

<http://forums.somethingawful.com/showthread.php?threadid=3150591&userid=0&perpage=40&pagenumber=3>



"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.

Victor Surge fucked around with this message at Jun 25, 2009 around 05:38

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)

Victor Surge fucked around with this message at Jun 11, 2009 around 18:04

Misc.

POLICE DEPARTMENT

SLENDER MAN
KILL US
ALREADY
KILL US
KILL KILL KILL

Date 12-1-55

Complainant J.F. Blake (wn)

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 _____

WIKK'S PLACE
WE SAME SAME SAME

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

6/14/93
Fog called in 3 PM
it appeared 5:27. 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
Rest of us can't hear, but will come.
6/13/93
Rest of us can't hear, but will come.
sleep, no food
no power

WHAT DOES IT WANT!!
Tom showed me that
Draw weird file

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

Officers Tom showed me that
Draw weird file

Division Patrol

Time 7:00 PM

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.



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.



LeechCode5 fucked around with this message at Jun 12, 2009 around 09:54





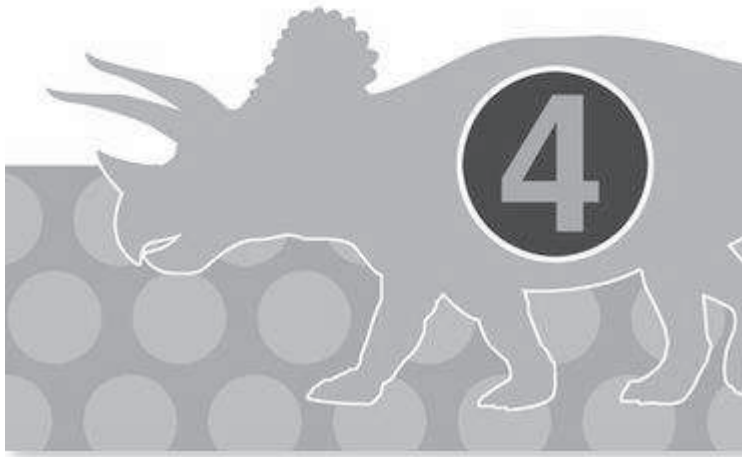
**Come to a Dinosaur Party
to celebrate Jake's Birthday!**

Saturday, May 18th

2:00 pm to 4:00 pm

1545 North Ridge View Lane

regrets to Carla 509. 877.1992





Ocio1

The Daily W

Tuesday, May 21st, 2004

Local Boy Disappears

Wichita - A missing and noticed nothing
8-year-old boy, Jake suspicious
Greenwood of Wichita, imp
Kansas, has his
neighborhood in an uproar. The boy went
missing from his backyard
around approximately 5:20
PM on Sunday the 19th of May. His mother reported
seeing him playing near
the trees of his backyard
prior to his disappearance

School officials state that
in the weeks leading up to
his disappearance, that he
had been irritable at school
and at home, often
complaining of a tall, very
thin man in all black. Police
declined to comment at
this time.

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

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

Victor Surge fucked around with this message at Jun 28, 2009 around 06:46



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.

I honestly don't get what half this poo poo means. I'm done with this Slender Man stuff. It's starting to make me uneasy. It's like reading the GBS ghost story threads before I go to bed. Why do I have to look at this stuff while it's super late? 🤖

Luckily, my friend is coming over.

Victor Surge fucked around with this message at Nov 07, 2009 around 03:13



That was awesome, victor. I hope you at least make it a short story or something.

When you posted the part about the chest injuries it reminded me of the Dyatlov Pass incident that was posted in the Unsolved Mysteries thread:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dyatlov_pass_accident

Wikipedia posted:

and both Dubunina and Zolotarev had major chest fractures. The force required to cause such damage would have been extremely high, with one expert comparing it to the force of a car crash. Notably, the bodies had no external wounds, as if they were crippled by a high level of pressure. One woman was found to be missing her tongue.[1]

After looking a little further, I found this picture - taken a day before the incident.



WoodrowSkillson posted:

I agree, its better when you don't notice them at first, and only later you realize just how alien the Sender Man is.

Yeah, I wanted the last set of images to be more obvious, since the people taking the pictures kinda knew what they dealing with and therefore could get better shots (before it wiped them out), and I kinda wanted to bring it to a close. I'm glad everyone enjoyed it, although initially it hadn't been my intent to do more past the first picture post. What essentially inspired me was stuff like "The Rake", since that pretty much terrified me. Having an unearthly creature, such as a skinwalker or something, stalking you has always been much scarier than ghosts in my opinion.

As for image assets, I used a lot. I have folder with about seventy different things in it.

Victor Surge fucked around with this message at Jun 14, 2009 around 04:40

Splash Damage posted:

Where did you get the source for Slender Man? Or was he done from a scratch?

The Slender Man as an idea was made-up off the top of my head, although the concept is based on a number of things that scare me. The name I thought up on the fly when I wrote that first bit. The asset I used for a couple of the pictures was the creepy tall guy from Phantasm, which sadly I have not seen, and the others various guys in suits. All of the things that aren't the torso and legs, like the tentacles and Slender Man's face, were painted from scratch however.

VVV For sure, no happy endings here. Then I would send a dude dressed like him to stand in the yards of all the people who bought and read the book.

Victor Surge fucked around with this message at Jun 14, 2009 around 17:15

I read this thread while in bed last night, and if you wanted to go off on a tangent about slender man haunting the dreams of those who research him, you'll be telling the truth. Not quite a nightmare as I didn't feel the usual fear that goes along with them, but very odd dreams that started with running from an apparition of him in the distance and ended with him catching up to me and ripping my chest open with his tentacles as I tried to fight back, at which point I woke up.

I'd love to see the storyline extended and it would make a kickass movie or book if you promised it would end with the researcher being killed by Slender Man instead of a happy ending.

Machismo posted:

Oh kay... That is creepy. Where did the slender man come from? Did his idea spontaneously come to us on SAF?

I've been following the signs for quite some time.

There are woodcuts dated back to the 16th century in Germany featuring a tall, disfigured man with only white spheres where his eyes should be. They called him "Der Großmann"[Sic], the tall man. He was a fairy who lived in the Black Forest. Bad children who crept into the woods at night would be chased by the slender man, and he wouldn't leave them alone until he caught them, or the child told the parents what he or she had done. Even then, there is this chilling account from an old journal, dating around 1702:

(Translated from German, some words may be innaccurate)

"My child, my Lars...He is gone. Taken, from his bed. The only thing that we found was a scrap of black clothing. It feels like cotton, but it is softer...thicker. Lars came into my bedroom yesterday, screaming at the top of his lungs that "The angel is outside!", I asked him what he was talking about, and he told me some nonsense fairy story about Der Großmann. He said he went into the groves by our village and found one of my cows dead, hanging from a tree. I thought nothing of it at first...But now, he is gone. We

must find Lars, and my family must leave before we are killed. I am sorry my son...I should have listened. May God forgive me."

There is more evidence of the slender man, but this is one of the oldest translatable accounts. Anyone else in the thread found anything like this?

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.



Victor Surge posted:



"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.

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.



Thoreau-Up posted:

There are woodcuts dated back to the 16th century in Germany featuring a tall, disfigured man with only white spheres where his eyes should be.

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.

Coincidentally I kind of hate poetry so sorry for the suck...

JossiRossi fucked around with this message at Jun 15, 2009 around 17:07

Photo: Henderson Horse Farm, 1954

Case: The Henderson 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... drat 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.

I work in a radio newsroom, and I saw this come down a few months back. Didn't think much of it then, but all this "Slender Man" stuff made me think of it.

I copy and pasted this from the wire copy,

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.

Man... if anyone could find copies of whatever was on the digital camera... or the *camcorder*... that was confiscated, that would be pretty sweet.

The Oklahoman
August 21st, 1987

New Discovery In Disappearance of Boy

Tusla, OK-- A new piece of evidence has turned up in the investigation of the boy that disappeared from an elementary school in Tusla. The boy's father, it was discovered, was filming his son's first day of school, and the home video footage was released to local authorities. He took his own life shortly after the boy's disappearance. No word yet on any suspects, though police are drawing similarities to the 1963 slayings in Lake Texoma. The voice on the tape has yet to be confirmed and though the film's video is largely destroyed, the audio remained in tact.





I know you guys said no more text, but I just have to share this with you. 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 hes 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."

There are more, but I don't want to flood the thread. If anyone actually cares to read another, i'll post it

Der Ritter:



quote:

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 on 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

have been believed to be the reason for the mysterious abandoning of the Halstberg castle and the nearby village in 1543.

GyverMac fucked around with this message at Jun 15, 2009 around 22:41

This may or may not be related to the Slender Man mythos;

Robert Wadlow, the tallest human being of all time was 8'11" when he died. The cause of death was listed as an infection from a blister on his ankle caused by a faulty brace, but his death certificate described the wound as 'a puncture or bite mark of unknown origin'.

He was buried in a half-ton coffin that required 12 pallbearers to carry, which was interred within a vault of solid concrete. It was believed that Wadlow's family were concerned for the sanctity of his body after his death, and went to these lengths of security to ensure it would never be disturbed or stolen.

It was rumoured that these extreme burial measures were really undertaken so that no one could see the mysterious changes that started to occur to Wadlow's body after his demise; the inexplicable lengthening and splitting of the arms, the bizarre contortion of the facial features.

Perhaps the half-ton coffin and concrete vault were not to preserve the sanctity of the body, but to keep something from escaping.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Wadlow#Death



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 granny 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.

I'm suddenly imagining a Slender Man "documentary," done in a style similar to The Last Broadcast or that old Alien Abduction tv special. Interviews with witnesses of various encounters through the years, investigation into the different events brought up in this thread, and specialists analyzing photographs, intercut around home video footage taken by a missing family, showing them being picked off by the Slender Man. As we get further into the film, we also start to see behind the scenes footage of the making of the documentary, with crew members not showing for work and not answering calls, various production problems... then finally ending with a note that the director disappeared immediately after completion of the film.



It took me a while but I tracked down the photos that go along with this story.

I first heard the story in 1983 while living in Arkansas.

It's about a young hunter making his first kill on opening day and vanishing while the entire family looked on.

The Elliot family owned a 200 acre tract just west of a small town named Bee Branch. Over the years they hunted and harvested all forms of furry critters on the farm. Two State record bucks have been brought down by the bowhunters in the Elliot clan.

Family tradition requires that upon the day of their first kill, which is the turning point into manhood, they must have their picture taken with their quarry in front of "The Big

Tree". This was a very big deal in the family because that meant your photo gets added to the wall of fame.

This is where young Eldon Elliot joins the story.

Eldon had watched, listened, and learned well from his Father the ins and out of reading the game trails. Eldon had spent many hours in the woods with his head full of dreams of this year being his year to have his picture put on the wall and if the size of the footprints were any indication he just might be putting the mounted head of another State record on the wall as well.

Opening day of deer season found Eldon waiting for sunup sitting in a tree stand, waiting for that big buck to show up.

His work and perseverance paid off at exactly 8:33 AM that day. Eldon held his breath as the biggest buck he had ever seen in his 14 years walked out of the woods into his line of sight. He ever so slowly drew back his bow, adjusted his aim for the distance to his target, and began to relax his grip on the bow string to let the arrow fly. That very second a twig snapped and the monster buck dropped flat to the ground and vanished as they often seem to do. The arrow took flight on what would have been a perfect clean kill shot and came to rest in the shoulder of a young spike buck that was standing behind the big guy.

Eldon watched in disbelief as his dreams went up in smoke.

Well not all of his dreams. His picture was going on the wall because the spike buck dropped about 20 yards from where it was shot.

One twig snap changed his fate from a 250 pound monster buck to a yearling not much bigger than a german sheppard. Shear utter disappointment and embarasment was what Eldon felt the moment that little tiny buck dropped. All the walking, watching, planning, and bragging went out the window with that shot. The bragging..... how would he ever live down all of the bragging he had done.

Eldon's Father was still proud that his son had made a kill and the family loaded up the trucks to head over to the big tree for the official photo session.

The following photos were the three shot burst that his Uncle Bubba Ray took the moment they heard the shriek and Eldon vanished before their eyes.....

Eldon by the big tree (I cropped out the dead deer for the squimish readers)



[Click here for the full 999x677 image.](#)

The Slender Man?



[Click here for the full 999x677 image.](#)

Eldon's gone!!!!



[Click here for the full 999x677 image.](#)

Slenderman

From /x/enopedia

Jump to: [navigation](#), [search](#)



An artist's rendition of Slenderman.

Slenderman is a cryptid created in mid-June 2009 by several forum-goers from the Something Awful forums.

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Appearance

The typical appearance of Slenderman was originally that of an impossibly tall man in a suit with a distorted, blank face. The fear it inspired came from both the odd proportions of the body and the distortion of its face, which encouraged the viewer to stare deeper into it. Later posters would give him tentacles and attribute various creepypasta to him. Both tentacled and non-tentacled versions are accepted in Slenderman canon.

Use

Before the creepypasta was widespread, Slenderman was used as a sort of "where's Waldo", with users hiding him in photos. As his popularity grew, creepypasta would become attributed to him. The most generally accepted of the stories would be ones that had a subtle level of realism that readers could suspend their disbelief to, while outright storytelling with the military and scientists are frowned upon as cheap science fiction.

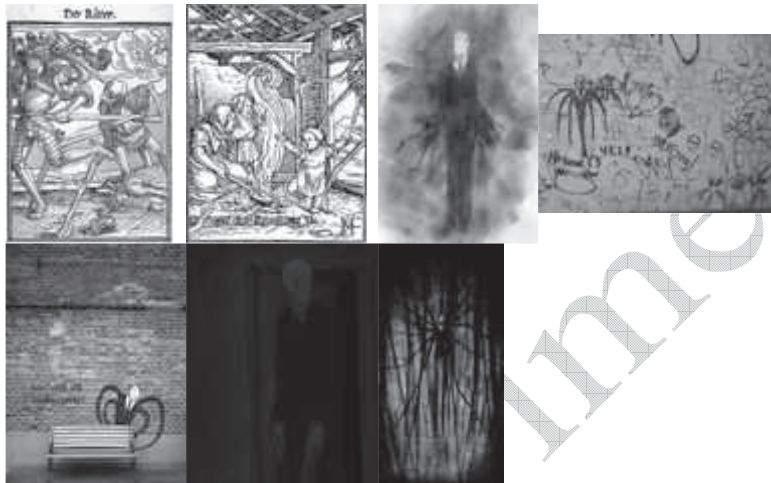
Most recently, two projects have developed adopting the Slenderman mythos into fiction: Marble Hornets, a series of online videos, and Just Another Fool, an online blog. Just Another Fool ended in January 2010, but Marble Hornets is currently ongoing.

Photographs





Artists' Depictions



See Also

[Marble Hornets](#)

[The Rake](#)

Mattslox posted:

He's coming for you.

Every time I walk past the window at the top of the stairs, I always look out it, even if just for a moment. It's a habit I've had since I was tall enough to peek over the sill. But tonight, as I stepped out into the hall, my head refused to turn; even my eyes remained fixed on the other end of the corridor.

It was as if my body was trying to tell me something... Not the frantic *'Don't look, don't*

look, dear god please walk faster,' but instead the eerily calm 'There's no need to look. You already know he's there.'

I'm loving the Slenderman. That's just an awesome name to start with. The minimal backstory to the image was just perfect. Victor, you have a gift for horror it seems.

You posted one image and a tiny backstory. Planting a small seed of an idea into the internet, without even knowing (or planning) for others to run with it, and make it grow.

Then, people saw your idea, and started expanding on it. The Slenderman went from an isolated incident to a full mythos, with woodcuttings, incident reports, coverups and multiple killings to it's name in just a few pages of collaborative effort.

Somebody compared it the Special Containment Procedures files.

I'm officially taking credit for creating SCP173, the original, and dropping it into 4chan's /x/ board. Pretty much the same thing happened there that happened here.

Anonymous ran with it after I set it loose, and the results have been phenominal.

The folks at <http://scp-wiki.wikidot.com/> have done an awesome job with this simple format. There is some very nice creepypasta to be had there.

What I'm trying to say with both of these, is that I am continually amazed with how a single idea on the internet can sprout and grow into something more incredible than you ever expected, simply through a small amount of creative effort on the part of many individuals. I won't be getting to sleep anytime soon thanks to you all.

(I'll try to add something to the SM mythos later)

Moto42 fucked around with this message at Jun 16, 2009 around 07:44

(So I take it people are OK with more fiction? If so, here's the next journal entries of a Slenderman haunting. If not, tell me and I'll edit the post.)

January 28, 2009

Called Dr. Bronn about these journals. I don't want to write them but she thinks I need to. Thinks I need to come to terms with what I--with what happened. We'll see if I can.

January 31, 2009

Turns out I couldn't bring myself to write anything down after my first entry. It just brought up too many memories. But why would I have all of these memories? I couldn't have done any of the things I remember. There wasn't enough time and, besides that, my family is OK anyway. I didn't hurt them like I remember. Thank God!

I guess these entries are good for something, though. I remembered something I left out of the other entry. When Buck and I got to the sidewalk and I looked back, I did see something other than the guy on the bicycle. There was SOMETHING by the tree. There's a small wood there, maybe twenty or fifty trees in the part of the park near the trail and there was something else, too. I--I didn't see it but I FELT it. Just something wrong.

These last few days have felt wrong, too. Not the same kind of wrong, though. I've been having--dreams. Nightmares. Visions that I can't wake up from of hurting my wife and son. And then, the next day, I don't remember them as dreams. It's like I really did the acts I imagined and there's this horrible sick shock of seeing them healthy and walking around. Seeing my son play with his toys is like some sort of dream instead of reality. I haven't been able to kiss my wife without feeling like I'm kissing a corpse.

Last night was the worst, though. I didn't do anything to my family. But last night, HE called to me. I laid there and listened. I couldn't move. And he told me, over and over, what I was going to do. To my wife. To my son. To myself.

I think I need to be committed. I don't think I'm safe. I think I might hurt my family. Oh God I don't want to hurt anyone

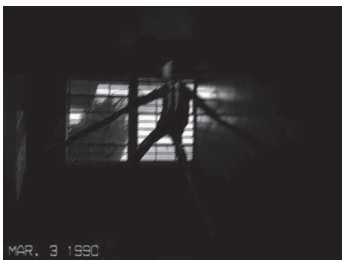
? Jun 16, 2009 07:44

- [Profile](#)
- [Post History](#)
- [Rap Sheet](#)





pixelbaron posted:



You done hosed up thinking those bars on your windows would keep out the Slender Man. "I'm not stuck in here with y...". :kills you:

I always went with the assumption that his arms, and to a much lesser degree, his legs would change periodically. The Slender Man wants maintain human-like proportions, but try as it might, it's always off to the point where you know something is very, very wrong.



Men, it's Slendermen, there are multiple of them. As seen from the photos, some are more concealed with the only distinct features being height and lack of features. Others have changed, reverted into a more primal or advanced to a different form, with the increase of strange features, tentacles and the like. I hope there are multiples, or the one there is can change, and he may be able to change into a more human form, and infiltrate human society.

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 drat 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 like the idea of just one Slender Man. Multiple worldwide sightings are due to his ability to travel ethereally; he exists inter-dimensionally and is not subject to restrictions of our space-time.

Differing appearances are the result of multiple factors. One, nobody ever sees *all* of him, just whatever portion that the entity has 'phased' into their proximity. Two, most Slender Man 'sightings' are indistinct glances or unclear photos; if anyone has gotten a good view of him, they're not around to describe him.

"Some say that the worst monsters reside in the imagination, drawn from the greatest fears of those who imagine them. I say there are horrors beyond mortal imagining, and they are far worse. And I have looked on both."

Guys, I don't know what to loving do, I'm really loving scared

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 poo poo 15 year old camera with me

I usually walk down the middle of the road cause it's a weird feeling, you know, no loving 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 loving business suit, 3 loving AM. So I figure maybe he's drunk, really well-balanced drunk, because he walks really loving 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 drat this is loving weird. I only noticed after I went through them that he's loving 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 loving is.



I mean loving seriously, this guy must be wearing running shoes cause I didn't hear a single loving 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 loving odd. Not to mention he looks like he's holding rope or some loving 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 gently caress. I realize that besides for when he walked to the middle of the intersection, I have not seen this guy loving 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. gently caress all. And you can see whatever the gently caress he's holding better here. What is that, loving rope? At this point I figure gently caress it, I'm going to run flat out, all the way home because I'm close now and I prefer this gently caress 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 gently caress.



Goons, what the gently caress is that. Those loving trees behind him are old and pretty goddamn tall. The dude could have torn the top leaves off of them. His magical loving no-sound shoes are at least 6 feet off the ground. I can't loving 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 gently caress. It's early morning right now and I think the sun's coming up, but I can't loving 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 loving wind. I'm making GBS threads myself here. Goddammit, what do I do.

quote:

I like the idea of just one Slender Man. Multiple worldwide sightings are due to his ability to travel ethereally; he exists inter-dimensionally and is not subject to restrictions of our space-time.

nockturne posted:

So do we agree that The Slender Man has something to do with trees? Because I'm wondering if I should be freaked out by the ancient peppermint tree that is growing *not a dozen feet* from my window. 🤪

Put it this way. Sometimes when you get up in the night for a glass of water, and you look out the window, it'll look like your tree has one or two too many branches.

When that happens, stop looking, turn off the light and go back to bed.

I like the tree/plant connection because you could cast him/it as a strange creeper or vine or spiderthing which is just trying to look like a person as a form of camouflage. The impersonation is imperfect, though, so he falls right in the uncanny valley. He can be killed, and what's left just looks like rotten wood, but... well, another one grows to take his place. This means he can be seen anywhere plants grow, especially forests and jungles, and anywhere in time because he can live to be very old and the spores are very old and travel on the wind and stuff, and a bullet will snap off a thin branch but nothing else, and an axe to the neck will just get lodged and make him irritable and shriek at you, and if he touches you you get a rash or sting like poison ivy, and he appears in old nursery rhymes to frighten children out of running away from home, and there's only one or two Walking Men at any given time, but maybe there's a whole grove of Still Men planted somewhere, and fire is your best weapon which is why he only comes out when it's foggy or stormy...

E: oh, and don't ask how I know all of this

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)

(If you guys want no more fiction, I can edit this out. drat I love this thread.)

The Slender Man Mythos
[make a to do](#)

[send a pm](#)

[add to watchlist](#)

[drop watch](#)

[go to watchlist](#)



There is an enigmatic figure, most often seen as a tall, extremely thin man with long, strange arms, and a face that no two people see the same way. Where he comes from is as much a mystery as what he wants. All that is known is that there is evidence of him existing for far longer than one would expect. Those who see him often wind up missing—or worse—with their mutilated bodies impaled upon a tree, and their organs removed and then replaced systematically. His presence is associated with paranoia and sometimes a strange sickness, and those who see him are frequently found to be maniacally writing strange messages, and drawing mad scribbles of a dark, faceless figure. It is advised to avoid investigating too much lest you get entrenched too deep...and find yourself the subject of unwanted interest.

Two projects, [Marble Hornets](#) and [Just Another Fool](#), are associated with the Slender Man mythos, along with a series of strange stories from people who appear to have seen him, as well as photographs by people who have not been heard from since; a more-or-less full list can be found at [the Unfiction forums](#); the articles for the works can also be found below. The first collection of stories appeared on [Something Awful](#) before people discovered that there was more to the phenomenon than was originally apparent. May or may not be related to [The Pale One](#). Below here is a list of works related to the Slender Man that have been documented on this wiki.

- [Just Another Fool](#)
- [Marble Hornets](#)
- [Seeking Truth](#)

These stories provide examples of:

- Apocalyptic Log: A good number of reports on this creature are found in this format.
- Alternate Reality Game: The mythos themselves, and many of the projects relating to them.
- Being Watched: He's watching you, always watching!
- The Blank: The most common depiction of the Slender Man is missing his face.
- Blue And Orange Morality: Across the different facets of the mythos, it's difficult to say whether the Slender Man can be consistently considered totally evil, to be working toward a discernible goal, or even intelligent by our standards. So let's just say he subscribes to Blue And Orange Morality and call it a day.
- Breakout Character: This is how Slendy started off in the original thread. See Memetic Mutation for more details.
- Clap Your Hands If You Believe: Some of the ARGs, such as *The Tutorial*, claim this is the case with the Slender Man existing in the first place.
- Combat Tentacles: Slendy is sometimes depicted with tentacles supplementing or replacing his arms.
- Complete Monster: One interpretation of Slender Man is that he is a cruel being who prolongs the fear that his victims feel before brutally torturing and killing them so he can make people as miserable as possible. See Blue And Orange Morality for why this may not be the case.
- Creepy Awesome
- Depending On The Writer: The details concerning the Slender Man's powers, personality, and modus operandi change from story to story.
- Dont Go In The Woods: Honestly, half the time he doesn't even bother with the woods. So good luck avoiding everywhere you ever go.
 - Early backstory suggests his first known sighting was in the Black Forest in Germany.
- Dressed To Kill: Although there's been some question as to whether he's even wearing a suit.
- Eldritch Abomination: A fairly small-scale one, as abominations go, but that doesn't really help...
 - Humanoid Abomination: Provides the trope page image, for good reason.
- Evilly Affable: Your Milage May Vary, but he is quite the Mr. Popularity. How do you think he got his own legend from a simple photomanipulation? Tall and stately in a creepy way, well-dressed, and subtle. What's not to like?
- Expanded Universe: Every single "side-story" counts as this: they all draw off different bits of mythology and references, and his powers (when actually shown) are not totally consistent. But that might make it scarier...
- The Fair Folk: One of the earliest stories of what Slendy may be; that he's a malevolent fairy that lives in the forest and preys on naughty children.
 - There exist Changeling runs featuring Slender Man as a true fae, or as a group of very similar fae. There is at least one fan campaign that combines fae-Slendy along fae-wellwraiths. And it is horrifying.
- Fan Nickname: Slendy.

- Foreshadowing: In Just Another Fool, Joshua nearly crashing on his motorcycle after seeing a certain "businessman".
- Fridge Horror: This is a given, what with Slender Man's behind-the-scenes style making it where both the characters and readers don't realize that he's involved in certain situations until much later.
- Gallows Humor: The blog *Cut!* has a decidedly more comedic slant than others, but as the blog goes on and the narrator experiences the standard Sanity Slippage, it becomes obvious that the jokes are just something of a futile defense mechanism.

I SEE HIM. Out the window, on the far right.

He's trying to hide behind a tree, but he's on the wrong side of it. He's pushing his "face" into tree and I must say, he looks like an idiot.

- Hair Trigger Temper: Damien of Dreams In Darkness ^[2], at least when he's not taking his medication. Accidentally getting embroiled with Slender Man obviously doesn't help things.
- Hazardous Water: The Slender Man has some form of connection to water.
- Heterosexual Life Partners: Damien and Ted in Dreams In Darkness ^[7], more or less. Even though Ted is, in fact, homosexual, Damien is not interested in his "advances," and they live in the same house only because they are best friends.
- High Octane Nightmare Fuel: Literally. Many posters on the original forum thread remarked that they had had nightmares about the Slender Man only a day after he had been originally mentioned.
- Horror Struck
- Jigsaw Puzzle Plot - Frequent.
- Late Arrival Spoiler: Newer works have an unfortunate tendency to detail major plot points from older works.
- Lean And Mean: Very, very lean. Very, very mean.
- Memetic Mutation: Slender Man first showed up in a "make normal photos paranormal!" photoshop thread. After the first few Slender Man pics, he took over the thread. Appropriately enough.
 - There is also an ongoing joke that Slender Man is stalking Alex and Jay because he wants their \$20 and that he would go away if only they gave him the money. Word of Gods state that they are sick of that particular joke.
 - The whole project is basically a deliberate manufacture and study of how Memetic Mutation becomes an Urban Legend.
- Memetic Badass: To some, Zeke Strahm from the blog Seeking Truth, largely on account of being the first person willing to actually stand up and fight Slender Man.
- Multi Armed And Dangerous
- Multiple Choice Past: There's no 'definitive' version of the creature or its backstory, which the creators encourage.
- Narm: In *The Tutorial*'s first post, the narrator expresses extreme anger that Something Awful was stupid enough to will the Slender Man into existence, because his brother was killed as a result. The moment is ruined when you realize that this is just an expansion of the memetic phrase "that's not funny, my brother died that way."

- No Ending: Some of the blogs/video-blogs end quite abruptly, occasionally with the implication that Slendy nabbed the blogger.
- Noodle Implements: The vast majority of the time, we only see the aftermath of Slender Man's visitations. It's probably for the better, anyway.
- Noodle People: But you already knew that.
- Nothing Is Scarier: In many of the stories, we see the result of the Slender Man's presence instead of witnessing the events firsthand.
- Ominous Fog: In one of the early stories, Slender Man's touch could melt victims into a mist... and, in fact, was the source of the mist clinging to his home forest.
 - Several of the initial pictures of SM have him partially hidden by fog.
- Organ Theft: Well, actually, it's more like Organ Borrowing And Haphazardly Replacing.
- Paranoia Fuel: He can be anywhere. No. Really. Used to great effect in Just Another Fool which encompasses soldiers encountering Slendy in Iraq; this is initially dismissed as ridiculous, Slendy's American, right? Cue a commenter pointing out the German and Romanian variants of the legend.
 - As the saying goes, "He only exists if you're thinking about him. Now try not to think about him."
- Playing With Fire: The early versions of Slendy from Something Awful had him tied to various inexplicable fires. Nowadays, pyrokinesis isn't considered one of his defining traits, though it does still pop up from time to time (it's what sets up Lost Time[□], and it happens to Jay's home in Marble Hornets Entry #25).
- Real After All: Or Is It? - There are quite a lot of similarities between the Slender Man and the "Smiling Man[□]" mythologies. It is possible that the post on Something Awful was inspired a bit by it.
- Right Behind Me: Frequent in the video-blogs.
- Room Full Of Crazy: This is apparently what exposure to Slender Man will do to you, judging by some of the articles.
- Rule Of Scary: Beyond being a suit-wearing, too-tall, too-thin humanoid with enormously long arms, there's little consistency to what Slender Man is. For instance, the earliest photoshops associated him with fires and depicted him forcibly amassing a cult. Neither are common now. Nobody really cares—if it's scary as hell, go with it!
- Shout Out: Although Slendy and Phantasm's Tall Man aren't too similar beyond the names and suits, the original Something Awful poster *did* use the latter as a template when Photoshopping his images. Despite noted similarities, said poster had never heard of the Chzo Mythos's Tall Man (similar names, snazzy clothes, too tall, too slender, and faceless).
 - Yggdrasil allusions also pulled up a House Of Leaves reference in Just Another Fool, namely Logan living on Ash Tree Lane.
 - Possibly also a shout out to the Schattenman of 7thSea, a tall, thin shadow-being who inhabits the forests of Eisen, the Fantasy Counterpart Culture to Germany. He is known to mutilate victims as well, dismembering them and stacking their limbs like firewood. He does this with a huge pair of scissors, itself a Shout Out to the Tall Tailor of Struwwelpeter.
- Speak Of The Devil: It's a common theory that you can only see the Slender Man if you know of him, or if he is captured with technology. So, before reading

this page, he could have been standing right behind you. But don't turn around. He only exists if you're thinking about him. Now try not to think about him.

- Spin Off: The Hanna Is Not A Boys Name forums created a less scary version known as Slendercow. It is quite Narmy, and its one true weakness is Sunny D. (These forums are quite cracky, and thus this almost makes sense.)
- Stylistic Suck: The soap opera film project Alex comes up with in Marble Hornets, the mediocre health/workout routine from EverymanHYBRID ^[7], and Damien's crappy Slender-blog attempt ^[8] from Dreams In Darkness ^[9], up until they get Hijacked By Slender Man.
- Things That Go Bump In The Night
- Uncanny Valley: A good part of the creepy factor in the stories.
- Urban Legend: A deliberately manufactured attempt.
- When Trees Attack: His tallness and multiple arms are reminiscent of a tree. In some interpretations, he actually *is* a tree impersonating a man. Though the inverse is just as likely to be true, as most of the photoshops from the original thread have him in a forest surrounded by long spindly trees. Finding Slendy in these is like a twisted, high octane nightmare fuel version of Where's Waldo. *

Maybe he *is* Waldo.'

Farchanter posted:

I gotta know: did he make this himself?

Yup i did. ☺



[Click here for the full 475x631 image.](#)

quote:

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 known for his lifelike depictions of humans in his earlier works. The reason for this sudden change of priorities 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.

I was looking on wikipedia to see if I could find more info on The Slender Man and wasn't surprised to draw a big goose egg. So while nosing around lists for unexplained

or paranormal events for instances in the past that might have been misidentified I ran across this gem:

quote:

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 business 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."

This next image was found in Egypt, believed to be a depiction of the Slender Man. Referred to as in the text "Thief of the Gods" or "Thief of Kuk" (Kuk is the Egyptian Deity of Darkness, depicted as female, perhaps why the Slender Man's victims are mostly women). The carving dates back to roughly 3100 BCE in lower Egypt. It is most commonly mentioned around Pharaoh Wazner, and it is theorized that he had some sort of encounter with the Slender Man, but it has never been determined.



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.



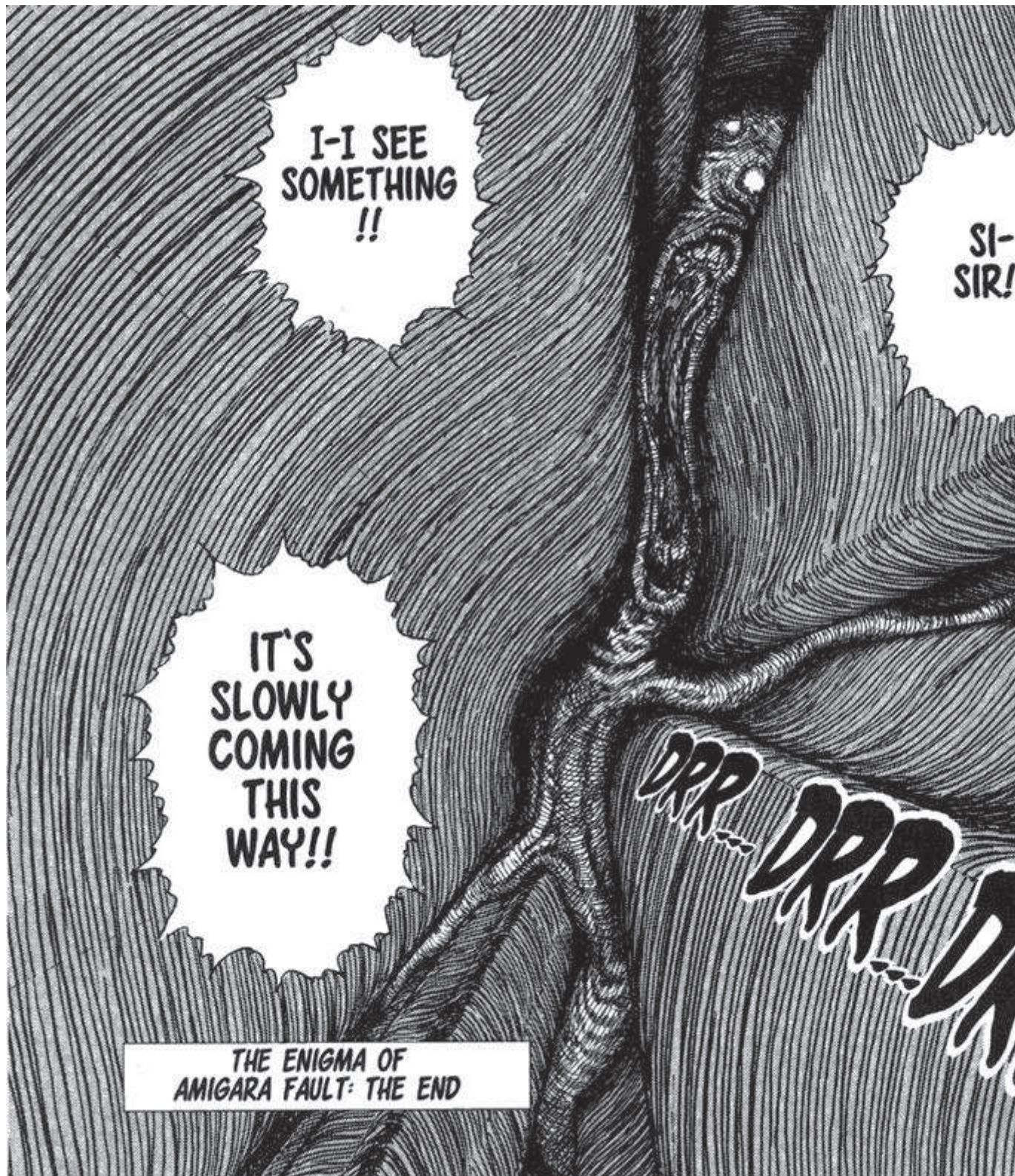
It's because he lives in our primal, ancient, subconscious mind that he appears more often when people begin to think of him. He changes because he plays on our fears. He lives in a nebulous, timeless twilight that constantly shifts. And the more stories you post, the more images you find, the more you think about him, the more he feeds and the stronger he grows.

He isn't coming. He is already here, and he always has been, and always will be.

No, no, no, you're all wrong.

The Slender man is an alien who crash landed thousands of years ago and lives underground, in the hollow core of the Earth.

Speaking of which, The slender man reminds me of something, now that i think about it...



This is the last panel from a popular horror Manga called Gyo. This is also the last panel in a story entitled "The Enigma of Amigara Fault". On one side, people see people-shaped holes, on the other side... well, the holes are shaped differently.

Perhaps this was inspired by the Slender Man, perhaps this is simply a way to explain

the existence of a being like the Slender man...

([REDACTED]

Mr. 47 posted:

Hmmm... I hate to sound like a Japanese hentai director but... needs more tentacles.

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 JAPANESES 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 drat 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!

OK, as I can't seem to attach images to anything at the moment (I am clearly useless at simple technology and should be shot) I have put all the shoppable pics into a photobucket account. Do what you will with them- I have written a slender man story that they might work with.

<http://smg.photobucket.com/albums/v308/kytten/Slender%20Man/>

TEXT-----

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 pale, 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. Insurgents 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 gently caress 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. drat. 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... poo poo, he saw--*mother of gently caress, 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.

TombsGrave fucked around with this message at Jun 17, 2009 around 01:44

Agreed on the whole one Slender Man being creepier. It's like he's some sort of personification of primal fears that way. I have to say, the woodcarvings have been my favourite images of him. But in them, he isn't wearing a suit, and yet in the more modern images, he is. Does that mean he's trying harder to blend in now?

I also prefer the idea of spidery arms that he can multiply and lengthen to walk on or grab things or whatever to the idea of tentacles, but the tentacles seem more popular so that might just be a me thing. I am arachnaphobic, so that might be why it scares me more. Like some horrible spider man.

Someone said "standardized form". I don't think we should pin it down that hard.
If it looks like a Slenderman, moves like a Slenderman then OMG It's on the roof of our barn! Where's the shotgun? Where's the *crashing noise, screaming, transmission ends*

code:

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
sever 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.

The tapping hasn't stopped. I live in a secluded place and this building is the only one
for maybe a mile. It's very quiet here even on busy days. There's no one out there who
can help me. I haven't left my room ever since got back home. The tapping hasn't
stopped.

An observer fucked around with this message at Jun 18, 2009 around 01:13



Not meant to be criticism, this poo poo is still scary as poo poo. But I don't like that Slender Man has turned into a regular-sized man that walks with the aid of giant tentacles like the tripods in War of the Worlds. The original, I think, was much scarier; a very tall slim man with what appears to be tentacle-like arms. It's scarier when he's normal looking enough to blend in with everyday people if he wanted to and yet weird-looking enough that you would poo poo your pants if you saw him. Makes you look over your shoulder more and wonder.



Yes, but the Walker look gives it a much greater alien feel. Long, miasmal tentacles spreading out and not seeming to quite terminate. That, and the way he'd have to move. The suit part of his body, with his humanlike legs and occasionally arms hanging limp and with a pendulous swing as Slender Man makes his way through the thick forests he seems to prefer.

Reminds me, another potential variation of the Slender Man could have his limbs leading into the numerous branches in a lot of this photos. It would sort of blend to the point where you wouldn't be sure whether the arms are separate or not.

The scariest ones for me were the series where it looked like a normal if creepily elongated man at first, but as he got closer he got more and more elongated and wrong looking.

Perhaps some sort of mobile vegetable life which can mimic a person quite successfully whilst stalking but once it is sure of its prey the true horror of its form gradually reveals itself as it closes in for the kill?

It strikes me as a super intelligent and telepathic hunting tree thing, also able to start fires in order to conceal its actions, or at least hypnotise witnesses into starting fires and/or destroying evidence.

It's probably not alien either. I like to think of it as having preyed upon humans since the dawn of time, mimicing the changing forms of clothing through history in order to best blend in, the black suit and tie version being the most current but not the only form of camoflague it has taken. Being a tree there are no remains in the fossil record, but it's been preying on us since we were in caves, hiding itself by wiping the traumatic experience from the memories of witnesses so it can safely continue to prey without reprisal. And yet some hideous lovecraftian horror lurks in the back of our minds still on dark misty nights out walking in the forest...

... gdi now you've got me doing it too.

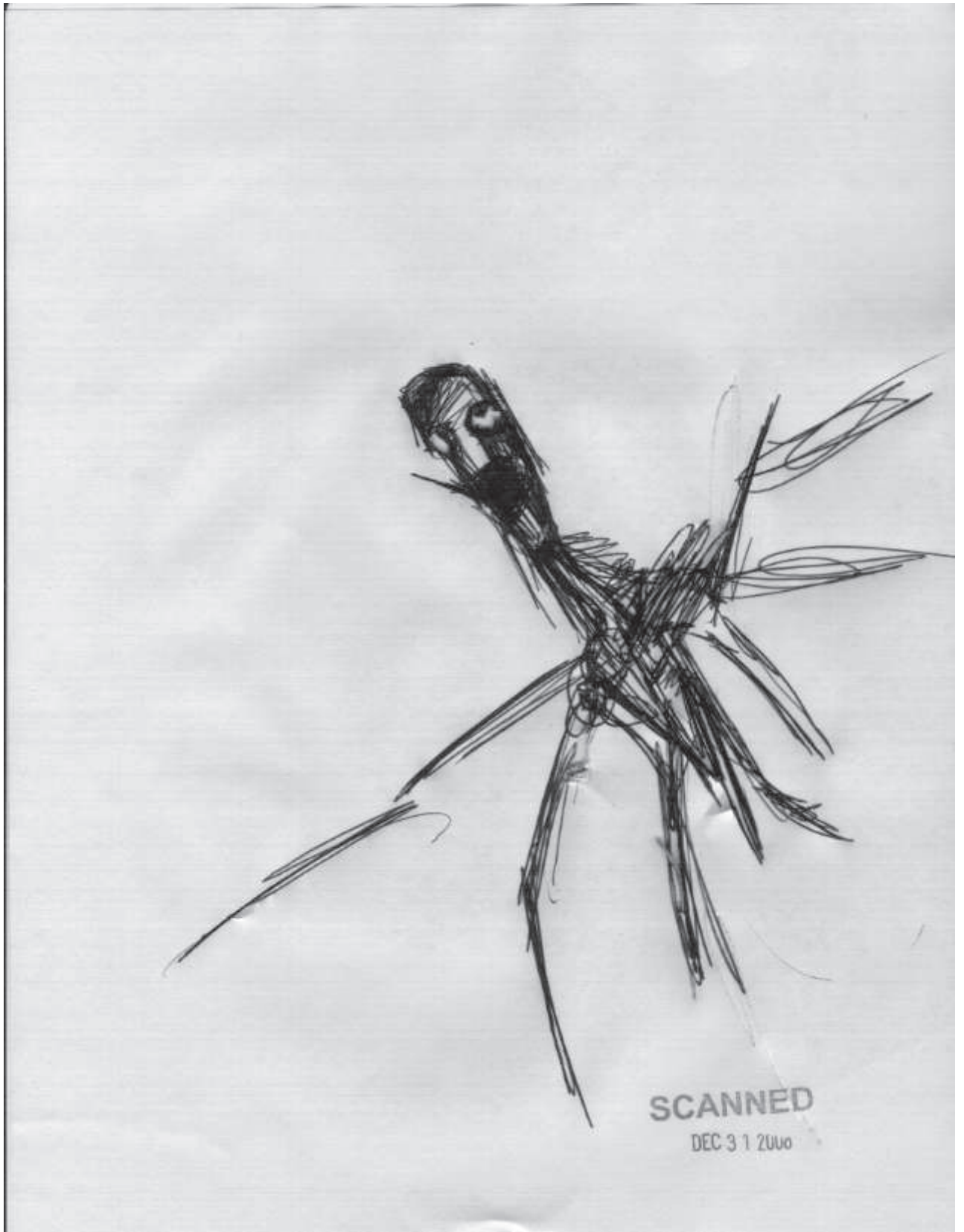
I found a man named Henry Coe's alleged recollection of what seems to be the Slender Man.

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.

This is the illustration he made for the police.



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.

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.*

So many people struggle to understand the Slender Man. They wish to categorize it, compartmentalize it. If it exists, it can be understood. If it can be understood, it can be controlled. If it can be controlled, then it is not scary. You are but fools to do this. The Slender Man is not what you want him to be, not how you want him to be. Do you truly think that it is man? You think because you give it a name that all of a sudden you are somehow anywhere near what it really is?

This can not be named, can not be controlled. Just because you want it to be something does not mean it is. He is uncontrollable. He is unstoppable. He is what scares you. He is hate. He is pain beyond death. He is in your nightmares. He is in the corners of your vision.

He is right behind you.

An observer posted:

How about, the more people there are around, the more likely he is to be just with branchy hands instead of the ones out of his back?

You don't understand. You don't understand! He's not transforming, or coming out of his shell. What we *see* is changing as we're exposed to something we should never see.

He is what our minds do not want to conceive. We cannot conceive of him, or truly perceive him, but he delights in showing us the very limit of what we can handle. Enough to horrify us.

First, you see a man. He is wrong in some way. Impossibly tall, extremely thin, but a man. Wearing a very plain black suit, just a little bit too small. A bit too pale. Skin not fitting quite right.

As you become more aware of him, he asserts himself more fully on your reality. A truer picture of him imposes itself on your mind. He gets taller. The suit becomes less like a suit and more like another ill-fitting skin. His hands aren't quite hands. Fingers have no bones, bend in the wrong direction. You come to realise that it's not just his hands. His arms are not arms. The smile is too wide. The rest of his face is all but gone. There is only a grin.

As he comes to take the full attention of your mind, his invasion on your reality is nearly complete. He is not tall, he is towering, a colossus. The not-arms are all that supports him now, a many-tendriled spider of impossible size. There is no pretense of a suit now, just loose, shriveled black skin. There is no face, but the inhuman grin remains, opening wide just for you.

And then he has taken you. He owns your reality, and you don't even know what you

see because you've gone entirely mad, and will soon surely die. The more you see him, the more you know, and the more you're doomed. Three times, and this is what I know. Four times, and I will know all I can know. And I'll never be able to tell, not in words that can be understood.

I can hear him. I can always hear him, every day. Far, far away, but getting closer with each scratching step. Only a matter of time until he comes back, and I learn everything.



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}

OcioTime.com



Inhuman Handprint

Claim: Photograph shows unnaturally large handprint on window.

Status: *Undetermined.*

Examples: *[Collected via e-mail, June 2007]*

A photograph allegedly leaked from the Erie, PA Police Department appears to show a disproportionately large handprint on a missing student's dorm room window.



19 year old Elizabeth Hetzler disappeared from her dorm at Edinboro University of Pennsylvania on the night of February 12, 2007. Her room was located on the third floor of the building, the door was locked, and there was no ledge outside the window. Her roommate awoke in the morning, having heard nothing unusual overnight, and simply assumed that Elizabeth had left to go to class early. The roommate later told investigators that when she noticed the handprint, she screamed, and knew immediately that "everything Elizabeth had been talking about was true. It was real."

The previous evening, Elizabeth had remarked to her friends that she'd had a strange experience walking back to her dorm from a late dance rehearsal. As she made her way across campus, she gradually got the uneasy feeling that someone was watching and following her. "She seemed so relieved to be back in her room again," her roommate said.

No trace of Elizabeth has yet been found, and investigators have called it the most baffling missing person case of their careers. Since the above image has been circulating the internet for nearly two years, it is difficult to say for certain if it is genuine, although it matches what students and investigators have described (note its size in relation to the coffee pot in the foreground). Remarkd Detective Stephen Broze, "You'd think our suspect would be pretty easy to spot. He must stick out in a crowd with eleven-inch fingers."

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).

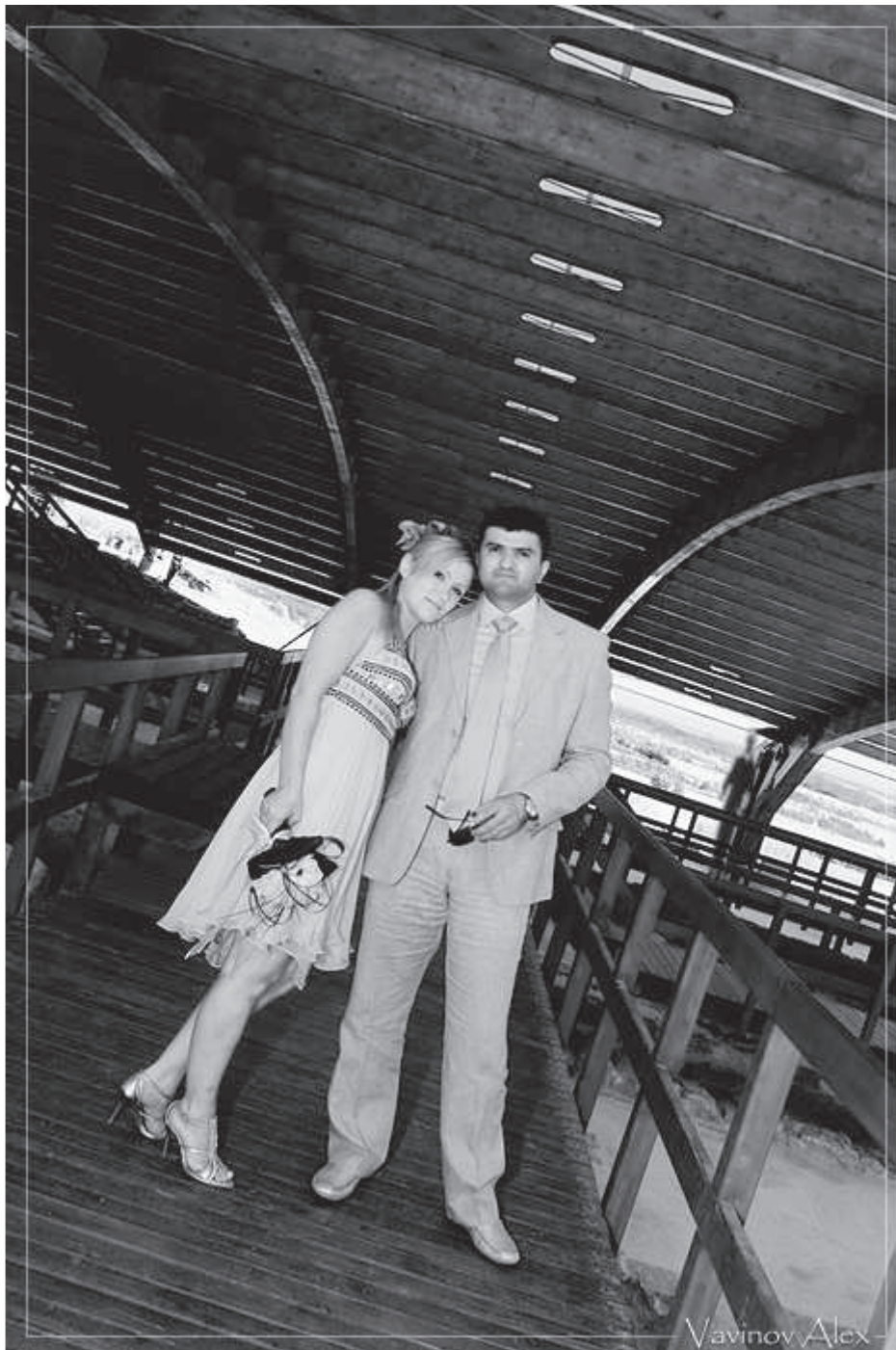
My room was dark, obviously, and I couldn't see anything clearly. My eyelids were heavy and my eyes were burning with tiredness. I was looking towards my computer desk which is beside the bottom of my bed when I suddenly realized there was someone else in the room, just out of my field of vision, standing 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.

Two nights in a row. 😞 Not making this up.

t was nice to think we were safe during the day...





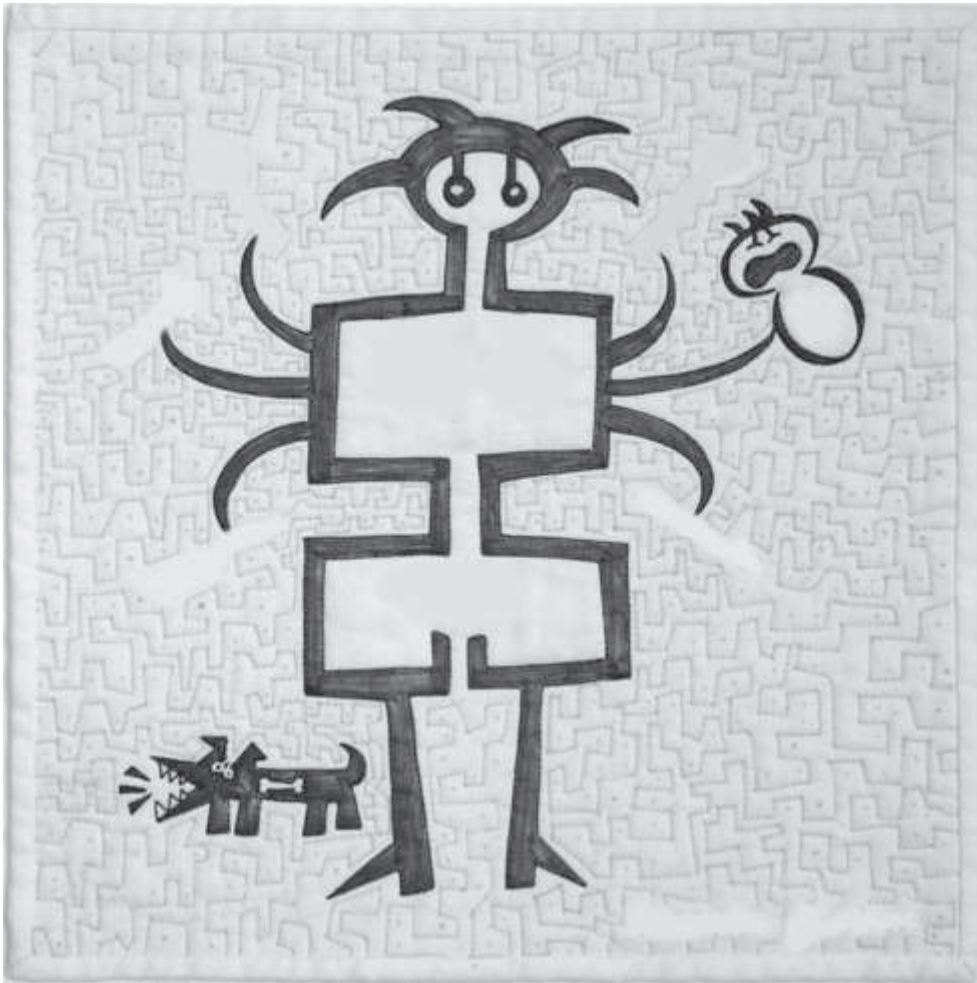
I work for a local College (UK) as a "resident technician" Basically this means i am an odd jobs man who will be farmed out to various courses whenever a technical issue arises. Recently I spent some time at our motor-engineering centre, located on a sister campus in a fairly small town in Michigan USA. 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:





quote:

Napkin embroidered as part of Occupational Therapy by inmate ref: [REDACTED] 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.

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.



[Click here for the full 458x761 im](#)

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 arent you out there looking for Alice!

JACKSON: Ma'm 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).

Baldurg died in 1545 (the cause of death is not recorded), a mere two years after Freckenberg. One of Baldurg'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 it's 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.



FILE COPY

Transcript from CVR recovered from Cessna Stationair N [REDACTED]

pre:

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 poo poo.
 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, poo poo 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 gently caress 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.



Bash Ironfist asked me to post a couple more messages s/he found.

quote:

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

quote:

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.

quote:

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.

quote:

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.

MonkeyMaker fucked around with this message at Jun 18, 2009 around 09:34



Oc10



I have this coffee table book of photos from Life magazine. The pictures go back to the late 1800s.

Imagine my surprise when I took a closer look at this photo of Yosemite Valley from the 1870s

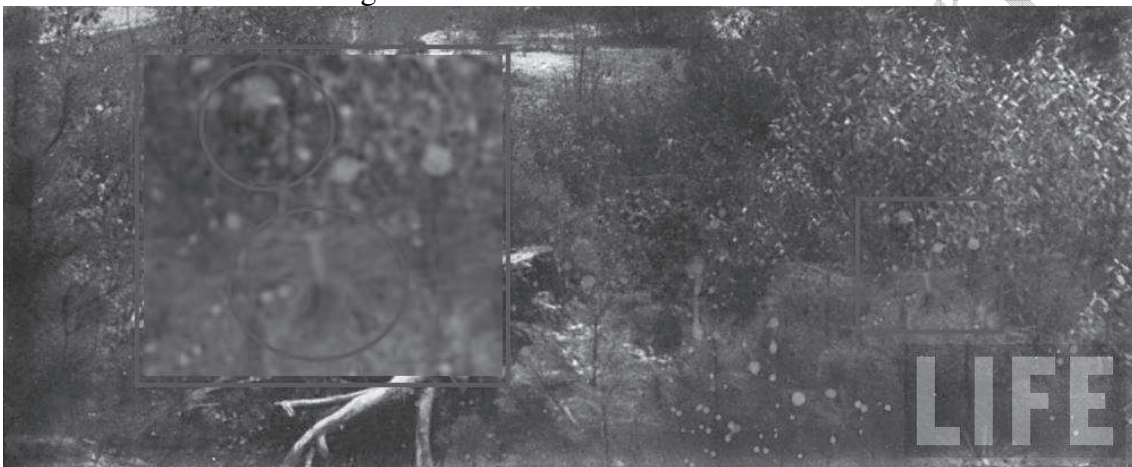


Not only did I see our mysterious boogie man



[Click here for the full 999x363 image.](#)

But also the skull and rib cage of some unfortunate soul.



[Click here for the full 999x408 image.](#)

I can't say for sure that the remains are one of its victims, but I'd be willing to bet on it.

21stCentury posted:

I don't see anything...

Awww, gently caress. It looked fine when I saved it. Damnit, I should've checked it harder before uploading.

Behind the second tree from the left, I 'shopped the dog in, except I made the dog's legs longer than they should be, made his tail split into tentacles, and put gigantic hawk-talons where his paws should be.

I just re-opened it and tried to do contrast/brightness adjustments in that area, but the dog seems to have almost completely faded out. Unfortunately, I didn't save until after I merged all the layers and only saved the JPG so now I can't fix the thing.

I swear it looked right when I saved it. I blame loving Paint Shop Pro 8. I don't have

Photoshop and from the few times I've played with it, it looks like there's a bit of a learning curve involved.

Daniel K posted:

GyverMac these are fantastic. I love the reappearance of the hourglass in each. I think this is meant to symbolize the timelessness of S.MAN?

In the danse macabre woodcuts i use as a source, hourglasses are always present, since the danse macabre woodcuts was made to remind people of the inevitability of death and that time was running out. (Like medieval/Renaissance people didnt have ENOUGH to worry about :S)

poo poo like this has made driving home through my neighborhood which tonight looked very similar (lots of trees, no one out, foggy) a nightmare. Really I was completely unphased by slender man until tonight when I looked in my rearview mirror and saw trees, I kept on expecting him to be standing there.

some guy earlier in the thread posted:

Look out the window

Man when I read this post, I smiled. You know, as in 'hah thats kinda clever I bet someone's gonna get all wierded out, all slowly turning to look out the window'.

So I look up, still with that smile on my face, and on the balcony of the house I can see at the end of the street, the loving slender man was *actually standing there*.

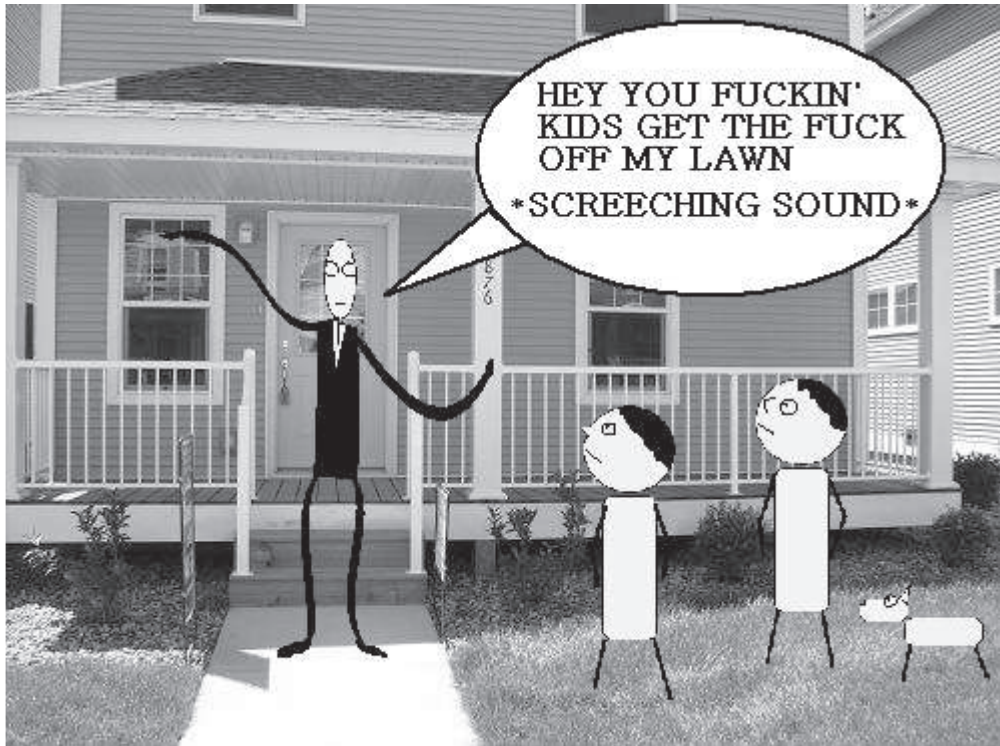
They'd hung an actual suit top on a high clothesline, and a small white flower on a long thin twig in my own front yard was positioned at -almost- the exact angle to look like an out-of-focus human head and a tentacle coming out of it's neck. Admittedly I wouldn't have seen anything odd if I hadn't been half prepared to see exactly that right at that moment.

The paredolia only lasted for a second, but I tell you I can still see it for a fraction of a second every time I look up as we speak.

Who even hangs a suit on a drat clothesline anyway? And it's the only drat thing on there too.

The Slender Man is an rear end in a top hat, guys. He moved in to my neighborhood last week, and he's done nothing but yell at the kids, stare at people from his porch, and walk around the streets at night. And on top of him, there's all these military guys around too, taping him and writing reports and poo poo. And I guess some of my neighbors have committed suicide suddenly, whatever.

Anyway, I got a photo of him:



👾I thought maybe this would help me get to sleep. It's three in the morning and I've been reading Slender Man stories dammi

apsouthern posted:

Did you make up Freckenberg and the dates etc for your woodcuts? I only ask because the info I posted regarding the Baldung X-ray painting was legit (apart from the link to Freckenberg and the X-ray obv.) and it seems like quite a creepy coincidence?

Hans Freckenberg is entirely fictional, i just made him up in order to create a backstory about my pics, so yeah thats a pretty creepy coincidence... 👾

Oh, and i want more Xray pictures please, the xray of 'Three Ages of Woman and Death' was geniunely creepy!

I'm starting to think we may have accidentally created The Slender Man. The sheer amount of effort and fear going into this...

I dreamed of him last night. He turned up in a dream I was having where I was in an abandoned department store still full of clothes (that I loved, by the way and was stealing) and when I tried to get out he was just there, watching, watching. I was frozen with fear, knew I was dreaming but couldn't wake up, and he kept watching.

Thanks.

My friend told me about a Nigerian folk tale with elements similar to the Slender Man, I'll have to get him to send it to me.

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.

I think I'm going to edit my earlier post to say SM. I heard that SM can find you if you write his name out completely. I think we all know who we're talking about when we talk about SM.

SM is not hiding in the bushes when I go to work, he's not under anyone's bed, he can't be waiting for you in the window. He's got a family now 🤖

<http://img.waffleimages.com/6bf4846...493/wedding.jpg>



(Horrible pic but it's making me think SM has happier things to do instead of causing nightmares)

It's just using her to breed... to make more of "him"...

Who's to say it needs a mate to make more of itself? Could be like a fluke worm. Cut off a tentacle, get a whole new slender man.

I suppose that would be why there's only one of him, no one ever gets the chance to cut off a tentacle. Poor lonely slender man.

Haha I spent the night at the Myrtles Plantation two months ago.. nothing was spooky about that mirror, but the entire night was full of violent banging and slamming from down stairs and I kept pushing the covers off only to feel them resting on my shoulder a few minutes later as I laid there listening to the demolition derby down stairs, hoping dearly that it was just staff paid to break poo poo all night.

I think there should be less pictures of this slender man and more stories and "evidence" of his persistence throughout history. I like the idea of a spirit, or demon, or aspect of the mind that manifests itself throughout history- a gestalt entity comprised of humanity's fear and isolation and a celebration of sin. Like The Rake, and other stories i recall of a man in a suit who appeared in people's dreams.

I also think the faux-engravings are outstanding- its that sort of subtlety that's needed in making something truly spine chilling. Less of this crap formula of "take an old photo and put a stick man in the background" and more engravings, unwitting meetings and encounters of this entity. Less is more, people!

Anyone ever heard of Padre Flaco? A friend of mine who used to live in Mexico told me a campfire story about him when we were camping a while back. It was mostly the generic forest monster stuff about creatures stealing children and stuff. Do you think a Mexican legend about a tall man wearing black robes like a priest who lives in the forest is a coincidence or part of a pattern?

Edit:

I think in some variations he wears a military dress uniform. I wonder if it actually wears different clothes depending on the observer.

Dr. Arbitrary fucked around with this message at Jun 18, 2009 around 19:39

I think he'd be different all over the world- but with some constant characteristics. Always described as a well dressed man with hollow eyes.

You know, even if he's dressed the same, would you expect a tribal village in Africa to be able to describe a suit if they've never seen one?

I would have to agree that TSM presents itself differently depending on its target. That would seem to indicate some type of telepathy possibly? An ability to read the mind of its victim, to know what type of image to project. Or maybe it simply studies the population that its hunting in and varies its camouflage accordingly.

We naturally will respond positively to a man in a black suit because generally if you've got a suit, you're a business man, worthy of respect. So in places like Mexico, where Catholicism is still very influential, it shouldn't be shocking that TSM would present as a Priest. And if you go back far enough into their history, soldiers were very prevalent and needed to be respected, so presenting as a soldier would be natural as well.

Think I may have found another Slender Man article. Now posting.

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)

Too many similarities to not be him. I couldn't find the picture she took of her "alleged kidnapper". I don't suppose anyone else might be able to dig it up?

Going with a wikipedia page up-front was probably a lot of fun... but not a good idea.

The right thing to do is establish web resources about the Slender Man first - conspiracy-theory web pages, etc. Then, after there's some cross-pollination and even interest from people outside SA, create a stub Wiki page that just links a source or two,

and treats the subject from a skeptical/fact-based standpoint (use words like "myth", "alleged", and "conspiracy theory").

A page like that, that purports only to report on a fringe myth, would have been more likely to survive. An editing history with a lot of different editors, over a long period of time (rather than a goon rush), with multiple references added and removed and edited over time, would have made the page less likely to be deleted.

Now, of course, that's closed off; even if we did all of this, the history of the original page's creation and fast deletion as vandalism will serve as evidence against any future incarnation of the page.

...which is OK. I'm thinking we (me?) register slenderman.org, work on it (make it the typical disorganized, slightly unbalanced ranting style typical of the genre - just take a look at websites promoting HHO, 911 Truthers, crop circles, etc. for ideas), and then gradually over time add a selection of stuff from this thread, sticking to the top-quality examples (probably not the supposed secret texts from agencies we've never heard of - don't require someone to believe in an additional conspiracy theory just to accept this one, as that is an implausibility-multiplier). You could even address the subject from a skeptical-believer point of view, showing "obvious forgeries and fakes" on one page and "unable to discount" stuff on another, etc.

Do it very low-key for a while (a year or more) and eventually it'll creep into the 'net's culture, and even have a chance to attract the attention of lazy reporters who don't fact-check stuff.

I think a big key to success would be generating things that don't explicitly mention our pal SM. Lots of people have avoided that, and they tend to sound slightly better. Just common descriptions or themes. When a witness describes the "person" as a SM then it's just a bit too overt. That might be the best way to go. Let the conspiracy aggregation attempts be the one to give it a label.

Someone else brought this up but a Coast to Coast AM call is a good idea. If spread out over the course of a few weeks it would be a great addition. Small calls about little odd things. "I was camping and thought I saw a tree moving." But not "I SAW SM HE'S REAL HERE'S A BIG COMPLICATED EASY TO REFUTE STORY".

Slender Man needs a book/movie. Some sort of collection of documents and sightings in a Blair Witch/Diary of the Dead (but better) style would fit nicely I think. All the work that's gone into this so far is incredible, especially those woodcuts GyverMac. I'm highly tempted to try my hand at something but my skills with Photoshop are limited and I'm slightly afraid that 'he' will find me.

Now if you'll excuse me I've got to stay awake for the third night in a row thanks to you guys.



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.g

Nashie 0 posted:

Now if you'll excuse me I've got to stay awake for the third night in a row thanks to you guys.

That'll only make it worse. A lot worse. Fear is the food of Slender Man. Do you hear gentle taps on your window yet?

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 of 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.

ce gars fucked around with this message at Jun 24, 2009 around 00:09

ce gars posted:

Student film cut short.

I'm in a similar situation.

My father documents almost everything "family related" with his video camera, and from time to time, we sit and watch them and remember the good times blah blah blah.

Well, in the summer of 2001, we were outside playing around as usual, and dad was videoing, as usual. But, for whatever reason, he never let us view that specific tape.

There could be a million reasons why, but I figure why not give it a shot. If anything turns up SM-ish, I'll let you guys know. Or hell, even if it isn't, it may still be worth a note.

EDIT: Just read Daniel K and ce gar's posts. I've had a similar experience where a friend videotape myself and other friends in the woods (I kid you not unfortunately) and took his video camera home. The next day he refused to let us see the footage. It could be for several innocent reasons but he was deadly serious when he refused and now either pretends that he doesn't remember what we're talking about whenever we bring it up. (Or maybe he genuinely doesn't remember, who knows.) But anyway ce gar your story sounds intriguing and I for one would be really interested to know what you find on those tapes.



These are pretty good, but is it really necessary to have a back story or a M.O.? He just likes tormenting people for their organs or whatever.

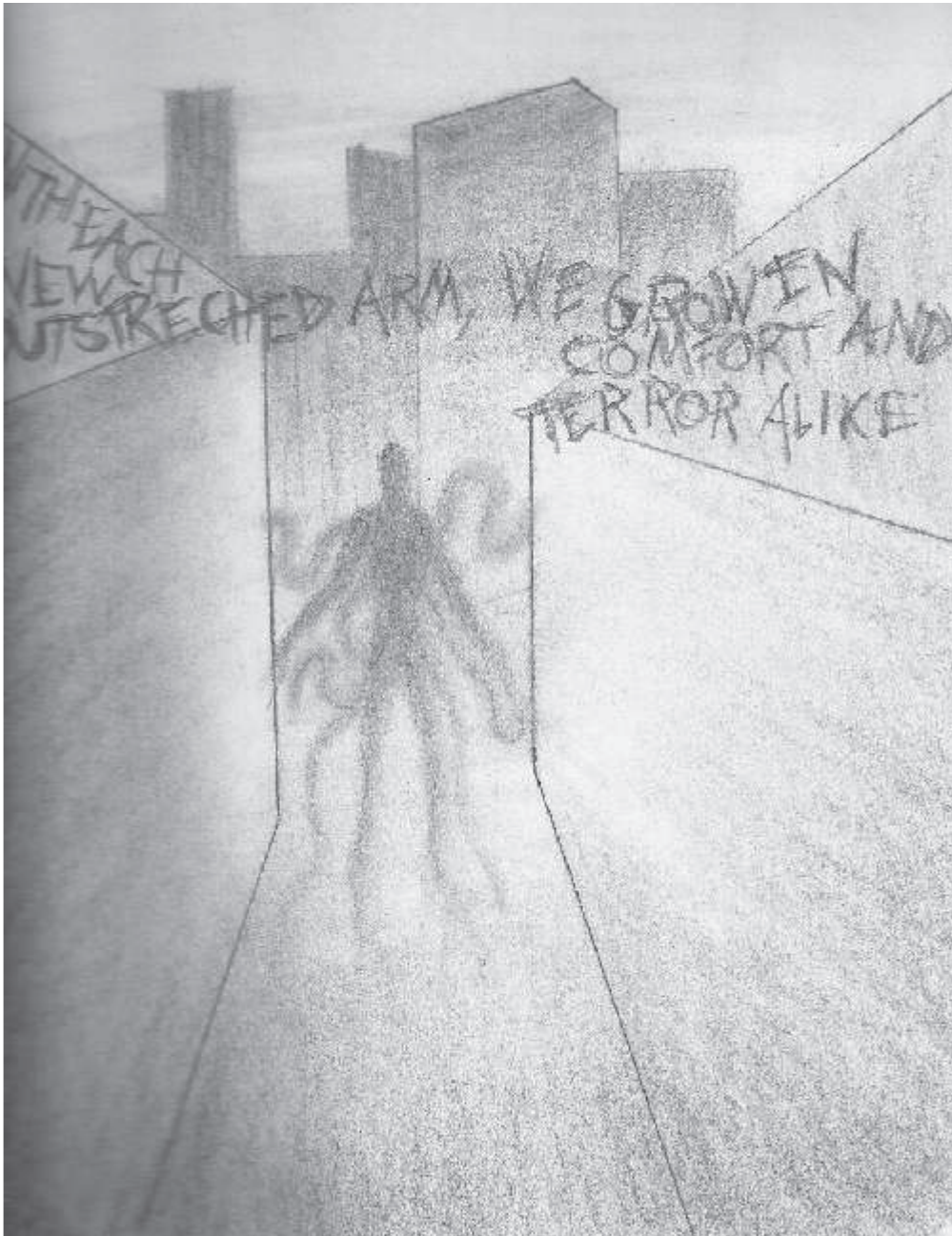


unable to properly describe what happened, i was submitted to solitary psychiatric observation. I don't really remember what happened for most of the time I was there

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...



[Click here for the full 500x648 image.](#)



(i'm not the best storyteller, but I figured since i can't photoshop and drew instead, that i'd give some writing a shot to make up for it.)

^^^

I love the picture and there's something about hearing "the waiting noises just outside" that scares the hell out of me.

I did some digging on the so-called "slender man" and discovered this photo. All it said was that the drawing was found at a day care parking lot.



I was out with some friends in San Francisco last weekend, took some photos and such, then noticed this tonight.



[Click here for the full 1408x940 image.](#)



I don't think I want to sleep tonight 🙄

quote:

In the winter of 1809 the English industrial town of Blackburn, Lancashire was victim to a spate of child disappearances. Over the course of several months 12 children vanished from their homes and authorities mounted a search of the (then) dense countryside and farmlands. The only evidence found was of several dozen uprooted trees, with no discernable pattern to this trail adverse weather is blamed for the uprooting.

During their investigation the mother of one of the children, Joanne Cowling, reported seeing a well-dressed, unusually tall and emaciated looking man in the area around her house for several nights previous to the young Cowling's disappearance. Investigations into the scene of the abduction turned up no traces of foul play.

On December 1st that year a local farmer Paul Henshall reports seeing the body of a child hanging from a tree on his grounds. Police are called to the scene but find no body and no evidence to support Henshall's claim. He is questioned and released shortly after with no evidence against his name.

When any evidence or hint to the location of the children had failed to show up by the following summer the pace of the investigation (and local interest in it) began to slow down as town interest began to turn towards the ever growing industrial presence. All children are declared dead.

It isn't until 1856 that the case takes its next step forward. During the landscaping of Corporation Park (now the main formal park in Blackburn) workers uncovered a burrow with the incomplete skeletons of 11 small children inside. One worker (Nathan Kay, an Accrington resident and recreational hunter) described the inside of the cavity as resembling an animal's burrow used for hibernation. It appeared to be recently vacated.

The grisly discovery however was widely ignored by the local media with a concerted effort being made not to tarnish the opening the new recreational area.

The skeletons were all missing their left hand and the second and third ribs on the right side of the rib cage. Several of them were also missing their humerus and left scapula. The exact cause of death and reason for the precise removal of certain body parts has never been ascertained although a form of ritualistic murder and practice is one of many official theories passed around. The location of the 12th skeleton to this day remains a mystery. (Jean Adair, 1989: 117)

Adair, J. (1989) *British Myths, Legends and Unsolved Tales*, London: Pan Books.





There was a monster in Billy and Mandy as I recall that wore a suit and extended tentacles from his back, another character inspired by an experience with the slender man?

Combined with doctor octopus and various other cartoon villains maybe authors were trying to put subtle warnings of the slender man in children's stories while avoiding directly acknowledging its existence.

I was walking through the store when a kid came running around the around the corner, yelling and laughing. Chasing her was another kid. A third child was pushing him in a cart, so he was eye level, and he had hollow pool noodles on his arms and was wagging them at the little girl and making sort of generic creepy noises.
Heart. Stopped.

DATE: FEBRUARY 19TH, 1995
RECORDED WITNESS HEARING

1ST OFFICER: This is Officer Ian Tenneson, 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.

Henry K. Hardarse posted:

I'm no writer, but who thinks they could write an account of a seance?

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]

Does slender man remind anyone else of this tall, suited fellow?



g

where is the slender man

whErE iS tHE SleNDeR mAn

WHERE IS THE SLENDER MAN

OcioTime.com





HERE IS THE SLENDER MAN

She sprints up the stairs, the sound of her feet banging on the wood is too clear in the silence. Her mind is not working, she isn't thinking about the way it moved, the face it didn't really have, the sounds it made, the screams and cracking.

No, her mind is not working, she needs to get away, she has come far in the car, as fast as she can and now she's home. It can't have followed her, that is impossible, but she won't slow down until she's in her room.

She bursts through the door and onto the bed, face down and sobbing as the adrenaline rush takes its toll and her mind catches up with her brain. Deep heaving breathes of air, screaming at the thought of it, the way it wailed, god save her, like a child! The way it looked, wrong, a nightmare invading her waking world.

She turns her head to the door and her noises stop with a sharp intake of breath.

Her heart stabs her chest with cold terror. In the corner of her eye, in the shadow behind the wardrobe... its too dark. Oh god she can see its arm!

She sits frozen, staring at the door, the malformed darkness in her peripheral vision, it knows she sees it, it knows there is nothing she can do now, it knows she knows that. It waits with a malignant curiosity, a man pulling legs off a spider, to see what she does now.



Ocio1



Has anyone thought about the possibility that we are creating a tulpa? It's a thought form that is realized through the efforts of a group of people. We might be creating the Slender Man, making him real.

The Toronto Society for Psychical Research did this with an entity called "Philip" in the mid-70's. There was a book written about it, called "Conjuring up Philip." "He" was a fictional person, knowingly created by the group. It was all fun and games until "Philip" started to take on a mind of his own. "Philip" became real, as far as any paranormal thing could be said to be real. So take all this with a big grain of salt.

http://www.pararesearchers.org/Ghos...ticle_five.html

has a bibliography for those who are interested in looking into this further.

How long until there is agreement about what the Slender Man looks like? When will he have a specific MO? Can the hidden superstitious heart of the SA goons give Slender Man an independent existence? Think about it, a few hundred or maybe even a thousand goons, all looking at the pictures and creating the stories. I find myself looking at the shadows, imagining how they might fall together to show a lurking Slender Man. TSM pulls so many primal strings: his wrongness to our eyes, the hair on the back of the neck rising, the subconscious "Nonononono" that bursts across the imagination. He drags the monsters out of the back of our modern minds. He is a satisfactory booger man,

pressing all the right buttons. Even if we don't really believe in the supernatural, even if our rational minds laugh at such an absurdity...we are cutting him out and sewing him together. We're stuffing him with nightmares and unspoken fears.

And what happens when the pictures are no longer photoshops?

Soakie fucked around with this message at Jun 20, 2009 around 08:52

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And what happens when the pictures are no longer photoshops?

Soakie fucked around with this message at Jun 20, 2009 around 08:52

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.

The Black Nerd fucked around with this message at Jun 21, 2009 around 03:54

Not too much of a response to my previous post. However, I've made a sort of "introduction" video, explaining the circumstances to all non-SA people who may come across it.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Wmhfn3mgWUI>

I've gone through one and half tapes already. Something unusual has already come up.

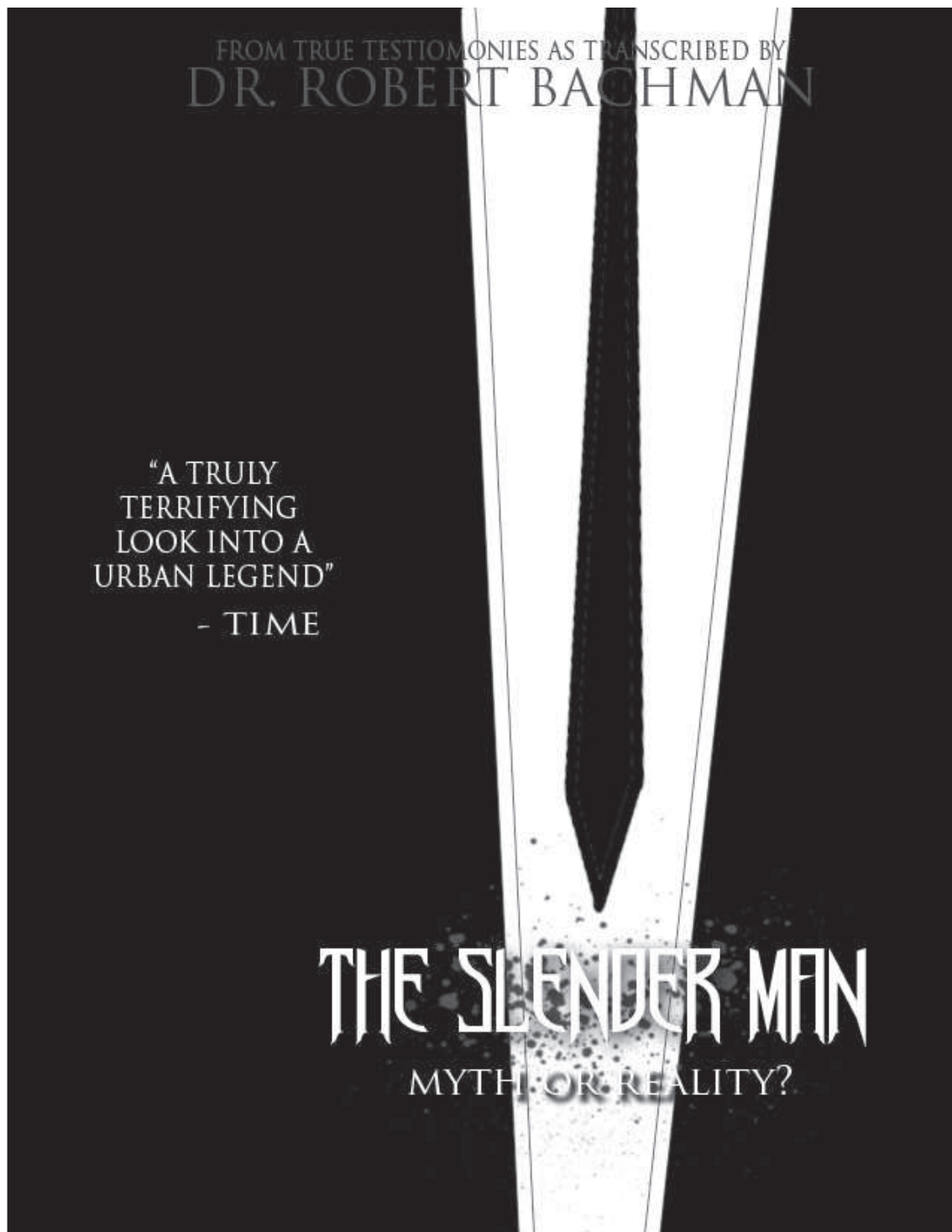
I'm going to finish the tape I'm on to see if there's something else like it then upload what I found.

You know, I think this Slender Man thing may be more wide-spread than we originally thought, guys.

I was browsing Amazon.com looking for something new to read, and I came across this



[Click here for the full 638x825 image.](#)



I tried to buy it, but apparently it's sold out, and they aren't getting any in any time soon.

I wonder what gruesome tales lie inside those pages.

[REDACTED]

quote:

Has anyone thought about the possibility that we are creating a tulpa? It's a thought form that is realized through the efforts of a group of people. We might be creating the Slender Man, making him real.

Remember the statement I made earlier in the thread;

SLENDER MAN

THE MORE YOU THINK OF HIM THE MORE REAL HE BECOMES

NOW TRY AND NOT THINK OF HIM

Not a joke. Thought alters reality and the shadows keep moving in my peripheral vision.

Now go watch Aphex Twin's 'Come To Daddy' video. Take careful note of the inhumanly tall, emaciated figure the children gather around.

archwhore posted:

Goddamn good job.

And holy poo poo on the video. I wish my boyfriend was up so it's not just me and the cat in a dark house. I think it's scarier that he was standing in the light. He doesn't even have to hide, he can stand right in front of your house and smugly say "yeah, you're hosed."

Knowing the slenderman...he wouldn't even strike for weeks, months, even years...he is just letting you know that your time is running out and that he is holding the hourglass

ce gars posted:

Here's what I was talking about earlier. Plenty of tapes to go.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bn59FJ4HrmU>

I'm loving this a lot. Also, what if I didn't spontaneously come up with Slender Man? What if that's what it wants you to think. Come to think of it, I don't really remember those days last week, or even making those posts.

TheOneOutside posted:

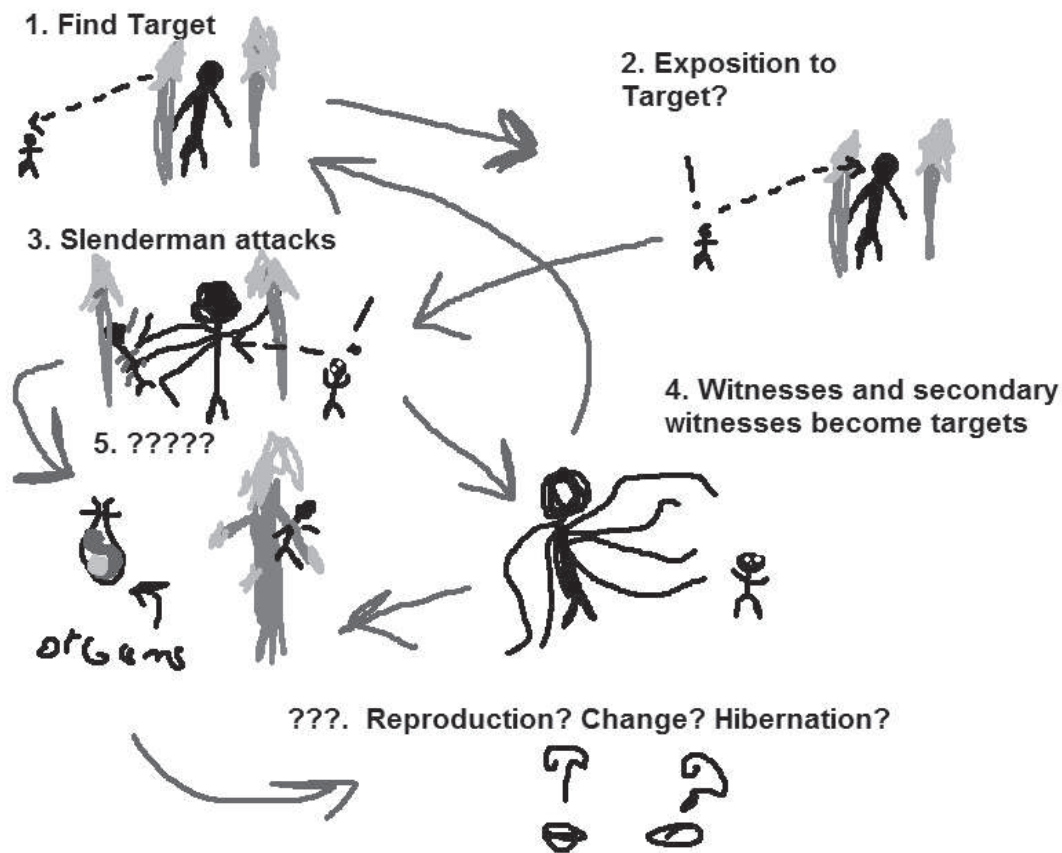
Not quite as tall as I imagined he'd be, but normally the pictures aren't quite so close, maybe the perspective is distorted...

Dude, these videos were taken on a period of months. Seems like in that entry, the Slender man was just showing himself as normally as possible. He was human enough to look like a normal person, yet alien enough to send shivers down anyone's spine.

TheOneOutside posted:

Not quite as tall as I imagined he'd be, but normally the pictures aren't quite so close, maybe the perspective is distorted...

He can change his shape and size at will...possibly even able to blend in with his surroundings. Nobody knows for sure because nobody has lived long enough to say...



Every time you close your eyes just know that the Slender man could be in front of you, waiting for you to open your eyes.

Don't look at him.

pr0d1gal posted:

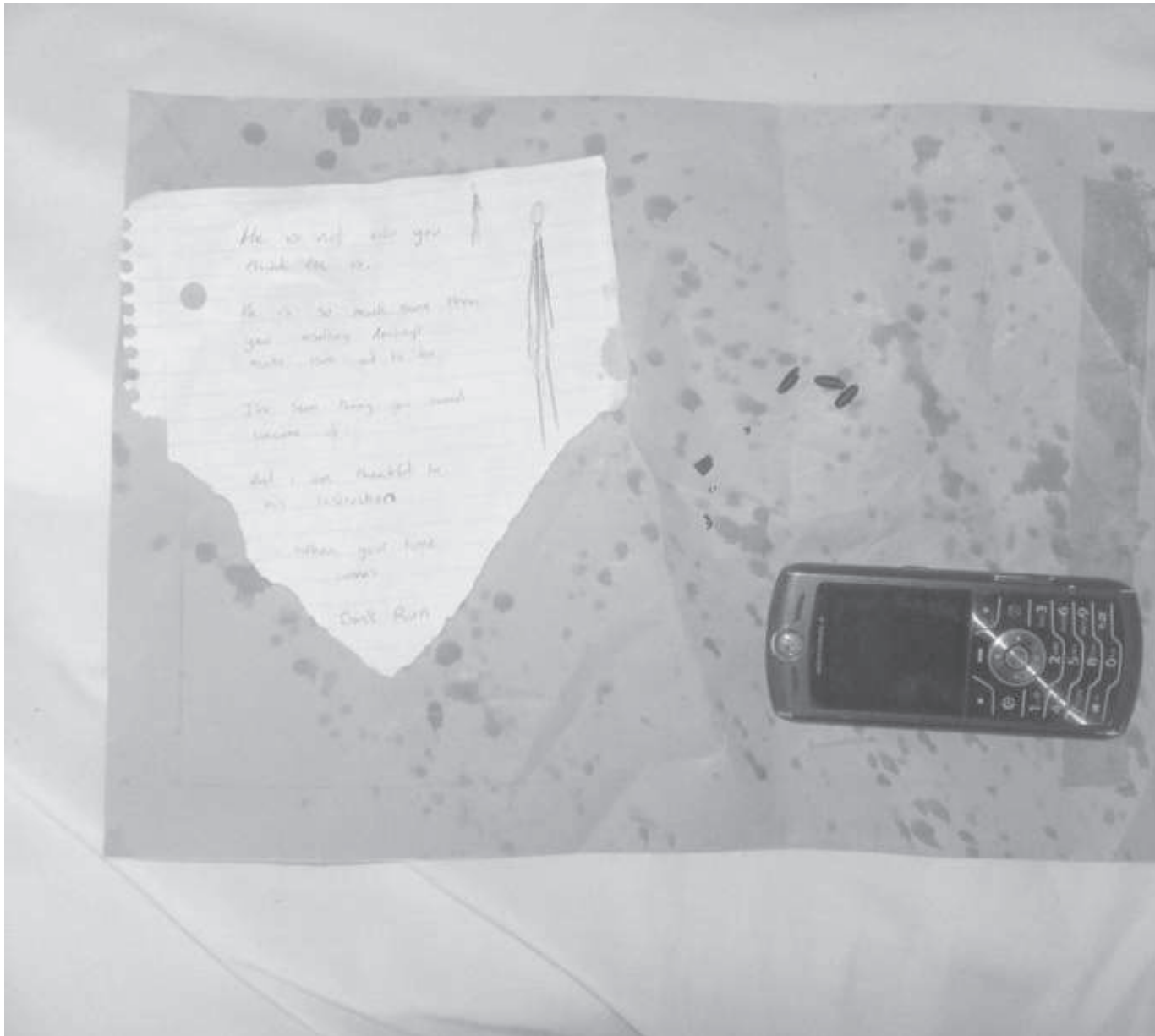
From what I heard...he committed suicide not long ago...could just be the slender man playing games though

I doubt this is true, we know a lot of the same people, and I haven't heard anything like this. But I still haven't talked to him personally since he transferred.

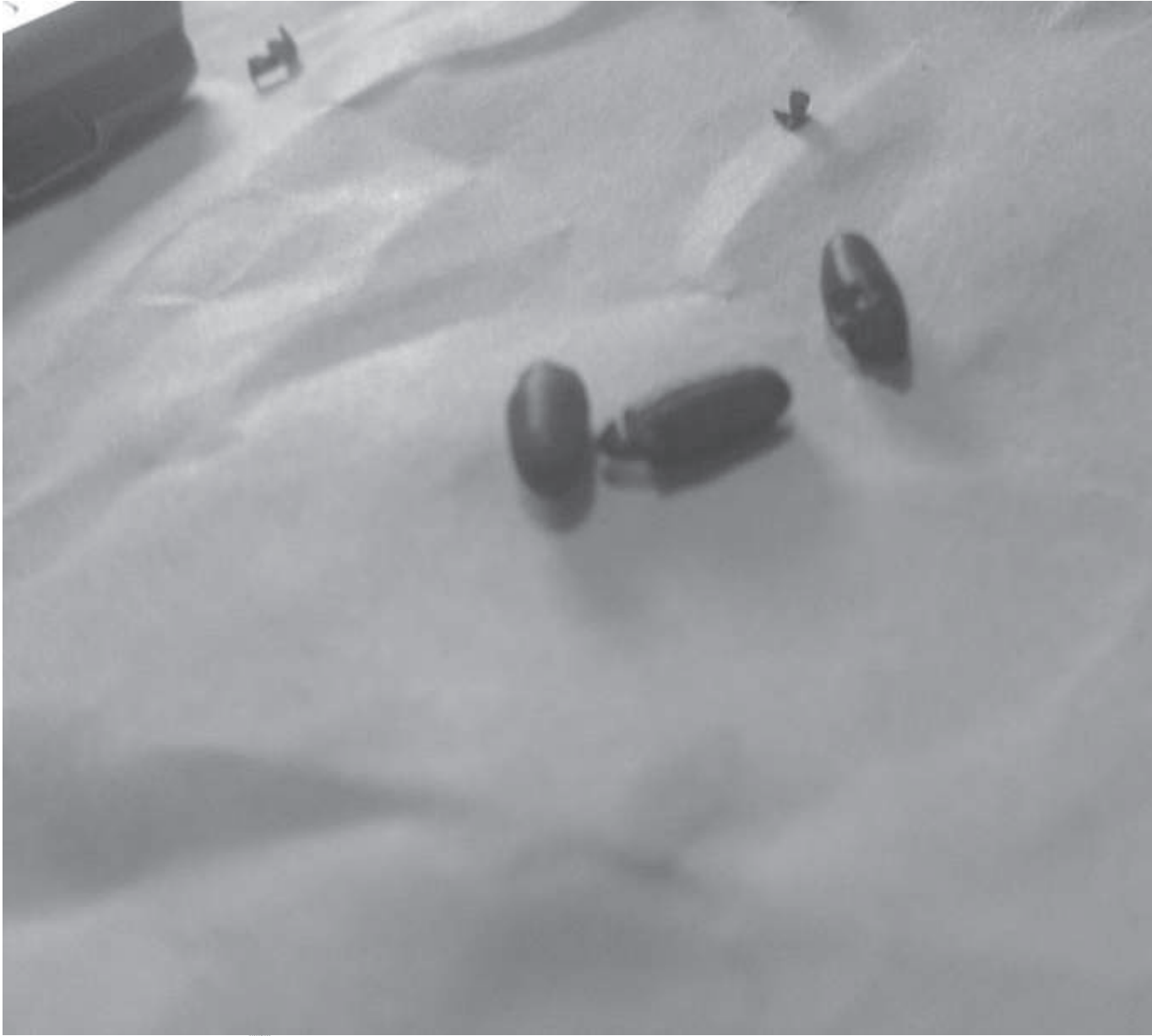


OK, someone needs to own up to some internet detective poo poo: I received an envelope through my door, no address on it, at 4am this morning. As far as I know nobody I know is a goon and even if they were my address is not listed in my profile.

The envelope contained an old mobile phone, a note and some odd looking things that look like eggs or something:



The egg (Insect eggs?) things are very odd indeed, if there are any entomology goons out there I'd love to know what they are:



Oct



I found a USB cable and was able to attach the phone to my PC to charge it up. There was no sim card in it but I had a look around on the memory card in the phone and found these photos:





OcioTime.com



These photos are all taken in places nearby to where I live, whoever did this please just tell me.

Here is a close up of the note included, please note: The drops on the envelope are water, not blood. They only look like claret because I've dropped the brightness and upped the contrast to make it readable.

OcioTime.com

OcioTime.com

He is not who you
think he is.

He is so much more than
you insulting daivings
make him out to be.

I've seen thing you cannot
concieve of.

And I am thankful for
his instructions

When your time
comes

Don't Run

The Note posted:

He is not who you
think he is

He is so much more than
your insulting daubings
make him out to be

I've seen things you cannot
conceive[sic] of.

And I am thankful for
his instruction

when your time
comes

Don't Run.

So yeah, whoever did this please come forward and tell me how you found out where i live.

Edit: The phone just rang. But there's no sim card in it how did the loving phone just ring?

VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV I'm in the southwest of England, don't really want to be specific I'm sure you can understand. What the hell should i do if the phone rings again? I REALLY don't want to answer it.

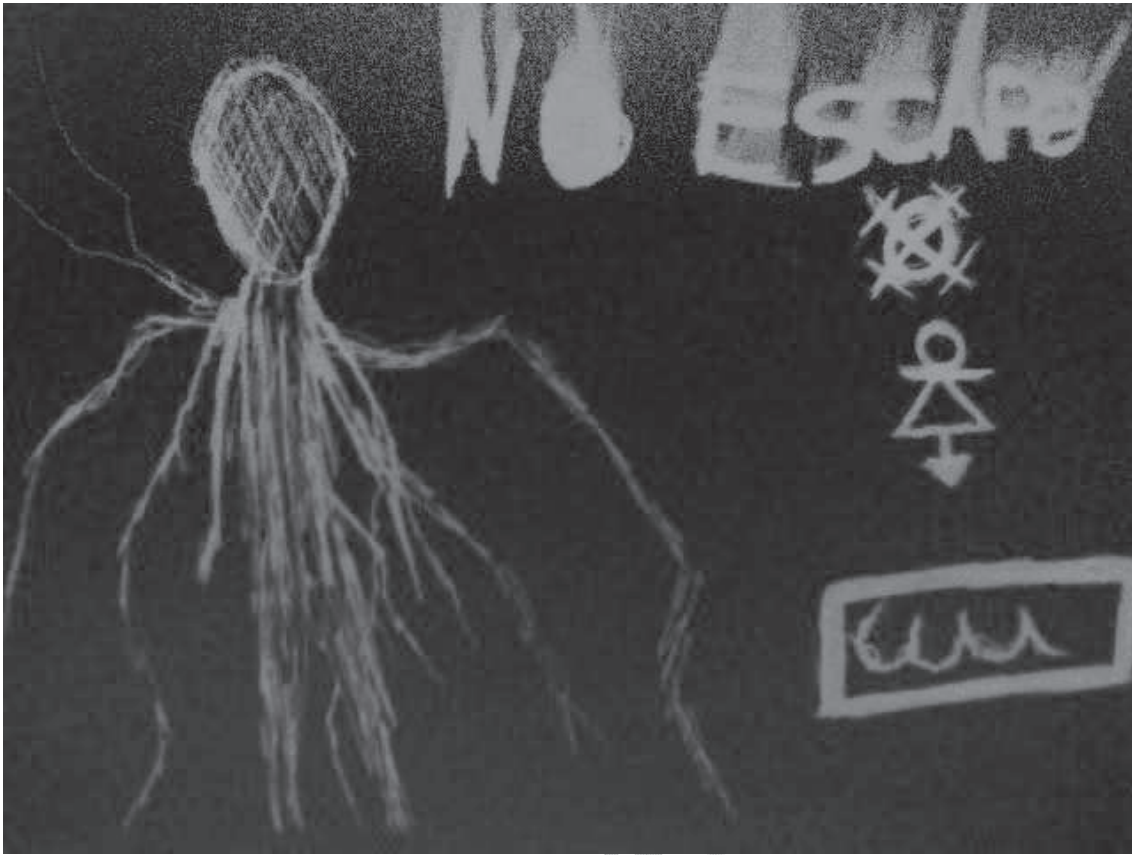
Rodzby fucked around with this message at Jun 21, 2009 around 07:18

Holy poo poo, that phone is exactly the same as a phone I lost mysteriously a while ago, no joke. Thing just goddamn disappeared overnight and I never found it again. What a coincidence. Whereabouts are you?? 🤔

Last night was the first night I didn't dream of It for a week.
And only because I got myself in a state where I couldn't dream.

As to the thought-form idea- yes, that frightened me a bit, but I think if we keep saying 'It's not real I don't believe' and try and fill our mind with something else when It visits we'll be alright. Right?

I haven't heard from my friend since I asked him to track down the Nigerian stories.
He's not answering his phone.



The Slender Man, to date, is the only thing to creep me out worse than the Black Eyed Kids... of course, not all the missing children were recovered... who knows what happens to them when the Slender Man is finished?

The Slender Man needs some weakness, some way to defend against him. An all-powerful creature leaves no hope, gives you no reason to even try to escape. If this loving thing materializes, I want to know how to fight it or even defeat it.

I'm thinking fire. It's man's primordial achievement, and casts shadows of its own. Maybe the shadows from the fire can fight him. Maybe humans discovered fire because of him, the embodiment of darkness and fear.

I don't know, but this thing has got to have a weakness.

His weakness is that he has no weakness, raising the amount of fear, raising the amount of potential targets. Therefore, there are TOO MANY PEOPLE he can kill to be able to kill them all.

I'm sure he intends to test that theory.

Tell me, then, if the Slender Man can kill as many people as there are people afraid of him, how can you explain humanity? It's been shown even primitive man was aware of it. It would have been a snap to kill destroy humanity right then and there.

No, the truth is, there will never be enough Slender man to kill everyone who know of him. That's his weakness and his strength, there will always be someone to spread fear of the Slender Man, yet always too many people for the Slender Man to exterminate them all.

I was kind of trying to suggest that with the newspaper article I wrote about the two girls. He took the one, and wanted the other one to come outside, but something kept him from taking the older one. I made a point to avoid being specific about how he worked and what he did. That makes him scarier, I think, if he exists in the unknown.

After all, the greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist.
No, the greatest trick the Devil ever pulled was convincing the world he DID exist.

21stCentury posted:

Now, as for the factors for a target, seems the Slenderman likes: Fear, mental illness, high levels of stress. Therefore, he often strikes children. Also seems to strike people who are enfeebled mentally/psychically/psychiatrically?

One account seems to indicate that he took control of several mentally stable people and "forced" them to kill their schizophrenic friend, who he didn't or was unable to control.

In another case, walking a witness down the hallway of a mental institution provoked multiple catatonic patients to start screaming and moving. Many bystanders and witnesses suffer severe PTSD and have had slender man encounters of increasing severity have been reported between the first experience until their disappearances or deaths.



Slender man has crept into my dreams, now. Putting him onto paper did not help. 🤖

(Thanks to Nopantsjack for giving him colour)

Louiseyface fucked around with this message at Jun 21, 2009 around 19:37

I didn't think I would find anything that could unsettle me while it's still light outside. And then came Slender Man. I'm having trouble sleeping at night for the niggling sensation that he may be in or around my house, behind the lamp posts on my street, waiting for guards to drop. I can't understand it. I don't want to watch the video Entries, but I just can't stop watching them. 🤖

Supposing... The face at the window is coming to get you

Charlie Brooker, The Guardian, Friday 12 May 2006

It's late at night, pitch black outside, and you're in the house alone. You switch off the television. All is quiet. It's bedtime. You walk to the window to draw the curtains. And there it is!

Face at the window! Aaaaarrgh! A scraggy-haired lunatic with googly eyes! Maybe he's glaring, maybe he's grinning - whatever he's doing, this isn't good news. Because he's either actually there, in which case he's about to burst in, hack your face off and use it as a hanky, or you're hallucinating, in which case you've lost your mind, and you'll have to spend the rest of your life wandering shirtless into traffic, screaming about MI5 and geese and phantoms.

It's childish I know, but the terror of the face at the window plays on my mind whenever I draw the curtains at night. I even worry I've somehow jinxed myself by simply thinking about it in the first place: that since I've got the thought lodged in my head now, I might go crazy and imagine he's there.

How long does it take to go crazy anyway? Do you need a bit of a run-up, or is it possible to snap your mind in a nanosecond? And surely, once you've seen the face at the window, there's no going back. You don't just rub your eyes and forget about it.

And then I think: hang on, the fact that you're even having this debate in your head proves you've gone mad already. Seeing the face is simply the next logical phase. You'll DEFINITELY see it now! Argh!

So to safeguard myself, I end up drawing the curtains with my eyes shut. Which is the sort of thing a crazy person might do. I can't win - the face wins, whether it's there or not.

I'm not the only one. The other day, I was telling someone about my face-at-the-window paranoia, and she squealed and confessed that she often felt precisely the same. And then she said, "You know what's worse? Face in the mirror. The lurking suspicion that you'll nonchalantly glance in the mirror one night, but it's become haunted or something, and there's a scary man there, staring back at you."

I wish she hadn't said that. There's a giant mirror lining one wall of my bathroom. Going for a piss in the middle of the night has become a heart-stopping trial of nerves. My life's turning into an MR James story.

But then, that's the trouble with internal dialogue: it can send you round the twist. I once had an idea for a TV competition in which ordinary members of the public are hooked up to a futuristic computer, which reads their thoughts and displays them, in real time, on a monitor in front of them.

The contestants have to read their own thoughts aloud as they appear. So initially they'd read something like, "I wonder if this is going to work?", shortly followed by, "Bloody hell, it does!", and before long they'd be locked into a sort of consciousness feedback loop, reading aloud their own thoughts about reading their own thoughts aloud. The last one to fall to the ground in a twitching, frothing heap is the winner.

And the host? There's only one candidate. A face at a window. Well, that or Chris Tarrant. Depends who's available.

Now go open your curtains.

The only thing that should be somewhat set in stone is the appearance and maybe behavior. I say maybe behavior because the Slender Man's purpose and reasons are largely unknown. He is chaos, and it largely depends on how his day was so far.

And maybe that he tends to stay in rural areas and wooded areas (cause woods are creepy <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UnE3-0X-174>), only venturing into urban areas to find the one who has seen him.

The Slenderman is disturbing. I haven't slept well since I came across this thread, even knowing it's all fake. (is it?)

But whoever the goon was a few pages back who posted the 1870's images from Yosemite? I'm gonna get you for that. I'm going there for a family trip in August. How the hell do you expect me to sleep "knowing" that the Slenderman has/is in Yosemite?

Totally going to ruin my trip.



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY
MANPOWER AND RESERVE AFFAIRS
200 STOVALL STREET
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22332-0300

AFTER ACTION REPORT INCIDENT 9921A5 RESTRICTED

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

CONDUCTED BY:

CAPTAIN JAMES, ARTHUR L. 3/52 JAG, CID
2LT MADDISON, BARRY 2/22ND MI, PSY-OPS
SFC JENGLES, DANIEL 21ST REPLACEMENT DET

CHAPTER 1: INCIDENT OVERVIEW

ON OR ABOUT 1817 HOURS, LOCAL TIME, ELEMENTS OF BRAVO COMPANY, NINTH INFANTRY BATTALION, FIFTH INFANTRY REGIMENT, THIRD INFANTRY DIVISION (HEREAFTER REFERRED TO AS B/9-5), WERE ENGAGED IN COMBAT WITH FORCES UNKNOWN NEAR LOCATION MB 5478 7403.

ELEMENTS OF CHARLIE COMPANY, 75TH RANGERS, WERE DEPLOYED IN ORDER TO PROVIDE REQUESTED FIRE SUPPORT, ARRIVING SOME 2 HOURS AFTER LAST TRANSMISSION FROM ELEMENTS OF B/9-5. UPON ARRIVING, EVIDENCE OF HEAVY GROUND COMBAT WAS FOUND, INCLUDING DEAD LOCAL NATIONALS AND WHAT WAS PRELIMINARILY IDENTIFIED AS POSSIBLE INSURGENTS AND/OR FOREIGN FIGHTERS.

DUE TO LOCAL NATIONAL DEATHS, IRAQI LAW ENFORCEMENT AND MILITARY WERE CALLED IN. HOWEVER, LOCAL IRAQI MILITARY/LAW ENFORCEMENT ASSETS REFUSED TO ENTER THE AREA, FORCING RANGER TEAM GOLF-NINER TO WAIT FOR FORCES FURTHER OUT.

APPROXIMATELY THREE HOURS LATER, RECEIVED

TRANSMISSIONS FROM GOLF-NINER-TANGO, THE BLACKHAWK DIRECT ACTION PENETRATOR ASSIGNED TO GOLF-NINER-ACTUAL, REPORTED THAT IT WAS UNDER ATTACK, AND GOLF-NINER-ACTUAL RESPONDED THAT THEY WERE MOVING TO AID IN WHAT WAS TO BE ONE OF THE LAST TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE AREA.

LAST TRANSMISSION FROM ANY ALLIED FORCES ELEMENTS WITHIN THE AREA REPORTED TO HAVE FOUND "MULTIPLE CHILDREN" AND THAT THE ELEMENTS OF GOLF-NINER-TANGO WERE MOVING TO SECURE THE LOCAL NATIONAL CHILDREN.

WHILE REINFORCEMENTS WERE PREPARING FOR DEPLOYMENT FROM LOG BASE TITAN, A SANDSTORM SWEEP IN (SEE PHOTO-DOC 11.95A) DESPITE NO PRECURSOR SIGNALS BEING ASSESSED BY LOCAL METEOROLOGICAL ARTILLERY SURVEYORS ASSIGNED TO DUTY AT THE TIME.

APPROXIMATELY 1135 LOCAL TIME REINFORCEMENTS FROM ECHO COMPANY, 25TH MP BATTALION, 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION, ARRIVED ON THE SCENE AND SECURED THE SITE, WORKING WITH ELEMENTS OF LAW ENFORCEMENT AND IRAQI MILITARY SECURITY.

INVESTIGATION BEGAN UNDER COMMAND OF CPT JAMES.

CHAPTER 2: INVESTIGATION GOALS AND OBJECTIVES

DETERMINE FINAL DISPOSITION OF ALLIED FORCES ELEMENTS

DETERMINE FINAL DISPOSITION OF LOCAL NATIONALS

DETERMINE NUMBER AND METHOD OF LOCAL NATIONAL FATALITIES

DETERMINE PRESENCE OF FOREIGN FIGHTERS AND/OR INSURGENTS

CHAPTER 3: EVENT SYNOPSIS

AS PER MISSION ORDERS (SEE OPERATION GROUND CLUTTER) ELEMENTS OF B/9-5 ARRIVED ON-SITE IN ORDER TO CONDUCT EXAMINATION OF PREVIOUSLY INSPECTED SUSPECTED CHEMICAL WEAPON PRODUCTION SITES. ANALYSIS OF RECORDS REVEAL THAT UN INSPECTORS IN 2000 AND 2001 WERE DENIED ACCESS TO THE SITE BY IRAQI LAW ENFORCEMENT AND MILITARY. POST OIF INSPECTION REVEALED HEAVY LOOTING TO THE SITE, BUT ACCORDING TO INSPECTING UNIT THE AREA FELT "UNCOMFORTABLE" AND INSTILLED WHAT READS AS "OPERATIONAL PARANOIA" IN INVESTIGATION TROOPS. TEAM ALPHA-SEVEN (HEREBY REFERRED TO AS TA7), CONSISTING OF SSG XXXXX, XXXXXX SGT XXXXXX, XXXXXXXX, SPC XXXXX, XXXXXXXX-

XXXXXX, AND PFC XXXX, XXXXXXXXXX, REPORTED VIA RADIO THAT THE AREA FELT "KIND OF FREAKY" AND WHEN ASKED FOR CLARIFICATION, REPORTED THAT THE AREA FELT "OPPRESSIVE AND MENACING" TO ALL ELEMENTS DOING THE INSPECTION.

EVALUATION AND INSPECTION SHOWS THAT THE ELEMENTS OF TA7 DEPLOYED CHEMICAL DETECTION EQUIPMENT, AS WELL AS SUITED UP IN CHEMICAL PROTECTIVE GEAR.

SITE A1

APPEARING TO BE WHERE THE ELEMENTS OF TA7 ARRIVED AT THE SITE, THERE IS EVIDENCE OF HEAVY FIGHTING IN THE AREA, BLOOD SPATTER AND POOLING, A HEAVILY DAMAGED M1114, SEVERAL STRIPS OF BLOODSTAINED CLOTH THAT WERE IDENTIFIED AS STANDARD US ARMY DCU, INCLUDING UPPER LEFT SLEEVE AND CHEST PORTION WITH UNIT INSIGNIA STILL ON LEFT SHOULDER.

APPROXIMATELY 83 EXPENDED 5.56MM NATO BRASS CASINGS WERE FOUND NEAR THE SEVERELY DAMAGED M1114 HMMV. THE VEHICLE'S BUMPER NUMBER MATCHES THE VEHICLE DISPATCHED TO TA7, AS DID INTACT VIN PLATES. JUDGING BY THE FOOTPRINTS, THESE ROUNDS WERE EXPENDED AFTER THE TEAMS INVESTIGATION OF THE SITE.

ALSO NEAR THE VEHICLE ARE EXTENSIVE BLOODSTAINS, ESTIMATED BY INVESTIGATORS TO REPRESENT SEVERE AND EXTENSIVE BLEEDING. ALSO LOCATED WERE NO LESS THAN 4 ARTERIAL SPRAY PATTERNS, AND ONE MULTIPLE SPRAY PATTERNS THAT REPRESENT CATASTROPHIC DAMAGE THAT UNDOUBTABLY RESULTED IN DISMEMBERMENT. HOWEVER, NO EVIDENCE OF EXPLOSIVE USE WAS FOUND NEAR THE M1114.

BOOTPRINTS OF 8 SETS OF BOOTS LEAD FROM THE M1114 AT SITE A2 TO SITE A1, AND FROM THERE LEAD TO SITE A3.

INVESTIGATORS HAVE CONCLUDED THAT 2 MEMBERS OF TA7 MADE THEIR FINAL STAND AT THE VEHICLE LOCATED AT SITE A1. HOWEVER THERE ARE NO ADDITIONAL BOOT PATTERNS OR OTHER IMPRESSIONS THAT COULD ATTRIBUTE THE FINAL DISPOSITION OF THE ELEMENTS THAT MADE THEIR LAST STAND AT THIS LOCATION. NOR ARE ANY DRAG MARKS PRESENT TO DETERMINE THE FINAL DISPOSITION OF ANY HUMAN REMAINS.

SITE A2

A BADLY DAMAGED BLACKHAWK DAP WITH FUSELAGE NUMBER AND VIN NUMBERS MATCHING THE VEHICLE DISPATCHED TO ACT AS TRANSPORTATION FOR GOLF-

NINER-TANGO.

INTERNAL COCKPIT AREA WAS SPATTERED WITH ARTERIAL SPRAY, AS WELL AS DOORS BEING HEAVILY DAMAGED AND NEARLY TORN FREE. MAIN ROTORS APPEAR TO HAVE SUSTAINED DAMAGE USUALLY INCURRED WHEN ROTATING BLADES CONTACT A STRUCTURE. TAIL SECTION WAS HEAVILY DAMAGED, AS IF CABLES WERE ATTACHED AND USED TO TWIST THE SECTION. HOWEVER NO CABLE IMPRINT WAS LOCATED AND THE PAINT APPEARED TO BE SCORCHED.

ALL AVIONICS AND ELECTRONICS APPEAR TO HAVE SUFFERED MAJOR MALFUNCTION, RESULTING IN NOT ONLY SENSITIVE ITEM DESTRUCTION, BUT APPARENT HIGH VOLTAGE EXPOSURE.

HUMAN REMAINS CONSISTING OF THREE SEVERED FINGERS AND ONE SEVERED EAR WERE LOCATED IN THE ARTERIAL SPRAY ON THE REAR OF THE COCKPIT.

TWELVE 9MM NATO EXPENDED BRASS CASINGS WERE LOCATED ON THE BADLY WARPED COCKPIT FLOOR. ADDITIONALLY A GOLD RING WITH THREE DIAMOND CHIPS WAS FOUND LOCATED EMBEDDED IN FORWARD AVIONICS AND REQUIRED TOOLS TO REMOVE. FIELD EVALUATION SUGGESTS THAT TISSUE WITHIN THE WEDDING (?) BAND WAS COMPRESSED HUMAN FLESH.

THE M240B LOCATED ON THE RIGHT DOOR MOUNT OF THE DAP EXHIBITED HEAT DAMAGE TO THE BARREL, AS WELL AS A JAMMED CARTRIDGE THAT APPEARS TO HAVE RENDERED THE WEAPON NON-FUNCTIONAL. THE DOOR FOR THIS AREA WAS MISSING IN ITS ENTIRETY, AND WAS NOT LOCATED DURING INVESTIGATION.

INTERIOR OF THE CREW COMPARTMENT WAS BADLY DAMAGED BY WHAT APPEARS TO BE A COMBINATION OF FRAGMENTATION DAMAGE AND HEAT DAMAGE CORRESPONDING WITH A STANDARD US ARMY FRAGMENTATION GRENADE EXPLOSION AND AN ATTENDANT FIRE FROM HOT FRAGMENTS IMPACTING RESERVE FUEL TANK.

EIGHT SETS OF BOOT TRACKS LEAD TO SITE AI. DESPITE EVIDENCE OF HEAVY ENEMY ENGAGEMENT, NO REMAINS WERE FOUND. NOR WERE THERE ANY FOOTPRINTS OR DEPRESSIONS TO SUGGEST ANY TYPE OF CLOSE COMBAT OR HOW ANY POSSIBLE RETRIEVAL OF CASUALTIES OR HUMAN REMAINS WERE REMOVED.

LOCATED APPROXIMATELY 5 METERS FROM WRECKAGE OF HELICOPTER WAS FOUND A WATCH, STANDARD GREEN TIMEX WITH VELCRO BAND. INSCRIPTION ON BACK OF WATCH READ "DADDY, COME HOME SAFE. LIZZY"

CW03 XXXXX, XXXXXX NEXT OF KIN LISTS ONE XXXXXXXXX, XXXXX AS A DEPENDANT.

SITE A3

THIS BUILDING WAS LISTED AS A HEAVY BUILDING 22M NS, 230M EW, AND 8M HIGH. ANY PAINT OR MARKINGS HAVE BEEN LOST DUE TO EXPOSURE. WHILE THIS BUILDING WAS A HIGH PRIORITY SEARCH TARGET BY UN INSPECTION TEAMS, IT WAS NEVER PROPERLY SEARCHED. SECONDARY SEARCHES POST INVASION LOCATED A SET OF STAIRS LEADING DOWN TO A HEAVY BLAST DOOR, BUT NO INVESTIGATION WAS PERFORMED. (SEE ATTACHED ARTICLE 15 NON-JUDICIAL PUNISHMENT ACTIONS REGARDING ATTEMPTED DERELICTION OF DUTY CHARGES THAT WERE NOT SUSTAINED)

OUTSIDE OF BUILDING ON NW FACE SHOWS 375 BULLET IMPACTS OF THE 5.56MM DESIGN, AND 645 7.62MM DESIGN IMPACTS. MAJORITY OF SMALL ARMS FIRE APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN FIRED IN TIGHTLY GROUPED BURSTS.

ALSO LOCATED WERE MULTIPLE EXPENDED ROUNDS, FLATTENED AS IF THEY HAD ENCOUNTERED AN ARMORED SURFACE, LEADING FROM THE PRIMARY ENTRY TOWARD SITES A1 AND A2.

CAUSE UNKNOWN.

SITE A4

INTERNAL OF BUILDING SHOWS MULTIPLE ARTERIAL SPRAYS IN AN OTHERWISE DAMAGED INTERIOR. DEBRIS RECORDED DURING SECONDARY INSPECTION WAS PRESENT, BUT MUCH WAS AFFECTED BY BLOOD SPATTER AND SEVERAL ARTERIAL SPRAYS.

FOUR ITEMS OF INTEREST WERE FOUND.

A GIRL SCOUT BADGE FOR WOODCRAFT WITH BLOOD SPATTER.

A PAIR OF TORN "SUPERMAN" UNDEROOS. FECES, URINE, AND BLOODSTAIN WERE EVIDENT TO CASUAL OBSERVATION.

A DAMAGED M4 ASSAULT RIFLE WITH ACOG REFLEX SIGHT. THE WEAPON HAD BEEN WARPED BY UNKNOWN MEANS, RENDERING IT INOPERATIVE. THE WEAPON ALSO SHOWED ARTERIAL SPRAY ACROSS THE BUTTSTOCK.

1 FIELD DRESSING PACKAGE.

ALSO LOCATED WERE 172 5.56MM EXPENDED BRASS SHELL CASINGS. 52 OF THESE WERE DAMAGED BY COMPRESSION. 33 WERE FOUND PARTIALLY OR WHOLLY COVERED BY STANDARD COMBAT BOOT IMPRINT. 19 SHOWED NO IMPRINT TO ACCOUNT FOR COMPRESSION.

SITE A5

THE STAIRWELL LEADING TO THE HEAVY BLAST DOORS AT THE BOTTOM CONTAINED 122 BRASS SHELL CASINGS, AS WELL AS ARTERIAL SPRAY OFTEN MIXED WITH HUMAN TISSUE. BLOODY BOOTPRINTS WERE EVIDENT, AS WERE INEXPLICABLE CHILD FOOTPRINTS.

SITE A6

HEAVY BLAST DOORS RESISTED ALL ATTEMPTS TO OPEN.

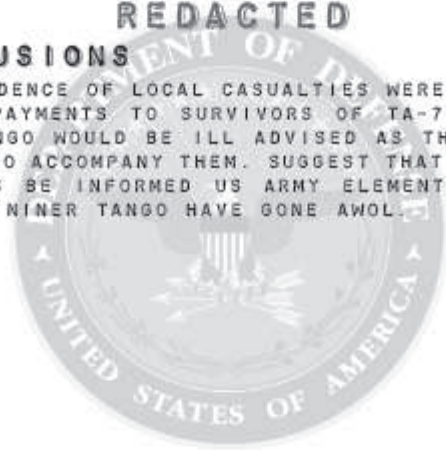
CHAPTER 4: ANALYSIS OF OUTCOMES

REDACTED

CONCLUSIONS

NO EVIDENCE OF LOCAL CASUALTIES WERE FOUND.

SGLI PAYMENTS TO SURVIVORS OF TA-7 AND GOLF NINER TANGO WOULD BE ILL ADVISED AS THERE IS NO REMAINS TO ACCOMPANY THEM. SUGGEST THAT MEDIA AND SURVIVORS BE INFORMED US ARMY ELEMENTS OF TA-7 AND GOLF NINER TANGO HAVE GONE AWOL.



om

So, in Iraq, an entire squad (is that the term?) went missing, evidence of fighting against an enemy that destroyed a humvee without using explosives are found, a big blast door is found near the area, under a building...

I dunno, the damage and aftermath seems to work for the slenderman (lots of dismemberment, cutting, cable-like damage), but what was him MO? What was he doing there? WHAT WAS BEHIND THE BLAST DOOR?

THEN WHO WAS ~~PHONE~~ BLAST DOOR!?

A small impact next to Derek's head woke him up from a fitful sleep. Some unknown object had fallen from the treetops above and rolled away to some unseen resting place. Derek, still tired, had imagined him hearing footsteps approaching, but there was nothing save for the gentle low hiss of his radio. The static wavered as the batteries

began to finally give in. Feeling into his backpack Derek picked out a new package of batteries and replaced them into the radio. He checked to make sure that it was on channel 6, grew accustomed to the invigorated chaotic patterns of the empty channel and slipped back into the dark silence of sleep.

"Why did you leave me back there?! I barely caught up to you, you jerk!"

"Look, if you are going to marry my sister, you better be able to take care of yourself. You found me didn't you? And don't worry I knew where you were. Just trust me I can take care of you." Derek smiled to himself as Henry put his backpack and knapsack on the ground next to a fallen log.

Henry stared into Derek's eyes. "Fine," he said, "Just don't let things get out of hand, I don't trust myself out here nearly as much as you seem to."

"You'll do fine, just stop worrying so much. And worst case scenario just pull out your radio and use channel 6, I'll be right there to help you. Now, what would you like to eat? We have some hot dogs, or we could make a quick sandwich." Derek said as he took a quick drink from his water bottle.

"I think I'll go for a sandwich, we can eat the hot dogs tomorrow for lunch before we head back."

"Sounds perfect, I'll get everything ready, can you get some firewood? Anything dry you can find should be a good start."

The fire pit had a few stray leaves covering the cold ashes. A few pamphlets describing Henry's appearance and some tips on what to keep an eye out for when searching for lost hikers were strewn about. The organizers had left, the volunteers went back to their jobs, and Henry's family had turned their attentions to funeral arrangements for an empty box. He was here. Sitting on that log, warming by that fire pit, he was here. Separated by time alone, Henry was still laughing as he laid down his sleeping bag. Where once the gentle crackling of the fire and songs sung by forests filled the shallow valley, now only the hiss of strange atmospheric forces played through the speaker of a small radio.

"I can't believe I'd never gone camping before. Hell it's like I've never even seen the stars before! Before today all I've ever known is that constant urban twilight blocking out the sky at night. Here I can see the Milky Way, I used to wonder why they called it that, but it's pretty clear now that I can actually see it." Derek watched the stars as they imperceptibly spun around Polaris, the hub of this particular viewpoint of the universe. People from the city always seemed to wax poetic when they camp for the first time. They are so busy seeing new things that they can hardly actually enjoy what makes camping worth the effort.

"I'm going to go the bathroom before I pass out. I'll be right back." Derek stood up and walked off to a particularly large tree well beyond the reach of the dancing orange light. The plan was simple, just let Henry be alone until he begins to wonder, and then until he begins to worry. It'll make for a great toast.

The sun began to fall again. The last night. After this there was no more waiting, no more wandering the woods looking for any sign of life, no matter how fleeting. Derek took a small soggy sandwich and ate it slowly. Laying down he looked up at the cold uncaring stars. They would know what happened that night, where Henry went, but they would never tell. They might as well have been bacteria under a microscope for all they cared of our human affairs. They held an answer that Derek would never know, and as he sat there sandwich in hand, he began to cry.

"W-who's there? Derek?" a voice in the distance asked. "I can hear you walking around, over there, who's there?"

Derek zipped up and opened his mouth to reply.

"I don't want to go. I want to stay here." the distant voice said calmly.

"Henry? Who's over there? Don't walk off, stay by the fire!" Derek shouted as he ran back to the fire, but for some reason he began to doubt the return path. Dancing sources of light now seemed to fill the forest in the deep dark corners. Where did they come from? "Henry?!" It was near that rock, I know it. I just have to get there. "Henry, where are you, answer me!"

"I want to die, it would be better." The voice seemed to dance among the lights fading farther and farther into the void of trees.

"-ou hear me? You need to hear me." Derek shot up from an empty sleep and shot his hands to his radio. The radio struggled to amplify the weak and hollow speech.

"Henry?! Henry is that you?!"

"Where are you Derek?" The radio crackled and sputtered, the signal seeming infinitely weak and distant.

"I'm on the crest of the hill overlooking where we camped out. Where are you?! Henry we can get you out of here!"

"No, we can't." It sounded like a whisper spoken through a shattered glass.

"What are you talking about? What happened, are you ok?" Derek turned on a flashlight and began to wave it around fruitlessly.

"I'm not ok Derek. You didn't take care of me. You left me." The stratosphere seemed to shyly echo the voice.

"Henry, I-I'm sorry I didn't mean to go far. It was just a bit of fun." The weight of a silly prank came down full force onto Derek's small frame, and he shuddered.

"It's not funny Derek. I'm not laughing, and neither is he."

"H-he?"

"He takes us away Derek, and he knows where you are. You are his."

The radio squealed as a tall emaciated figure passed from behind a large tree trunk. He turned toward Derek in silence, and the radio cut out.

Years ago I was thinking of writing a story about a group of usenet posters, one of whom was a serial killer. One by one they would all disappear from the group and since none of them really knew each other that well it took a while for them to realise what was going on. Then the race would be on to find out which of the remaining posters it was as the group degenerated into fear and paranoia.

I'm thinking this story might work a lot better if it was a made up creature who suddenly took on life and started going after each poster one by one. Or that they thought it was made up, but instead they had accidentally stumbled across something real, and now it was after them to erase all evidence.

I really should write these one day.

I have to say this whole Slender Man thing has sent my imagination into overdrive. My vision of The Slender Man (and he's such a mysterious entity that I believe he's open to interpretation) is a bit paired down compared to others.

I don't really like the idea of evidence found in ancient cave drawings or wood carvings or anything like that because I picture him strictly as a creature of the "New World", not unlike something out of an old story by Washington Irving. I don't know why that seems to fit better for me but it does, maybe because only a few hundred years ago North America was a vast and mysterious wilderness, which the imagination of the early settlers filled with all sorts of paranormal phenomena (which were, admittedly, mostly based off of old tales they brought with them from the Old World). I like the idea of the white man first coming into contact with him/it upon arrival in the New World, perhaps first hearing tales about it from the Native Americans. Perhaps he's some variation of the Wendigo from Algonquin myth.

I also don't care for the idea of him showing up in photos/paintings of major historical events since that would make it impossible for him to stay under the radar so to speak. I prefer the idea of him being a wandering spirit, drifting from town to town. When the Slender Man comes to town all sorts of misfortunes and various inexplicable phenomena occur, including but not limited to: mysterious disappearances, electrical disturbances, fires, droughts, pestilence, strange weather phenomena, etc.

Phy posted:

Rodzby, Rodzby, sittin' in a tree
L-E-A-K-I-N-G
First goes your nerves, then goes your mind
Then comes the Slenderman to stick you in a pine

Picture the children frolicking on the schoolyard chanting this teasingly at their peer Rodzby.

Laughing, holding hands in a large circle, dancing around the trembling crying Rodzby..... giggling at his distress.

Openly weeping he begs them to please stop before "HE" comes again.

Fade to black with chanting and giggling increasing in volume only to be replaced by muffled shrieks of terror at the last second.

LET THIS BE A WARNING TO ALL

If you speak his name aloud, he WILL know your voice, and he will come for you.....

I posted:

I wonder how deep the rabbit hole goes?

Can he be summoned?

Go stand in front of a mirror in the fog and say his name 5 times. See what happens.

But don't say I didn't warn you

First you must sacrifice a squirrel and put its heart in a plastic bag. Then you take a tree branch...

I like to think about him making pretty hums and grunts as he stalks across a neighborhood, softly taking children to some unknowable purpose, like some alien piper. the image of him hugging a child in a second-floor bedroom is my favorite thing to imagine :3

I went through that tape I mentioned pages back.

Everything was normal except about one minute of footage.

For a single minute, my father taped himself driving down a country road near our house. It was dark, he was alone, and the whole time he was muttering, "I'm gonna find you," or something similar.

One frame, ONE FRAME, of this minute (which was hard to watch) turned out something creepy. My dad was making a right hand turn to head towards home, and down here we have a lot of crops growing. Have a look.



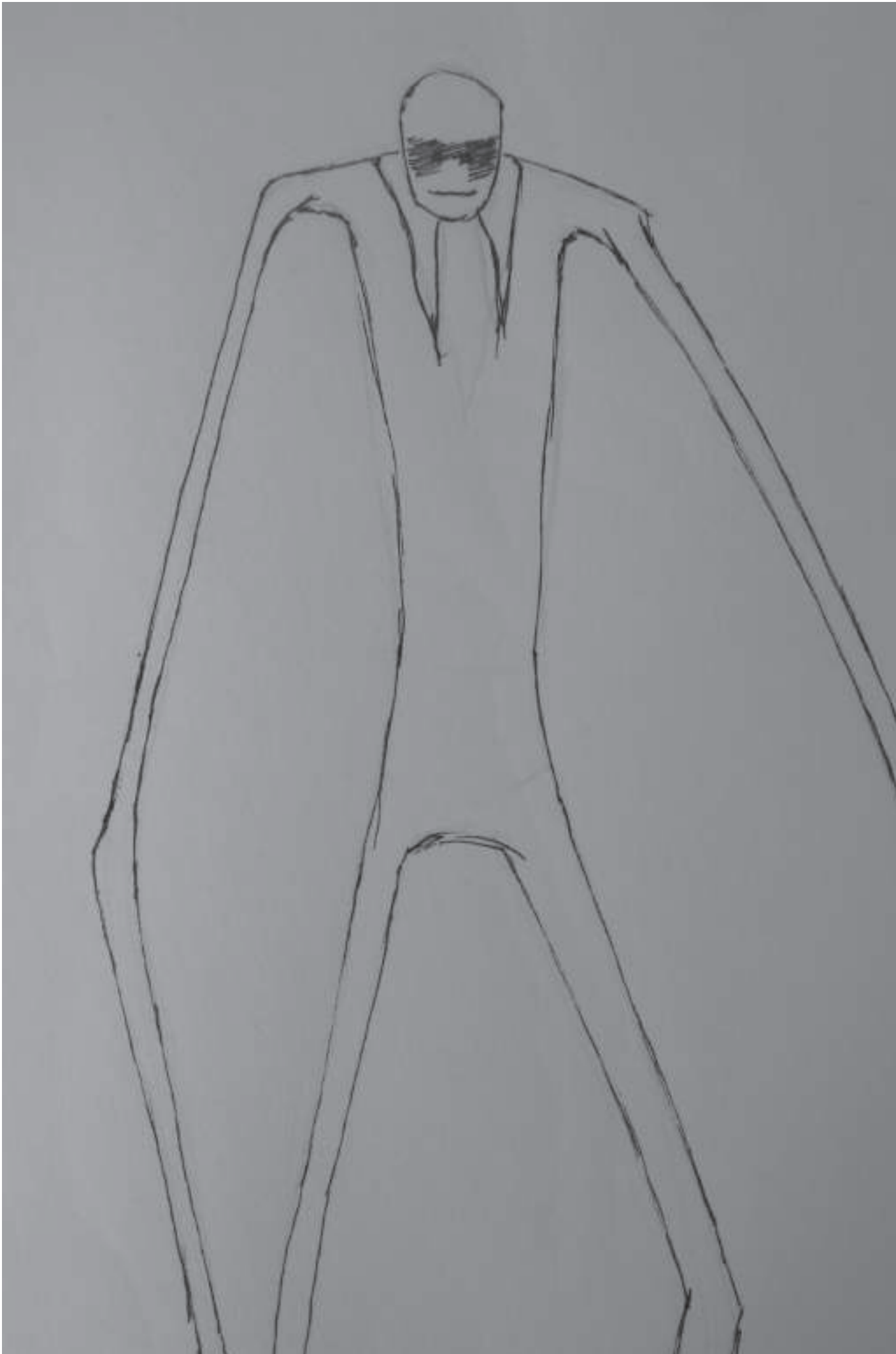
She's an artist (read: weeaboo) who reads up on slender man and becomes obsessed with him. She decides that she wants to bring him into existence by making every human aware of him, as was discussed on this thread. She also wants to help propagate whatever the gently caress he is, thus she looks pregnant in the image.

I'm seeing her as like the Cthulhu cultists, I suppose.

Cetaphobia fucked around with this message at Jun 23, 2009 around 06:14

I like whoever mentioned about there being no suit as such, just a loose 'skin' of some description hanging over a skeleton that just sorta *looks* like a suit from a distance. So I sat down for a few minutes and scribbled out a couple of loose sketches. The whole out of proportion thing has never sat right with me and featureless aside from a sort of smirk is immensley disturbing. I need to do some more on this idea even though it's freaking me out slightly.

OcioTime.com



OcioTime.com




I should add on this one I was kinda working on the whole 'suit not suit' thing, what you thing is a shirt and tie actually isn't, the tie is kinda supposed to be his neck as such and what seems to be a shirt is just this weird collarbone arrangement that his head sort of sits back into.

OcioTime.com



Also that other picture, the painting is fantastic, I love it.

Crispy_Rapcakes fucked around with this message at Jun 23, 2009 around 16:25

I just wanted to chime in and say gently caress you all very much for propagating the slender man stuffs. 

I love fishing and I love mountain biking. Due to the heat in the area, I've been participating in these activities at night. For the past few evenings I've almost pissed myself every time something makes a noise in the woods.

Also, regarding The Rake, I've taken to sleeping curled up now. I don't stretch out anymore...

Great stories/images, guess I'm easily impressionable. 

I just got this lovely e-mail from one of my twitter followers

"Just letting ya know... you guys might wanna consider getting an admin to delete your thread over at the something awful forum. If you google the names on your wiki photo for the slenderman, it leads straight to those forums. May be a game spoiler. Unless that's intentional. Also, the real wiki page contains your name info...
-Good luck with it! Looking forward to playing along!"



It appears people are thinking its an ARG...where they found out I have no idea. The slender man must be trying to pull the veil over their eyes. Stopping them from finding the truth.

pr0digal fucked around with this message at Jun 23, 2009 around 19:47

Here's a translation of the second half of my own interrogation for alleged guilt of manslaughter in Copenhagen, December 1999. I guess I never was wrong, even though I got a lot of drugs, therapy and public hetz to make me believe otherwise. I translated it from Danish myself, so some inconsistencies may occur, I hope there's some detail about Him here that have not come to light before, and that this terrible event from my life may help some one in any way. I can't find one, but I'll wager you guys are more clear in the head than me:

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, gently caress 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 loving 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.

After that they told me I was going to get it bad. After taking the charge I was sentenced to a closed psychiatric facility for 2 years. They never released Morgan's autopsy report, so I can only guess - from what I see here - that there is some truth to my explanation.

I'd take your questions, but it's so long ago, and my memory of it has been marred by nerve medicine and near-constant nightmares. I can't look at those pictures for any period of time, and even if I could I'm not sure I could realistically confirm or deny whether a given pic is of the "Slender Man" that attacked us and killed my friend.

Tias fucked around with this message at Jun 24, 2009 around 09:36

OK seriously waffleimages isn't letting ME upload the original second image either.
What the hell is going on here? 🤖

And doubly 🤖 is what happened last night. I'm not one to let ol' Slendy here get the best of me; though I have an overactive imagination at times I haven't been too spooked to go near the woods at night or a Men's Warehouse or whatever. But yesterday at work, an older guy came in who knew my boss. My boss happens to be a very tall, skinny man.

And the guy asked if that "slim, slender man" was working tonight.
And for a split second I was kind of [REDACTED].

CONFIDENTIAL

Aug 30 2003

0300 Received word from police in [REDACTED] that a type S phenomenon may be taking place, or have recently taken place, with 2 local children. Officers sent to the site have disappeared. Dispatching a unit.

0330 Confirmed 3 local men missing with possible dismemberment, type S typical.

0430 Father and mother of 2 missing children (Cynthia, female, 6, and Donald Jr, male, 3) are in interrogation. Names Donald and Melanie Falmouth. Donald Falmouth is having typical Type S reaction. Melanie Falmouth is mute. Full profiles and reports to follow in appendix A.

0443 Type S fog found at the site, perimeter adjusted to ensure safety of all [REDACTED] unit members.

0454 D. Falmouth has disappeared from holding cell. No signs of forced entry or exit, typical of type S. M. Falmouth has gouged eyes out with fingernails and remains mute. Extraction orders have been placed for M. Falmouth from local police to [REDACTED] institute.

0500 No further changes at site beyond constant expansion of perimeter.

0600 No further changes.

0613 M Falmouth has been successfully transported to [REDACTED] and admitted under type S protocols. Highest security. Admittance papers attached can be found in Appendix B. Of note: Doctors surprised at her ocular wounds. They appear to be completely healed, with no tissue remaining. Full search of ambulance and cell provide no location of the missing tissue. Update from Police station confirms that she was found bleeding, but there was no tissue found under any of her fingernails. Consistent with a type S phenomenon. Currently M Falmouth is under sedation and constant heavy observation in all forms. Remote retrieval team on standby near both site and the institution to retrieve all information in the event that all personnel are corrupted.

0756 Phenomenon sighted; shots fired before losing contact with alpha team of unit. Reinforcements dispatched. Perimeter of this event is largest of any previously recorded type S phenomenon.

0804 Power outage at the [REDACTED] institute. M Falmouth has disappeared and has been replaced with a young girl. Despite several backup sources of power, this event was not recorded in any way. All 3 monitors of M Falmouth's cell have been placed in quarantine under observation.

0835 Young girl positively identified as Katrina Elkins, age 8, victim 23 of 1987. See appendix B for all case files related to Katrina Elkins, and her current status. Note: She

appears to still be 8 years old and healthy, with no obvious wounds.

0848 Examining physician discovered a long scar across her abdomen, from her mons to her sternum. The physician, Dr E---, indicated that the scar was barely healed and that her belly was slightly distended. The doctor stated that her internal organs appeared and felt as if they were writhing. Upon further inspection, they did not appear to be internal organs at all. This information has been withheld from the child and she still appears to be in good spirits. She asks after her mother and father and sister. Orders have been given to examine her as quickly as possible and to quarantine everyone she had come in contact with.

0900 Perimeter has stopped expanding, and fog appears to be dissipating. At 0930 teams will proceed inward toward the site.

0926 Information transmission to remote retrieval unit was temporarily interrupted, but resumed without incident.

0928 Transmission has been contaminated. Dr E----- and his unit have been completely compromised and the [REDACTED] institute does not respond to all communication. Retrieval team continues to receive the transmission of the EKG and ultrasound that was being performed on K Elkins.

0930 Unit moving inward toward site.

0934 Transmissions have gone dead, but not before we got some very interesting readings. Please see Appendix C for readings, as we believe these readings do not belong to K Elkins.

1000 Unit reports that the site has only police officers, disemboweled in standard type S fashion. All evidence has been gathered and is ready for transport.

1015 Local police have been informed of the status of their officers and that the site is now clean. Site will be revisited

1030 Retrieval unit found [REDACTED] institute empty of all human life. All 308 workers at the [REDACTED] institute have disappeared. We can only assume the site has been contaminated. On the doorstep, the team found one left hand and the pinky from another hand.

1043 Fingerprinting and staff records confirm that both hand and pinky belonged to Dr E----- . The severed ends appear to be healed over.

1100 No changes. Retrieval unit continues to search the [REDACTED] institute.

1200 No changes

1300 No changes

1400 No changes

1500 The pipes in [REDACTED] institute appear to have been frozen. They are currently thawing.

1534 Further inspection of the frozen pipes indicates they are full of a mixture of both ice and frozen blood. Specimens are being taken for DNA identification against both staff and victim records.

1600 No changes

1700 No changes. Search complete; no other anomalies found in the [REDACTED] institute. Equipment appears to be intact and will be moved to [REDACTED].

AMENDMENT Dec 23rd 2003

A man was found wandering behind a supermarket. Police fingerprinting confirmed this man as Dr E----- . A unit was dispatched but no type S phenomenon indicators occurred. The team escorted Dr E----- to [REDACTED]. He did not respond to questioning. In his pockets was found a receipt dated Jan 4th 2004 at 0834 from [REDACTED] (see appendix D for items and analysis). Note: We assume this is from a faulty cash register but we are planning a team at this time and date regardless. He has been quarantined and will be studied. We have never retrieved a human being alive. Despite his clear mental incapacity, his body must turn up some clues.

AMENDMENT Dec 28th 2003

Despite all testing Dr E----- appears completely normal and healthy. He has gone completely mute besides muttering in an unknown language. We have sent samples of these mumblings to linguistic experts. No one has been able to identify the language. Of note is his giggle, which sounds remarkably typical of S.

AMENDMENT Jan 4th 2004

At 0834 Dr E----- died of severe internal hemorrhaging. The cause of this is unknown. The autopsy showed that there was a finger belonging to K Elkins next to his appendix. The finger appeared to be healed over at the severed end, and proved to have a pulse for a few minutes after removal from the body. It did not respond to stimulus. Why we did not see this finger in the daily tests cannot be known. No event occurred at the site indicated in the receipt.

END OF RECORD

Nicol Bolas fucked around with this message at Jun 24, 2009 around 22:32

My friends,

What have we done? What have we created?

It started off innocently enough, like telling ghost stories around the campfire. You wanted to give people a good scare, but a good laugh at the same time.

But it was something more than that, wasn't it? It was taking your fears that lived on the edge of your psyche and pushing them out into the world, into the light of day. It was taking them and instead of putting them into words, you put them into pictures. You wanted to take your fear and place it into others so that you wouldn't be scared anymore. That your deepest fears would be held bare to the world, to be laughed at and in some cases to embed themselves in others.

But then things started to change, Victor Surge posted a picture and a backstory so powerful that it dredged up memories and stories that you forgot even existed. It took the whispered tales that were meant to scare children into behaving, tales you pushed so far back into your mind you almost forgot and it forced them to the surface.

But these tales and fears couldn't be excised by a simple picture, these tales were powerful. These tales held power; they held the power to create and create they did. The Slender Man began to take form and began to grow in our minds. Suddenly we looked back on past occurrences, began to put together the pieces and we began to remember.

We were scared. We wanted it to stop. We wanted the Slender Man to be nothing more than something we created.

But it didn't stop. The power that the words and the stories held had finally broken free after being suppressed in the human psyche for so long. They took hold and they began to create reality. We began to see and hear things that we could not explain, the pictures and the videos bringing chills to our spine. We tried to laugh it off, just dismissing it as a fantasy. But it was already too late, the Slender Man had already taken hold.

We have created something we cannot control.

We have created the Slender Man. Brought him out of the shadows and back into the world.

We have created a monster and we cannot put it back in its cage.

pr0digal fucked around with this message at Jun 25, 2009 around 00:14

Figured I'd give this a try. If my entry isn't up to standards, criticism would be appreciated.

The Old Man

Dear god, I feel like I'm in a waking nightmare. I'm at work; paranoid, jumpy... out of adjectives, too. I quite literally jumped when I saw a reflection in my glasses as I was turning my head a moment ago. Adrenaline is roaring through my veins, and my peripheral vision is on overdrive. Every last reflective surface is being noted by my brain whether I realize it or not, and I've got this horribly pervasive feeling of being watched because of all of that. Hell, a dude came into the store a second ago. I managed not to jump or yell when the door buzzer went off, but as I was heading to the counter I kept watching the guy. Intently. Desperately. As he walked between the racks and shelves, I kept trying to get glimpses of him to make sure he wasn't melted or dripping. Making sure he was intact and verifiably human. I made sure not to turn my back to him,

and he only left my sight for a moment at a time. And then, when I turned to get his cigarettes, I was positive he was going to *change* somehow and then lunge across the counter at me. I'm freaking out over here, man.

I think it started with having a really long dream about being robbed at work over and over and then waking up to a house full of smoke due to somebody leaving a pot with a couple of packs of ramen in it on the stove to burn. No, that wouldn't be right. I think it was before that. I'm *certain* it was before that.

"The old man came drip, drip, dripping down the wall." *That's* where it started. That simple, silly-sounding sentence. It seems innocuous enough; just a handful of words strung together in a nonsense phrase. Yet it's been circling through my mind, endlessly repeating every morning for the last few days. Always in the wee hours before the sun rises, but after everyone else has retired to the sanctuary of sleep. I sit, solitarily awake, in a chair placed at the center of the room with a laptop in its natural position before me. With the sound muted I browse along, sipping my beer and occasionally venturing out for a smoke or a trip to the bathroom. Then, out of nowhere, the phrase comes to me. "The old man came drip, drip, dripping down the wall."

"Well," I think, "That's an odd thing to come up with. Kind of has a ring to it, though. 'The old man came drip, drip, dripping down the wall.' Funny."

But suddenly I don't feel so alone in that chair. I get the feeling that maybe something might be watching me watch the blue glow of the computer. Something dark, corrupt, and putrescent. Something mostly silent as it oozes down from the ceiling, unseen and stealthy behind me. I get the unsettling image of something long left to rot into a black, brackish jelly bubbling out of the pores of the wall in slowly writhing tendrils. "The old man came drip, drip, dripping down the wall."

Suddenly the phrase doesn't sound so silly to me anymore.

I decide that a smoke and another beer would be a really good idea right about then. And some light. Definitely some light. So I get up and go into the kitchen, trying not to gasp as a hulking, shapeless *thing* materializes in the faint glow from my lighter. Nothingness. A trick of the mind. I flip on the lightswitch for the basement hallway, trying to keep as far as I can from the darkness filling each doorway I encounter. "The old man came drip, drip, dripping down the wall."

Why does it repeat itself if it makes me feel so anxious? Why do I *let* it repeat? So I try to distract myself; concentrating on my cigarette and my beer, trying to plot out what to do when I next go to work, ignoring the swirling shapes in the darkness, sensing congealed masses working their way out of the floorboards and forcing their way around the doorjamb behind me at every turn. But I won't think it again. Won't let (The old man...) myself even (...drip, drip...) think about (...dripping...) looking at (...down...) the wall. So I retreat to the bathroom. I hear dripping. I glance into the bathtub, but there's no water. It looks dry. I look away, and hear it again. Drip... drip... dripping down- except I'm not thinking about that. The furnace kicks on and suddenly there's hot air against my back and I can't hear anything and I can't look everywhere at once but at least before I could *hear* everything and- drip. Dear god, I know there's no water in the tub or the sink, yet I can still hear it. But it's not water. In my mind and just under my

vision are images of (the old man) something clinging to the inside of the shower, dead yet (dripping) moving steadily closer to where I'm standing. The thought is so strong that I douse the lights and nearly sprint to the bedroom and the safe, sane glow of the laptop.

Sitting down, I settle in for what's sure to be a very long morning. A couple of hours still remain before I can rationalize going to bed, and at least an hour of that will be spent in darkness. My mind is running on overdrive. Every time I look into the shadows beyond my computer screen, I see shapes and shadows of waking dreams leaping and creeping; yet, safe again in my chair, I seem to be calming down a bit. Getting a grip. All those fanciful thoughts are fading as my mind slowly allows me to rein it in. There's no old man, no dripping, and nothing standing directly behind my chair. Nothing at all. Yet the phrase keeps repeating like some sort of evil chant, and it keeps getting louder in my head. With each repetition I lose a little more control over my mind, and my heart begins beating faster and faster. Again, every creak of the house becomes some loathsome thing slithering just outside my view; every glance into the darkness reveals the nearly seen glimpse of monstrous things neither quite liquid nor solid. I'm dreaming with my eyes open and I realize it, yet the realization does nothing to break the irrational fear. And the words keep running in my head. "The old man comes drip, drip, dripping down the wall."

"The old man comes drip, drip, dripping down the wall. The old man comes drip, drip, dripping down the wall. The old man comes drip, drip, dripping down..."

A vision comes out of the darkness, vivid as reality. An amorphous, churning blackness writhing and dripping over and into itself, dappled with spots alternately void of light and highly reflective. It looks as though it should reek of the grave, and my mind knows instantly that it was once human despite its current formlessness. With the suddenness of a striking snake, a taloned, skeletal arm shoots out of the sludge; ringed with pitch-black tendons and tipped with unnaturally long fingers. It's gone from my mind as quickly as it appeared, but not before I can see sharpened ribs within its mass, the ends gnashing together like an unholy mockery of a slaving maw.

About that time I decided to go to bed. Yet even still the phrase repeats itself. Where it came from, I'll never know. Perhaps an overactive imagination, or perhaps... Perhaps it was a thought born from truth, a warning of the unseen things lurking in the dark? I never saw whether anything hides behind me in the dark hours before dawn, but sometimes I get the feeling I'm being watched. And occasionally, once in a great while, I think I hear something sliding. Oozing. *Dripping*.

The old man comes drip, drip, dripping down the wall...



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Just an idea for what might have happened to Alex:

I think he ended up tracking the Slender Man back to his lair, replete with mysteriously missing kiddies. Alex may have noticed somehow that kids in the area were disappearing and put two and two together.

Somehow he comes across the SM feeding in his true form. SM discovers him watching, and approaches him. Alex passes out from sheer terror and/or through some sort of mind control. SM then reverts to his "human" form and investigates and then turns off the camera, but does not destroy this tape as it is sure it will soon control his mind enough that Alex will destroy them himself.

Alex then notices that he is beginning to develop strange black lines under his skin, and a craving for tender young human flesh. Realising what is happening to him he resolves to move away and kill himself. He resists the urge to destroy the tapes, but is unable to speak of what is on them because of the actions of the parasite which is taking over his mind and body. But the last remaining shred of humanity in him is able to hint to his friend that perhaps he should watch them, for the good of humanity...

Dunno if it's going this way but that's what I would write, I think.



OcioTime.com

KNOWN OR
UNKNOWN?



These were pictures sent to me by two different friends
and this document was sent to me by some unknown person v0v

OcioTime.com

SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

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

The loss of facility 0003 at [REDACTED] was not a wholly unexpected
More similar characteristics to the partial compromise of 000
earlier last year. Unlike 0005, 0003 is a complete loss and
[REDACTED] along with her full test team and personal are missi

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

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

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

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

CLASSIFIED
SECRET

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.

Anyways, he's not real, right? Why don't you all post some more pictures and videos and....whatnot...

Also let's not argue about how one interprets the videos. I'm sure it's fine to type out what you think is happening since that is part of the fun. After all the video's creator has the final word, and they're.....deeeeeeaaad? Maybe?. ☹️

Victor Surge fucked around with this message at Jul 14, 2009 around 10:23

Taken from my bedroom window. Too horrible for words, how can i tell the police what REALLY happened here?!



I loving hate you guys. Really really really loving hate you guys. I just spend a couple hours reading this Slenderman bullshit and now it's 4 in the morning and I really want a smoke and even though I live in the heart of San Diego it's a little foggy outside and all I can think of is that tentacled freak coming to get me. gently caress you and I hope he gets you first.

^ Welcome to the club, man. Just remember that it's all in your head and there's nothing really out there. There's not anybody lurking in the fog outside your window, and the only person you'll see in the mirror is yourself. Probably.

And a double gently caress you because I went out to have a smoke, saw something twitch near the palm trees in the lit fog and threw my smoke away barely touched. Then I locked my doors and pulled the drapes. I'm going to attempt to sleep.

edit: I say gently caress too much when I'm upset and I'm really upset right now. I think I might cuddle up to a book that forces me to think other things, that might help. Hell I might finish *Vom Krieg* so I won't think at all.





OcioTime



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.

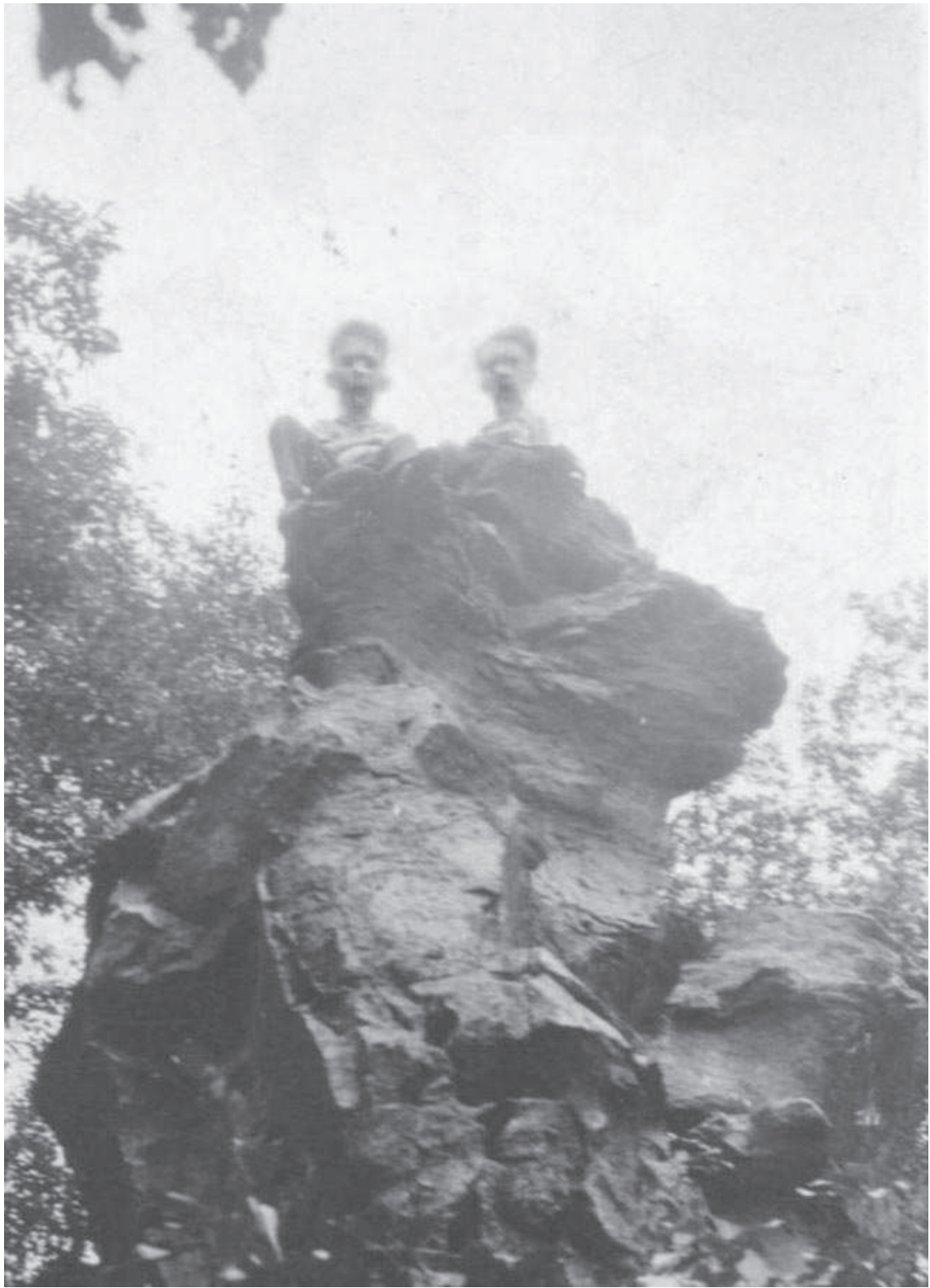
“Gaia, I write to you under significant stress. Our friend Lucius has died in the most horrible manner. We were sent into these accursed woods to ensure against a Gallic ambush. But I swear to Jupiter—a Gallic raid would have been welcome compared to HIM.

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.

I had dream kinda like this last night.

A guy in a pinstriped suit had burned down my house and was then chasing me down the street with knives in his giant arms. I also tried but couldn't scream

So it looks like the best way to avoid being attacked by Slenderman is to avoid cameras. In the vast majority of attacks (outside of victims wandering into creepy forests) Slenderman seems to leave some sort of photographic evidence. Of course now with cellphones and security cameras everywhere, there's almost no where in the world you could go that would really be safe.

Goddamn all of you. 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. loving 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 living 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.

He wasn't the Slender Man, as far as I know... but when I was a little kid I'd have dreams of this little guy in a suit or tux who would chase me, and try to hurt me. Sometimes my family would look on and laugh. He was horribly scarred in his face, and short... about my height at the time.

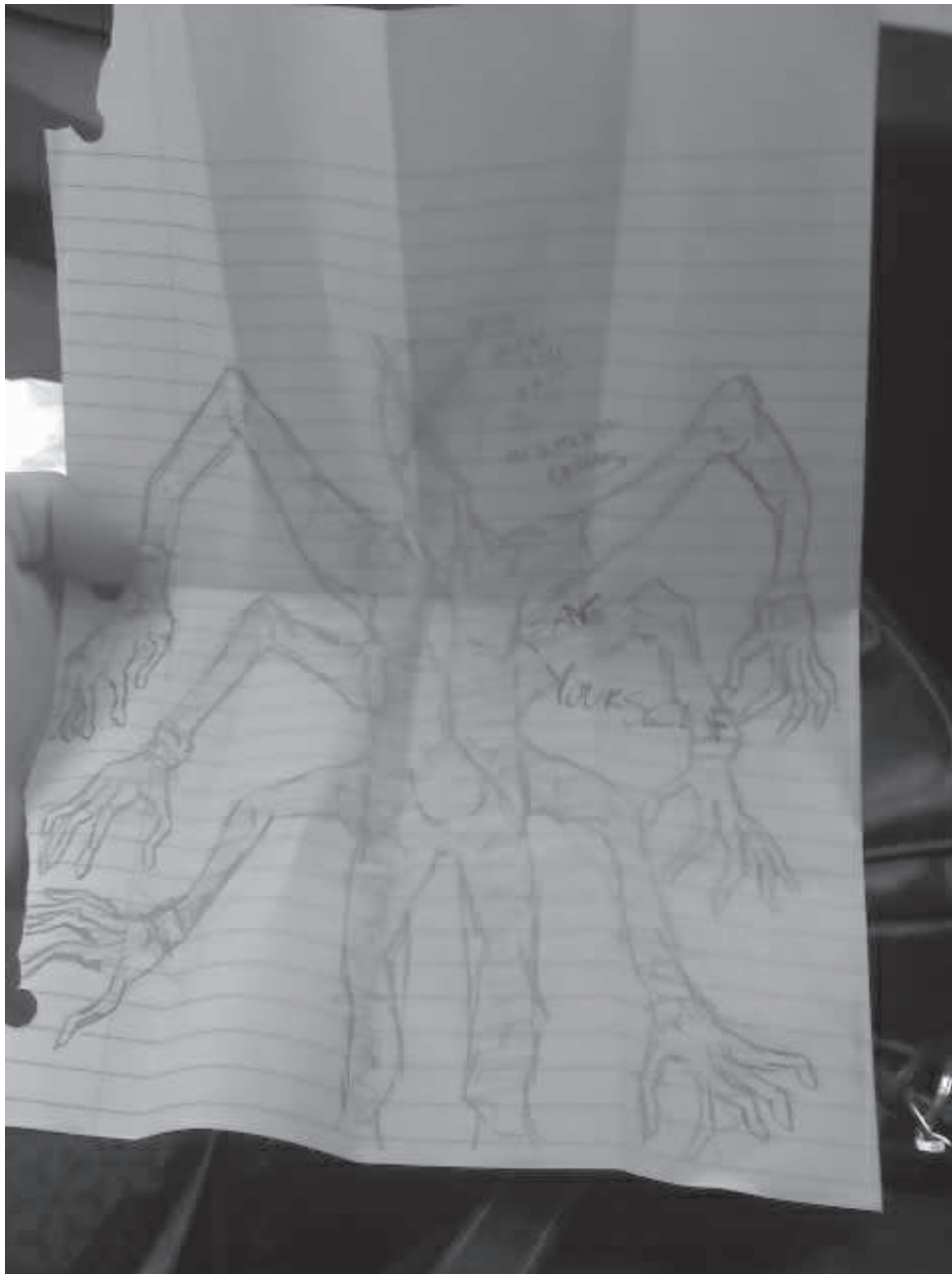
It isn't really all that relevant, but somehow this thread has me thinking about those dreams again.

I just got home, and I'm rather unnerved. I apologize for the cameraphone pictures.

Before going to the post office, I went to the deli. When I came out, I noticed a folded piece of paper had been put under my windshield wiper.



Once I was inside my car, I unfolded the paper. This stared back at me. The writing's hard to read in the photo, but it reads "DON'T DRAW HIS FACE HE ALREADY KNOWS" These words were underlined several times, and there is no face on the drawing. Just a crude circle crossed out. Below that, hastily scribbled is "SAVE YOURSELF"



gently caress.

Arkansas Gazette posted:

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.

Arkansas Gazette posted:

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.

Dark Gray Fox posted:



Arkansas Gazette posted:

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.

Arkansas Democrat posted:

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.

I apologise if this breaks the flow of any kind of ARG, or or seems unbelievable, or I didn't photoshop it onto a crumpled piece of paper but seriously my heart is hammering right now as I type. I literally feel sick with adrenaline shock.

I'm having trouble sleeping because over here in the UK, there's an amber heatwave warning at the moment, and unlike most US houses very few places over here have air-con. So I'm lying here with the fan blowing warm air onto me, vaguely disturbing

remnants of this thread rolling round in my head and shapes in the dark playing tricks on my mind. Words like Tulpa and Psychosomatic are duelling each other for control of my fears, and I'm idly considering Charlie Brooker's ideas about the face at the window, and if the Slender Man's waiting for me when he can't be directly observed - schrodinger's bastard nightmare.

What if I open my eyes and the bastard's actually stood there? Not just a white towel cast over the back of a black chair in my peripheral vision, but kneeling by the side of the bed, all teeth and eyes grinning horribly at me and impossible to escape or deny? What, in reality, would I do if I opened my eyes right now and

WHAM

Something hit the goddamn window. It hit the window in one solid pound, and then began to frantically scrabble against it. Some mother loving thing just hit the window and is trying to get in. I wish I could type what I was thinking just ten minutes ago as this happened, but the same instincts that got my genetic ancestors to this point in evolution kicked in and there was nothing but blind panic in that naked, terrified mess crawling backwards across the floor.

Clutching my hands to my chest I listened for the inevitable. A hollow, booming voice. Or a high cold one - I'll admit now I've only been skim-reading most of the text accounts and am unaware of how it speaks or even if the consensus is that it does. Only enough to know the single word booming against the back of my skull like a chant from an underground temple - Tulpa, Tulpa, Tulpa. A creature made flesh by enough people thinking about it.

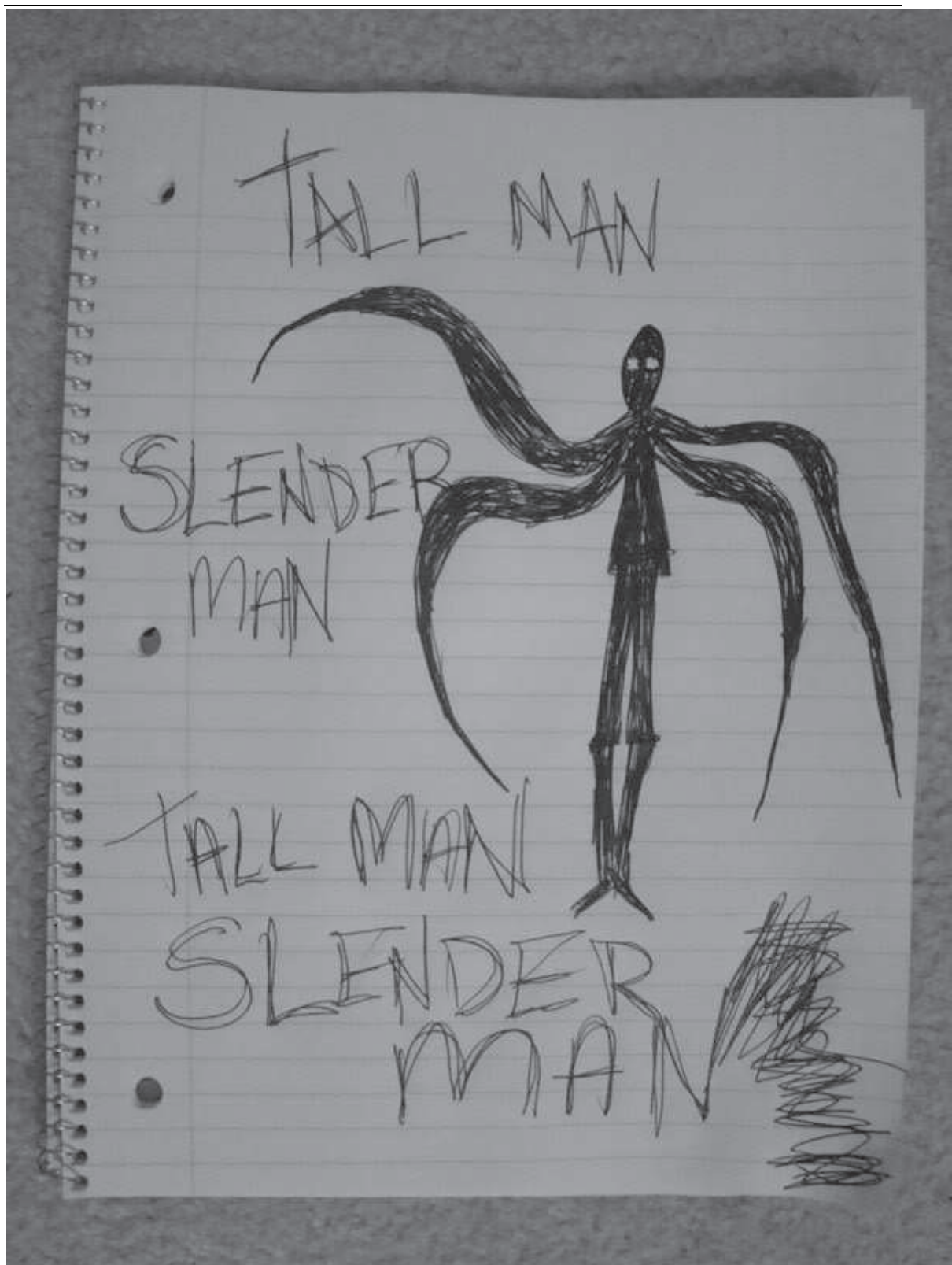
The scrabbling slowly became less frantic, and then there was just the fan, and the sound of blood roaring in my ears. And as logical thought started to tentatively creep back in I wanted to know what it was. I had to know. Curiosity dumping a bag full of kittens in the metaphorical river. So I checked the window.

It was a bird. Opening the curtain scared the bejesus out of it, which i all too happily considered payback. It was just a motherfucking bird that decided that night, that loving moment it was going to fly towards a half lit window and scare the poo poo out of me. gently caress nature. gently caress coincidence. I hope the loving polar icecaps all melt, and while we're safe in our air-conditioned bunkers you winged shits can fry out there on the barren plains and we can go out and harvest your charred remains as bar snacks.

[\[Click here for god-drat bird\]](#)

It's now 5am and it got light since I typed this, but that little poo poo is happily chirruping away in the trees opposite. Look at the smug bastard. I swear, if we were allowed even .22s in this country...





My head is pounding, and there is a tapping at my window...

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:

OcioTime.com



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.



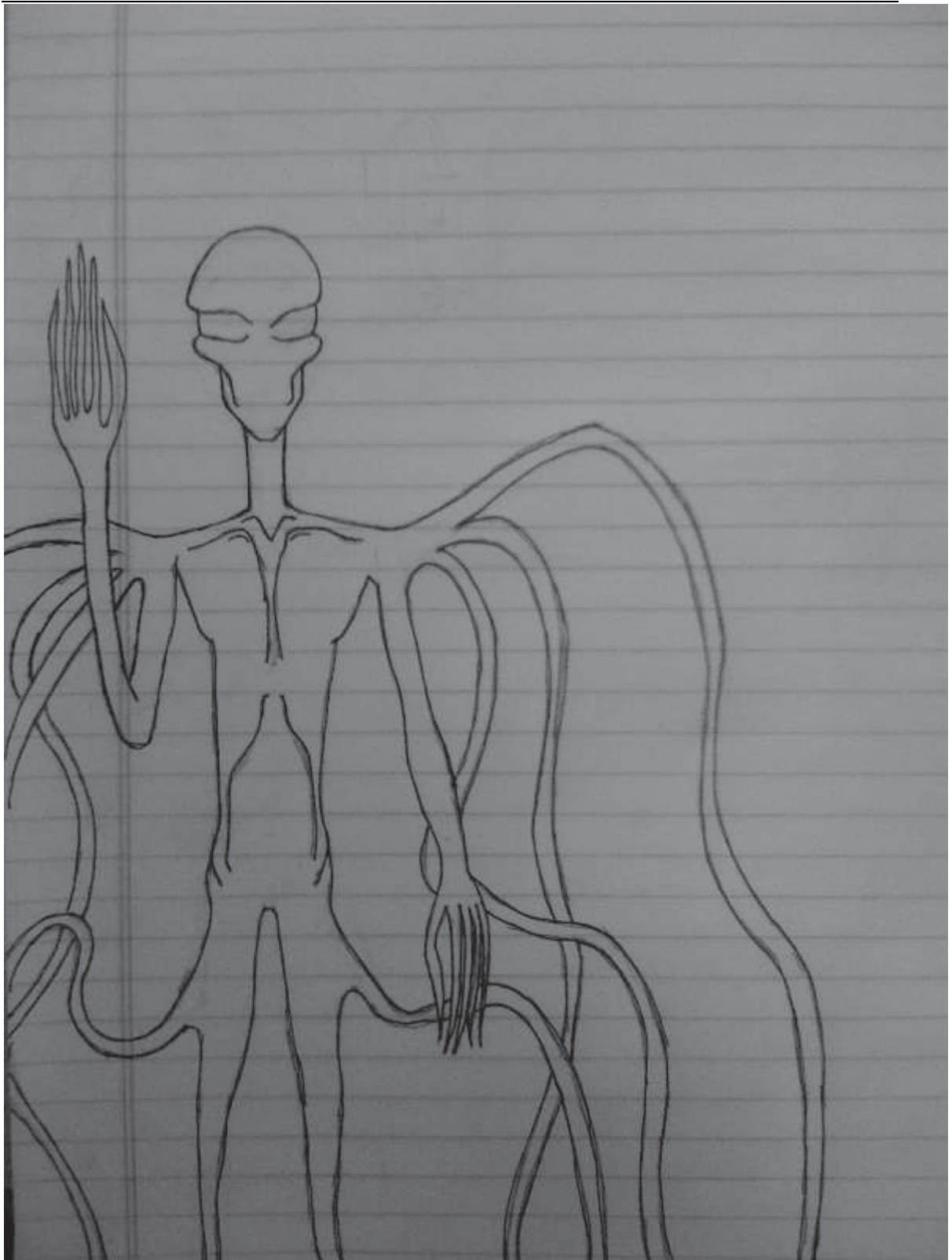
See that? It's water. You wanna go snorkel in it, be my guest. I ain't gonna pretend no sympathy when you learn about your place in the food chain. Even if the gators or snakes don't get ya, you'll likely lose some blood to the leeches.

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 sorts 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.



Volponi fucked around with this message at Jun 30, 2009 around 17:17



I did my best on lined paper, at work, photographed by my phone.. I'll try to get a better lineart version up tonight when I get home. I never really thought of him wearing a suit but more of his bone structure and skin color made it appear to be more of human figure. Kind of like a chameleon who can change his skin color.

(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.)

Well, since i've had alot of free time (Slender Man paranoia= No sleep) I thought i'd use the time dicking about with my laptop; here's the result of a whole hour, me, my finger and my laptop's touchpad. I'm hoping this will work since waffleimages is down
D:



Does slender man have teeth? I just.. assumed. 🤔

Thinking of some of the first few ideas in the topic...



oh god i just had to walk back by myself through town at 3am

so many photo opportunities, but i know if i photoshop slender man into them i'll never be able to walk back that way again

even worse, i wondered what might happen if i plugged my digital camera in only to find *i didn't need to photoshop them at all.*

i don't know how you people have the brass to keep doing this

slender man is the most terrifying loving thing i've ever read 🤖

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.

The interest in SM is growing and with it so does his power. More are wondering and they want answers. They want pictures. They want the truth.

quote:

syke186@ehphotography do you have any pictures of him? and why you and the other two? why not anyone else? do you know of anyone else?

What have we created? It all started so innocently. Just a few stories to scare eachother, maybe a few pictures. Then it grew, *we have awakened something*. And it is hungry.

pr0d1gal fucked around with this message at Jul 01, 2009 around 16:21

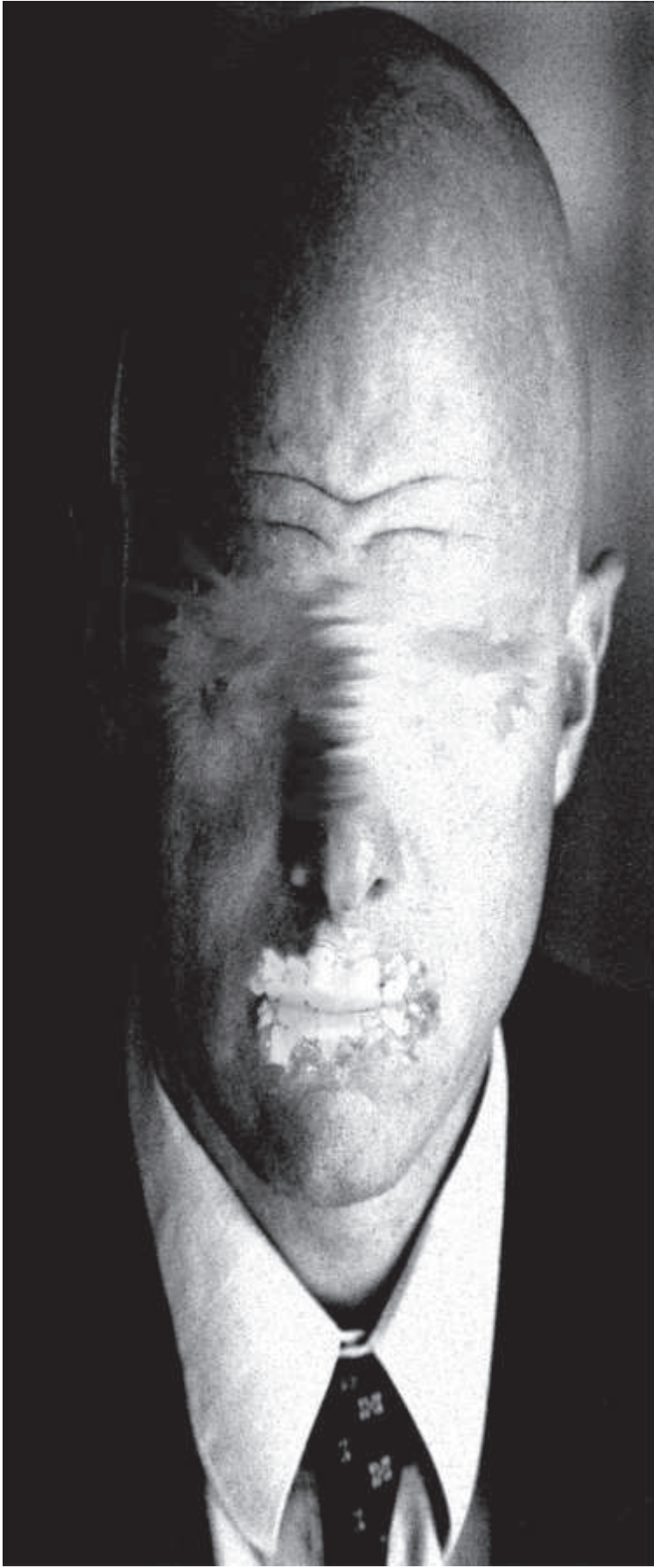
Reading this thread was a horrible idea right before I went to bed last night. All night the damned slender man kept showing up in the background of my dreams. Not doing anything, just there. loving creepy.

But those dreams made me start thinking. Everyone's been talking about how odd it is that SM shows up in the background of so many pictures. But, what if he wants to be there? What if he wants you to see him?

What if that's how he finds his next victim?

It's been said that he seemingly chooses a family/person at random and then removes the witnesses. But then the pictures surface, and everyone who looks at those pictures starts thinking about him.

And everyone knows thinking about him gets his attention.



Blaster of Justice posted:

Something about that gentleman is not quite right.

Indeed! Look at that tie, the pattern is terribly misfitting!

Also he stole my children 🤖

E: The 4th video has officially scared the gently caress out of me.

taupoke fucked around with this message at Jul 01, 2009 around 19:04

So once the Slender Man began popping up in this thread, I could have sworn something about it seemed familiar. 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."

quote:

Well, I'll tell 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 suppertime, 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**.

W.K. McNeil posted:

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."

H.P. Shivcraft fucked around with this message at Jul 01, 2009 around 20:18

I've just got home from a house party. Walking home at 3AM I come down my street, for whatever reason the street lamp in front of my house is completely missing the top section so it's pitch black minus coming out of the side of my house is on.

I'm walking down and as I go around the corner the lamp post ends up with the light at the side of my house behind it. The lamps around here have yellow squares with numbers on. In the dark I saw a tall figure with a white block at the top with a tie slide out of the side of my house. I thought it was the slenderman and I slowly advanced holding a bottle of wine by the neck ready to beat the poo poo out of something.

Thankyou Something Awful for causing me to sober up VERY quickly.
Pardon the wall of words, but I had to write this Slender Man story.

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; drat 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 poo poo 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

And I just realized something strange. I own this shirt:



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 poo poo 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.

I don't know why, but reading the Dorothy story, I got kind of a creepy idea of meeting Slenderman.

You'd accidentally walk toward him, hearing your friend/sister/loved one calling you and when you get to him, after the shock of the legs and the arms and the head, you realize they aren't calling you, he is. Just playing their voice, over and over again, because he can, because it'll draw you in. It's not malicious, though, more...curious.

"Dorothy. Come help me, Dorothy. Find me. Dorothy, I love you"

And that's when you realize you could be his puppet too. And then you kill your loved one to make the voice stop.

MonkeyMaker fucked around with this message at Jul 02, 2009 around 05:58



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."

Phy fucked around with this message at Jul 02, 2009 around 16:55

VOTE1 posted:

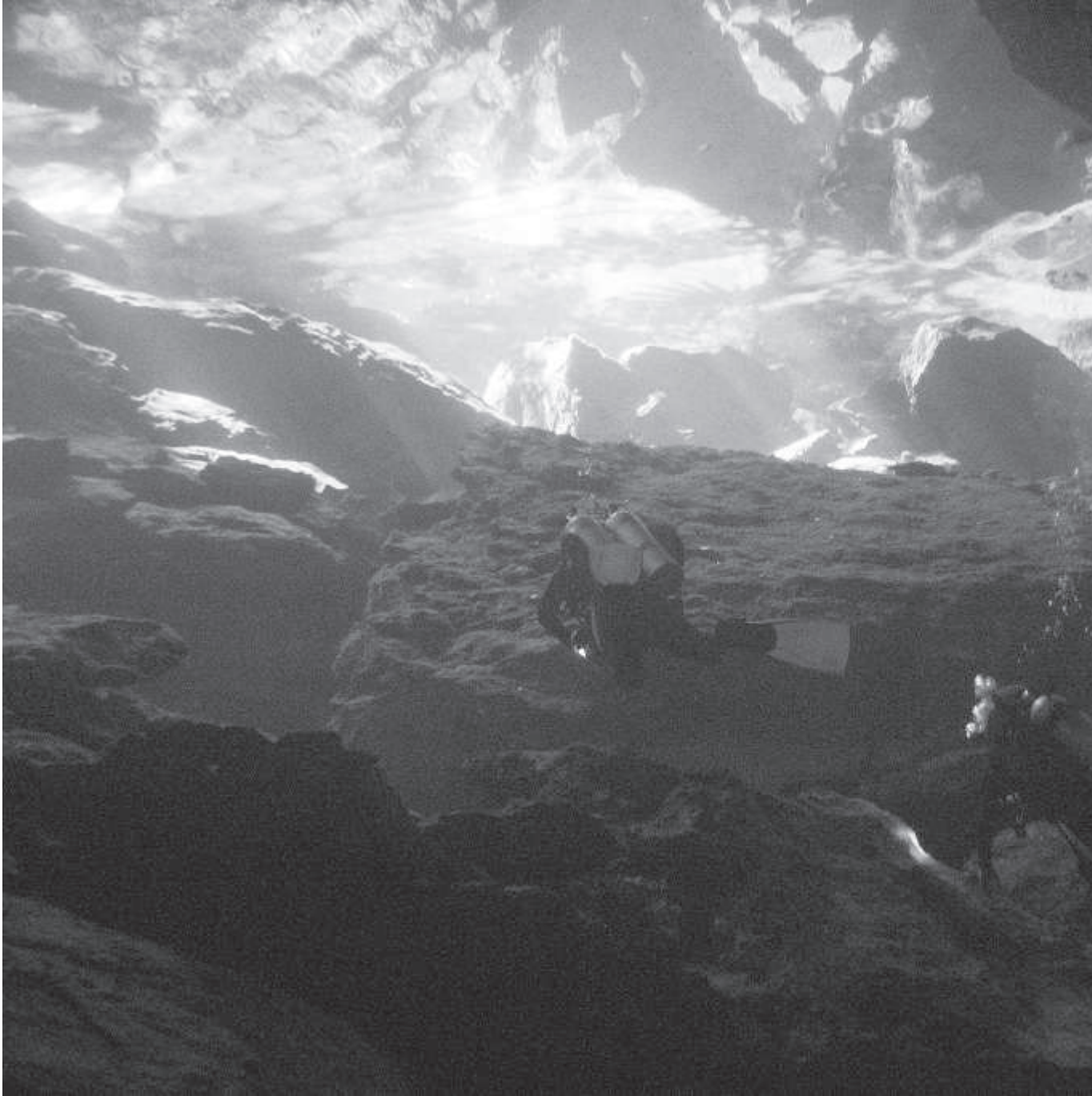
I have a request, not sure how many of you are following the Slenderman Mafia. Basically i'm looking for a slenderman photoshop done with a town population sign in the photo ie this (But the text changed to "Wanderer Woods" (the generic town name in my game) and the current population is 11)



Open



We're not safe anywhere. These pictures were found on a camera in an old cave. Despite there being several people in many of the shots leading up to this final one, the only body recovered was of an adult male. In one hand was clutched the camera, the other was a knife. Judging by the positioning of the divers arm, he had stabbed himself to death. Despite being in a full wetsuit, all body tissue minus a few traces of skin were eaten by the local wildlife. Divers in the area from a local college found only a skeleton encased in neoprene, still biting hard on its regulator. The tank still had 1200 psi at the time of the divers death.



Ouija boards have been excellent tools for paranormal investigation for many decades. You can see me here using my ouija board to try and communicate with the spirit world. What I do nowadays, with it being the 21st century and not table tapping in some Victorian parlour, is to set my camera up on a tripod and connect it to an EMF detection meter. Then if there are any disruptions in the natural magnetic field when I am trying to use my ouija board to communicate, the camera starts taking shots.

This shot was taken this evening whilst I was trying to communicate with spirits.

If you do start communicating with the departed REMEMBER, as long as you do not invite them into your home you tend to be okay, generally ! Although sometimes walks home at night can be very disturbing if a soul becomes obsessed about you or one of

your family members. But beware ! Though you may not invite them in to your home, if they are lost or malevolent sprits, it can be quite upsetting being woken in the early hours by tapping and scratching at the window. And if they become attached to the area surrounding your home...MAN...there is nothing more frightening than peering through your curtains at night and seeing the face of an earth bound spirit looking straight at you, especially if you are not on the ground floor !

In the shot I took this evening, the fingers on this apparition look disturbingly long and slim, I have never come across anything like this in my paranormal investigations before.



I was playing around with night vision on a camera last night and god drat. You see some poo poo you don't expect with it on. Nothing paranormal but I was awake far too late because of it. Thanks thread!



Another possible sighting of Slender Man in Southern Oregon

Last night I had a nightmare with a special guest star Mr. Slender Man.

Thanks guys.

He was able to drop helicopters with His mindpower. And people literally died in fear because they were unable to breath.

What's that sound coming from the attic...?



Bozart posted:

...As much as I hate the whole web 2.0 thing, this has basically become a collaborative ARG and it is *awesome*...

Sorry to quote you twice, but I was doing some independent research to see how far this Slenderman thing had gotten outside of SA, and it appears there's a thread growing on the Unfiction forums trying to figure out the Marble Hornets video. They seem to have dug up a couple of blogs and even somebody sending text messages to folks who'll play along.

I guess Victor Surge created something that's well beyond his control. Well beyond any of our control, for that matter. Considering what somebody here said about Tulpas, I'm locking my windows tonight. Y'know; just in case.

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 drat 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-loving poo poo 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 loving 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 poo poo!" 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

[REDACTED]

ferndavant fucked around with this message at Jul 09, 2009 around 07:04

The Case of Shannon DeMarco

"Good morning Dorice." Detective Henry Jackson tipped his hat to the round waitress, almost looking pretty in her light blue skirted uniform. Rows of red empty red leather

booths greeted Jackson as he walked in. The lights were still dim, and were quickly being overtaken by the rising sun. From the kitchen there was the bubbling of coffee and the bangs of pots being arranged.

"Detective. What can I get you?" Dorice replied with a platonic wink, as she prepared tables for the not yet open diner.

"Just a cup of coffee. I need to wake up and get down to the station. Got a big investigation I'm afraid." Jackson removed set his hat down in the booth next to him. His thinning hair dropping across his eyes.

"Is this about the Shannon DeMarco girl who went missing?" Dorice poured coffee into a white mug, dribbling some of it down the side.

"I can't say more than this, but she ain't missing anymore." Jackson's eyes fell to the table as he let out a light sigh. Dorice walked over and placed the mug down on the table. She placed her hand on Jackson's shoulder.

"It's always hard when Belton loses on of her own. But you can at least give us some closure." Her hand squeezed gently and let go.

"Just wish there was someone who could give that to me. Thanks for the coffee Dorice. I'm just going to take this with me if you don't mind. I need to get going." Henry picked up his brown fedora and placed it back on his head.

"What about the mug?"

"I'll return it on my way back, don't you worry your little head." Henry nodded slightly and gave a weak smile and headed for the door.

"Take care of yourself Detective." Dorice continued to set up tables for the few regulars who would no doubt be arriving soon. Just before the ringing of the bell on the door filled the small diner Henry turned back and said, "Sometimes, I wish I was the only person I had to worry about."

Jackson had parked his sedan in Dr. Malley's driveway. The small ranch style house was weather worn and no care had been taken to it's appearance. The green and misted mountains rose behind them in sharp cliffs and bluffs. Jackson slowly approached the house, although Millie had died a few spring's back, Jackson still entered the house silently as if there was someone to avoid waking up.

"Jackson?! That you up there?" A gruff and aged voice emanated from an open stairwell.

"Yeah it's me. Want me to come down?"

"Yeah you might as well, you ain't gonna like what your going to see. Just warning you right now." Malley's voice was stern and self convinced. Wisps of smoke made their escape up the rickety wooden stairs. As Jackson descended he was hit with a wave of

pungent odor. This was going to be bad.

She was already opened up. There was one cut straight up the navel and through her ribcage. Another crossed that first cut perpendicular. Numerous other smaller cuts were made seemingly at random along her sides and the rest of her body.

"Jesus Christ Malley! What the hell have you been doing to her!"

"I've not done a drat thing to her!" The doctor didn't look away from the girl's body as he spoke. "Sh-She came in like this. I'm surprised the deputy managed to get her in here in one piece. God, I'm too scared to do anything else to the poor thing, she'll just fall apart."

"This is going to be one of those days then isn't it?" The detective shook his head slowly, closing his eyes but unable to shake the image of the girl.

"Fraid so. No way this was caused by an animal, or even some kind of accident. Those are always so messy. This, this here was precision. He knew what they were doing. We have to get whoever did this to Shan, Henry. We have to get them and make sure he disappears. Court's too good for 'im." Malley's cigarette slowly burned, he'd not touched it since he lit it. He just kept staring at the naked eviscerated body of a girl whom he'd delivered some 20 years ago.

"We'll find whoever did this Pat. You don't do something like this and not get caught. I'm going back to the station to talk to the person who found her. If you need anything, anything at all, you give us a call alright?" Jackson turned to walk up the stairs. The seemed far taller than when he had descended them. A long day alright, but it had to start with a single step.

"You better not let me get my hands on the guy who did this, Jackson. Cause if I do I-"

"You'll get your rear end knocked down before you can touch the guy. We don't carry out punishments Pat." Jackson paused as he ascended the stairs. "But it's things like this that sure as hell make me wish we did."

Look what you all have done! Slender Man has escaped the internet and he's in the wild. One of our most computer-illiterate drivers just told me all about Slender Man this morning - he said his grandma told him the stories. I listened and nodded, and then asked him if he had stairs in his house. His answer - a confused look, and "I have a four-level split, of course I have stairs."



I felt inspired by the thread, so I figured I'd give my own interpretation of the slender man. I wasn't too happy with how his head came out (too alienish) but I kinda like the idea of imagining his as more of a skin he's wearing than actual clothing, if you get what I mean.

gently caress.

I spent way too much time trying to create an avatar-sized graphic of *He Who Shall Not Be Named Aloud*. My drat laptop has not been cooperative; It crashes everytime I get the image almost right.

Eventually, I decided to STOP trying to create an accurate representation of The Tall Thin Man Whose Name Will Not Be Spoken -- I chose to portray Him in a cutesy and

comic fashion, instead. When I began, I thought it would help me deal with the abject terror He inspires.... I thought making light of Him would help to assuage the horror.

Something went wrong... Somthing aside from the obvious fact that I'm not very good at making animated GIFs. It started off innocent enough, But I shouldn't have kept following the trail.



I just read this whole thread, the slender man stuff is awesomely creepy for the most part, but I know it's not real. So I'm woken up at ~4am by some random loud thump that was probably a car door slamming or some random thing and I'm seeing slender man everywhere and just beyond the shadows outside my windows and I'm wandering around the house kind of freaking out and kind of scared to go into that next dark room and I'm seeing but not seeing the floating slender man from entry #6 and oh god why the gently caress did I watch that poo poo right before bed 🤪

You know, I've been watching this thread since its inception nearly, and this Slenderman stuff is driving me absolutely crazy. I know its not real, but when I drive home from my friend's house in the dark of night, I constantly paranoid that SM is gonna pop up from around a tree.

I'm just glad noone posted SM picks from Utah. Or at least, none that I can remember.

I had to walk several blocks home after dark last week. We have some creepy-rear end trees in here in Ohio. They just don't have enough leaves on them, giving them a very skeletal appearance almost all year round. I got about halfway there and then thought of Slender Man.

And I couldn't stop thinking of him. Every rustle and crunch was him coming closer. *Oh god he's here....*

I panicked and nearly started crying. I huddled under a lone streetlight and called my boyfriend and told him to come get me.

I hate you guys 🤪

This same kind of thing happened to me yesterday night. I was walking to a friends house who lived like 10 minutes (walking distance) down the road. About five minutes along I thought "heh, these woods sure would be a great hiding place for slender man, I should take a picture of them!"

I continued on like normal and then started hearing rustling in the woods slowly getting closer. I started to panic and ended up sprinting the last 4 minutes to my friends house. He had no clue what I was going on about until I showed him the thread 🤪

Seconding this.

I went to my friend's birthday last night and we all decided to hike up this small mountain/large hill at around 9:30 at night. It was a group of roughly eight of us, all

tromping through the forest and we eventually came upon a dead end, but the trees closed around the path up ahead and it was *so loving dark* just in that spot. We were all quiet until someone said, "Yeah, let's turn around."

Guess who ended up in the back of the group. Me. Guess who turned around and looked back at the damned creepy path. And the whole time I was looking deep into the forest, actually *hoping* to find...him. I was enthralled and scared all to hell at the same time. 🚗

So yeah, thanks Paranormal Images thread.

Thirthing. I went outside for a quiet smoke before bed and I got to thinking about Slender Man. Suddenly, every little noise that I hadn't been paying attention to was his terrible tree-limb tentacles coming to rip me apart. And every movement that the trees made was him getting closer and close in camouflage.

I think Slender Man may make me quit smoking before bed. drat his creepy hide.

ce gars posted:

Sorry about the break in videos. Things had been slow going with the tapes, but I'm back to watching them now.

As long as it doesn't turn into something like *The Ring*, I'm cool. The second I see the slender man sliding out from behind a tree in a black and white video I'm destroying my computer.

Nah, I don't really think that's his thing. On the other hand, keep an eye on any suspicious-looking trees around your home. You never know for certain whether all those branches are *really* just branches.

Can you say for certain you know how many branches those trees even have?

I want so very much to call bullshit on the slender man. A trope created by goons who sit around the internet campfire circlejerking about scary monsters that lurk in the night. Every time I try though, the wind drives branches against my window, and the staccato rap tap of branches against glass won't let me. I wouldn't care about that, except for the fact that there are no trees near my windows, and there is no wind tonight.



I feel it might be too obvious?

and a couple more, first edited, second not.

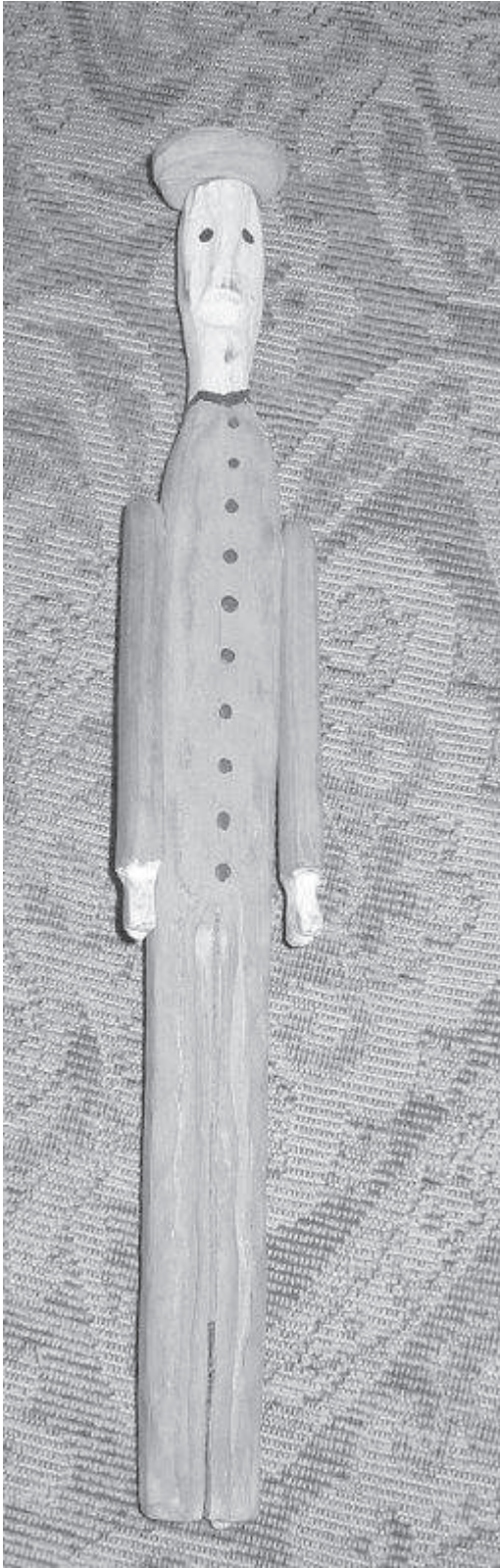


TheToiletDuck fucked around with this message at Jul 19, 2009 around 14:14



TheToiletDuck fucked around with this message at Jul 19, 2009 around 14:52

so i found this creepy doll at the local junk shop. they wouldn't sell it to me 'because it didn't have a price tag' so i had to sneak it out in my coat. it was too uncanny to not show you guys.



add some tentacles and BAM.
I'll add another picture when I get home.

edit: Aw heck I'll do it now.



maraudinghobbit fucked around with this message at Jul 22, 2009 around 04:33



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 was going for more of a 90s X-Files aesthetic with this)

Love Rat fucked around with this message at Jul 22, 2009 around 11:13

This just happened.

So my parents and I were sitting out on our deck and having talks about, y'know, everything. We have this light that comes on at dusk on the side of our house that's on the edge of a thickly wooded area. This light is super bright and bugs the heck out of me when it shines through my window at night.

Anyways, I was doing something with my phone and I look up and notice the light's out. Hooooly poo poo. I say, "Who turned the light off?" my mom jokingly says, "I did with my mind powers."

I mumble, "Slender Man..." She says "What?" and I repeat it, louder.

She says, "You know that's not real, right?" Me: "...yep, but I'm still a bit freaked out." The light usually doesn't go off like that.

She says this, and I lose it.

"You don't have to be scared of anything, I'll rip the guts out of anything that comes near you."

I say, "THAT'S WHAT HE DOES!" And I notice I have tears in my eyes. Wow. At this point, I feel like a pathetic moron, but I couldn't help that I was scared.

I mean, she was correct...right? Oh dear. 🤔

If I see any suspicious 'tree branches', I'm going to flip my poo poo.

Edit: Dumb verb tenses.

Millard Fillmore fucked around with this message at Jul 25, 2009 around 03:13



Also, I hate this thread now. Last night about 3 am I was in the bathroom, and we had a hell of a storm come through. Cue flashes of lightning and me forgetting there was ivy on the frosted bathroom window. Damned good thing I was already on the toilet.

I love these, but hate them at the same time. It is dark out and I am sitting right next to my window... I can hardly see out of it and have no idea if something or *someone* is looking back.

And just as soon as I get over my fear of going out for a smoke at night this video pops up. Well played, Slenderman, well played.

OH MY GOD WHAT THE FFF WHY WOULD SOMEONE WILLINGLY DRAW THAT THING!?

This thread.

This goddamn thread.

Son of a bitch.

Ghost stories and the like never scared me at all, they still don't, but this Slenderman stuff has been done so well that I'm sprouting goosebumps whenever I read about him (it?) and see pictures.

I love this thread, although I am now scared to even look out my window or in my mirror for fear that there will be something there. The Slender Man has a special sort of fear to him like that. I think part of it is that most ghost stories and so on have a kind of comforting concept of justice, where it's the guy who disturbed the grave, or pissed on the scarecrow, or went off to do drugs, etc who dies brutally. But the Slender Man doesn't care. And he has no weakness. He doesn't fear the sun - he just likes to go after you at night. He doesn't bother to dodge bullets - they can't hurt him anyway. He doesn't even hide in pictures most of the time, because in the time it takes you to look at your camera and back up, he could be gone - or he could have you.

EDIT:

Sorry for the hugeness of the below image.

Turns out I cant remove images I uploaded as part of the post.



Knackered fucked around with this message at Jul 30, 2009 around 01:11

The past couple of nights I have thought that all of the trees and stuff nearby my house would be great hiding places for slender man. I will probably go and take a few pictures in a day or two. I can't right now because it is too dark and my camera will only take completely black pictures, and turning on the flash would kind of ruin in I think. I will probably try to shop him in myself on one or two pictures, but I really suck with photoshop so I will put up the other ones I take for anyone to grab and mess with.

Fake edit: It also just started pouring rain
Guys.

No joking.

I was teaching a class last night and there was an older woman in there wearing a brown shirt with slenderman on it.

It was a brown shirt with a tall stick like figure bent over with lines coming out of it.

God drat this thread.

The tulpa is manifest. All it takes is that split second of fear when the tree outside your window casts a shadow *just right*, and he knows.

A is for Amy, her organs replaced
B is for Basil, his courage erased
C is for Clara, with blood on her blouse
D is for Desmond, who burnt down the house
E is for Ernest, impaled on a ski
F is for Fannie, stuck fast in a tree

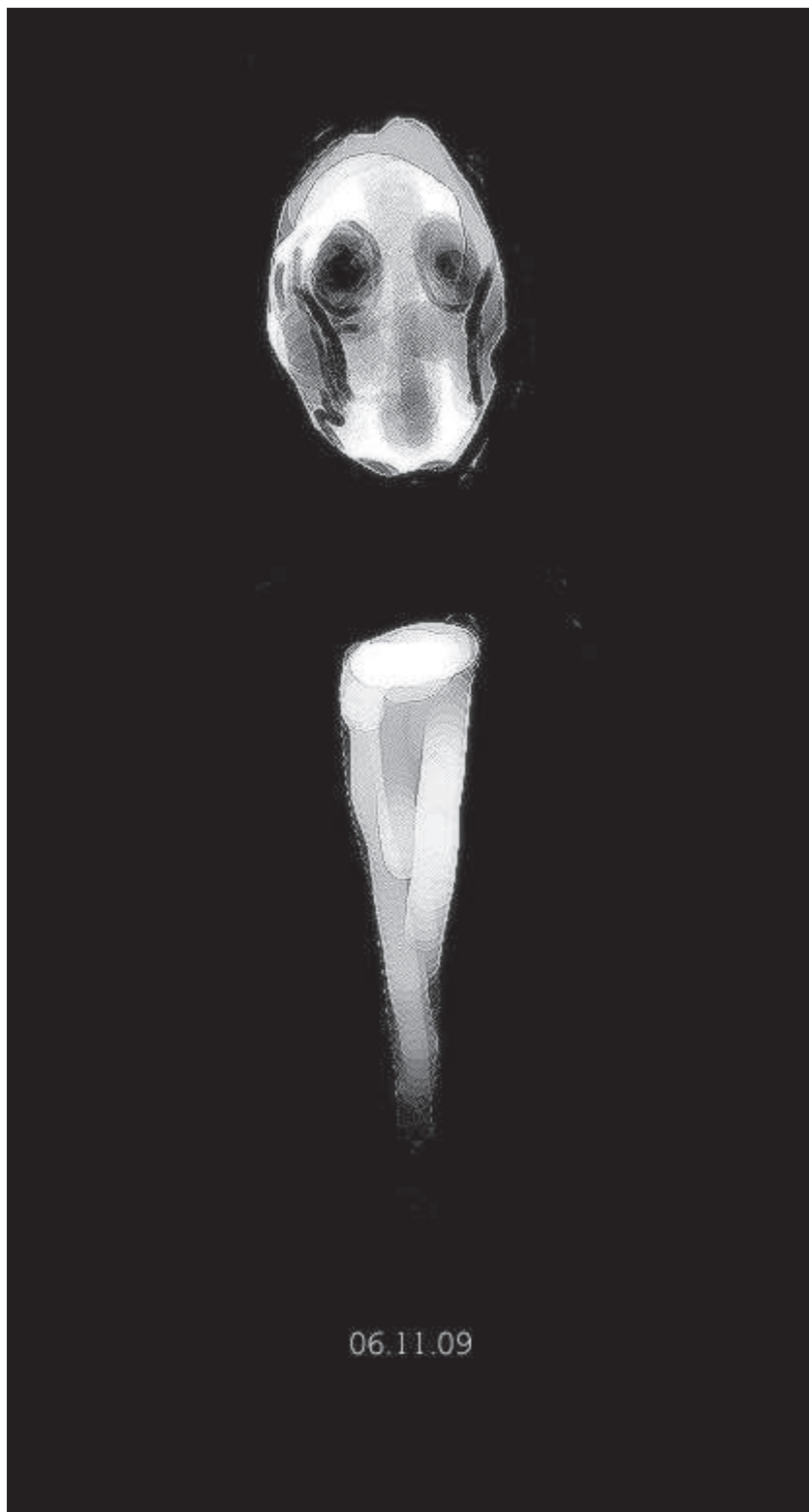
Was having a dream earlier today that a suit was standing in every window of the elevator door up to my apartment, if that makes sense. could only see the tie, coat and shirt from neck to waist if that makes sense. Reminds me of that scene from the Grudge which freaked me out ☹.



Finally saw the Slender Man after being redirected from the "Pictures that unnerve you" thread and it freaked me out, mainly because last year while looking after my three year old niece at the dinner table she suddenly stopped eating stood up and opened the front door saying she was letting the tall girls in to play.

When I heard that an image of twins similar to the Slender man came to mind, creepy as hell...I should ask my niece is she still remembers the tall girls!

Awesome work on everything done so far guys!



This has to happen guys.

Abercrunchie fucked around with this message at Aug 06, 2009 around 07:01

Home alone, its night time but I can hear a loud banging coming from down the road and the neighbours dogs just started barking like mad 🐕 I have got to take a break from

this thread now.

I asked my neices mother about the Tall girls, she said Huia (My neice) said they where tall pale skinned girls with long arms and legs in a black dress.

Yeah...

Oh and apparently she has an imaginary friend now whos a tiny baboon with razorsharp teeth who has to be put into the laundry basket with a heavy book ontop of it at night to stop it from escaping....I swear there is something wrong with that child.

I like the idea that as well as branchy tentacles he has more than the usual number of hands. You know, you're walking through the woods and you see a human hand just lying there. Thanks to the camouflage, it looks disembodied. Then you spot two or three more dotted around the place. Then something starts messing with your hearing.

I'm so glad this thread is still going on, weeks and weeks ago I was following this but ultimately thought, "gently caress this, I want to see "real" paranormal poo poo-not something I know is fake from the get-go!", and went off somewhere else. At that moment, I was on page three, only a few posts before Victor Surge's first unveiling of The Slender Man.

Somehow I caught wind of him, somehow I just *knew* about him and began to search his name. I was soon directed back here and followed the thread. That was two days ago, I have been irrationally scared of him since. I've babbled about him and his mythos to all my friends (even when they tried to change the subject, even when they tried to talk over me), I've given the link to my boyfriend yesterday and now he's obsessed.

I was too scared to sleep last night (the sudden thunderstorm didn't help), so I called him to take my mind off things and see of he can help me rest. He just read aloud the stories and postings in this thread. He hasn't answered his phone all day.

I live on a quiet suburban street, now I think there are far too many trees here. It doesn't help that my room is in the attic, I keep expecting his awful face in the window that's so, so high up from the ground...

When I first saw his pictures, was I the only one that didn't outright think he was evil? Maybe he doesn't want to harm people, maybe he just...takes them away somewhere? Somewhere pleasant and safe. Maybe he thinks what he's doing isn't bad at all? Perhaps he considers himself a "good guy" in all of this? I don't know...I tend to be too much of an optimist. I think it's a defense mechanism.

Also, for the past day the song "Kids" by MGMT pops into my head at random when I read the thread, especially the beginning lyrics; "*You were a child, crawlin' on your knees toward it.*"

It's such an upbeat song, but when you actually listen/read the lyrics...

Goddamn it, what have you all done to me?

Mandy the Werewolf fucked around with this message at Aug 11, 2009 around 05:58



Hey everyone, I'm so glad I found this site. I thought I might be going crazy until I found this. I am an anthropology student at UCLA, and I've been studying the games and songs of children. One night I was studying kind of late through some old archival material and I was looking through this study done by an elementary school teacher in the UK who was studying the playground games of his students. Anyway, I saw something weird in one of the pictures. I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me because I had been reading it for so long, but I got really spooked and suddenly felt like I wanted to go home. I scanned the materials to continue studying later, and the next day, it was still there.

Here is the image I was looking at.

As you can see, at the left side behind the wall is something odd and frankly eerie. Reading the posts on this thread, I finally felt a sense of recognition. I had never found anything like it before. Now that I read this thread, I'm a little worried about the young boy in the picture. I've never bothered to follow up, but the elementary school is Fitchley Park Elementary School in Liverpool. The year is 1951.

The only thing I've ever seen that is similar to this is one children's game I ran across, that is practiced in a small village near the Retezat Forest in Romania since the 1920s. In this game, all of the children line up in a line, and one is appointed the "leader." The leader walks behind the children's backs and lightly taps one. That one is the "Mare Barbat" (tall man). The children then hold their arms out in front of them and the first child closes their eyes and begins walking down the line through the extended arms. The children in line brush the walking child lightly with their arms and hands as if walking through branches and leaves. When the child gets to the "Mare Barbat" that child suddenly grabs them. It usually causes a great fright in the walking child and all those nearby as well, which is fun for them.

It sort of reminded me of this, and I've been looking for more info ever since.

Liku posted:



From Slenderman.

OcioTime.com



I imagine he feels like millions of angry spiders that have been glued together (which would explain why they're angry).

Needle fucked around with this message at Aug 13, 2009 around 17:28

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 gently caress out".

I'm nobody special, just someone who's read through all (at this point, 33 pages) I have a few things to mention that apparently nobody else has thought of.

Wasn't there an artist who painted a picture--supposed to be really famous, its in all the big fancy art books. Isn't called "The Scream" or "The Screamer" ? It showed an elongated person with its hands besides its head or doing like the microphone around its mouth.

Could be that be related somehow?

Forgive the pun, but it might be a stretch.

Also, many of the articles and pictures that have been brought together all seem to paint SM in a suit. Now, bear with me.

It could be related, but hasn't there always been a urban legend about Men In Black?

Granted, depending on who you ask, this is related to either the Government or Aliens, but what if....

Okay, And finally the last thing i do feel i have to bring to attention.

Hasn't ANYONE seen the movie "Mimic" ?

The Judas Bug. It EVOLVED to look like the prey that it hunted. Now, i understand that this doesn't fit every story (like the wood carvings, But it does rather fit the Woodcarving with the skeleton with the arm-spear, It looks human)

I'm babbling.

Someone had an article posted that said that SM looked like the most beleivable ...whats the word... Rank? class? of people. The Knight. Everyone has seen a business suit, and thats pretty much ubiquitous worldwide. Everyone recognizes it. Someone else did

bring up this point, but what if SM is evolving to suit the times ?

Be careful everyone. We're probably the only ones who recognize this threat for what it is.

I had a dream the other night about this movie that was coming out, an animated Dreamworks or Pixar deal. It was about a boy and his family. They were getting ready to move to a different state and trying to sell their house, and the boy would try to scare off anyone who came to look at it. His parents asked why he kept doing this, and he said, "I don't want anyone else to live here."

"Why not?"

"Because the tall man will take them away."

Right then it stopped being a cute kids movie and turned into one of the scariest things I've dreamt in a long time, as the boy and his family flee for their lives. Fuckin Slenderman.



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, drat YOU! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!..... leave them alone, they're just children, you sick gently caress....”

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.

The Ernest

Wednesday, August 17, 1994

Remains of Missing Camper

After a ten year long manhunt of the mysterious disappearance of Nathaniel Thrumson (24 at time of vanishing), what have been identified as his remains have been found on the outskirts of the Black Forest, Germany. Strangely enough, poor Nathaniel went missing in 1984 whilst camping in Cardigan Mountain State Forest, New Hampshire. His remains were in a state of great desecration, but their decay indicated that he died less than a week before they were found, raising further questions. Near them was found the

tattered remains of his clothes and camping equipment, including a heavily damaged camera and a somewhat torn diary. The bodily remains and that of Nathaniel's gear were found by a pair of hikers going through the region. Niklas Baumgaertner (23) and Lena Junker (22) who were reported to have said that they felt something 'eerie' was occurring just before they found the remains, but proper statements of their encounter have unfortunately not been acquired.

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



[Click here for the full 1600x1200 image.](#)

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.

Raybeans posted:

Well, it happened. I finally had a Slenderman dream. Except he was in a painting and he shot my mom to death from it. Then he sprouted tentacles and started talking like Christopher Walken.

In retrospect it sounds quite silly, but it was fuckin' scary at the time.

Wow, you and me both! ...And some other people, it seems!

Anyways, it was quite a few nights ago, but it still freaks me out.

They'd apparently made a movie about Slender Man. It seemed like more of a documentary, which made it even worse to see that in theaters. Regardless, I saw it. I always get sucked into movies, video games, or whatever is going on in my dreams, so I became Slender Man....except I'm a girl, so that'd make me Slender Woman. Long, long story short, it was concluded that he was part of an alien species that got sent here. The suit was more of a "body mask". I think the front of him was white and the back was black, so what they gave him only stuck to the front of him and vaguely looked like a suit. He got loose from the facility they had had him in for some sort of mission (humans, but they were working for the aliens) and started running amok in the city. He'd hide in trees and scare the hell out of kids, then leave a seriously creepy...thing hanging from its neck on a limb. It kind of looked like him, but I think he mangled a person or something to look like that, sort of like a calling card.

I woke up wanting to discuss the movie with someone, but no one else'd understand. Sad, really.

The funny thing is, I haven't been scared of Slender Man since someone related him to Billy Corgan. Thanks to my dream, it's aaalll come back.



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 were 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 a lot more than a lack of imaginary friends between me and my brother. I was going to high school next year. Made me a little 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 an 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 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 loving 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.

Donkey Punch Champ fucked around with this message at Aug 29, 2009 around 17:55

Seriously, loving stop it.

I woke up this morning screaming. loving poo poo, the more I think about it, the more it feels real. The video posted a few pages back with the "Audio removed" and stuff made me genuinely frightened.

My house is on the rear end end of a small stretch of woods. I don't ever want to go explore it anymore then I already have.

You don't have to go to the woods. He will come to you now that you are thinking about him...

Just as Call Me Dad said, the more you think about him the more real it feels.

The more you think about him, the more real he becomes...

The more real he becomes, the more you think about him...

until one night, you find a small piece of a loved one on your window sill...

as if to say "get out while you can"...

But the road is fogged over and your headlights just can't quite cut through it...

and the talk radio that you play just to hear another person's voice has started to spit and squeal...

and the audio begins to cut out and distort as the fog becomes ever thicker...

as you creep along in the intense fog, the static on the radio crackles just enough that you may have just heard a single word,*sooon...*

Then a crackling breathing is heard coming through the car speakers. You flick the switch but it grows louder and encompasses you and comes from everywhere. Then it slowly dies down and begins to pinpoint itself... away from the speakers.

You realize it's coming from the back seat.

Maybe we should compile everything Slenderman and make a new topic about Slenderman or a site or something. This topic has taken a life of it's own and it needs to be treated as such.

Or he'll get us.

Donkey Punch Champ posted:

That story of mine was a dream. I've actually got little brothers and sisters, and I love them all very much, and that love, along with the lingering feeling that maybe we're making something we can't stop, is where the dream came from I think.

I think he's starting to realize that we've made him. I think he needs us.

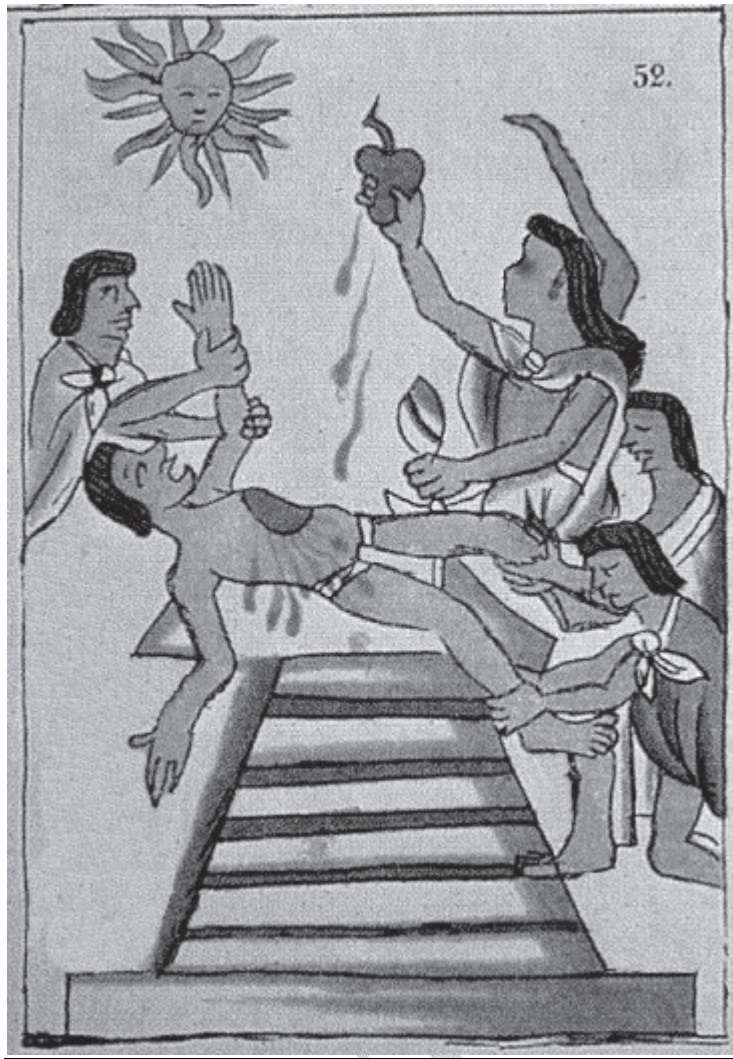
And I think he will use us, but on his terms.

I for one am done being afraid of the slender man. There's got to be away to stop him. There's got to be a way to hold him back. And failing those, a way to kill him.

I just cant think of way how...

The Slenderman seems to be emitting some kind of interfering radiation, which mostlikely has something to do with the paralyzing fear that supposedly is induced in people during Slenderman encounters. If we identify and fend off this radiation, we might be able to actually do something.

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.



ATTENTION LOCAL RESIDENTS

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING WITH GREAT CARE



IT HAS COME TO OUR ATTENTION DUE TO COMPLAINTS BY YOUR RESIDENTS THAT AN UNUSUALLY TALL, DARK-SUITED MAN HAS BEEN LOITERING AND INAPPROPRIATELY OBSERVING RESIDENTS AND CHILDREN IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD BOTH DURING THE DAY AND AT NIGHT, IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HOMES. WHILE IT IS NOT OUR INTENT TO ALARM YOU, IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT YOU FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS SHOULD YOU ENCOUNTER THIS PERSON.

- 1.) DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CONVERSE WITH THIS PERSON.
- 2.) DO NOT APPROACH, OR INTENTFULLY AGGRIVATE OR ACCOST THIS PERSON.
- 3.) DO NOT FLEE FROM THIS PERSON IN A HASTILY MANNER. INSTEAD, TAKE YOU AND YOUR FAMILY TO THE NEAREST SHELTERED LOCATION, PREFERABLY WITH RELATIVES OR FRIENDS.
- 4.) DO NOT REVISIT ANY LOCATION IN WHICH YOU'VE PREVIOUSLY ENCOUNTERED THIS PERSON.
- 5.) DO MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO CONTACT YOUR LOCAL AUTHORITIES IMMEDIATELY UPON ENCOUNTERING THIS PERSON OR SIMPLY CALL 911.
- 6.) DO CALL 911 AS SOON AS POSSIBLE IF THIS PERSON IS SEEN OBSERVING YOU WITHIN YOUR OWN HOME AND SECURE YOUR FAMILY IN A SEPARATE, WINDOWLESS ROOM UNTIL HELP ARRIVES.

I think it's kind of a funny coincidence, how you've collectively "invented" the slender man myth, when he actually might as well have been based on some really old stories from ancient Norse times.

I should probaby elaborate a little on that. 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 allready has a bad reputation, so why not add weird corpses to the list? Ugh...

Creepy.

Edit: You sure you just made them up?

Mogadishu posted:

That son of a bitch can scare a camera. You don't even need to be alive to know he's bad news. Don't poo poo him up with technobabble and fending off radiation. There is no doing something, no endgame but death. He is fear itself. This is what Roosevelt was scared of.

There's something ethereal about him, not so much of an *alien* thing, but more of him not belonging in this world. 'World' may not be the best word, I think 'dimension' is a better surrogate. He is the finality of all our fears, the ultimate penultimate, if you will. Is there something *beyond* him? I pray to whatever deity that we don't unearth that.

It happened again.

I was driving home from my friends house last night out in the middle of nowhere. She lives right in the middle of the woods and her house has always scared me. I've always associated it with fear, which is no good cause it's my best friend's girlfriend's house. We go there a lot and just watch movies and hang. Anyway, I'm rambling.

The whole time I find it really hard to relax, really hard to just chill the hell out since I'm still a little shaken by the dream I had the other night where I woke up screaming. I'm typically the one who provides a lot of the laughs and conversation when I hang out with this group of friends, so they could all tell something was off about me.

Back to where I started: I was driving home from her house. I'm driving as fast as I can to get out of this area of my little town. I wanna get home, and go to bed as fast I can. I finally get out of the woods and into a school zone about half a mile away from downtown a little after midnight. I stop at a stop sign/intersection/crosswalk/whatever the gently caress you wanna call it because I have to, and because there is a man that needs to cross the street.

This is a very tall (6'5"?), skinny (150 pounds?) man wearing a very formal business suit.

I'm scared as all hell. I can't concentrate, my mouth goes dry and just about lose it. First of all, this scenario makes no sense: I live in a town with a little over 20,000 people in it. It's midnight, and Portland is about 20 minutes from here. There are no jobs in this town that require such a suave looking ensemble.

Look what you've done, SomethingAwful. gently caress you. 🤖

We didn't do anything. He has always been in your town, always been a part of your life, you just hadn't opened your eyes yet. He will open them for you and allow you to see things that you could never see before.

Because in seeing him, you have allowed him to see you and to find you. You can't hide because he can see you. He can always see you now, even if you are reading this, he can see us. He can see us right now.

He has no interest in us unless we acknowledge that he's real. I think we're safely
gently caress!

I don't know what's real anymore.

I've read this thread, getting chuckles from the pics and stories, loving the youtube clips.

until last night;

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 gently caress 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 loving 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.

GWBBQ posted:

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 *theya'axche' wíinik* (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 open 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



[Click here for the full 616x824 image.](#)

A photo of the painting he showed me in the past, it was kinda of blurry.

Somewhere in Chiapas(Click for big)

[Click here for the full 1600x1074 image.](#)

I'm not sure where is this from, this is not from the walls in his home(Click for big):

[Click here for the full 654x872 image.](#)

Yes, I forgot to tell you my friend's name. You know, sometimes I can't remember his name. Is like...fuzzy. Yes, his name was Carlos. Weird, that's a common and easy name.

drat I miss Carlos...

Turkeysandwhich posted:

I hate you guys. I read all this stuff like 4 hours before I went to sleep, thought "oh this is kinda fun and creepy, not gonna lose sleep over it". Nope, I sat there the night before school starts again unable to sleep for like 2 hours, woke up at 2, then 4, each time taking forever to get back to sleep.

Of course not, you can't sleep while he's actually looking at you.

The real question is do you remember what woke you each time?

tap-tap very soon

tap-tap very soon

he has such a gentle voice...

Yeah my bed is right below my window. I kept trying to move the curtain in front of it so I couldn't see outside, but it never seemed to cover the whole thing... the trees swaying in the wind...

Now I'm not gonna be able to sleep tonight either, thanks.

Slender Man is so lazy. Any time you ask him to do something he's just all "Sooooon..."; that guy loves to procrastinate.

He does have all the time in the world, you know.

I love this thread and all the Slender Man stuff, but let me preface this story by saying it has nothing to do with Slender Man and I hope you'll read it anyway.

I was trying to come up with a submission for the Paranormal goon book being put together over in the Creative Convention forum and I really needed either some inspiration, or something good to take a picture of. I wasn't having much luck though. I drove around downtown looking for something. Anything. I hit the industrial section of town. Nothing. If my town had a seedy part, I would have driven all over it. I gave up and went home, sat in front of my computer, and pondered. I put a bunch of searches through Google, desperately trying to find something in my area that could be spooky. Condemned buildings. Closed off industrial plants. Whatever I could think of. Unfortunately, I couldn't think of much and I wasn't getting any results anyway. Finally, it came to me. I typed in three words. Oregon ghost towns. Brilliant! At least it sort of was. The nearest one I could find was two and a half hours away, but I was really intrigued and I figured my wife and I could make a day trip out of it. It could be fun to take a mini road trip and visit a spooky ghost town! Well, as it turned out, visiting Golden, Oregon was pretty fun. It was also very weird, and I'm not really sure what to think about it.

Today we both had the day off so we had breakfast, packed a lunch, and hopped in the car. Two and a half hours later we had just passed Wolf Creek and were on the look out for Golden. We ended way up in the sticks. Several times we considered turning back, but according to mapquest we were going the right way so we pushed on. Finally we found the road leading to Golden. At least we were pretty sure we

did. There wasn't a sign, but there weren't any other roads near there. It had to be the right one. You can imagine how we might now be so sure though. The road looked like this:

The car wasn't going to make it through there, but we'd come this far so we grabbed the camera and started walking. Thankfully it wasn't too long before we saw something:

A clock tower? Oh, a church! A little further and the woods opened up into a small field. There were four buildings still standing. Five if you count the outhouse. There were quite a few empty foundations as well. At that point it sort of hit us. We were in the middle of nowhere, possibly nobody else for miles, in the middle of a town that was built in 1890 and abandoned in 1910. Well, I was looking for spooky. poo poo if I didn't find it.

This might be a good time to mention that I wasn't shooting in black and white. I was shooting in color. Something screwed with the film...

We were creeped out. Completely understandable considering the place was loving creepy. It's not like in ghosts or anything. At least we didn't. In hindsight the place was eerily quiet. Like no birds or insects that way because we were blasting Foo Fighters in the car. Anyway, we checked out the church.



We walked around it first. There were windows on the side, but they were too high for us to see through. The front door. It was unlocked. Gina mustered up some courage and opened the door.



2 Sep 04, 2009 11:02

Breakfast Machine

Aug 13, 2003



I certainly hope you don't hook up with Henry Moore. He's actually too big for some women to handle, though most are incredibly satisfied.

Yep. It was a church. Pews and a pulpit.



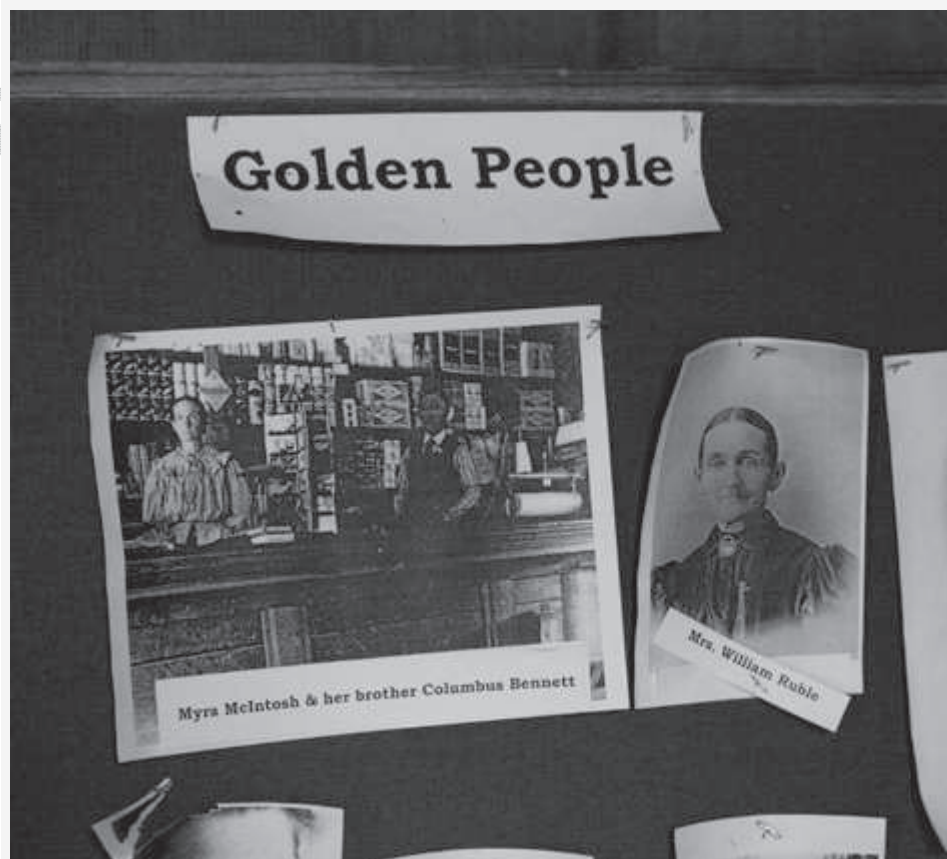
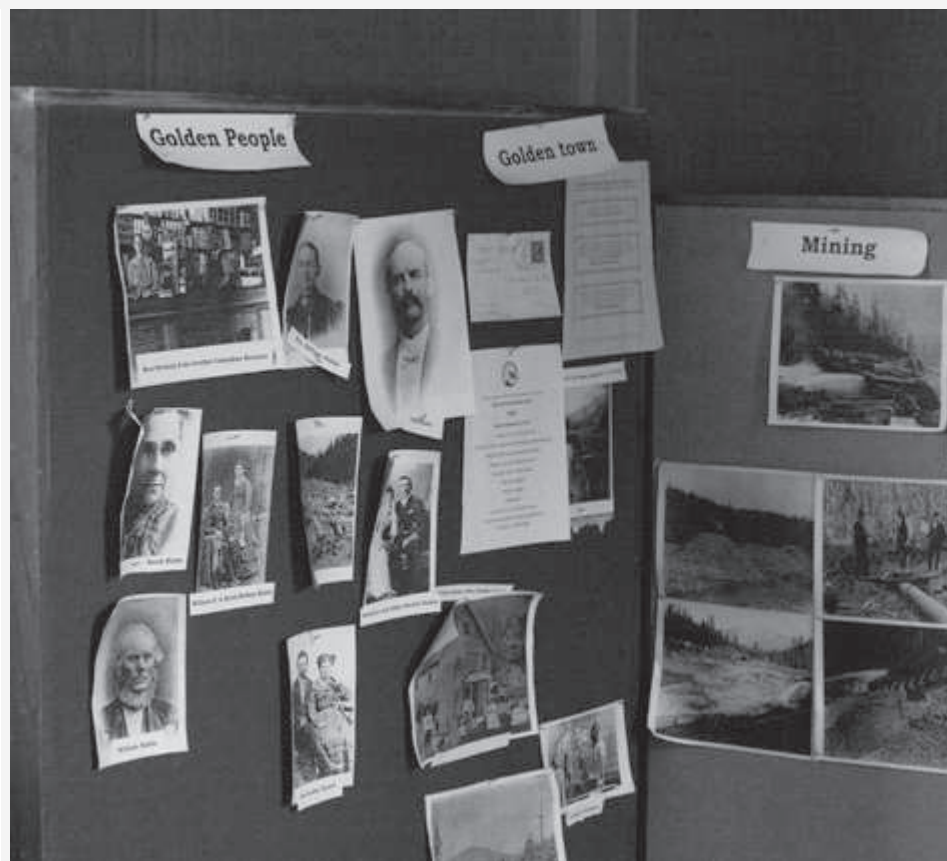
More church pics:

[Church 7](#)

[Church 8](#)

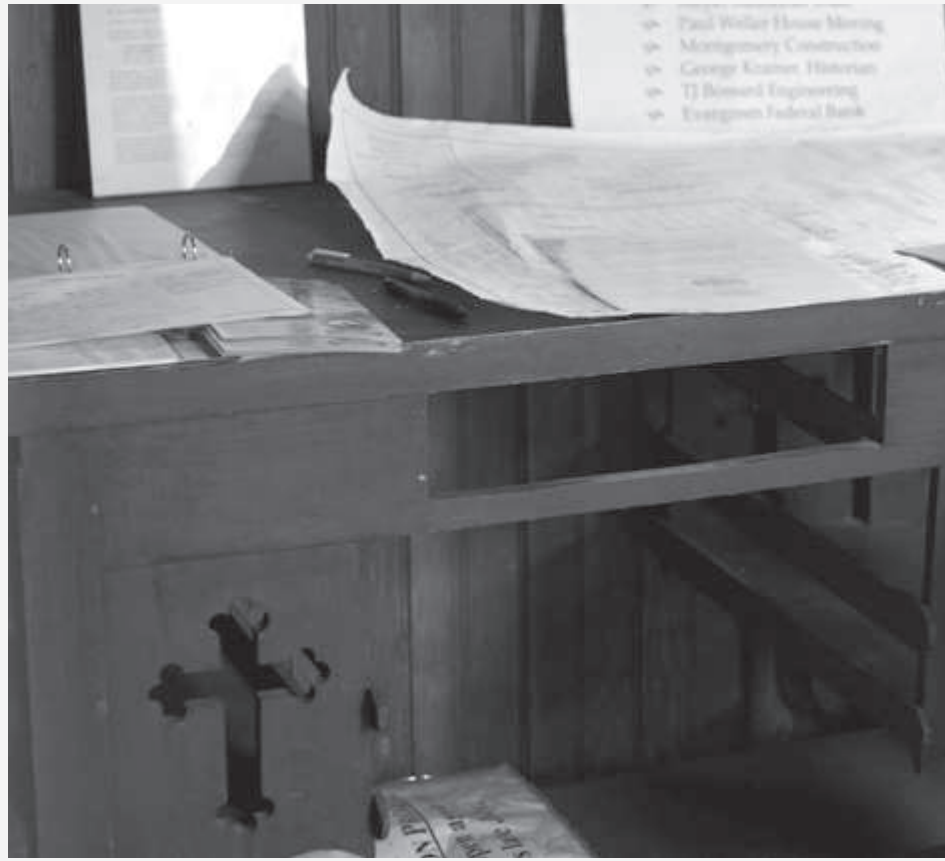
[Church 9](#)

There were some old pictures of the town and it's residents:



Not really that unusual. The place was a historical land mark after all. circled. Some crossed off. Gina realized they matched the names of the

wierd. We shrugged and decided to check out the rest of the buildings



We walked over and checked out a shed that wasn't too far from the church. It wasn't terribly exciting. It was just an old shed. Here's a couple more pictures:

[Shed 2](#)

[Shed 3](#)

Not too far from that was what appeared to be some kind of general store. That was pretty cool.



Unfortunately, it was locked up tight and since it was pretty clear that somebody must be around we weren't going to try too hard to find a way in. I got some pictures through the dirty glass though:



We walked around back and looked through a hole in the wall. You can look at those pictures if you want.

[General store 4](#)

[General store 5](#)

[General store 6](#)

Gina found the outhouse behind the general store:





In the 1800's people pooped in there!

At that point we had been there a while and decided we'd had our fun, gotten our pictures, and were ready to head home. On the way back to the car we saw one more building. Later I would find out it was called Yellow House.



At this point we were pretty much fearless. We were laughing and having a good time. The general store was neat. The outhouse was... an outhouse. We were talking about what it must have been like to live back then. Just having a good time. Looking at the pictures now, Yellow House looks pretty creepy. We figured it was just one more old wooded building though. Might as well have a look see.





We couldn't really get a good look inside, so we walked around to the back. That's when we heard the noise. It was just a scratching noise. Like scratching wood. Real quiet. Like maybe a rat was doing it.



Gina and I looked at each other. The scratching sound just kept going. Scratch scratch scratch. She said, "Go see what it is". Hell no! I wasn't going anywhere near that. I was officially creeped out again. She, however, was still in fearless mode. She basically told me that I was a giant wuss. "That door looks coooool!. I'm lookin' inside".



This is where it gets freaky. As soon as she looked in there she started spazzing out. Her head whipped back and forward a couple times and then she turned toward me with a real blank stare in her eyes and she said, "Perhaps tomorrow would be better".



I'm ashamed to admit it, but I really didn't do anything. I just stood there. I don't feel like I was scared stiff or anything. I just didn't know how to react. Gina turned right and walked down the length of the house to the corner and stopped. I finally came to my senses and followed her. I grabbed her shoulders and asked her if she was alright. And she was. She turned around and she seemed fine.



And then it got wierd again. She told me I was giant wuss and then said, "That door looks coooooo! I'm lookin' inside".

NOOOOO! I grabbed her and pulled her back. She laughed at me, "What are you doing?!" I told her she already looked in there and what had happened. She just looked at me like I was the worlds biggest idiot. Then I realized the scratching had stopped. I told her I would look inside first. I know. Stupid right? I don't know... I looked though.

Gina stayed right behind me as I slowly crept toward the door.



Closer...

Closer...

Closer...

OcioTime



Closer...

Closer...

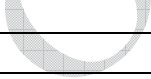
Closer...



Aaaaaand nothing. Just a dark room with some wood in it. Huh. Just as I was pondering what a fantastic prank Gina had just pulled on me I heard in the most wet sounding, deep guttural voice, "**PERHAPS TOMORROW WOULD BE BETTER!!**"

I spun around and...

that's the last thing I remember. Next thing I know we're pulling into the driveway and I'm wondering how we got home. I guess I drove. Gina said she slept the whole way so she doesn't know. I was in the driver seat, so I guess I did drive. Obviously the first thing I did was get my film developed. This was the last picture on the roll...



My contribution. Its a twofer.

gently caress the fish-worm thing gets my imagination thinking, "Tiny cave, nowhere to run, gently caress THAT THING." Then I saw the rest of the image.

What a horrid cave.

this is a slenderman story that I got from an offsite friend. he wanted me to share it.

poo poo. . . poo poo. . okay, okay. Alright. Okay. Hi. My name is Stanley. Stanley Ercavich. poo poo. Umm. I'm writing this because it might be the last think I ever write. Or say. Whatever. Okay, so, . . .gently caress, this is so drat 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 loving 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 destroy this letter, gently caress YOU.

Right, so, I live on a farm. Of course you knew this; you had to come get the loving letter. . . maybe this'll get published one day, like Anny Franklin. . . , anyway, I live on a farm. And lately, scary poo poo has been happening. poo poo. 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 bawling 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 gently caress, you know? Kids have nightmares, it happens. She says he talked to her. Said. . . hosed up poo poo, 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 poo poo. 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. . . gently caress 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 loving 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. gently caress, 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. gently caress, right? So I try to get to work. You see that? The key word, or whatever? It's try. I couldn't drat-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-loving-poo poo, right? No. gently caress that, I did NOT hear them start up last night. What, did that thing just pick them up and carry them off? loving probably.

So, my dog is missing, and someone stole my poo poo, so i call the police, ya know? I do, and they come over, and, talk and poo poo. 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, poo poo 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 loving wrecked. Torn to shreds. No cop. You'd think there'd be blood and gore and poo poo all around, right? Nothing. Just a car that had a can opener to it.

So, we're loving scared out of our asses. We try to call the cops, but, guess what, the phones dead. Yep. gently caress 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 loving 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 poo poo, 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. gently caress. gently caress. 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 loving know, i thought it was just a dream, caused by the punks outside messing this us, right? gently caress. 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 loving 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, Teresa, 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 gently caress you, you won't believe me. It like a man. Except, see, he was tall. gently caress him and his name, but yeah, he was slender. Really tall, really long arms and legs.

And the arms. He had more than two. gently caress, 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 loving suit? Yeah, I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. I just want my little girl back. I'm so sorry Teresa. 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, gently caress me i did. poo poo, that reminds me, the rifle is still downstairs. It looked at me, you know. I saw into his eyes. gently caress, 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, Teresa. I ran. i ran away. it wasn't my fault. I was so scared, terresa. I ran, and hid up here. gently caress. 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. Terresa, 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. gently caress 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. gently caress, i wish i had my gun.

poo poo MOTHER gently caress. 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 loving 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.

Terresa? 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! Terresa 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 really really hope I don't get in troulbe for this one. I feel like such a monster.



OcioTV



I kinda see the Slenderman itself as not necessarily being the actual thing that drives the killings. It seems like it's a misshapen representation of what something thinks a man should look like. Similar to how the Anglerfish has a lure that somewhat resembles a glow-worm, the Slenderman is merely the part of It that we are able (or allowed) to see. And when we're ensnared, It comes around the (non-euclidean) corner... and feeds.

On a lighter note, I've just read all 34 pages of this at night alone in a big house with wind and rain whipping up the branches outside. gently caress I'm dumb.

I like to think of ol' Skinny as being fairly open to interpretation, but my personal favorite is one of curiosity. He's curious about humanity, and knows better than to intrude too deeply and disrupt what he's trying to study... but being what he is, he can't examine mankind without hurting people, sometimes badly. By sometimes badly I mean sometimes they die in a quick and efficient manner, and other times he unintentionally stretches it out...

I think I mentioned this before--but the original Slender Man pics associated him

with fire, as in preceding or instigating fire. Dissection and other means of destruction came later--not that I'm complaining. As Call of Cthulhu d20 once said, a beastie can have a thousand legs today and no legs next time, so long as it makes each encounter more horrifying.



The masked men in the woods would come hidden from behind the trees at the edge of the wood, slowly at first, creeping, skulking and silent until they would launch into a horrifying gallop towards the towns. They were hard to see with attentive eyes but you could catch a quick sight if you were caught off guard. "They were thieves! Dirty rotten thieves!" The old ones would say, "Taking things that don't belong to them!". Trinkets and baubles mostly, little things you would miss and they presumed you would go looking for. The search would lead you deep into the woods, much deeper than decent folk dare to wander and slightly deeper than young boys claim to have gone. Once you've gone that far they'll come down from the trees, "and you won't even know because they sound like the wind in the leaves and nothing more!" What happens next is anyone's guess.

We caught one once, but he faded away as we held him down and all that was left was this.

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.

Boy missing in Centralia, IL.

Joshua Baxter (12) was reported missing from his bed on the morning of May 26th. He was last seen the previous night by his mother, Laura Baxter. The boy is Caucasian, has short, brown hair, and wore red and white striped pajamas at the time of his disappearance. Laura Baxter explained that since moving into the house one week earlier, on May 18th, the boy had repeatedly complained about waking during the night from an "unbearable, freezing cold". Otherwise there is no indication the boy would have voluntarily left his room.

An unidentified man was recorded in a photograph taken by Joshua Baxter's father, John Baxter, on the evening of May 22nd. The photo was taken for personal use, as part of documenting the renovation of the basement in the house. John Baxter claims not to have noticed the man when he made the photograph, explaining that he was in a hurry to get back out of the cold. The police is interested in any information that can lead to the identification of the unknown man, who appears in the photo to be tall and slender, wearing a black suit and with a pale complexion.

**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.

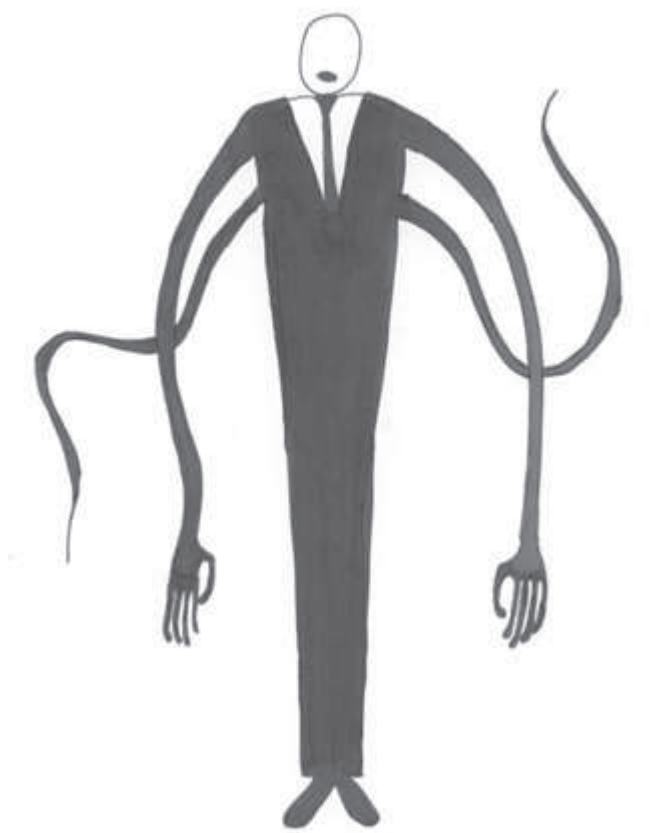
Reports as to who or what took the missing student are confused. Most of the witnesses stated that the kidnapper resembled the "strange person" seen earlier. This person was originally reported to be a very tall, thin man, bald, wearing a

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:



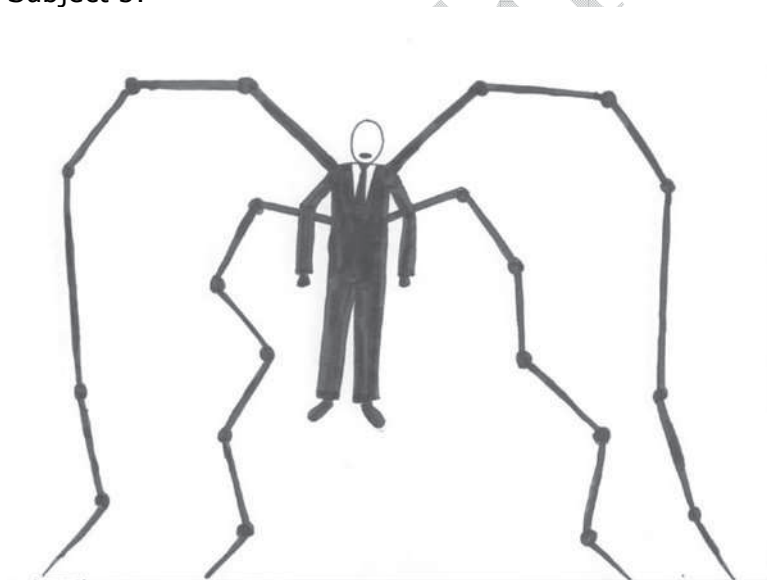
Subject 3:



Subject 4:



Subject 5:



Subject 6:



Subject 7:

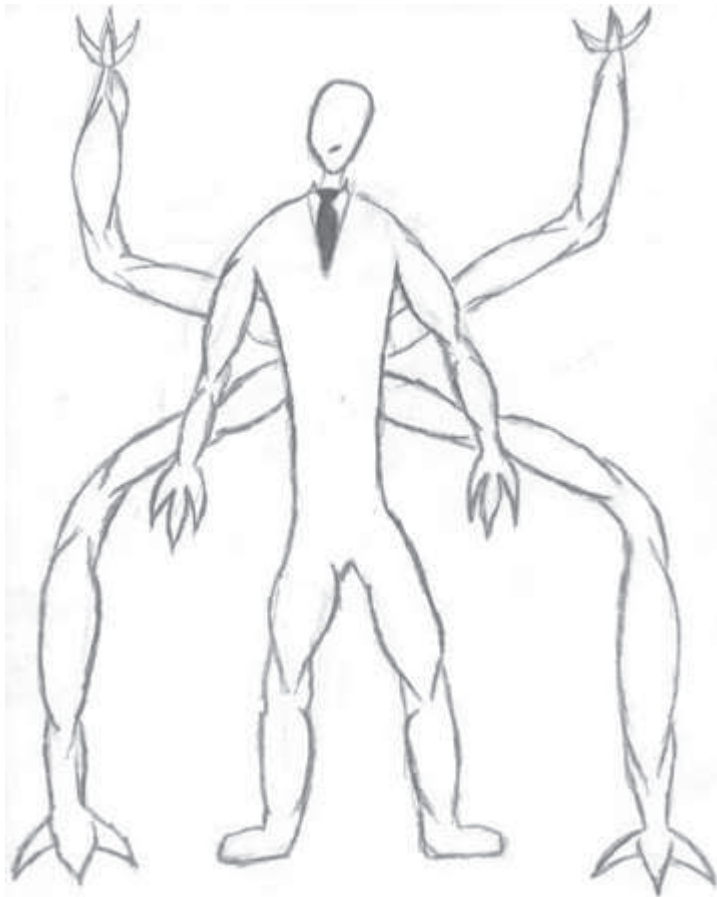


Subject 8:



Subject 9:

OcioTime.com



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 SM is fascinating to me, because he's such an ideal horror figure for so many different reasons. I mean, there's the whole "fear of the unknown" thing, and the "twisting the familiar into something unfamiliar" thing. There's also the genius of his subtlety: we've trained ourselves to see his general shape in every photoshop, so now we see him *everywhere*.

These factors aren't really unique, though. I think one of SM's more unique attributes is that he's fake. Not only is he fake, but we know, for a fact, that he came from a thread on SA. No one is trying to convince us he's real.

We're not used to this. We're used to movies trying to bully us into suspending disbelief, which only leads to logical rationalization. SM freaks us out without even trying to convince us he's real. Now we're feeling a very real emotion from some internet photoshop meme, which is irrational. We start rationalizing our fear. "How could something that *isn't* real freak us out so much?" Rather than believe we're still capable of being scared of the dark, we start to feel like SM, despite all logic, could be real.

This is also likely the most interactive scary story we've been actively involved in. I mean, we are the ones giving the Slender Man life. He's something we created and control: we're the ones photoshoping him into images. Things you are in control of typically aren't frightening.

But there is no one person -- not the people making photoshops, not his original creator, and not the guys making the Marble Hornets videos -- who is solely in charge of this story any more. He's growing organically from our combined feedback and contributions. He's the larger organism and we are his cells. We're simultaneously in control and not in control. For all intents and purposes, the Slender Man *is* a living entity.

Further, he exists due to a cycle that's somewhat self-replicating. If you get freaked out by SM, you'll probably want to make your own photoshop. Maybe it's because you want to scare others, or maybe it's so you can take control of your fear. Regardless, the end result is more photoshops, which means he's growing.

Breetai posted:

I read a thread on another forum that had heard of the Slender Man and there was a good 2-page meltdown where a bunch of guys started freaking out and jabbering on about "Oh poo poo, what if we're creating a Tulpa?"

Success!

Definitely, and the coolest part is the individual level on which this phenomena takes place. I mean, you read about SM, and you think, "man, I'd better go out and take some pics to photoshop him into." Now you're going to some place you are familiar with and purposefully interjecting something that frightens you. You'll never be able to look at that place again without feeling some sort of apprehension. You've essentially haunted a familiar place with a ghost only you can see, giving this location a nightmarish quality.

By participating, we're giving him places to live.



bored. writing something which maybe will become extensive and borrows (steals??) very heavily from earlier posts in this thread about the slender man. excerpt (interview with man in asylum):

“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.

I hope that everyone who has posted in this thread dies horribly, because I'm scared shitless!

I don't know why but Slender Man is abso-loving-lutely everywhere I look. Right now I got the curtains down and the lights on and playing every happy pop song you can think of loud so I don't hear all these scary sounds that weren't there before.

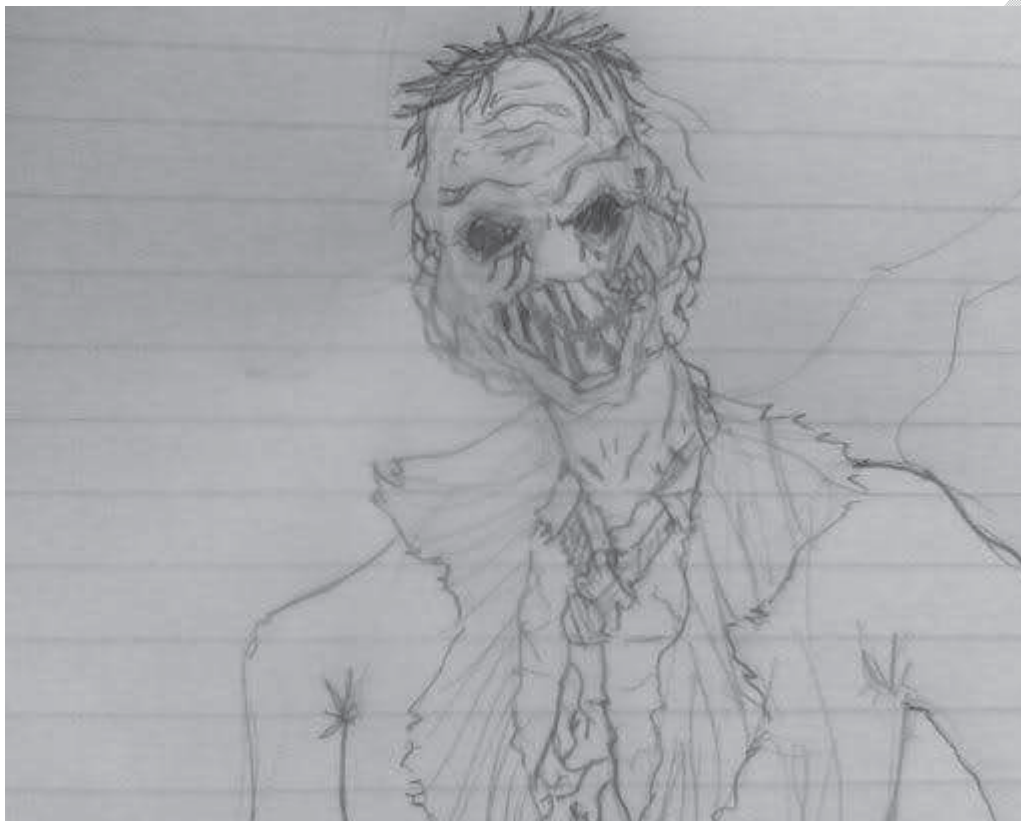
And if it wasn't enough that I stress myself up, my dog helps me a good bit to; She barks a lot when she hears something on the street and is always very happy when she hears someone just outside the door. So when reading about Slender Man my doggy got on her feet and started barking like crazy! Obviously that scared me even more, but the worst part was when she stopped and went to the door with her tail wagging... And the only sound I heard were the loving wind in the loving trees! I'm not joking when I say

that I literally trembled with fear!

I hate you all. But I will kill you if you don't make more.

You think you have it bad? Try being the mother of a two year old who's all of a sudden taken to stopping in the middle of the room, looking up towards the ceiling, and saying "Hi."

I should never have drawn that picture.



class doodles... mid-transformation? partial true form? can we ever really know?

i tried to imagine his suit as somehow organic, like a peeling layer of skin, believable from a distance but...

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

I painted this a few days ago. for some reason I'm not so afraid anymore.



oh snap posted:

saw this and thought of this thread



What is there to see? pavement worn down? I don't get it. I've been looking at it for two whole minutes and I still can't see anything.

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.

I stayed up until five in the morning reading this thread fascinated and absolutely terrified by the slender man. The next day at work the combination of lost sleep and emotional stress gave me a massive migraine during which I lost the ability to speak properly - a temporary dysphasia.

That's right - the slender man *broke my mind*. Good job, goons.



First you can't speak, then you can't scream. When you can no longer fight it, this is when he takes over. Your bones will stretch, your mouth will vanish, and then, from the seed of primordial fear that has been growing in your brain, a new mind will replace whatever you have left of consciousness you can hang on to. His violence will become your violence. Your ears will only hear the symphony of slaughter and cries of all past victims. Your hands will move towards kids and other frail victims around you. Their neck, so short, will be an affront to your new perfect body. You will break their bones, stretch their flesh, drain their blood, so that they to become perfect like you.

You will laugh at the many questions that filled your mind about what you are now. Your previous life will seem ignorant. What is the Slenderman? You now know the answer: The Slenderman is you.



My name is Raymond Bates, but if you are reading this, you already know that. You know that because the only persons who will read this report are the psychological and nursing staff at the Greater Miami County Mental Rehabilitation Institute, and... well... the men who study what drove me here. You already know I was an Adjunct Professor of Parapsychology at the Tulane University Engineering Anomalies Research Laboratory. You know I am 34 years of age, white, atheist, an alcoholic, and you probably know that I got an 800 on the verbal SATs, and a perfect on the LSATS too, but I decided to grad school in Parapsychology for reasons you will never understand. All of this is listed in my extended medical report, and all of this is completely irrelevant to the story you are about to read, the story that I was ordered to write, the story that I will – well. The story that an orderly will eventually have to transcribe, because by the end of this story, the only way you'll be able to get me to talk will be by strapping me to a board and torturing me. I know this because... I can see things now. I can see things I never wanted to see. I can see that the world will never be the same for me and that everything that comes into contact with me will never be the same, either.

I know this, and you know this, because I do not recognize the State of Louisiana's State Attorney Office's claim that I am responsible for the deaths of five people on October 8th, 2009, and this has made me the focus of an intensive state and federal investigation

into my life and the events that transpired that day. And the story of my life is irrelevant, because the events that happened that day are... well... what happened that day is not really...

You'll see. I'll tell you. But to tell you what happened on October 8th, I will have to tell you the story of the year before that.

=====

It was August, 2008, and I was doing research on extrasensory perception and paranormal manifestation phenomena. Tulane didn't take the EARL program very seriously. In fact, other than Professor Stewart and four unpaid interns, I was the EARL program. We coordinated with a similar program at Princeton before it got shut down the year before due to lack of funding. Retrospectively, it is a miracle that Tulane even kept a professor of my discipline around – it's exceptionally hard to find students willing to take a parapsychology major in this day and age, and discipline has really been in decline since the 70's. Now, the weird thing was, all the other students I had gone to grad with, and most of the professors I had learned with, had all dropped out of contact in some way or another. There was a running joke in the small circles that kept in contact with one another that they all had to be being bought out by the government, for their ghost warfare lab at DoD. No one took this seriously, but I can't think of that anymore without wanting to scream.

Don't get me wrong. I don't think the federal government has a ghost warfare lab. That's... well, it's inane, and no one took the idea as anything more than a lame joke, the kind of thing people giggled politely at at parties, or made sly references to in periodicals, without really finding it funny or amusing... but there was this undercurrent of suspicion, and real fear, as to why our colleagues had dropped off the face of the planet, why no one had heard from them or their loved ones, why their relations hung up the phone at the first mention of parapsychology or engineering anomalies or phenomena classification research.

At the time, we assumed it was shame, shame at a profession which the real world had never taken seriously, and had less of a use for every passing day, and they merely wanted to be cut off from their embarrassment, their chagrin, their thorough discredit, their... well... hate.

And, in a way, this was thoroughly understandable. The extrasensory perception segment of my research was a joke even in paranormal research circles. Have you ever seen Ghostbusters? (I'm going to state here and now, that in my profession, this was considered the pinnacle of modern filmmaking.) There's a scene in the beginning where Professor Venkman – he's this ghost hunter – is holding notecards backwards at a cute undergrad, and asking her to guess what's on the other side, and of course she gets it wrong but he won't admit it, saying she has all this psychic talent, and with the obvious intent of sleeping with her – well, that's what I did, sometimes six hours in a row, except there wasn't any cute female undergrads. There was a specific brand of student which would volunteer for that kind of research, and they were usually male, greasy, and thoroughly unpleasant to be around for more than five minutes. One guy kept on seeing demonic symbology on the back of cards for about a half an hour until I nearly physically punched him - it was ink blots, you know, not a seance or a Necronomicon

masturbation marathon or something.

The paranormal manifestation investigation phase of my job was far more interesting. We'd get a call. A hint. If we were lucky, the paranormality had been within an hour or two, otherwise we were just chasing ghosts, ha-ha, a little bit of... nevermind. So, we'd get an alert, usually from a guy we had in the local PD who didn't want to waste police resources on spook hunts, or from a webboard where local enthusiasts collaborated, and then we'd head out in the ghost van, ha, just this... it all sounds so trite now. It was a van with a ghost and Tulane EARL acronym painted on the side. Professor Stewart and I – I guess, the late Professor...

I'm sorry, I need a minute. Just a minute. I'm trying to focus on explaining what I did, before what happened, and... god. God. I'm sorry. Let me, let me refocus here.

You have to realize New Orleans had its share of 'ghost' sightings. None of them ever amounted to anything. We didn't get significant, I mean statistically significant, results in six years of research. It was a miracle Stewart and I weren't sacked after the first, but it was New Orleans, and there was always a demand for a class on the mythology of New Orleans, or an elective in basic parapsychological studies, or what-not, and the university tolerated us beyond the point of tenure, and that was that.

We do sound kind of pathetic, and... well... we were. Once, twice a month, chasing after ghosts, half the time it was pranks, the other half a scared housewife, never once something conclusive, occasionally a glimpse of something *unreal*, but never anything we could prove or even observe beyond the plausibility of a hoax. So we mostly occupied ourselves writing cultural histories of mythology, some research into the fields related to our actually scientifically-derived equipment – even though we were dreadfully unqualified, and any contributions laughable – and a few times a month, we got to live, really get out of our shell, do what we really wanted to do – it sounds so loving stupid now – hunt ghosts.

Hop in our early-90s van full of obsolete, old equipment, pay for our own gas, drive to the location, and get to work.

So, now, when a paranormal manifestation appeared – hopefully we would be ready to move in, set up a perimeter, you know, seal off access, interview the witness, and hopefully ask local law enforcement out of the area, that kind of thing – and then we could get to work. Set up our equipment – we had technical experience, could set up the monitoring equipment, video feeds, etc, you know, all within ten-fifteen minutes – and we could have spectroscopic scanners, EMF meters – that's electro-magnetic field, subtle variations in the earth's natural magnetic field, we could triangulate movement with a proper network, I'll be layman from now on – ion and geiger counters, sub-solution nets, subsonic sound monitoring, the works, but in reality all of this equipment was late 80s, maybe early 90s at best, a lot of it off Ebay, we were really running a lovely operation. More like a hobby than a career.

We had some interesting cases. A poltergeist moving desks in broad daylight in a school. Screeching in a nearly-abandoned theater at night. Once we had an abandoned nightclub, needed to be renovated, right off Bourbon Street, which the new owner kept insisting was bleeding from the walls, which we got some bizarre readings off of, but never – I

mean never – did we have a case where there wasn't a 'rational' explanation.

It was August 18th, 2008, when it all changed forever, that call I will never forget, that Stewart wouldn't either until the night he died.

Entry 232:

Woke up at 5:22am. Had dream about a deeply wooded ravine. I was falling down toward's it's bottom, but not falling at the same time. I was able to percieve and place my foot or a hand at the right place at the right time to maintain momentum but not injure myself. It's the closest I've come to flying in a dream. Vivid dreams were part of the side effects of the medication, and my journal has been testament to this.

Work went by as usual in the coffee shop's juice bar. We've had less customers as of late, but with fall coming quickly, it's to be expected. Lindsay said that we'll cut back on orders and focus on hot drinks within the next week. At the park I shared my sandwich crusts with the birds. Saw a strange black one with a white crest on it's chest with a central black spot, and the rest of him black. Much like a magpie, but much larger. Was eating what looked like a smaller bird, and it watched me the entire time with it's eye. I don't know why it struck me as such, but it felt like it was just in making such a claim.

My math class is trying my patience. Even moreso with my dysnumeria, but dealing with a class of 300 and a single teacher as a speck at a podium, it's not exactly easy to be focused. Jeremy sat next to me again. I could swear he couldn't take his eyes off me. He's kind of cute, but in a endearing little brother sort of way.

Took my pill at 9pm. Already feeling light headed. I'm going to go lie down now.

Saw the videos right before I had to go to bed, got to be the most unnerving thing I've seen in a really long time, had to wake up every five minutes to check that my door wasn't open, woke up early exhausted and drew this.



This thread is great to read in the middle of a sunny afternoon, but for some reason I just had to think about it at 6 AM this morning on my way to work, biking through a dark, cold, foggy, wooded park. I have lights on my bike, and the path through the park is lit, but it definitely wasn't hard to imagine coming around a bend and seeing Slenderman under one of the lamps, either standing there waiting for me, or sliding out of the light and into the cover of the trees...

Not Slender man related, your thinking about the "Bloat Baby" ghost legends.

The origin of the "Bloat Baby" began in Japan during the Feudal ages where women would drown their babies in rivers either because they couldn't care for or didn't want their child taken by whatever was going on in their village (slavery, black market, thieves and what not)

The American versions of "Bloat Baby" began during the period before and during the Civil War. Escaping slaves would drown their babies or children when capture seemed close. During Sherman's March on the South rumors spread across smaller farming towns of Union troops kidnapping children to sell to rich northern families. Worried women went and drown their new born children in lakes, rivers and wash tubs.

This is when "bloat baby" would show up.

The legend goes that after the baby is killed, if the body was left to float away in the river or whatever body of water it was killed in the spirit of the water would enter the dead child, and soon would haunt the mother who killed them. At first the mother would feel as though something was watching them, most people would say it was just guilt for the death. Some times the women would scream in the middle of the night, saying they saw their dead child, bloated from the water.

But when the "Bloat Baby" would strike would be years later, when the memory of the dead child would be long gone, and the mother would have a new child. The new child would talk of hearing a baby crying at all hours, or when the child would play near the river hearing splashing and crying of a baby. Soon the child would start seeing an odd baby, looks bloated and in odd colors. A day or two after this, that child would drown. And the same fate would hit every child born to the guilty mother afterwards.

One of my students who drew the picture asked the following question.

"The Slender Man always looks different. Is it Slender Man, or Slender Men? Maybe that's what happens to the kids he kidnaps, he turns them into more of himself, to go and collect others..."

This is great and loving creepy. The children are brought to a horrible place where they slowly shed their humanity, losing their face, their emotions, only growing taller and taller as time passes until they look just like their abductor.

Although I admit, I like the idea of their just being one slenderman more.

Actually, I agree about the part of there being only one Slender man, but I thought a lot of the "accounts" and especially the Marble Hornets videos were implying this theory. That some (if not all) of Slender Man's victims become just like him. Or maybe it's more of a Dread Pirate Roberts thing

Isko posted:

This is great and loving creepy. The children are brought to a horrible place where they slowly shed their humanity, losing their face, their emotions, only growing taller and taller as time passes until they look just like their abductor.

Although I admit, I like the idea of their just being one slenderman more.

We like the idea of there being only one Slender Man, but the kids kind of liked the idea of the "dreadful transformation", as one of my kids put it. To them, it's kind of like puberty (That they are all hitting like a brick wall) gone horribly wrong. Instead of becoming happy, productive adults, they become something unspeakable. I'm sure Freud would have a field day with this...

Gutless Wonder posted:

Actually, I agree about the part of there being only one Slender man, but I thought a lot of the "accounts" and especially the Marble Hornets videos were implying this theory. That some (if not all) of Slender Man's victims become just like him. Or maybe it's more of a Dread Pirate Roberts thing

Maybe it's a franchise, you know, regional Slender Men...

I like the Dread Pirate Roberts thing. (or maybe it's more like Davey Jones and the Flying Dutchman) You are cursed to be the Slender Man until you catch your replacement.

The big discussion was about perception. When I had the kids draw the Slender Man, they all did different things, as I expected. So the question was "Why do people who are all looking at the same thing see it differently?" Does the Slender Man have the ability to sense what might scare you more and so you perceive that? Or is it something else? My students had a great discussion about that, but never reached a conclusion.

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?

rfingelectrode posted:

What is it that makes the Slender Man so scary to you guys? I've read through the entire thread and I just don't get it. The original set of images and a few others were a bit creepy, but after that it just kind of fell flat to me.

Really good Photoshop work, though.

Why's he creepy? It's gotta be the ease in which he can slide into any circumstance. Combined with his unsettling appearance and as-you-please list of horrible-things-he-

does, it's a great psychological trap for people who get into the act.

I don't like the "government forces trying to deal with Skinny" bits. Organized response seems... well, sort of like that Blair Witch video game getting Let's Played over in the LP forums. It's taking a creepy, low-budget concept and filling it with shoot-first survival horror elements. Not creepy in the slightest. The Slender Man is small-scale horror, not a Cthulhu that threatens humanity, but a Colour Out Of Space that threatens you, specifically.

I do like the idea of "family permutations" and sub-legends of the Slender Man. After all, in nature wings have showed up in many different varieties in many different species to achieve the same function; it's possible freaky otherworldly weirdos might have similar mind-warping effects to Skinny, and people might make logical connections between them and Slender Man, without there necessarily being a literal line of descent, a Munsters of fire and child mutilation.

As for motives and abilities and such, that's up to the individual photoshopper. I'm fond of a relatively straightforward Skinny m'self. In my mind he's something of a scientist, curious about mankind. He'd like to better fit in, but he can never get the proportions right, and his manipulators like to revert to something closer to their real shape... so he stays off in the distance until he finds someone who draws his attention--a prime specimen, perhaps, or someone who seems to know he's there...

Genesplicer where were teachers like you when I was in school? Can I pretend to be 13 and sit in on your class sometime?

... I didn't mean that as creepy as that came out. ☹️ 🙄

Genesplicer is the teacher kids have dreams/nightmares I cannot wait for the parent/teacher conference where he tries to explain a child's night terrors about a featureless man in a suit raping said child's psyche.

I know many have said the same thing, but I just can't get over how cool the whole Slenderman thing has become. From one small idea has come an outpouring of creativity and talent. Kudos to you all for your contributions! As for further Slenderman research, my father is a native German and before he retired was a professor of German and of European folktales and symbolism. I'm going to ask him if he has ever heard about a Slender man or something similar during his career. Also, my husband and I are moving into our first house and the house next door has a big old dead tree outside with twisty gnarled branches...which I am now afraid of. drat you all, but keep it coming!

Man, I just clicked this thread last night, and started from page one. The whole Slender Man thing has me so interested that I went through the rest of the thread this morning. Too bad it looks like updates to this are slowing down. I'm really liking the YouTube videos too.

EDIT: Not that I believe any of this supernatural stuff, but oddly enough sometime yesterday my iHome speakers that I use for my computer have started to switch randomly to FM radio. No joke, sometimes it'll just decide to change the input to FM, even though I don't have the antenna plugged in. Just randomly start to get static. I put the remote in a drawer so that I could rule out it's battery dying, but it still happens. Happened last when I left the room for laundry.

Diabetic posted:

Genesplicer is the teacher kids have dreams/nightmares I cannot wait for the parent/teacher conference where he tries to explain a child's night terrors about a featureless man in a suit raping said child's psyche.

This was my Silent Reading class. It's populated with GATE students. Some of them did admit that it was delightfully creepy. As one said "It was scarier than the Saw movies". I pointed out that this was because they were using their imaginations to create the monster that is the Slender Man, rather than relying on watching a monster on a screen. What we see in our mind's eye is far, far worse than anything that can go on a screen.

No night terrors yet, though.

Soakie posted:

Has anyone thought about the possibility that we are creating a tulpa? It's a thought form that is realized through the efforts of a group of people. We might be creating the Slender Man, making him real.

The Toronto Society for Psychical Research did this with an entity called "Philip" in the mid-70's. There was a book written about it, called "Conjuring up Philip." "He" was a fictional person, knowingly created by the group. It was all fun and games until "Philip" started to take on a mind of his own. "Philip" became real, as far as any paranormal thing could be said to be real. So take all this with a big grain of salt.

http://www.pararesearchers.org/Ghos...ticle_five.html

has a bibliography for those who are interested in looking into this further.

How long until there is agreement about what the Slender Man looks like? When will he have a specific MO? Can the hidden superstitious heart of the SA goons give Slender Man an independent existence? Think about it, a few hundred or maybe even a thousand goons, all looking at the pictures and creating the stories. I find myself looking at the shadows, imagining how they might fall together to show a lurking Slender Man. TSM pulls so many primal strings: his wrongness to our eyes, the hair on the back of the neck rising, the subconscious "Nonononono" that bursts across the imagination. He drags the monsters out of the back of our modern minds. He is a satisfactory booger man, pressing all the right buttons. Even if we don't really believe in the supernatural, even if

our rational minds laugh at such an absurdity...we are cutting him out and sewing him together. We're stuffing him with nightmares and unspoken fears.

And what happens when the pictures are no longer photoshops?

This was EXACTLY what I was thinking, and I was actually waiting until I'd read through the entire thread before posting the idea. I'd never heard of a 'tulpa', but I was going to suggest that perhaps this SM entity is really a memetic virus insinuating itself into the collective unconscious, as a prelude to an all-out invasion of some kind.

I know your comment is four months old, but it's uncanny how similar your post was to what I was thinking as I **finally** got around to reading this whole thread today.

I posted:

Remember the statement I made earlier in the thread;

SLENDER MAN
THE MORE YOU THINK OF HIM THE MORE REAL HE BECOMES
NOW TRY AND NOT THINK OF HIM

Not a joke. Thought alters reality and the shadows keep moving in my peripheral vision.

This is it, then. This is how humanity ends. Not with a bang, nor a whimper, but rather screaming and kicking as it is dragged to hell by an anthropomorphic manifestation of our fears. How fitting that it take the shape of some kind of "tree monster", consider how we've treated our environment.

Holy poo poo, it just now occurred to me that I, too, have dreamed of the Slender Man. THREE YEARS AGO.

I'm not even kidding.

I don't know how I could have forgotten about it, considering I decided to start writing a short story about it (which is currently shelved). I remember three things about it:

1) It was black, tall, tentacled and wraithlike. Looking directly at it made it more difficult to see.

2) It made a sound that I don't think I could describe if I tried. I did try, though. From the afore-mentioned short story:

quote:

I've had a lot of time to think about that wail, and I think I can describe it to a good degree of accuracy. Bear with, because it'll probably be difficult to imagine if you haven't heard it; but I'll try. Have you ever heard of a tuning fork? Tuning forks are one of the weird things that I can recall perfectly; and yet I can't remember the name of my own wife. Well, imagine a tuning fork that is badly out of tune. Imagine it was hit hard,

but doesn't fade out at all; it just keeps on producing a low, atonal vibration which grates against your nerves like hearing a billion fingernails raking down a billion chalkboards while biting into cheap white Styrofoam. Layer on top of that a thick, almost cranial buzz or vibration – I always think of being inside of beehive when I hear it. And creeping along underneath all of this, there's something that reminds me of locusts rubbing their wings together, but when I listened, I realized that it sound slithery... and wet.

3) When it touched my leg with one of its tentacles, it was like black fire.

At the end of this dream, I managed to get away from the thing, and just managed to escape the house I was in, when some kind of high gravity event took place, and the house collapsed into itself, along with a significant portion of the surrounding neighborhood, and me, as well. And after that, I was forced to repeat the same encounter DOZENS of times until I managed to get away in time.



Nobody wants to hug him. ☹



I got bored, read all of the Marble Hornets thread, and then saw this one was still chugging along. The other thread got me thinking about the idea that The Slender Man is only being visible to people who take his picture or videotape him, and then they can't stop seeing him afterward. I then decided to write this:

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 **too** slender. 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 its 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. Its 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 drat 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?

Reverend Gnome posted:

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*.

This is exactly the impression I had from being touched by the being in the dream I described. You are an incredibly talented writer, by the way.

Likewise. My neighborhood has very widely spaced streetlights, with lots of trees here and there, as well as an empty lot across the street with a dark line of trees at the far end.

Slenderman is the shadows under the trees. Slenderman is that brief moment before you turn on the light when walking into a dark room, and the same moment when you leave. Slenderman is the leaves you can hear skittering down the road, but are unable to see. Slenderman wakes you up in the middle of the night and won't let you go back to sleep because you can *feel* him *watching* you.

Not really a paranormal image, but definitely inspired by this thread... here's a "decoration" that I put up at my house. I wonder what it will look like when the sun goes down.



OcioTime.



genesplicer posted:

Not really a paranormal image, but definitely inspired by this thread... here's a "decoration" that I put up at my house. I wonder what it will look like when the sun goes down.

You kind of make me sad. Who will educate the poor kids when the community finally decides to lock you up for good?



My own lovely contribution. It originally had a reflection in the water, but I feel this works better.

Also, I'm pretty sure that a fair amount of US goons remember the cartoons Tiny Toon Adventures and Animaniacs. I was watching a clip of them on youtube and remembered a recurring character named Mr. Skullhead. He was Slenderman all along.

Here's a (bad) screengrab of him. Considering Slenderman's affinity to children, it's even more 🤖.



Don't ask what Mindy's doing there.

By the way.

A couple weeks ago I was driving from DC to Cincinnati, and if I find out which one of you thought it was a good idea to put a Slender Man scarecrow up on Route 50 near Athens I will kill you. I caught it at just the right moment to see it, get terrified, and go "oh whew it's fake". Didn't help that it was right at dusk. It was just out by the road in front of some trees and

oh god I hope it was a scarecrow

I sincerely apologize if this comparison has been made before, but I'm only on page 23. This idea came to me suddenly and I had to get it out there. I've known about Green Man for a long time, thanks to a UK friend and Wikipedia:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Green_Man

I've been reading this thread for a couple of days now, and it has me fascinated...especially since the reason I found out about it was from the Marble Hornets videos. Small internet, I guess. Anyway, here's a little story I wrote about the origin of our pal, the Slender Man.

=====

Long ago, in the mists of prehistoric Eurasia, the Green Man lived among the trees and leaves. He loved those whose hearts were glad, and stayed near them. He especially delighted in children, who were able to see him easily, while those who had given up that sight had to call out his name at special times for him to appear to them. But he was always there, just the same.

For many centuries, the Green Man lived alongside the people in peace and happiness. He would often appear during festival times; their gay music and dancing he could not resist.

During these times he would grant favors to those he found special. Most often these were a prosperous harvest and a large family to bring it in.

Many travellers of lonely roads tell of meeting the Green Man. Being weary, they would stop to rest. Suddenly one of them would notice an odd tree or shape among the branches. Once seen, the Green Man would come forward and bow deeply to the travellers. All who were in his presence felt gladness. He would refresh them with his soothing branches and before they knew it, they were at their destination!

There are countless tales of the miraculous deeds of the Green Man. But not one mentions what ultimately became of him. During the middle ages, churches carved images of his face into their buildings. He was more and more often seen by the people as an evil thing, something that did not fit into their daily lives. Still, during many ceremonies he was named. He did not come often. The times he did come, he was of lesser countenance than described by the grandfathers. He had a wilting, dying look, which was trying to look upon. Those who still took counsel with him returned mad, more often than not.



Just a quick render of Slender Man. What a victim might see right before they die. Isn't that a pleasant thought?

Strikes me as too actively aggressive and well-defined for Slenderman. This is more like...Venom, in a suit. v👁v

vvv Yup, I agree, it's not a bad drawing. 🤖

Early, early this morning, another all-night deadline crunch was interrupted by the Slender Man.



This is a great picture, but I'm not sure I understand what's so scary about "Slender Man."

I mean what's his angle? That he stalks you, or does creepy things? Thusfar I just see an abnormally tall guy who has mildly retarded, squid-like tentacle arms.

What did I miss? Or are you guys just trying to create something that will get picked up by the webnets?

Although, I will say, he would be creepy if he looked like "The Gentlemen."

At least I think they look kinda creepy. 🤖

edit- For clarification, I'm not trolling, I asked a few people I know and showed them this thread, and it seems like only a handful of goons even find this dude remotely creepy, or even intriguing. Everyone else just kinda shrugged it off and thought it was retarded.

Maybe they're just desensitized or something? 🤖

It helps to sit alone in your basement (or your mom's, whatever) late at night, read this thread with all the slenderman pictures, and then maybe check out the videos that were posted as an offshoot of this thread over in the Marble Hornets thread.

It's more a suspension of disbelief thing. Part of the "scariness" of it is that there is no real solid definition for what Slenderman is. He's different a little bit for everyone. I think the only consistent "facts" about him are that 1) he's long and narrow in every aspect, 2) is approximating human clothing, and 3) shows up goddamn everywhere in creepy ways.

It's sort of a spooky madlib. What spooks *you* out? That's what Slenderman is/does.

For me, he's there late at night when I walk into a dark room just before hitting the lights on. I keep expecting to flip the light on and there he is, just loving *standing* there, right in front of me, waiting for who knows what, but *oh my god I almost walked right into him what the gently caress get out of hererunrunrunrun...*

Do you ever get that feeling? That feeling like you're being followed, but whenever you turn around there's no one there? I think that's him. That's what he does when he follows you--he gives you that feeling. If you notice him, he notices you.

I see him outside of my house, now. At the windows. I close all of the blinds, but I always look outside. He only comes at night, but I'm starting to see him in the daytime, too.

I don't think his eyes are darkened. I think they're just... gone.

He follows me wherever I go. I see him at work, so I don't go there anymore. I see him outside, not always but even when I don't, I always feel him there. I don't go outside anymore. I don't go anywhere.

I love everyone's artwork for Slender Man. You guys are awesome.

I've been practicing designs for him for days, but this is the only one I drew digitally. My sketched concept artwork comes out better than any finished piece I've done.

OcioTime.com



re.com

I'm going to keep tweaking my designs, but I felt compelled to share what I have so far.

Am I alone when I think of a monster, and get kind of disappointed that all it does to its victims is kill them? Yeah, sure, it's scary-looking, but a person can kill you, too. But something about monsters that I've always liked is that they evoke a deeper fear than just that of death. Like they just snatch you away, and nobody ever sees you again.

Nobody knows where it is you are taken to, but nobody ever comes backs, and everybody agrees it's generally a horrible place. And maybe in this place, you can't die. And maybe you also don't need organs or skin or even a body, really, and that's why yours has now been nicely wrapped up and hung in a tree.

OcioTime.com



om

I do suppose he's coming along.

I think the Slender Man takes the finger-bones of his victims and adds them to his own hands, so his fingers get ever longer, thinner, and more flexible.

Better to catch you with, my dear.

Abandon All Hope posted:

This is a great picture, but I'm not sure I understand what's so scary about "Slender Man."

I mean what's his angle? That he stalks you, or does creepy things? Thusfar I just see an abnormally tall guy who has mildly retarded, squid-like tentacle arms.

I think he's a throwback to eerie childhood fantasies. Slederman's not necessarily a threatening entity but he is unsettling in his perceived omnipotence and inhuman qualities. When I see rinski's rendering I'm reminded of staying the night in my grandmother's house in the country. She used to tell us stories about hermits and demons that lived in the woods behind her fields. Sometimes we'd wander into the fields and look into the trees for hours, waiting for movement, wondering if we were watching something we couldn't see.

I really like rinski's drawing. It reminded me of the illustrations in the old book series "Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark."

I was just thinking, maybe it's time we had one of these...



JossiRossi posted:

Any way we can get the audio from people calling in to Coast to Coast? I'd be interested to hear what people are saying. If they do a segment on it then I really want to know when that would be as well.

Theres a service you can pay for to access all of the Coast To Coast AM show archives.

Here's a link to last night's show summary:
<http://www.coasttocoastam.com/show/2009/11/06>

"Nick, a 17-year-old from California, described the Slender Man -- a shadow man-type figure, very thin, with unnaturally long limbs, and wearing a black suit. Nick likened his appearance to Jack Skellington from the animated movie, *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, and said his girlfriend had seen him once when she was young. According to legend, the Slender Man seeks to kidnap children."

If I remember correctly, another 2 or 3 people also called to explain encounters with the Slender Man as well.

Am I alone in not finding slenderman scary at all? I wish I could get scared reading awesome stories like when I was a kid, but nothing seems to do it for me anymore.

SCARED by him? No, I've walked through many a dark, wooded area since this thread cropped up and I've been perfectly fine.
I still find him AWESOME though. There is a careful distinction to be made there.

Well, we're all talking about creepy encounters and stuff. 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."

Also, just finished reading the whole thread.

I really like the Slenderman idea.

Don't know how cannon it is but, with all the pictures we have seen of him with both arms or tentacles, I keep imagining that he only has the tentacles.

I imagine that he just winds them about themselves so that they appear to be arms and hands. When he wants to they just unravel.

Ie. Imagine your hand splitting down between each finger and then up to your shoulder leaving 5 tentacle like appendages. This might explain the unnatural length.

I also like the idea of him actually wearing clothes roughly contemporary to the era in which he is in (rather than it being skin) as a kind of mockery of us. Perhaps it amuses him.

What materials those clothes are made from is another matter of course.

I prefer the idea of him not actually wearing the clothes. He's more chameleon like. He's just trying to approximate the human form, but of course being as alien as he is to us, he doesn't understand what the "important" features are or how to get them right, really. Hence the lack of any real discernible facial features. And of course his motivations for attempting to blend in are of course incomprehensible to us. Our minds cannot comprehend his, and likewise his can't comprehend ours. His motivations are unknowable.

By far the greatest thing about Slenderman is that he is whatever he needs to be to whoever is thinking about him. There's not really any such thing as "cannon" when it comes to Slenderman. *He is what he must be.* 🤖

GUYS

Forget what you thought you knew about The Slender Man. It's far worse than you thought.

A couple hours ago, I was walking my dog Jenny. I live in a community that caters to tourists during the summer, but is a complete ghost town the rest of the year. All the buildings were dark. There wasn't a sign of life on the streets.

As we were walking along, I noticed that it was getting foggy. That wasn't that odd this time of year. But when I heard the sounds of laughing children, I immediately knew what was coming and started to run.

I ran faster than I ever ran in my life. Even Jenny couldn't get past me I was going so fast. We were racing down the middle of the street heading for home.

Then *he appeared*.

Now pay attention because this is important. He didn't just shuffle into view. He *turned* and was there.

He stood there before me, at least 15 feet in height. The black suit was there, but it didn't look like clothing. It looked like it was part of his body. His face was not a face at all, just slits where the eyes and mouth should be. But that wasn't the worst part. That wasn't the part that led me to hurl my dog into his waiting tentacles. It was that his body-his whole body-was undulating in the breeze. *Undulating...*

As soon as I got inside, I locked the door and stuffed every sheet and towel in the house under all the doors. Even though I had just sacrificed my dog to save my rear end, my mind was still reliving the horrible, mind-altering truth.

The Slender Man doesn't just stretch. He can flatten. He flattened himself so thin that I couldn't see him from the side until he *turned and faced me directly*.

My doorbell rang but I just ignored it. gently caress you, it's my day off! I'm sleeping in...

What?

🤖 Oh no oh no I'm not home!



But then my sister opened the door, Turns out, he had brought cookies!

Also, I've found out he does have a face.



Good God that is both adorable and horrifying at the same time.
I like the idea of his face being a smaller Slender Man, though, for when he really doesn't want to put in the effort.

Further Mystery of the artist Josef Franz

Reuters

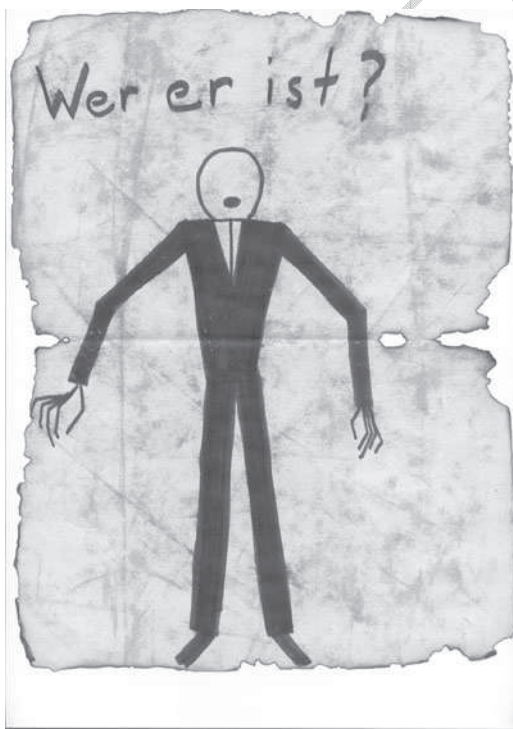
Historians and conservators working at the All Saints Monastery in Wittenburg have come across documents that may explain part of the mystery surrounding artist Josef Franz, while creating even more of a mystery. Josef Franz was a fifteen-year-old artist in Wittenberg, considered by many to be an artistic 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.

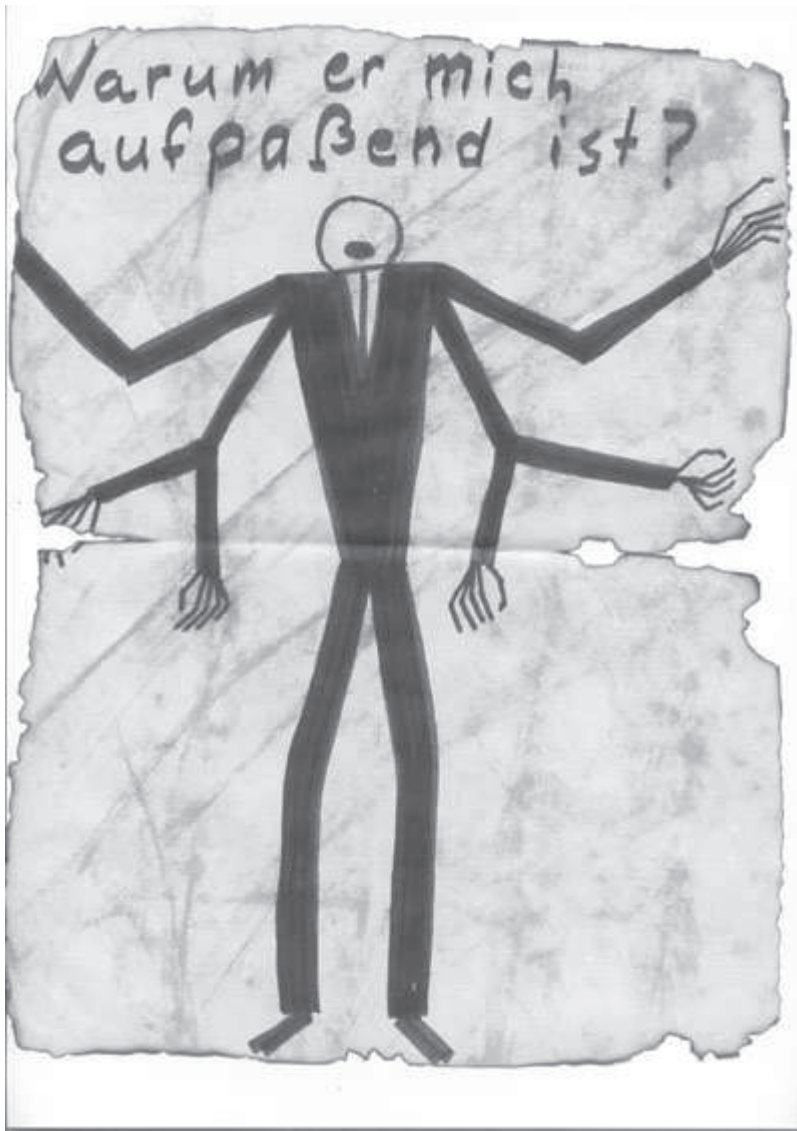
The drawings done by Franz so disturbed Maynard that he began having trouble sleeping. He describes vivid hallucinations and mentions the "Other visitor to Franz, the one that waits below his window in the tower". He describes this unknown visitor as "Wearing strange clothes, a black-and-white Jester's 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.

After dropping off a load of laundry building's basement laundry room, I stopped outside to take a couple of pictures - it's a warm night for Michigan November, and I really like taking long exposure night shots. The woods behind the apartment building look nice when they're lit by the street lamps.

Anyway, the camera, an old digital Canon, didn't work right.

In these two, colored lines appeared. The light traces are just from me bouncing the camera a little (I was holding it, not using a tripod). You can tell because the traces all show the same pattern.



I took this next pair the same way, taking more care to hold the camera steady. The first one is about like you'd expect - same error.

I don't have any editing software to rotate it properly. Sorry about that. The cars at the right of these pictures are the same ones at the back of the previous two photos.



These next two were taken the same way. I changed no settings and did nothing different.

again, same photo from the same position

The light traces can't be like the ones in the first pair. The sources don't match - they'd have to have been moving differently to produce the effects they did, and in any case, the cars would be totally blurred out if I'd moved the camera body that much over the quarter-second exposure. I don't even begin to comprehend how the light movements happened. There was nothing that my eye could pick up. Anyway, I thought of some of the marble hornets videos, got a little shivery, and decided that getting inside and away from the woods would be the best part of valor.

Then I decided to take a photo inside.
The living room:



The hall to my bedroom:



I'm really unnerved now. The camera will only take pictures like this. I'm hoping that whatever caused the camera to freak out was a one time incident with lasting effects. The other option is too scary to contemplate.

I didn't see the slenderman. I'm hoping not too.

I'm dreading going back out and down to the basement to get my laundry.

EDIT: I just took these tonight, and I'm only now looking at them closely. I don't know whether I'm glad that I used the low quality setting or not. Larger images might mean a better view of the woods. I'm trying to decide whether that would be a good thing.

When I was little, around 9 or 10 years old, I dreamed of a tall, slender man dressed in a black suit and tie. Every night for *weeks*. I've always remembered the dreams, but I never remembered the sleepwalking--my parents told me recently that I spent weeks sleepwalking to their room, sitting at the foot of their bed, and muttering a quiet conversation they couldn't decipher.

In the dreams, the tall man came to my house, tapped on my window, entered, and killed my family. I watched as he bit off their heads, chewed them up with a ghastly crunching sound, and swallowed with an audible *gulp*. He then grinned at me with his bloodstained needle-teeth, and simply left.

I've read this whole thread and the Slender Man really taps into those childhood dreams. I haven't gone outside in the dark since I started reading about it, except to go to work and come home. I don't even look out the windows after dark. (And it gets dark so *early* nowadays.)

So, a combination "good job" and "gently caress you for life" to everyone who has posted pictures and stories. (Especially those photographs taken in the fog...oh god 🙄)

(This is actually true. In my dreams, he was called the Headman. He even drove a black Lincoln Town Car with a vanity plate on the front that read "HEADMAN"--that's how he gets to your house, drives right into the driveway with his snazzy car. The utter ridiculousness of this lessens the terror of neither the Headman dreams nor the associations my damned brain has made between the Headman and Slendy.)

And here's a little gift to show my appreciation for the thread. It isn't about the Slender Man or the Rake, but they both inspired it.

She awakes, moaning, damp hair clinging to her cheeks.

She struggles to catch her ragged breath, inhaling and exhaling deeply, as if to physically expel the memory of her dream. None of this should be surprising by now; every night brings a fresh nightmare, and every morning a desperate awakening. It's just that there seems to be so much damned *variety* in her dreams. After a lifetime of fitful sleep visited by an ever-changing cavalcade of monsters, her only creative ability seems to be dreaming up new horrors each night. Demons, dragons, Martians, serial killers, deep sea creatures, beloved pets turned rabid, bizarre twists of mundane circumstance - all have taken part in robbing her of restful sleep, for as long as she can remember.

She stumbles to the bathroom, turns on the light, and looks at her haggard reflection in the large mirror - the dark circles around her eyes, the too-prominent cheekbones, the

pale skin - and whispers, no more. Please, no more.

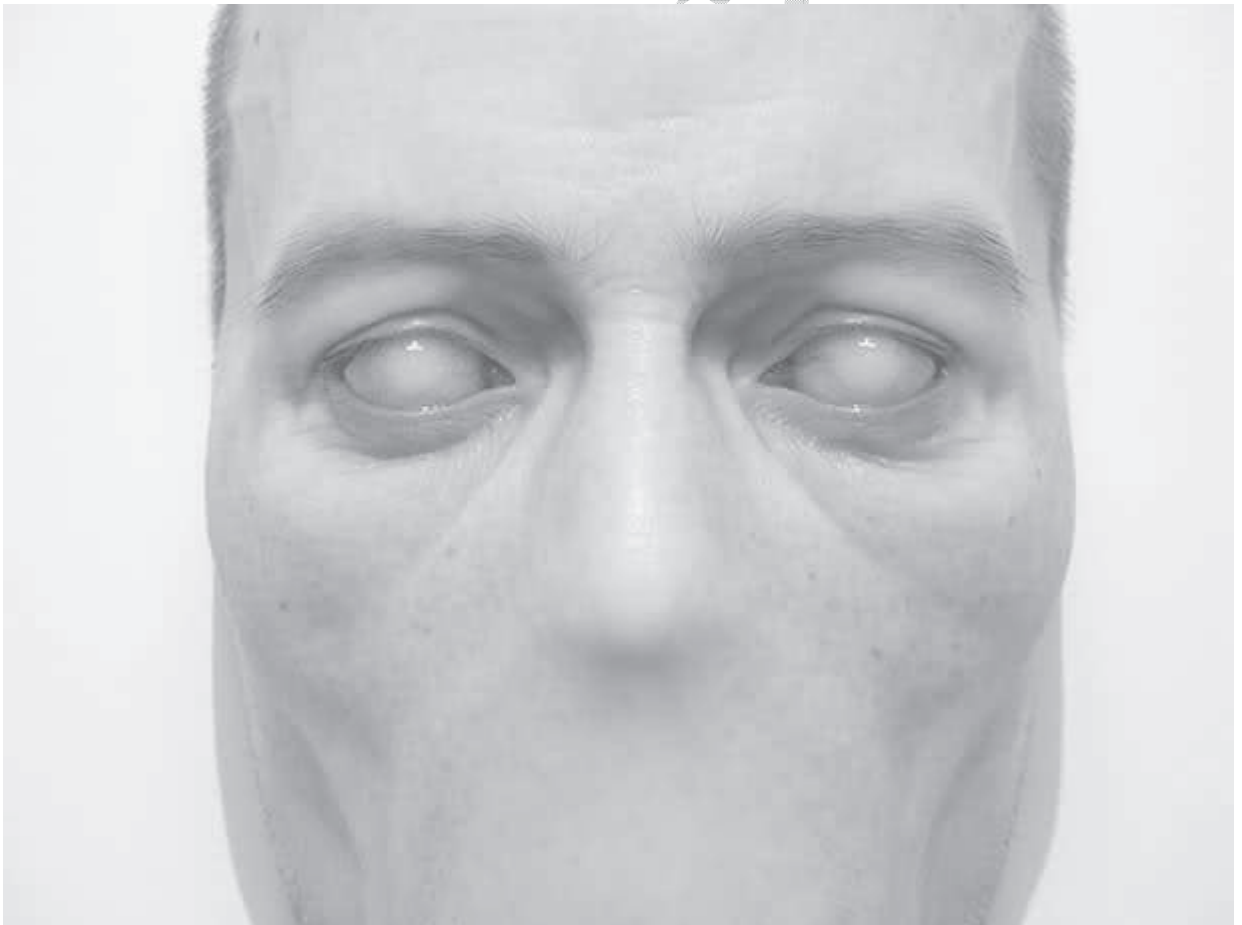
The doctor gives her a prescription - a bottle of tiny white lozenge-shaped pills. Take one just as you're going to bed, he says, and you'll sleep peacefully all night. If you have any dreams, you probably won't even remember them.

Gratefully, she swallows a tiny pill, chases it with cool water, and climbs into bed.

Her sleep is blessedly sweet and deep and dreamless; and if there are any dark things scuttling around the edges of her consciousness, she does not notice them.

Be thankful for the demons, the dragons, the monsters that haunt your nightmares and awaken you so suddenly. It may be that they are guardians, however fearsome, who keep more monstrous things at bay. Perhaps it is during your most unguarded, your most relaxed, your most serene and dreamless nights, that the dark scuttling things may find their opportunity at last.

Found this online. Thought I'd share it with the rest of you.



I have making the commute to my school 200 times per year since 1991. My path takes me through Moreno Valley, California. Right where the 60 meets the 215 there was a huge nursery. When I first started working at the school the nursery was a nice going venture. I even bought some plants there.

It went out of business about 15 years ago, and has set abandoned ever since. I have watched it slowly decay over the intervening years. It has been a haven for the homeless and a hangout for goths. A few years ago somebody cut a hole in the fence that separates the property from the freeway.

Then somebody added an interesting quote:

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I've seen this for the past year. Today, I decided to add something more:



And here's how it looks from the freeway:



This is single handedly one of the best supernatural mythos I've ever read. The only problem is the dreams. They started out innocently enough, if it can be considered as such. Walking down my street after going to the store for a late night pack of cigarettes or random energy drink and on the way back home hearing twigs crack and fallen leaves crunch underfoot but hearing it echo close behind as if I were being followed. Looking over my shoulder I see him, just outside the ring of light from the street lamps. He would just be standing there watching me, I would start to hear children giggling, after a few tense seconds of staring I would simply turn around and break rear end back to the house. I can deal with those dreams, my mind just combining my last few actions of the day and the idea of one of most terrifying creatures imaginable.

Now my dream from Saturday night was truly excruciating. The night itself started storming early that evening around 5:00 PM, normally not so bad but I've been reading the thread and kept hearing the trees next around the house swaying in the wind and occasionally scrapping the roof. Next thing I know there's a loud tapping on the

windows on the side of my house, and my dog faces them and starts raising hell I throw the blinds open and I see something, not sure if it was a tree or something else. What could be called an act of sheer stupidity; I ran outside with nothing more than a flashlight and hammer I went to investigate. Luckily enough it was just a tree that decided that a dark stormy night was the best time to let loose it's over abundance of acorns on my house. After a quick smoke and cup of warm milk I decide to turn in for the night.

Now I don't typically remember my dreams to well but this one stands out in my mind even after a couple days. The dream starts off with me in my hometown walking around at dusk. I find myself walking to my old middle school. When I reach the front entrance I stop dead in my tracks. The lights in the front lobby are off so I can't see too far in. All of a sudden I get a feeling of dread, hopelessness, and failure and the lights start to turn on all over the school. As I stood there looking at my alma mater I realized what happened. He came and got everybody. No child or member of faculty was left untouched. There was blood everywhere and thin strips of flesh covering the walls and floor. As I stood outside the doors I fell to my knees and started crying. Knowing that even though I was aware of his existence only warning people would have created more casualties. I think the most disturbing part is the sheer hopelessness that I felt at knowing there was I could have done to help anyone.

Sorry for such a massive post but once I got started it was hard to stop.

If I lived within 100 miles of you I'd march right down there, steal the cutout, and use heavy workboots to leave footprints trailing off into the forest.

Y'know. Because I care.

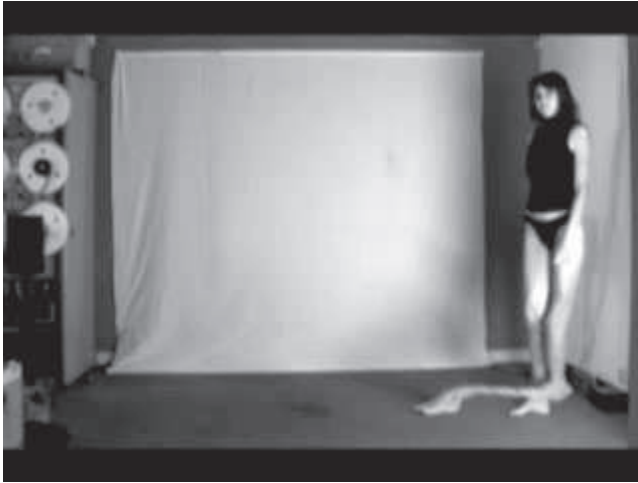
Mr. Fowl posted:

It's like white latex stretched over a human skull.

Also, you mentioned that Slenderman is stuck in your head. I can't imagine this is a good sign, given the mythos. Have you been following Marblehornets?

Well I kind of imagine that it's sort of an illusion of a human cranium, if he turns his head to profile and it's still flat, someone mentioned that the suit was a camouflage to fit into the 'human world' and I sort of liked that.

Yeah, I've developed a fear of going through the house when it's dark, I've been following Marble Hornets for some time now. Didn't really know if I should post my Slenderman pictures in the Marble Hornets thread, since most people seem to be hanging in this thread to or not that interested in fan art for him.



ugh, slenderman... 🤔

I'm new to somethingawful, so I made the mistake of skimming through this thread and looking at all the slenderman pics (again, 🤔) late at night with the lights off.

So, today, I visited a client with dementia (I'm a social worker), and he kept telling me "The Tall Man's comin'...", which apparently he repeats ad nauseum all day every day.



Holy crap, 46 pages down. What am I supposed to do with my evenings now? 🤔

I thought I was doing very well vis a vis: not freaking out about the Slender Man, until I left my bedroom and came back to it this morning. Now, I have up at the moment a tall drying rack with my laundry hanging down, which means a lot of black clothes, and an unfortunately-positioned head-sized white towel hanging from the top. I think you can tell where I'm going with this.

Came back upstairs with my cereal, opened my bedroom door, SLENDER MAN IN MY BEDROOM.

I nearly had a heart attack. Hell, it even scared me in the next few moments, when I opened my door again in *full knowledge* that the drying rack was right behind it.

This is your fault. I hate you all.

At least my nights are safe. I'm having the occasional Slender Man dream, but they're not actually scary at all. I'm not someone being stalked by him. I *am* him, skating on the fog and scaring the poo poo out of a lot of poor bastards with cameras. It's damned fun, I tell you what.

Ensign_Ricky posted:

Ok, final version of my first trailer attempt. Feedback welcome.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5yllKi4KjLM>

I like the font, but I can't help feeling it's a little too jaunty for a Slender Man movie. Love the way it slides on screen, though. Can you make it slide off like that as well?

Using the Martin Luther picture kind of killed my suspension of belief. ☹️ It's just such a famous image, and so easy to find the un-shopped original. Which is a shame, because the stuff it leads into with the kids' drawings and Josef Franz getting locked away is awesome.

Having the music briefly die at "but the Slender Man remains" was really cool.

I'd love to see it with audio distortion and jumped frames, but I don't want to just say "copy Marble Hornets". Sadly, what's justified in a handheld video camera tape wouldn't make so much sense in a digitally created and polished trailer. Although those things *are* caused by the almighty Slender Man...

...now I'm imagining a trailer uploaded with a spot of audio distortion and suchlike, and a note in the sidebar saying that the upload keeps going screwy and so this is a placeholder until you manage to get one working flawlessly.

But you never do. Because Slender Man likes to maintain creative input into productions bearing his name. 🤖

I know this is kind of late and stupid but it gave me nightmares so I suppose it counts.

On Christmas Eve I was walking up to church with my family (The one time a year I actually go) and since it had been several weeks since I stopped reading this thread, I was cooling down a little. Then in the field outside my house I noticed a really tall thin shape, with a white blob on top. None of my family members seemed to notice, so I eyed it pretty warily as we got closer.

Turns out someone on my street had built an 8-foot tall snowman, extremely thin and with the shape of a creepy smile hacked into his featureless head.

Everyone thought it was creepy but I shat a brick. So thank you GBS for ruining christmas 🤖

I am but sad I didn't take a photo, as it was gone the next day...

It could just be me; but I'm starting to find that slender man isn't all that creepy lately. It's like he is being stretched out too much. I think it's more creepy just having the 6'5" - 6'11" well dressed suited faceless man. The more normal he appears at the weird places is what makes it creepy. Like in Halloween movies where Myers is just standing in

background still.

The art-work is cool people, it's just my 2 cents on the slender man concept.

Maybe it just isn't creepy because there's nothing really scary about some tall thing dressed in a suit. Maybe if it showed some kind of pain, agony, sadness, had some context, or was at least naked (to explain that some "paranormal" being wasn't really going for a fashion statement) it would be a little creepy. Sorry to be Buzzkillian McGee.

Over use, and lack of context have negated his creepiness. I was most freaked out not by what I read here, but where my mind went from there.



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