



Burkittsville History Museum

INCIDENT REPORTS

FILER

Anthony Rapinoe

DESCRIPTION OF INDIVIDUAL

N/A

DESCRIPTION OF INCIDENT

Late last night, at around 9:15 p.m., I began to hear what sounded like a voice coming from the basement. I was the only staff member on duty, I'd already made sure that the building was clear of patrons, and I'm always sure to keep the door to the basement firmly locked.

As soon as I managed to convince myself that I had imagined the voice the first time, I heard it again. This time, I could swear that it said my name. I called out back to it, saying something along the lines of "Who's there? The museum is closed, you need to leave." I received no response for a long moment, but then I heard what was clearly the sound of laughter echoing up from the basement.

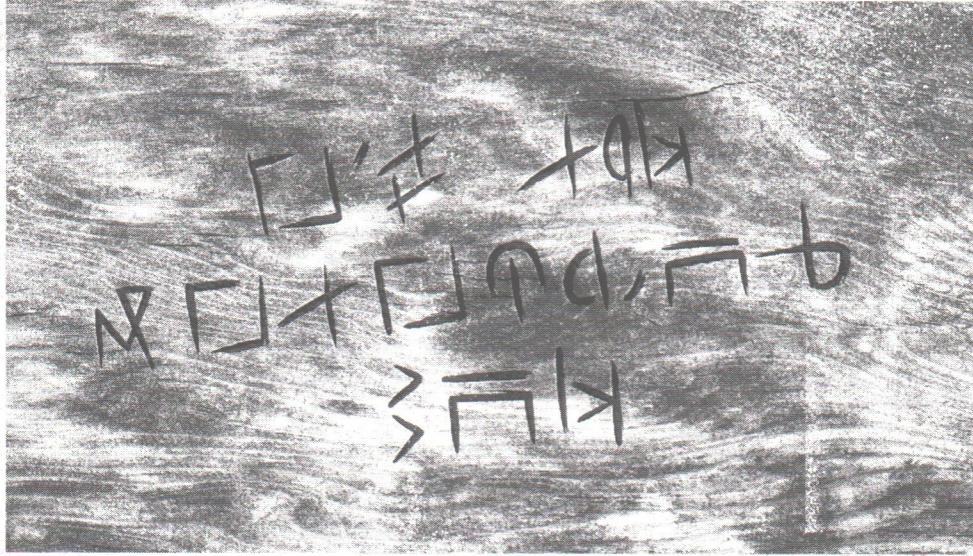
At that point, because I was feeling more than a little spooked, I grabbed the heaviest object on my desk as a potential weapon. It was a volume of the encyclopedia. Then, I followed the ominous noise to the basement door.

When I reached the locked door, I could clearly hear someone or something moving around mere inches behind it. There was a slow scratching noise, like metal on wood. But when I opened the door, all I could see was the empty stairwell leading down into pitch darkness. Then, I heard footsteps and shuffling coming from somewhere inside that darkness. I loudly announced that the museum was closed again, that anyone present would have to leave immediately, and that I was about to call the sheriff. There was no reply, but the sound of footsteps continued and started to head up the stairs and toward me.

That's when I chucked the encyclopedia down the stairs as hard as I could, slammed the basement door shut, and locked it. Then, I phoned the Sheriff's Office. Deputy Weathers was dispatched and arrived less than five minutes later. He looked around the basement, declared that there was nothing there, and made a frankly disparaging comment about my masculinity before leaving.

It was only after Deputy Weathers left, when I reluctantly went to retrieve the damaged encyclopedia, that I noticed the below symbols carved into a section of the topmost basement stair. I photographed the evidence and promptly left the building.

I'm attaching a photograph of the carvings I found as evidence:





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DESCRIPTION OF INDIVIDUAL

I only got a quick glimpse of the individual from behind. It was a male, around 6'2" in height, but it was difficult to tell because he was slouching very heavily. He was wearing a long, filthy coat and mudstained boots. He moved with a loping gait.

DESCRIPTION OF INCIDENT

About two hours ago, at around 10:00 p.m., I witnessed an unknown individual trespassing in the museum.

I was searching through the attic's storage section, looking for anything that we might want to include in the upcoming Civil War in Burkittsville exhibit, when I felt something strange happen. The air in the room seemed to become drastically colder all of a sudden, and I was overcome with the sinking feeling that I wasn't alone.

Then, I turned around and I saw that, in fact, there was someone crouching down about five feet away from me, rifling through a storage cabinet. His back was turned to me, but I gasped loudly when I saw him and it was clear from his body language that he knew that I was there.

When the stranger heard me gasp, he slowly stood up. Then, he just walked away, not turning around or acknowledging me at all. He climbed down the attic stairs and, fearing for my safety and frankly unable to move, I made zero attempt to pursue him. I huddled in a corner of the attic clutching an antique bayonet, called the Sheriff's Office, and remained where I sat until Deputy Weathers arrived.

Weathers searched the museum up and down three times alongside me, but we didn't find any evidence of the man I had seen. We also didn't find any sign of breaking and entering. All possible entrances to the museum were locked when we searched them. Deputy Weathers then had the nerve to threaten to write me up for wasting police resources.

After Weathers left, I went to check on the storage cabinet that the intruder had been looking through. It's mostly dedicated to oral transcriptions of nineteenth and twentieth century folktales, but also contains a few samples of jewelry and other apparel from the time period.

After cross-referencing the cabinet's contents with our inventory, I can confirm that nothing was stolen from the cabinet. However, it appears that one item has been added to it. It appears to be a talisman made from sticks and twine, shaped roughly like a human figure. Objects like this have occasionally appeared around town close to the time of an unexplained death or disappearance.

I am going to go home now, and I am going to take a personal day tomorrow.