believe i got a response. I think it was a response. It was a scream. Or something. A cry, maybe? I dunno. What i do know is that it was fucking terrifying.

So, a day goes by, right? This was 3 days ago. My wife thinks, someone needs to get in the truck and get help, right? Well, I'm the man, so i should, right? But she says no, i have to guard the house and my daughter with the gun. And shit, she is right. She says she'll be safe in the truck. I don't say it, but i thought, it sure didn't help the cop. So, she's gone. Still gone. I hope to God Almighty she got help. fuck. fuck. Honey, if you are reading this, and I'm gone, I'm sorry. I'm sorry about Annebelle.

I'm so sorry. I'll love you forever.

Okay. . ., right, one sec. Yeah. Okay, back. Okay, so, me and my little girl are in the house for 2 days. And everything fine. My daughter had a nightmare both nights, so, i guess it's not totally fine. She said the thing's name was the Slender Man. I don't fucking know, i thought it was just a dream, caused by the punks outside messing this us, right? fuck. She told me more things it said to her. Like how it wanted her to join him. And the others. And how they would be happy. And if she didn't join, things we're going to get worse. Oh god. Oh dear god, they got worse.

Okay, so, this was yesterday. My daughter, my beautiful baby girl, actually fucking listens to it, the dreams, whatever. She goes outside to be with it. I just went to the bathroom, you know? It wasn't my fault this happened. I come out, and the front door is unbolted and open, and Anna is gone. I go outside, and see them. Oh god, Terresa, if you're reading this, I'm so sorry. It had her. It had our little girl. It was some. . . thing. I know, that isn't helpful, but fuck you, you won't believe me. It like a man. Except, see, he was tall. fuck him and his name, but yeah, he was slender. Really tall, really long arms and legs.

And the arms. He had more than two. fuck, he was like some kind of octopus, just whiggling like worms. The bastard had no eyes. Just white pits. Did i mention it had the nerve to wear a fucking suit? Yeah, I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. I just want my little girl back. I'm so sorry Terresa. It was holding her. She was gone, you know? Her chest. . . her stomach.

. . Oh god, i saw her ribs! I saw my daughter's bare ribs!

I didn't have my rifle with me. I couldn't move. I don't think i was breathing. I was just staring at him as it removed my daughter's heart. Oh god. I saw it, didn't I?

Yeah, fuck me i did. shit, that reminds me, the rifle is still downstairs. It looked at me, you know. I saw into his eyes. fuck, i was never a book-kinda guy, but i browse the internets, i read. And one thing stuck with me, and god help me, i saw it. I looked into the eyes of infinity. There were no pits to those eyes. God almighty.

It reached for me. It reached for me with, like, 3 arms. It still continued to violate my little girl. I'm so sorry, Terresa. I ran. i ran away. it wasn't my fault. I was so cared, terresa. I ran, and hid up here. fuck. Okay,

Okay. Okay, so , that was last night. I've been in here all day. I can't get on the computer, the internet is down, i guess because the phone is down? I'm so scared. Teresa, please come home soon. With help. Okay, i'm gonna take a little break from writing. Maybe cry some. It's okay for a man to cry. I bet that devil outside couldn't cry.

Okay. Right. Yeah. I'm back, obviously. It's been talking to me. I think. Maybe I'm going crazy. After what i saw, who wouldn't? But i think it's real. Like what my daughter heard.

Okay, so, it said it was waiting. Waiting for me. For my wife too. I can't let him have her, right? No. fuck no. So, it said my daughter was lonely without me. I miss her. God, i miss her. I want her back. The monster said he could bring me to her. It's a liar. It's a deciever. It wants my eyes and liver or whatever. fuck, i wish i had my gun.

shit MOTHER fuck. DAMNIT. I'm so scared. So scared. I don't want to die. . .you wanna know what i heard? I heard laughter, God damnit. My fucking kid.

My little girl was laughing. Giggling, like little girl's do. And i heard him again. He said he wanted me to join them. I'm so scared. I don't want to die.

I'm hungry. I haven't eaten in three days. My daughters has a seperate bathroom, so im good on water. She had some snacks in her backpack, from school, i guess.

I'm rationing them. He says i don't have to be hungry when im with him. He says my daughter is happy. I wish i was happy.

Teresa? I think you can hear me. Your your reading this, right? I hope so. I love you, you know? You know i do.

She came back, everyone! My wife, she's here! I heard her, outside! Teresa says the police are hear, and that everyone is happy, and that I'll never be sad again! I'm gonna show this letter to her and we'll laugh. I can't wait to see my daughter again!

I did not create this image, this is an actual photo of a slender man like creature caught out in the open. We found him in Lahaska Pennsylvania, these two photos were taken in 2005. Luckily for Lahaska no children came up missing, I suppose he was just passing through perhaps on a mission of some sort. We did not feel too threatened as we were able to come a bit closer from behind and snap the close up photo.



My neighbor is back, from where I do not know. He brought guns, and is shooting them often, more than I would like. A strawman has been set up towards the back of his yard, it is thin and tall, very business like. He shoots at it often, yet no damage has been done, it seems he keeps his work in good order. I ask him why he does that, he says to prepare, and as revenge. His children have been missing for years now, the court says they ran away because he was an alcoholic, he's sober now. He watches, through windows, and doors, and he waits. The strawman was gone yesterday, I asked, he said enough was enough, tonight it ends. He's not been back. the branches in my yard are laying there, but the willow seems to have more branches than ever, I'm going to check soon, maybe tomorrow, it's very dark tonight.

I took this picture out the window last night, then got the fuck out of the apartment. This was taken on the 18th floor. I'm staying with a friend for the next week, there is no fucking way I am going back there anytime soon. I uploaded the full-size photo, you can click through to see it:



**Concord, New Hampshire
Police Department
Consulting Psychologist**

April 15, 2009

Report on the April 11th incident from the Appalachian Trail.

Overview: Police report states that a group of 8th grade students were hiking a portion of the Appalachian Trail as part of a school field trip. During the afternoon of April 11th the group was apparently stalked by an unknown assailant. After the group of students and their teacher chaperones bedded down for the night, the assailant apparently entered the trailside shelter and abducted one of the students.

The details are confused as to exactly what occurred, but this much is clear. Several of the students noticed "A strange person" at different points throughout the day. Shortly before the group stopped for the day, it began to rain. Once the group was in the shelter the rain increased. A few students reported seeing "Something, maybe a person or an animal" skulking near the shelter, just out of clear visual range.

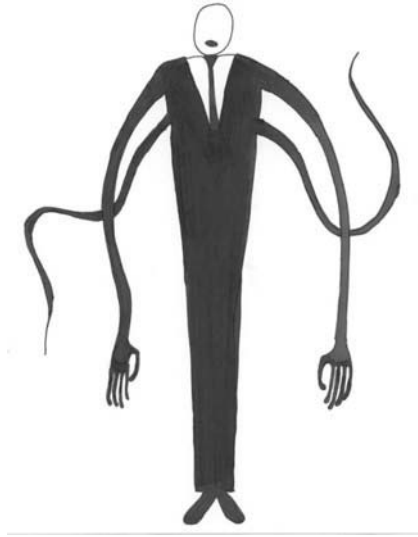
After the students were asleep, they were awakened by a scream. Most of the students reported seeing nothing, while others reported seeing someone or something carrying away the abducted student.

Reports as to who or what took the missing student are confused. Most of the witnesses stated that the kidnapper resembled the "strange person" seen earlier. This person was originally reported to be a very tall, thin man, bald, wearing a black business suit, white shirt and black tie. The witnesses stated that this man was the kidnapper, but that he now appeared different, nonhuman. Students stated the human had the aspect of an insect, or had tentacles sprouting from his body.

It is my surmise that the students misinterpreted the appearance of the assailant. Through a combination of suddenly being awakened late at night, the rainy conditions and more than a little bit of "creative thinking" brought on by the reported bout of ghost stories told by the students earlier in the evening.

The witnesses were presented with paper and asked to draw their impression of the assailant. All the results showed a person with a black suit, but all of them showed wildly different, inhuman features.

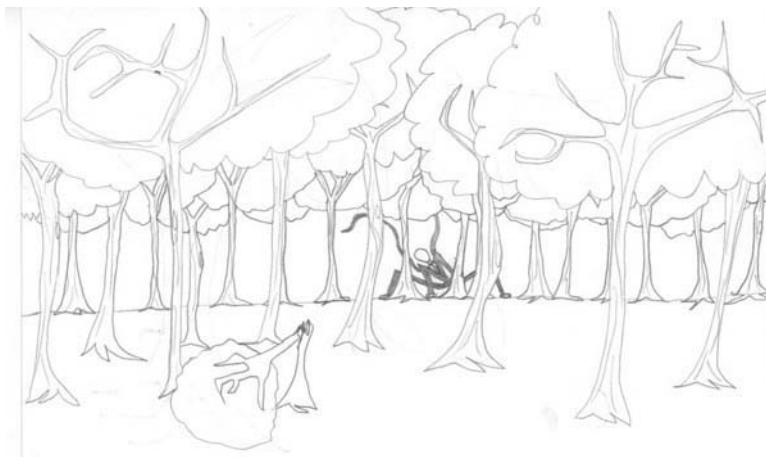
Subject 1:



Subject 2:



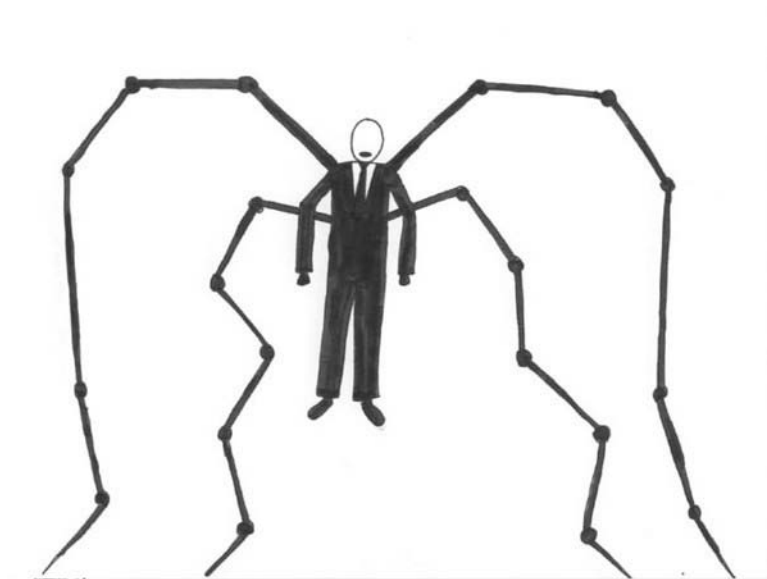
Subject 3:



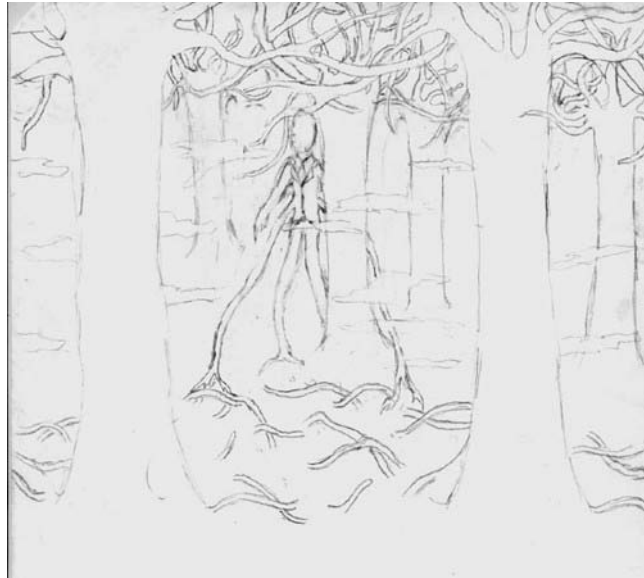
Subject 4:



Subject 5:



Subject 6:



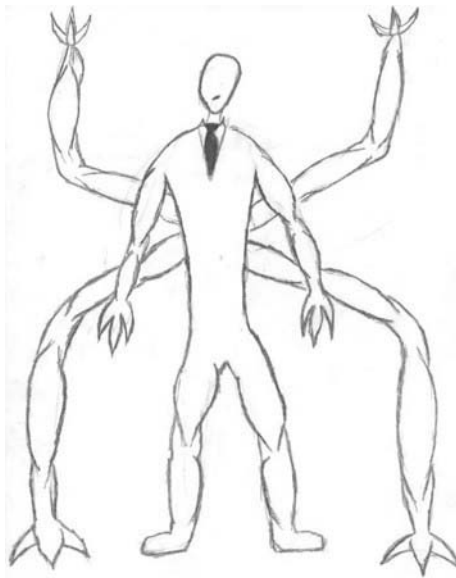
Subject 7:



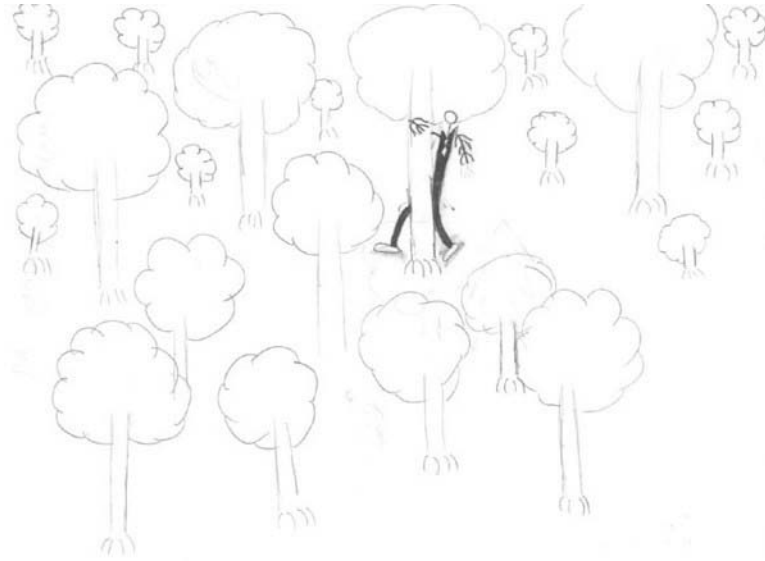
Subject 8:



Subject 9:



Subject 10:



Subject 11:



Subject 12:



Conclusion:

There is no useful data here. No distinguishing features of the assailant can be gleaned from the eyewitness reports. These reports are also particularly colored by mass hysteria brought on by the nighttime telling of ghost stories and the "creepy" conditions present during the night. All that can be concluded is that the assailant wore a black suit when he kidnapped the victim.

All the student were deeply traumatized by the assault. However, Subject 12 was particularly affected. He refused to handle the plain paper I provided for the students to draw on, stating "It looks like his shirt; It's the color of his face." He then pulled out a sheet of lined notebook paper and stated "It has lines, it's not like him."

Recommendations:

These students will require extensive counseling. Given enough time, they may be able recall more accurately the events of that night, but for the time being, they are providing little useful information.

The following photograph was found in the attic of a recently deceased man from Long Island.

The 93 year old man, who died in his own home whilst asleep, had previously worked in the New York financial industry before retiring in the late 70's due to health reasons. The photograph was discovered by his relatives, who were reorganising the many possessions he had accumulated in his attic throughout the course of his life. The unnamed folder in which the photo was contained had been buried at the bottom of a full chest of documents, all of which were unrelated to the photograph itself. The untitled folder was empty, save for this photograph. It is unknown whether the photo was taken by the deceased man himself, or if it was accumulated by him at another point in his life. The photograph is marked on the rear with the letter 'x'.

It is unclear why one of the children's faces has been scored out by the owner.



See, my grandmother died about a week ago, and since I live closest, it's my job to clean out her place. This was the last time I was going to see the place, so I took some pictures. This is their old piano, which we'd moved into the center of the room.

That shadow made my nearly jump out of my skin, because of this thread. I ran outside to see what the hell it was. I'm pretty sure it was just the *ridiculously* creepy neighbor, though, because there wasn't anything outside when I got there.

Still, though, it's pretty creepy, right?



“It showed me... things. Now, it didn't mean to. I don't think it really knows or values the concept of communication. But, as it, wal- crawled- moved-”

There was a sudden pause. His brow furled over, crinkled, and sweat began to run from his pores. As he closed his eyes, tears streamed from them, but he didn't look like he was crying... I noticed his arm hairs standing straight up, thought it was his nerves, but then I realized – the temperature in the room suddenly felt like it had dropped below freezing.

The cigarette in his hand... it went out. Acrid smoke furled and blew away as if on the breeze, though there was no wind.

“I felt it, I knew what it was, I saw its past and future – Christ...”

Harris opened his eyes again, his pupils were dilated to the point where the irises were slivers surrounded by a blood-streaked whites. He slammed his hands to the table, he swept the recorder away, he tossed my papers onto the floor, and he clenched them so tightly blood wept from his fists – so much blood – never seen anyone do that to himself. A man possessed.

“Harris, we can – we can stop now-” ... Knowing it was far too late.

Johnson screamed. It's ridiculous – can't possibly be – but it wasn't human, it was the screech of a banshee, there was no soul left in this man, whatever had been was swept and torn and slashed away till there was nothing but raw primal fear – and he howled. The door banged suddenly, orderlies trying to force it open.

“I saw the end. I saw death on the pale horse - no face - and god, oh god! I saw it smile. How did it smile? It SMILED! IT SAW ME, AND IT SMILED!”

He suddenly stopped, turned, stared – stared at me with a dead man's eyes. I moaned as his mouth leered unnaturally wide, a single stream of blood running from the left corner, and there was an unnatural quiet, the door was still being thrust at but there was no noise, and we stared into each others' eyes for an eternity.

Croaking, barely audible...

“Why? *Why* did it smile?”

And then the door burst, and the last thing I remember before I lost consciousness is a rush of orderlies tackling Harris to the ground, blood splattering from his shredded palms as he hit the ground – and behind them, unseen, a flash, a flash of a man in a suit.

No... not a man.

To preface things slightly, I grew up in an old Italian neighborhood. Many of our neighbors were fresh off the boat or were first/second generation American born which meant for those of us later born to be in an environment where the couple down the block are sneaking raising chickens, nearly every woman over 50 going around in the obligatory black dress, and enough whispered talk of signs and omens and whatnot.

It makes for interesting life experience when as a kid you can remember everyone flying into serious abject terror that a black bird flew into the house because it's a sign that someone's going to die soon and then as a teen when Grandma's in near hysterics screaming 'it's a Sign!', running for the rosary because she cracked open an egg that ended up having a bloody yolk and all you can think is 'God I can't wait until I'm old enough to get my own place away from here...'.

Most of my Mom's side of the family lived either in the neighborhood or in the ones just around it. My maternal Grandma was from a typical sizeable 20s era family, five sisters, two brothers surviving and two girls and a boy who died while very young. When I was on maternity leave and due to complication was assigned bed rest, I got a wild hair going on about working on a family genealogy because I was bored to all hell and one can only watch so much talk shows.

I figured to start on Mom's side since they were all really close and at the price of sifting through rambling while sitting on plastic covered furniture surrounded by dusty capodimonte, it was something to do.

Lot of it was family stories I'd long heard before like the time some strange guy tried to grab my grand-aunt Ro as a kid while she was playing in the yard. Great-Grandpa and his brothers chased the guy off with bats. It left her with a pretty wicked scar and when she had kids of her own, she watched them all like a hawk.

I tried to find out more about the siblings who died, but all anyone would say was they were really young when it happened and when the family was out in the country. I did try to get some death certificates but those were apparently lost in a move or flood and hadn't been microfiched.

Also around this time my grand-aunt Liz's alzheimer's had progressed pretty bad and her daughter was the one taking care of her at home. Anyone who's been around that knows it's rough, so I'd volunteer to sit in for a few hours so my cousin could get a break. Overall I didn't mind it and half the time my grand-aunt would think I was my Mother who'd passed on some years previous. I'd humour her since it wasn't worth causing a commotion.

One of the nights, she was more talkative than usual. Talking quite a lot of the old days and in particular her son Mikey. He died when he was five. My mom had been there playing with him, she was three at the time. What I'd been told was it was some lung problem and he just keeled over, but some of the things my grand-aunt said that night got me wondering.

Thinking I was my Mom, she said she was happy that at least 'He' didn't get me like he got Mikey and tried to get Ro. It made no sense so I tried to question carefully. Where they were living at the time had a thicket abutting the yard, and my grand-aunt had been watching the kids playing out back from the kitchen window. The man was well dressed, and she couldn't see his face well. She hadn't been worried at first since he didn't look like a bum or a gypsy. But as he came out of the woods, my Mom ran to the house and Mikey ran to him. They had the thicket cut down not long after. She was still sad that they had to have a closed casket funeral for him.

I would've tried to dig out more but my cousin came home.

I ended up putting the genealogy thing on the backburner once I had my son. Since I was still on maternity leave and we were still in the middle of clearing out stuff to make more room, I started on that. Most of it

was stuff from my Mom and Grandma that we just boxed up to deal with later after they passed. A good chunk of it had been water damaged or mouse nibbled so other than flipping through book pages since we'll use anything as a bookmark, I was throwing a good chunk out.

Not sure why I paused on it, but it was one of those old diaries that my Mom tended to pick up and just write poetry and doodle in. It was pretty tore up, fountain pens and water don't mix well. One page drew my attention. It had a large blurred blot on it and most of the poetry there was illegible. Something about cold woods, something pale clad in darkness reaching.

At the time I chalked it up to Mom being Goth before it came into vogue and went on with the cleaning up.

But...reading around, it gets me to thinking.

An old story told about me was I somehow managed to get out of the locked house and was found wandering around outside as a toddler in diaper until one of the neighbors brought me in and called my Mom. Talking with her years later, she said it looked like I was running away from a man in a black suit and had a cut on my arm. I'd also been wearing a sleeper that they never found, and I do have a faded scar on my arm that I don't remember how I might've gotten hurt.

I think at this point, I'm going to chalk this up with the bloody yolk signs, black bird omens and howling dogs are ill tidings. I don't think I want to think any further.

But then, the other day talking with my ex-husband, he said our son asked if he could cut down the tree near his window since it was scaring him at night like it was reaching in for him. I told him it'd be a great idea to cut it down...and to keep an eye out of anyone odd he might see.

HAGERSALL CENTER FOR CHRONIC DEPRESSION, DALLAS TX
CASE STUDY: Martina Gomez
KNOWN ILLNESSES: Depression, Paranoia, Insomnia, Panic Attacks
SESSION DIRECTOR: R. Hagersall

PREFACE

Our team met with 25-year-old Martina Gomez on the morning of October 1, 2009, at the insistence of her mother. Mrs. Gomez reported an alarming increase in the severity and duration of her daughter's panic attacks and paranoia, and received a referral to us from Cobalt Valley Medical Center outside of Houston.

Our team included an American Sign Language expert, as Martina Gomez lacks verbal ability due to an accident suffered on her 18th birthday. For personal reasons, Mrs. Gomez declined our offer to videotape the session.

SESSION NOTES

For ease of analysis by Hagersall Center faculty, Ms. Gomez's sign language is formatted as verbal speech.

STAFF: Tell us a bit about what happened to your throat, why you can't speak.

MG: I was 17 years old. I used to sing. It happened not long after school let out for summer, when I was planning to go out with my girlfriends and some boys to a party at a motel a few miles away.

STAFF: The official cause listed on your medical sheet says a fall outside a motel room damaged your throat.

MG: That isn't how it started.

STAFF: You never mentioned this to the doctors? You never wrote it out in your account of the incident.

MG: I couldn't write it. Until now, thinking about it made my heart race and I felt like I would die. I felt like I would die, you see?

STAFF: Explain what happened, then. Take your time.

MG: It happened to my grandmother, too. She died when she was 18. My mother was an orphan as a baby. I didn't believe it when I first read her journals, while I was recovering at home. She was murdered.

STAFF: You've mentioned this before, according to your history. Medical records show your grandmother suffered a massive stroke resulting from a malformed artery. She died naturally.

MG: No. You're wrong. It doesn't murder like you think it does. It takes what's inside you and feeds. The same thing came to me. I saw him at the motel, standing in the dark at the end of the row of rooms. He followed me home. He followed me everywhere for weeks.

STAFF: A person did this to you?

MG: Delgado.

STAFF: Is that his name?

MG: That's what he is. Delgado. Thin. Thin and tall, taller than anyone I've ever seen before. And his body was so tiny, you could put an ankle bracelet around his waist. And his face---

At this point, Ms. Gomez suffered a panic attack of such severity that even senior researchers on our team expressed concern that she would require immediate transfer to a regional medical center. Our diagnostic machines were of no help, as they recorded Ms. Gomez as lacking any blood pressure. Further transcribing was halted due to the tremor in Ms. Gomez's hands.

STAFF: If you can, Ms. Gomez –

MG: It was nothing, you see? His tiny body, he had on a black suit and a white shirt, but it didn't even look human. He was too thin. You looked down and couldn't tell where his legs ended, they just faded away. And his arms, so long, almost down to the floor, just blowing back and forth like they were empty sleeves! I told my friends but they didn't see! They said I was too nervous about partying with boys!

STAFF: How tall would you say this man was? Six feet? Seven feet?

Ms. Gomez pointed from the floor to the ceiling, a span of nine and a half feet. We asked our ASL volunteer to confirm she'd heard the question properly. Ms. Gomez again insisted the man was at least nine feet tall.

MG: Grandma's journal, she wrote about him. He followed her for weeks. Only children can see him, only young people. He just stood there and looked at me, but he had no eyes! His face was white like paper, and his head leaned off to one side. He just kept looking at me, with his arms blowing like they were!

STAFF: Did you tell any---

Further investigation was interrupted as Ms. Gomez jumped from her chair and moved quickly to the corner of the room, where she curled into a tight ball. She let out a piercing scream, which her mother later confirmed was the first sound she'd made in 7 years. One of our junior researchers became so unnerved by the sound of her scream that he requested and received a medical leave of one week.

MG: When I went out to smoke a cigarette I walked out by the soda machine. When I looked up from lighting the cigarette, he was there! He was an inch from my face! He had no mouth but I felt his breath! I could feel those sleeves running up the backs of my legs!

Ms. Gomez began to shake, prompting our staff to restrain her.

MG: I tried to scream for my friends but nothing came out! All I could feel was the breath on me, it was so thick I could hardly breathe. It was blocking out the air from my lungs! I felt those arms grab me, and then everything went black.

STAFF: According to the police report, your friends found you an hour later in the same area, unconscious. Is that correct?

MG: Yes.

STAFF: It says here you nearly drowned on your own blood on the way to the hospital, that your larynx was crushed and required two years of major surgery.

MG: Yes

STAFF: But if this slender man kills young people, why were you left alive? You said he murders young people.

MG: The motel party. It was my birthday party. I'd turned 18 a few minutes before I went out. That cigarette was going to be my first.

At this point in our conversation, Ms. Gomez's mother grew upset and withdrew her daughter from the study. Further access to Ms. Gomez has been blocked, leaving us no choice but to close the file on this case pending further case studies.

Roger Hagersall, Ph.D
Lead Session Director
10/2/2009

My grandfather remembers his short time at the orphanage. The bleak skies and the chill winds blowing up the hill from the sea, he told me he never once felt warm. There was never any wood for the stoves. There wasn't enough blankets for the children. At night they would fight to get a blanket each, friends would share one but the weaker kids would shiver and cry through the night.

My grandfather would spend many hours in the surrounding woods, tracking animals, watching the birds and learning their calls. All too often he would return late for lessons and the Matron would beat him with a bamboo cane. He didn't care. The lessons were ordeals and he would rather be outdoors.

One Autumn evening, as he approached the building, he knew he was late as he could see the lamps lit in the window. But could hear no chatter of the children, or the Matron's boorish voice barking orders. The orphanage was silent.

He crept in the side door, and made his way down the corridor to the main hall where meals and lessons were held.

He opened the door to see the tables set, bowls of thin oatmeal and pieces of bread untouched throughout the hall. The Matron and the cook lay on the floor, their bodies twisted grotesquely.

He ran outside, gasping in panic. Through the dim evening light, almost out of view, he saw movement towards the edge of the woods.

It was a procession of children, in single file, marching perfectly together into the trees.

Leading the procession was a figure, a thin outline in black. Too tall to be a person. It looked like a performer on stilts, but stilts didn't move like that, twisting and serpentine. It didn't look real.

The figure disappeared into the woods and the children followed.

My Grandfather ran, not stopping until dawn.

I knew one day I would find the orphanage to see it for myself. When I was ready.



March 13, 2009
Psychologist's notes
Case #3289B

This is the third child abduction case in the county this year. However, unlike the other two, this one has an eyewitness. This child witness is currently under my care due to the trauma of the event. DJ was sleeping over at his friend ML's house when the abduction took place. At approximately 2:30 in the morning an intruder entered ML's room and abducted ML. DJ witnessed the event. He has not spoken since that time and refuses to be left alone at any time. While DJ has not spoken, during our last meeting, while I was speaking of the kidnapper, he did pick up a paper and markers and drew the included image.



Analysis of this image will take some time but there are several disturbing elements. Why are the facial features so vaguely drawn? Is this due to poor memory on the part of DJ, or did a lack of skill in drawing cause this?

New painting spurs mystery

Reuters

October 21, 2009

A previously unknown painting by a German artist has sparked a debate among art historians. This painting by Josef Franz (b. 1503) depicts a pivotal moment in western religious history, the moment when Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses to the door of All Saints' Church in Wittenburg, Germany.

It was not an uncommon act for students to nail religious/philosophical challenges to the door of the church. However, it was the nature of Luther's challenge that changed history. His theses began the Protestant reformation. The painting by Franz has been dated to within 2-3 years of the actual event. Since Franz lived in Wittenburg at the time of Luther's posting, it is possible that he was an eyewitness to the event, or at least heard it firsthand from someone who did witness it. This makes it probably the most accurate rendering of the event found so far.

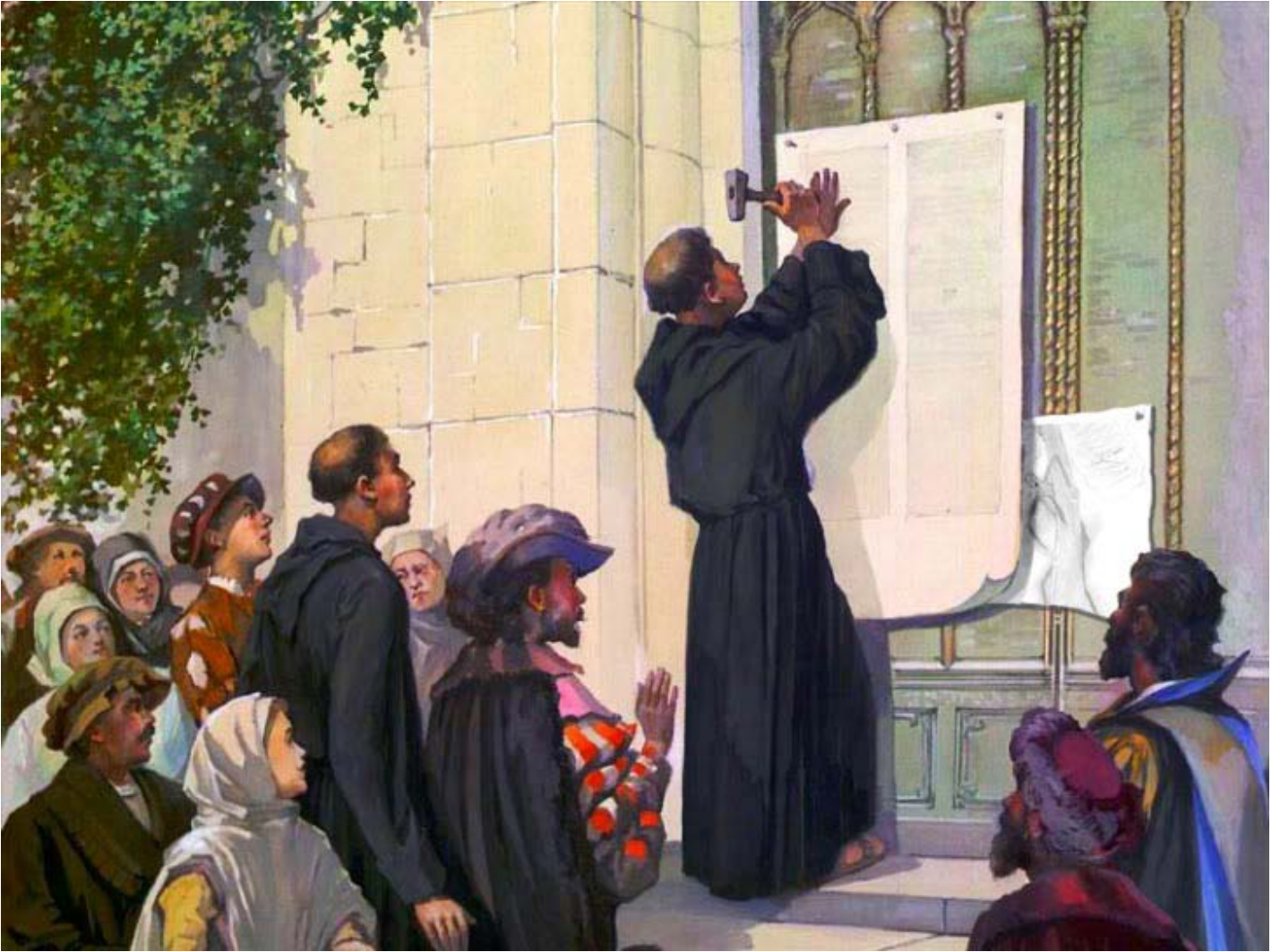
What is causing the controversy is not the actual image of Luther posting his theses, but the other paper seen tacked to the door of the church. Reports hold that the doors to the church usually held challenges. What is unusual is that the second paper posted to the door does not depict a challenge, but a drawing. It has not been reported that pictures were ever posted to the door. The drawing depicts a tall, thin man wrapped around a tree. The man appears to be dressed in modern business attire, a black suit, white shirt and black tie.

Conservators and art historians have minutely examined the painting and have come to the conclusion that the drawing was done at the time of the original painting, not added at a later time. How a seemingly modern image came to appear in a painting nearly 500 years old is a mystery. The historians at the Louvre are also debating what the significance of the drawing is. Some of them maintain that the image is an accurate depiction of what was on the door at the time Luther posted his theses. Others hold that the drawing was not actually posted on the door, but was placed in the painting by the artist for symbolic purposes. What the image of the man symbolizes has escaped the historians, however.

Little is known about the artist Josef Franz. he was born in Wittenburg, Germany in 1503. He showed a definite talent for drawing and painting at a very young age. Some have gone so far as to call him a prodigy. He completed several paintings while still a child. This newly-discovered painting appears to be the last painting Franz completed. While what happened to him is a mystery, he seems to have disappeared about 6 months after completing this painting. At the time he was working on a portrait for the local Bishop. The painting was never finished. In the lower corner of the canvas, which was still blank, is a crudely drawn multilimbed stick figure and the statement "Er Kennt Mich", which translates into "He knows me".

It is unknown what happened to Franz. He may have become ill and died with no record (a fairly common occurrence at the time.) It is also possible that he simply moved to another region and was forgotten. What is known is that no paintings by Franz from after this time have been discovered. Some state that the fact he did not finish the painting of the Bishop, along with no record of his death may indicate foul play. All that is known is that Franz disappeared before finishing the painting.

Historians are hoping to find more works by Franz, in hopes that it will help clear up the mystery of his disappearance and bring more light about the life of this mysterious child prodigy.





I saw a man in a suit today.

I don't imagine you'll find that very interesting; there are men in suits everywhere, after all. The thing is, I'm from a pretty rural area and there's rarely a reason to wear a suit out here. Unless you're getting married or buried, you really don't need formal attire.

I suppose, in a way, perhaps he *was* dressed appropriately, after all? I'm getting way ahead of myself, though.

I first saw him less than a week ago. I had woken up early in the morning, hoping to catch the sun rising from a beautiful spot I'd found the day before. I'm a bit of an amateur photographer. I like taking pictures of nearly anything and everything, and I wanted to try my hand at that old staple: sunrise over a pretty autumn skyline.

I found the spot nearly a mile behind the old Derrick estate; a derelict old farm long since overgrown with kudzu and the steadily encroaching forest. I travelled for the better part of an hour, the short distance seeming much farther due to the resistance the untouched growth of the forest put up. I originally found the spot crawling across swampy sections of dense underbrush and clutching vines, certain that the best-looking vantage points are found in the places man has the hardest time reaching. I figured that fighting for an hour to cover just over a mile's worth of land would show me something special. I wasn't wrong, but not for the reason I originally thought.

A chilly October wind blew an unseasonable fog across the shallow clearing ahead of me as I readied my camera. My tripod was set at the perfect location for catching the sun's ascent over the trees, or so I hoped. By the time I finished adjusting everything, double-checking my batteries, and brushing errant branches out of the way, the horizon had already begun to brighten. Gazing out over the clearing, I took my first shot.

I checked the preview of my test picture and frowned. It appeared that, at the edge of the clearing, there was a slight smudge. I checked the lens of my camera, but saw nothing amiss. Just the same, I took a cleaning cloth and wiped at anything that might be obscuring the view. Certain that the problem was solved, I took another picture and viewed the results.

Another smudge greeted me. I looked at the preview more closely, inspecting it. The smudge was oblong; much taller than it was wide. It showed up in both pictures just inside the treeline on the other side of the clearing, caught up in a particularly dense swirl of the morning mist. That caught me as odd in itself, but I didn't immediately realize why.

Irritated by this unexpected setback, I again wiped the camera's lense and went about making minor adjustments; zooming in a little farther, panning slightly to the left, altering the focus. Satisfied with these trivial alterations, I nodded at my camera before taking another picture. What I saw caused me to stagger back.

The smudge was still in the picture, except now it wasn't just a blur. The picture clearly showed a tall, slender man in a black business suit and tie standing just inside the treeline. The fog swirled about his form, becoming denser as it wrapped around; *almost as though it was emanating from him*, I thought. I shook the thought from my head and looked up, trying to spot the figure.

No one was there. The treeline stood just as empty as it was when I had first arrived; the fog meandering lazily among the trunks of the various trees. "Hello!" I called, hoping to alert the man in case he was a hunter. "I'm just taking some pictures! I'm not trespassing, am I? Hello?"

I waited for a moment, shading my eyes with my hand despite the lack of sunlight, hoping for a better view. No answer came. I stood there for a few seconds longer, waiting. Realizing my hand was pressed to my brow, I quickly lowered it feeling foolish and a little embarrassed. Feeling a blush rising to my cheeks, I quickly snapped another picture and checked the preview. The man was there again.

I shot my head up and again saw nothing at the treeline. I'm not ashamed to admit that I began to feel a little nervous at this point, glancing back down at the photo to see a man who wasn't there. I pressed a button and cycled to the first picture. A blurry smudge floated in the trees, shrouded in fog. I pressed again, and the smudge became clearer; an obvious shape hidden in shadow and mist. Again, the next picture bore the image of a man lurking in the shadows of several trees. Returning to the most recent picture, I gasped and took a step back.

The man had grown taller between frames, and his arms snaked down to his knees like limply hanging vines.

Collecting myself, I returned to the camera's screen. Surely I was mistaken. I told myself that the man had merely walked closer to the clearing between shots, and that the strange arms that looked like vines were just that: vines and nothing more. The picture itself was inconclusive at a second glance. The forest was too dark to be sure of anything specific in the picture. I looked up instead, straining to see something in the fog and darkness on the other side of the clearing. The wind blew, swirling the fog, but I saw nothing else.

I tried to laugh at myself for jumping at shadows, but the camera's viewer clearly displayed a tall, thin man in a suit. *He's **too** tall*, I thought to myself, *and **tooslender**. And why is he wearing a suit way out here?* Without thinking anything further, I took a shot; and another. Yet another. Zoom, then one more. As I was taking the last, I looked across the field until I heard the camera make it's faux-mechanical clicking sound before checking the results.

The first picture was identical to the previous: a tall man wrapped in fog and shadows, a pair of vines in front of his arms. The next shot looked identical to the first and second. Same with the following. Something in my mind screamed out to me as I began to press the button that would display the final picture. Something nagging and urgent, like a splinter in infected flesh. I paused for a moment, then cycled backwards through the pictures I'd just seen. Then forwards. Then back. My eyes began to widen as I realized what I had seen.

The pictures had *looked* identical to each other, but they weren't. The vines obscuring the man's arms moved between shot, appearing to writhe as I cycled quickly through the pictures. They also started at his shoulders, and ended in long, pale hands.

My head lifted slowly with an odd, jerky sensation as though I myself were moving in frame-by-frame pictures. I didn't want to look, but my head lifted anyway. I didn't want my eyes to focus, but they acted on their own. At the end of the clearing, partially hidden by shade and fog, was the man who was once hidden yet revealed in my pictures. I stared, helpless, as his boneless arms writhed and whipped; as his body lengthened and grew taller. It was then that I noticed he had no face. Then, when he took a step toward me.

Thought was obliterated by terror. I turned and ran headlong through the forest; branches tearing at my face, roots tripping me up, the ground's rolling unevenness causing me to stumble. I shrieked and dove aside as a grapevine caught my arm, rolling to jarring stop against a hoary old oak tree. I almost laughed as I realized what I had recoiled from. Almost, until I looked back the way I'd come.

The man in the suit... no, the *thing* in the suit was no more than thirty yards away, standing silently as though it had always been there. Its arms writhed; I ran.

I don't know how long it took me to exit the forest. The way in had been careful and methodical as I tried to keep myself and my equipment clean, dry, and unharmed. The way out was a mad, unthinking scramble that I can barely remember. I didn't stop running until I reached my town's general store and collapsed in front of one of the morning clerks. All I know is that the sun still hadn't risen above the trees yet.

The first coherent memory I have at that point was trying to explain what had happened to somebody. There were a few people around me by that point, all looking either confused or concerned, but I didn't immediately recognize any of them. I realized that I had somehow brought my camera back with me, but it appeared as though I had been gesturing at the display for several minutes by that point. I saw the confused faces begin to register a sort of understanding, while the concerned merely began to look bored. They thought I was playing a prank. They thought I was trying to trick them or, perhaps, that I had gotten spooked by a shadow or a coyote or something.

I looked down at the camera. On the display was the zoomed-in shot of the tall, slender thing in the suit. It's arms clearly hung down several feet, twisting and bending bonelessly. Looking up, I saw that most of the crowd had dispersed. The only person left was an old friend of mine, Dan Foster.

I was absolutely terrified and exhausted, yet somehow I was also already beginning to feel foolish. I slowly stood up, absently dusting some drying mud off my pants, and held the camera out to Dan. I asked him what he saw.

"Nothing," he replied. "There's a bit of a smudge in the middle, but but I don't see anything else. You scared the hell out of us, man."

I looked at the camera, then back at Dan. I made some lame excuse about shadows and being alone in the woods before dawn, then started walking home. I glanced back towards the store, once. The sidewalk was deserted, but there was something behind the store itself. A head without a face stared back at me over the top of the building, and I ran without looking again.

As I said in the beginning, less than a week has gone by. Since then I have shown my pictures to six other people. Four saw nothing in them but trees. One saw some ground mist and a weird smudge. My mother saw a dark, barely visible hint of a man in a suit hiding in the trees. That was two days ago. My mother was buried today.

I saw lots of men in suits today. The coroner said it was heart failure; strange for a healthy woman with no family history of heart disease. Her friends said it was a damn shame; no woman should die so young, especially without any grandchildren. The priest said she was in a better place; he didn't see the boneless arm snake through the window. He didn't see the slender hand reach inside her chest as mist swirled about her feet. He didn't see the thing in the suit watching her die, its head without a face staring at her as she gasped and choked, waiting for her to go limp before it somehow managed to...

There was nothing I could do. I tried to tear the arm away, but it felt like... like... nothing I can describe. Touching it was like knowing what it's like to rot slowly away to nothing from the inside out. Like surviving in an eternity of oily slick darkness, where the only light is the glint of alien stars off the teeth of something rabid and *wrong*.

There was nothing I could do. I keep telling myself that: *there was nothing I could do*. It helps, a little. But, still, I remember running for the phone. I picked up the receiver, hoping to call the police (what little they could have done, I do not know), but hearing nothing but static at the end of the line. I held the phone to my ear as I watched my mother die. As she slumped lifelessly to the ground, the static in my ear slowly started

to take form. At first it sounded like an empty cacophony of noise, but then...

Then I heard the voices.

Thousands, maybe millions, of inhuman tongues shrieked and muttered in a symphony of madness; their words inhuman and alien. I let the phone drop to the floor, then fell unconscious beside it. The last thing I remember as the world went dark was my mother's lifeless eyes. That, and the faceless thing outside the window somehow *smiling*.

I haven't shown anybody else the pictures. I burned my camera and destroyed my computer. I'm not taking any chances. I blocked the windows in my house and locked the door. I know it won't do any good, but I feel helpless and needed to do something. There was one last thing that happened before I end my story.

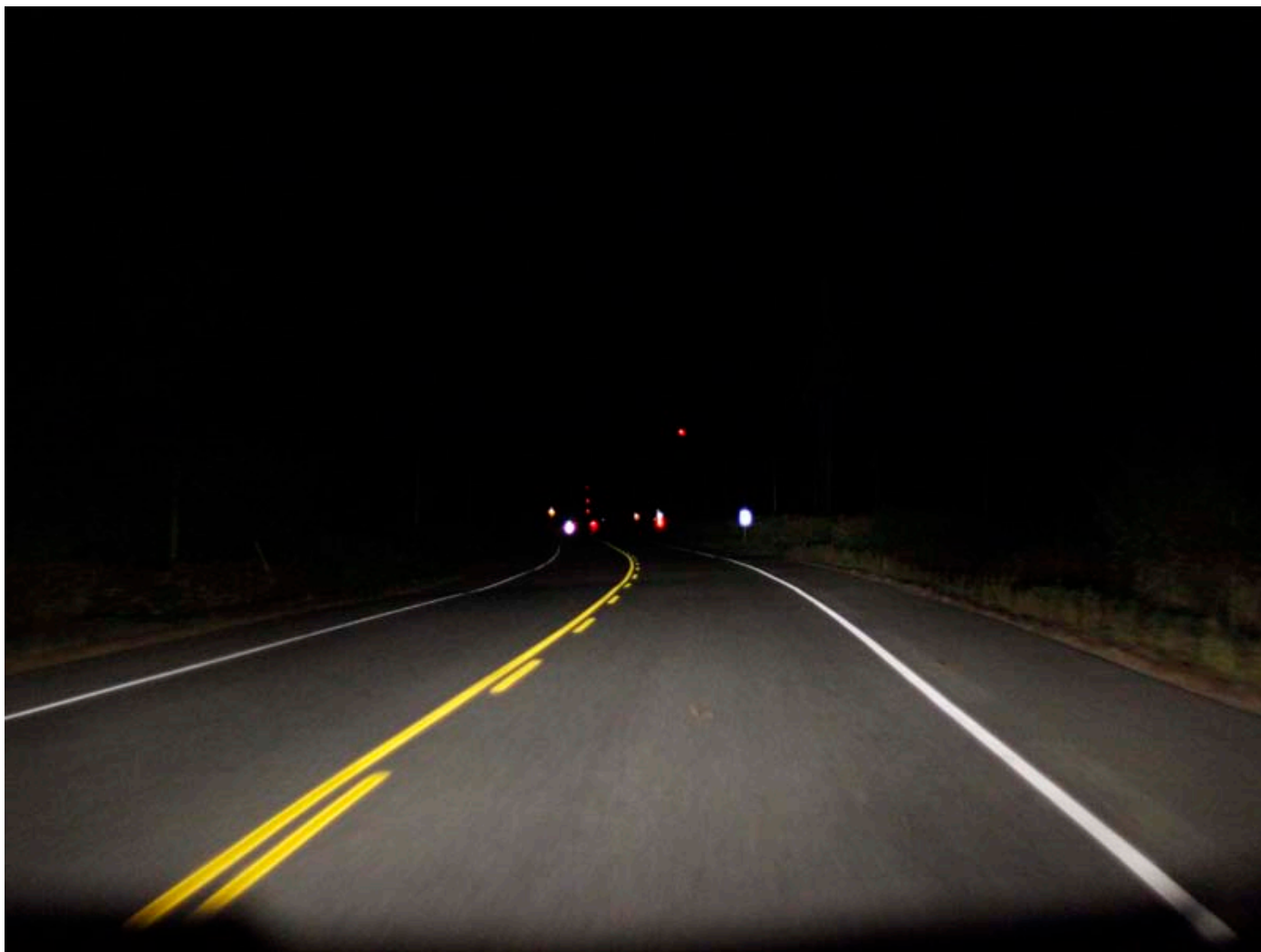
When I got home from my mother's funeral, after I'd blocked the windows, I turned on the tv. The news was full of men in suits, so I tore the cable wire out of the wall. Folks in the country still have old TVs, and some of us haven't gotten around to replacing our antennas with digital receivers. My television, free from the cable feed's flow of sound and images, displayed a field of black and white static. For a moment.

Then, as I watched in horror, the multitude of faceless figures turned toward me in unison, the white noise of their sea of alien voices rising in a shout of recognition. The empty channel opened on an eternity of slender men in suits, all staring at me with unspeakable hunger in their shapeless faces...

A few weeks ago, I let my mom borrow one of my cameras. She wanted to know how to use the timer on it, and I couldn't remember how, so as she drove me home, I played with it until I remembered, taking pictures of the road, etc.

The next day, I got so sick, I was out of my mind, completely incoherent. I actually ended up staying with my mom a few days later, because I wasn't going to turn down free food and a doting mother while I was sick. One night while there, I took my puppy out for a midnight pee. All of a sudden, she flipped out (very unlike her, as she's usually really submissive and quiet and just a little bit too needy) and started barking at seemingly nothing. Then I saw him. A tall man, all dressed in black, slipping around a corner and out of sight. All night I had dreams that I was video taping myself, and I kept waking up in a cold sweat, thinking that it wasn't enough, that I needed to change the tapes, that I needed to film from a different angle. It was really weird, and I was kind of freaked out. The next day I took my dogs and went back to my place in the city.

Today, my mom brought back my camera. She's not computer-savvy enough to download her own pictures, so everything was still in it, including the test pictures I took, two weeks ago. Among them I found this:



Now I'm sort of hoping the constant stream of drunken bros lined up for the club across the street will keep our slender friend at bay. Or at least he'll kill them all first... right?



I went on Halloween with a few friends to some supposedly "haunted" locations around town. One of them is some abandoned facility out the outskirts of Indianapolis, allegedly it was once a mental institution. Really weird place, it's even got a bunch of man-made tunnels underneath it, connecting it to presumably other parts of the property. While in one of the rooms, I was rooting through what was presumably a warden's stash of crazy people's journals. I snatched up a few for creepy reading and finally just got into reading one of them. And...it's kind of unsettling. Here's where it starts, I'll transcribe some more if you want. It's a mix of almost illegible hand-written stuff and then cut-outs of articles or clips of typed-up papers.

"As an avid researcher of the occult and paranormal, the reports of a tall, thin man had once intrigued me. Once enthralled me. My lust, my craving for knowledge has now been my undoing. I will share with you what I know so that maybe my family will see.

They will see!

If you are not strong of mind, if you are not prepared to deal with the gaze of the unknown then stop. Stop! And if you go on, I hope you have a god to beg. I don't. Not anymore.

Where is he!

These are my notes, my findings. I have drudged them up from the the abyss, and I have brought onto myself a monster. Please, this is your last chance to stop. To stop before it...he...finds you. What will you bring to yourself?

What will you bring to me!

18 JULY 1997

Small town – Middlefork, Kentucky. Several months ago, two young children, Leslie Green and her brother Alan, disappeared while playing in the river. The mother, Annie, said she suddenly did not hear the children anymore. The father, Terence, rose immediately with a shotgun and headed off to find his children. This was mid-afternoon. Annie would never see her family alive again.

JM: "Now, uh, Annie--"

AG: "Missus G-G-Green. You...it...he...y'all so high..."

JM: "High? Mrs Green, do you mean tall?"

AG: "Tall. He were so."

JM: "Now, Mrs. Green, the police gave up on your claim. Or rather, just said Terence had planned this all out. Had the children leave to meet him for a game then killed them both and himself?"

AG: "Oh God, no no. No, God...no. Terence was such a kind boy. Only kept that gun to ward off the pill poppers. He loved them children."

JM: "I believe you, Annie. I want you, I need you to tell me what happened."

AG: "After...after Terence left, it was hours. Much after dark. I hears a

clawing at the door. I don't think too much of it, we gets the coons around here sometimes. They smell a stew or food, try to get inside. But it jest kept goin'."

JM: "Then?"

AG: "It stops. For a minute then I hears it at the window. Now I'm afraid, I reckon it's not the coons. All...I see in the streetlight is a man. He were so tall..."

JM: "Was it your husband?"

AG: "No, no...Terence not so tall. This man...he were so slender, so thin. I see him try to push the window, to break it. All a sudden, there's the sound of a shotgun. I hear the buckshot spray against the side of the house and the man in the light lopes away. I hear the shotgun fire again. A pause, then two more times. Don't hear it no more."

JM: "Now, here's why I'm on your side, Annie. Your husband and the kids, they were...grotesquely mutilated."

AG: (in tears) "I jest dun know what kinda man could do that to his fellow. The kids, they was all cut up and strung in the trees. Terence, he were cut open. You could see inside his body! His guts, his organs, they were all there. But they had all been cut off, like someone had took them out then jammed 'em back in!"

The transcript stops there, Annie gets hysterical, and the ward's security has to sedate her.

The story of the Greens interested me fiercely but nobody in the town was willing to talk. That night, I called my children and wife. I told them how very much I loved them. And I told them to lock the doors."

Further Mystery of the artist Josef Franz

Reuters

Historians and conservators working at the All Saints Monastery in Wittenburg have come across documents that may explain part of the mystery surrounding artist Josef Franz, while creating even more of a mystery. Josef Franz was a fifteen-year-old artist in Wittenberg, considered by many to be an artistic prodigy. Just as he was becoming widely famous, he disappeared, never to be heard from again. Now part of the story of his whereabouts has been solved.

At the time of his disappearance he was working on a portrait for the local Bishop. The painting was never finished. In the lower corner of the canvas, which was still blank, is a crudely drawn multilimbed stick figure and the statement "Er Kennt Mich", which translates into "He knows me". Documents uncovered last week at the monastery indicate Franz was taken there for treatment as a "lunatic, possessed of demons, and raving".

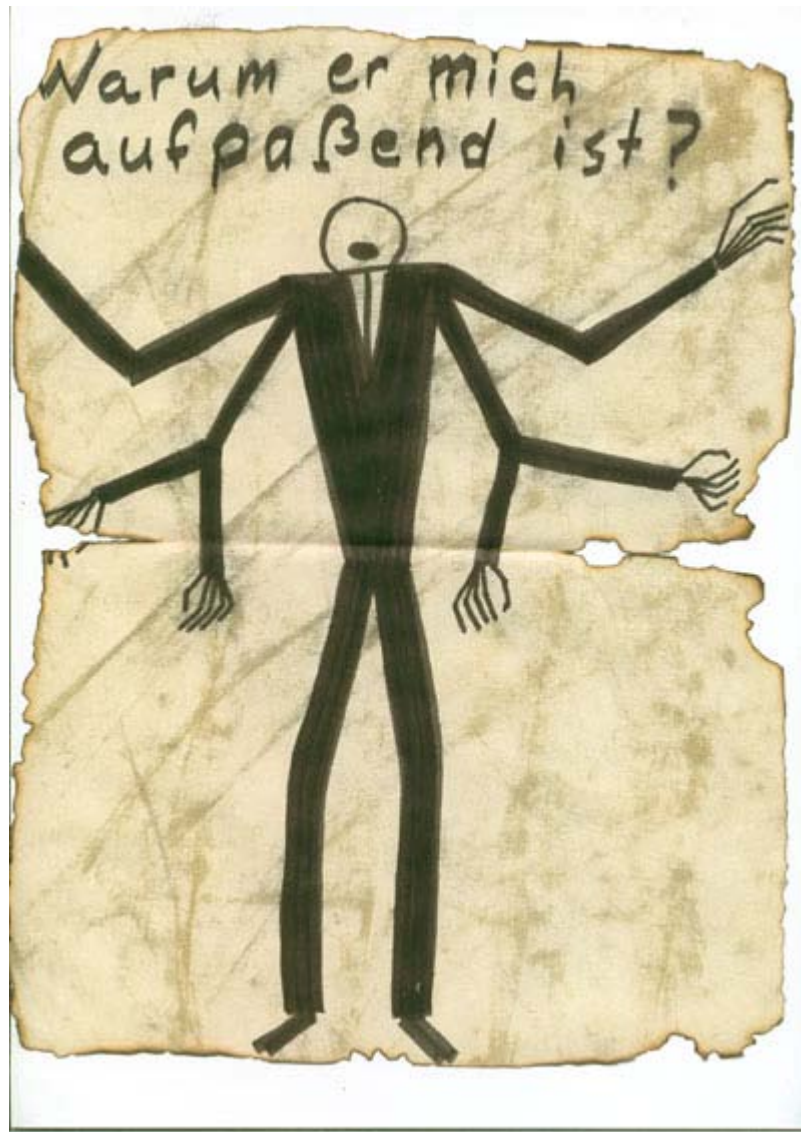
He was placed under the care of Brother Maynard, a monk healer at the monastery. Few of Brother Maynard's documents survive. A leather folder was discovered containing the few scraps that survive. The documents are badly burned, most are nearly impossible to read. A few of the documents seem to refer to Franz. The talented artist apparently requested parchment and painting supplies, which Brother Maynard gave him, in hopes that his madness might subside.

The drawings done by Franz so disturbed Maynard that he began having trouble sleeping. He describes vivid hallucinations and mentions the "Other visitor to Franz, the one that waits below his window in the tower". He describes this unknown visitor as "Wearing strange clothes, a black-and-white Jester's motley, though nothing about this visitor would be considered a jest. He stares for hours at Franz's window, but none may see his eyes. If one leaves the Monastery to ask after the visitor, he is not there. Even the grass where he stood is undisturbed."

The visitor seemed to have disturbed Maynard nearly as much as Franz. Several drawings by Franz from his time in the monastery show similar images to the one he added to his painting of Martin Luther. The drawings that survive are also badly burned.



The text in the drawing roughly translates into "Who is he?" It appears that this visitor was as unknown to Franz as he was to the monks of the monastery. Psychologist Lee Magnus who examined the drawings pointed out that the very rough nature of these drawings, coming as they do from a talented artist, may indicate severe mental problems.



The text in this drawing translates to "Why is he watching me?" Dr. Magnus hypothesizes that the drawing of multiple limbs is indicative of Franz's descent into madness.

While the discovery of this pouch of burned documents solves some of the mystery of Josef Franz, it leaves an even greater mystery in its wake. Along with the burned documents of Brother Maynard is a note from the abbot, Brother Wilhelm. He states that Brother Maynard was becoming increasingly agitated as he worked with Franz. Eventually one day he seemed to lose all composure, raving about the 'black-and-white demon-man'. He began to burn all his documents and scream that the devil had come to All Saints Monastery. He was subdued by the other monks. They took him to the room immediately next to Franz's, as its location in the tower would prevent his escaping from the window and the heavy door could easily be locked.

As the monks left Brother Maynard, one said he heard strange sounds coming from Franz's room. He described these sound as "The sound of a million ants, walking across a sheet of metal foil, and the sound of wet leather being slowly wrung out by powerful hands." When the monks opened the door of Franz's room, it was empty.

The window in the room was locked, and Franz could not have escaped from there in any event, as the room he was in was 75 feet above the ground below. Any escape attempt from the window would have killed him. Likewise, the door was locked, and there was no chance of escape that way, as the only passage out of the tower led through the monk's common room. Nobody had seen Franz come down, and the abbot concludes that this is a mystery only Brother Maynard may understand. He also notes that many clues to Franz's illness, as well as what happened to him may well have been in the documents that Maynard burned.

The brothers collected the charred remains and presented them to the abbot for him to investigate. The abbot's note states he has learned nothing from what remains, and mentions in passing that he had noticed Maynard looking out the window on several occasions. When asked, he would say he was looking at the black-and-white jester, but none of the other monks would see him when they looked.

A search of the records indicates that Brother Maynard never regained his sanity, and he died, raving, about two years after these events.



All Credit goes to Something Awful Forums
And the individual users who
Have created such a delightfully scary thing.
I take no credit for any of these images, or any of the text appearing here.
Each was created by members of SA.

For more information on The Slender Man:

[Something Awful Forums](#)
[The Slender Man Wiki](#)
[Encyclopedia Slenderia](#)
[Facepunch Studios Forum](#)
[4chan's /x/](#)