



## WITNESS STATEMENT

WITNESS NAME: THOMAS WEAVER  
STREET ADDRESS: XXXXXXXXXX  
CITY/STATE/ZIP XXXXXXXXXX  
PHONE NUMBER: XXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
POSITION: OFFICER  
DATE TAKEN: 1995-10-31

I, the undersigned, make the following statement voluntary, without threat, duress, or promise of reward:

So we split from the group going upstairs and we all just have a bad feeling. There are four of us: Bruce Keegan, Eddy Price, Marty Tory, and me, and we knew something wasn't right because everyone looked nervous. People don't just shoot at firemen and disappear. We stack and look down the staircase to the basement, and start to move down. I was second in line headed down and we're trying to be quiet so all you can really hear is the sound of the fire upstairs but when you got to the basement it was just dull, like you couldn't hear anything. Like the walls were sucking up all of the sound and you could hear your hair growing, that kind of thing. The basement wasn't fully finished, mostly drywall and a concrete floor, and the staircase was right in the center of the room so on either side you can look around and be exposed, not a great spot to be in. But we know we have to push and we know how to do it safely. We signal for two of us to go for either side so no one is alone.

I'm set to be on the left with Eddy, and Bruce and Marty are ready to swing out to the right side. There was one door and then another door to get through before you were in the basement proper - i knew as my kid and I volunteered earlier this fall. We get to the bottom step and then open into that small room between the doors, closing the one behind us. We try the second door, and then immediately there's a

I have read my statement as documented above (and if applicable, on continuation pages), and to the best of my knowledge and belief, it is true and correct.

Thomas Weaver  
SIGNATURE

1995-10-31  
DATE



bang and Marty is hit, he lets out a loose shot, and then he drops and is on his side. He shoots again and hits whoever shot him I guess because then there's a yell and some crashing, and then Marty keeps shooting and it's quiet for a second so Eddy and I get on the basement level and look for concealment. We each find something and then sweep the room. I look back to call to Eddy, I was in front of him, when I hear the door in front of us on the far wall open and then I see him get blown clear, and he's down quick without a second breath. I keep down and look back and there's bullets coming my way every couple of seconds, when I hear Bruce yell at someone to drop the gun before he fires, then fires again. Someone was down and they weren't getting back up.

We take a second to make sure there's no one else in the room with us, and we close the door behind us but Marty is bleeding badly and Eddy is gone. Marty says he can wait, and to finish clearing, so we believe him and do. Bruce and I start to make our way to that last back door. We turn lights on and hold them forward and open the door and the room was small, it had a hot water heater and that's it, but the back wall had been broken out and past it was a sort of tunnel. Whoever had been here had been here long and they were doing a lot of work. The tunnel was lit with candles here and there, it was really spooky, and way down the tunnel there was a sort of glow, like a bigger room had been dug out. We stay low and move slowly, it's all we can do since it's just two of us and who knows how many of anyone else, and Bruce is just two steps ahead of me.

As we get down the tunnel, it's hard to describe but everything just felt oppressive, like you were fighting with something in your mind. I felt the hairs on my neck stand up and Bruce isn't looking too good, you can tell he's starting to get antsy but we don't say anything and keep our feet moving forward. The floor beneath us got damp, then mushy almost, like guts or flesh or something were growing right out of the dirt around us. A horrible stink snuck up on us and we didn't even realize we were covering our noses until it was almost unbearable. It felt like an eternity walking down the hallway, and by the end of it I wasn't even fully sure how long had passed by. Bruce looks at me and we nod, and I understood him fully in that moment, I



can't describe it. We just knew what was going to happen, and then we turn the corner. We peek and there's this sort of platform on the far wall, with roots or ivy or something growing all over the far wall and more of the flesh everywhere. The candles made everything glow a bright orange, it was really eerie. We turn the corner and no one had their eyes on us, they were looking towards that altar and someone was reading from a book but it wasn't English, nothing I could make out. Something big and nasty and fleshy was on the center table, I couldn't describe it if you gave me a year. It was twisting around itself in this writhing mass and in the flicker of the candles it was hard to really understand what I was looking at, but at the same time I couldn't take my eyes off of it. No one could, everyone was just staring.

Bruce raises his shotgun to shoot, but then he looks at it in his hands like he's not sure what he should do. As we're both looking a shot rings and he just stands in disbelief, and then another rips him, and we look over and one of the people had an old bolt action rifle they were using and shooting at Bruce. I quickly fire three times and hit him, the girl yells "BENNY" and then all hell breaks loose. the thing on the stand just sort of explodes, is the best way to word it. All these roots or tentacles or arms or whatever reach out and just grab at anything - they anchor into the walls, it grabs one or two of the people standing there, and they scream bloody murder as soon as it touches them, like it was burning them or something. I take another shot at the guy who was reading and he just folded down right away, no fightleft in him I guess.

I try to look at Bruce but he's already on the ground with a sucking wound in his chest, and he points to the door with such a real fear in his eyes, and again it was like we knew everything the other was thinking, and we wanted me to get out fast. I don't even remember anything after that, only that I was in the front yard, covered in sweat and soot and blood and the whole house was all up in flames. None of the firemen knew how the hell I got out of the house, they said I walked out super calm with my clothes on fire, no flinching or anything, but I don't remember it at all.