If you stand alone at the corner of Church St. and Market St. in Charleston, South Carolina at 3 AM, you see a man coming down Church St. wearing a black hat and black cape with stringy white hair and weathered skin. He'll stop at one of the two corners directly across from where you are standing and start to walk the corner directly opposite from where he is standing. When he reaches about halfway (dead center of the intersection) and nobody else has arrived, he'll stop, turn, and look directly at you.

If you do not blink for roughly 20-30 seconds he'll tip his hat to you and walk along his way, disappearing into the dark shadows of the trees that line the streets. Nobody knows what happens if you follow him.

If you do blink before he tips his hat, the very first thing you will see is the man standing directly in front of you. He'll grin maliciously at you and draw a blade hidden in the shaft of the cane and slash you across your throat, but you will not feel a thing. You will, however, pass out and remain in a comatose state until the sun rises over the horizon.

For the next six nights, you will have a recurring dream of the man walking down the street, appearing suddenly before you, and slashing your throat. On the seventh night, the events will replay the same up until he stops in the middle of the intersection. At this point, he'll say, "It's been fun playing with you, boy, but now it's time for you to go. Don't ever let me see you again." He'll then tip his hat and walk away before you wake up.

Nobody knows what happens if you visit the corner a second time.