



# CREEKSIDE TIMBER Co.

## INCIDENT REPORT

CATEGORY: Violence

FILER: John Martell

DATE: May 4th, 1956

Loggers Daniel Calder and Edward McCune engaged in a vicious fistfight today during their lunch break.

I can recount what I saw of the fight, that Mr. Calder stormed into the lunchroom and, seemingly unprovoked, attacked Mr. McCune. The fight quickly escalated, and the onlookers certainly did not help. We have had fights here before, but this particular altercation was remarkably vicious, with both men sustaining severe bruising, multiple cuts, and several deep bite marks. Mr. Calder also appears to have cracked a rib and has lost four of his teeth.

As I was pulling the two men apart, I could hear Mr. Calder shouting at Mr. McCune that he needed to stop talking about the children, that "she" could hear everything that he said, and that he didn't want to draw "her" attention.

Both men were sent home to cool off, and their pay has been docked for the day.



# CREEKSIDE TIMBER Co.

## INCIDENT REPORT

CATEGORY: Trespassing

FILED: Henry Kent

DATE: May 16th, 1956

I noticed evidence of trespassing in the logging area while doing normal rounds just before sundown. I investigated a series of scuffling noises that began inside the mill and moved outdoors. I pointed my flashlight into the woods, and though I could see nothing with its beam, the noises continued. What began as a low rustling I might have mistaken for raccoons, to me seemed to change into something resembling muffled voices.

Taking one of the high-powered equipment lights in an attempt to frighten off any potential trespassers, I shone it in the direction of the north hill, where I caught temporary sight of the intruder.

I glimpsed the intruder for a moment and saw only a large, pale person. At the distance I saw him, I couldn't tell if he was wearing tight, skin-toned clothing, or if he was nude. He was, however, moving incredibly fast, at the crest of the north hill. The being ran over the hill and further into the woods.



# CREEKSIDE TIMBER Co.

## INCIDENT REPORT

CATEGORY: Vandalism to Company Property

FILER: John Martell

DATE: June 18th, 1956

Amelia Hooper came running into the mill from her lunch break, which she'd taken in town, and reported to me that someone had vandalised every single car in the mill's parking lot. I followed her out into the lot and found that she was right; every single car and truck in the lot was covered bumper-to-bumper in dents the size of baseballs, and there was glass all over the gravel. And around every car were small stones. It's conceivable that someone could have wound up a good pitch and dented metal with rocks of those sizes, but who could it have been? And when?

Even with all the machinery going, someone would have noticed. There are always men working near the front of the building, which is filled with windows. I even found a few who said they were there right before Amelia came in, and they didn't see or hear a thing.

Strangely, though, there was one pile of rocks that had been stacked perfectly right in front of James Berman's car. What a thing.



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## INCIDENT REPORT

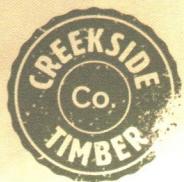
CATEGORY: Witness Report

FILER: John Martell

DATE: June 18th, 1956

Dictated from the verbal testament of Edward Daniels:

"Thanks for taking this down, Mr. Martell. I don't know if I could... So, anyway, James was there, right next to Henry, Henry Kent, when it happened. He looked kind of shell-shocked, James. I don't know if anything brought it on. I just happened to be carrying another axe down to Adam. I saw James out of the corner of my eye just standing there. I didn't know what he was up to, if something was happening, but he looked off into the woods. It seemed like he was listening to something. I saw him do this little nod. And then... James just jammed his right arm straight into the chipper and kept pressing it in. He just kept pressing it further and further down, even when a few of the men grabbed onto him and tried to pull him away. He'd mangled his arm almost up to the shoulder by the time someone had the wherewithal to switch the damn thing off. We tried to help stop the bleeding but he just kept struggling and yelling something about doing what's asked of him. He bled out just before the ambulance arrived. It happened at three o'clock on the dot. Did you notice ? Look at your watch. Every clock in this place stopped working the second his hand hit those blades."



# CREEKSIDE TIMBER Co.

## INCIDENT REPORT

CATEGORY: Employee Health

FILER: John Martell

DATE: June 25th, 1956

Dictated from the verbal testament of Adam Barrett:

"I've been having dreams about James's death almost every single night since it happened. Dreams where I can always hear a man calling for help from somewhere in the forest. Maybe it's James. I can always hear him screaming, and even though I can't see him, I somehow know in my heart that he's trapped underneath a gigantic white tree. Sometimes in these dreams, I run into the forest to find him, but no matter which direction I go, I never can. And whenever I wake up from one of these dreams, I always find leaves and sticks in my bed. Like I've been sleepwalking. Except my feet are never dirty. And listen, I know that this might seem like something I shouldn't be coming to you about, John, but we've worked together for nearly ten years and I need someone to know that lately I haven't just been hearing the screaming in my dreams at night. I've been hearing it in the distance, whenever I go out in the woods. None of the other men can hear them, nobody will go out to look for where they're coming from with me, and there's no way in hell I'm going out there alone. So I've just been going about my work, day after day, trying to ignore the screaming. I've gotta tell you, I'm nearly at the end of my rope."

It's not just the screaming. I've been seeing body parts everywhere over the past few weeks, and nobody else can see them. Severed arms lying on the ground when I'm outside, seared fingers floating in my coffee. Sometimes I look down to see my own hands falling off as though they're gangrenous, and then I blink, and they're fine again.

Last night, I dreamed that my right thumb, forefinger, and middle finger were collected by a creature that was as pale as a corpse. I thought that it might've been James, since it was wearing his clothes, but I couldn't tell for sure because its face had rotted off. The other boys are dreaming about things like that, too. They don't say it aloud, but I can tell from how quickly they change the subject when I try to tell them about my own dreams. Maybe they're seeing things during the day too and just won't admit it. I can't be the only one losing my mind around here."



# CREEKSIDE TIMBER Co.

## INCIDENT REPORT

CATEGORY: Reprimand

FILER: John Martell

DATE: July 2nd, 1956

Edward McCune was discovered in the late evening setting fire to various areas of the lumber mill.

I had forgotten something at the mill, and when I entered the building I discovered McCune pouring gasoline onto a table and holding a lighter. I moved to confiscate both the gasoline and the lighter immediately, and he did not resist. I started pressing him about his actions, and he just calmly asked me to help him. He said he was doing his part to keep the boys safe, and that he was almost finished, but that he had one more fire to set before the building was safe. I realized the implication of his statement and immediately began to run through the building.

When I found and began stomping out the first fire, which was thankfully relatively small, McCune became angry. He tried to physically prevent me from extinguishing the flames, and then, when it became clear that I could overpower him, he tried to beg me to leave the fires burning instead. At that point, I decked him square across the face, and he passed out. I left him on the ground and continued to check the building for fires. All in all, I managed to find and put out four separate fires in total.

Once I was sure the building was safe, I found McCune again. He was right where I had left him, though he had regained consciousness. He seemed unfazed, even offered to provide an explanation for his activities: "It's not safe out there in the dark, Johnny. I was just making it okay so the boys could go to work in the morning. You know, if we let it stay dark in here too long, they're gonna creep in."

When I asked him specifically what it was he was trying to prevent, he seemed unable to put it into words. He was only able to tell me it was something related to the woods.

It practically goes without saying, but I of course terminated McCune's employment and reported him to the police for arson.