

# THE DARK TIDE DOSSIER





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*Notes on strange / paranormal events happening in Portsmouth,  
by Carys Llangibby.*

Since March there has been a wave of strange / inexplicable / paranormal phenomena occurring here. People are being affected by it.

They feel powerless.

Ground down. Afraid.

Families falling apart. And more.

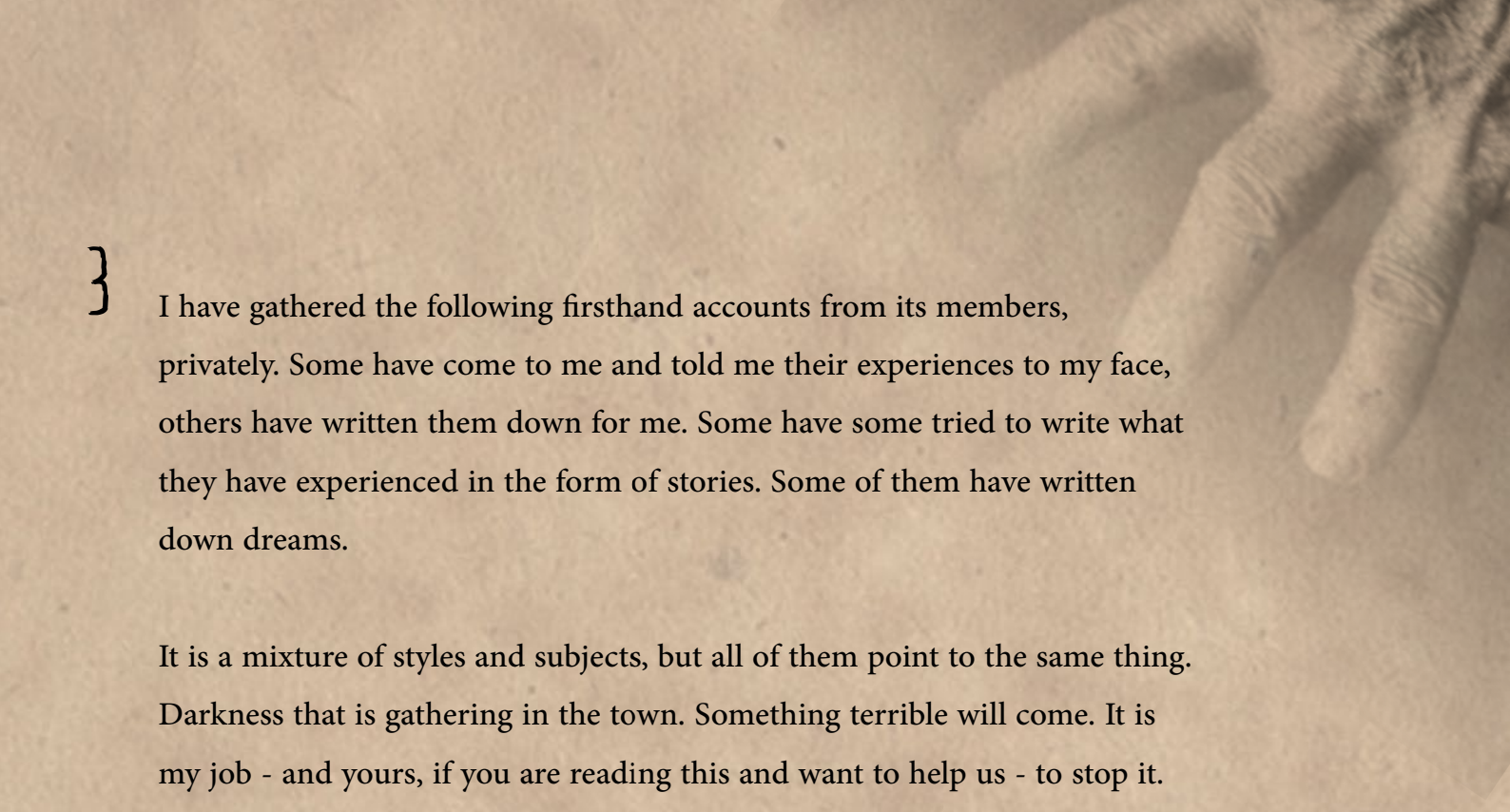
I have here amassed firsthand experiences, testimonies, interviews, stories and dreams from others impacted by experiences which chime with my sense of the malaise or threat that seems to hang over the city.

I've sensed other disasters before they happened. I couldn't say what, but the impending sense of doom - of something awful - I knew something was to come. I am a "sensitive". I have an instinct, a kind of sixth sense I've felt since childhood warning me of bad future events.

It's this that I now feel in Portsmouth. And that is why I started the facebook group Cursed City - against the tide, to explore this further and link up with like-minded people.







I have gathered the following firsthand accounts from its members, privately. Some have come to me and told me their experiences to my face, others have written them down for me. Some have some tried to write what they have experienced in the form of stories. Some of them have written down dreams.

It is a mixture of styles and subjects, but all of them point to the same thing. Darkness that is gathering in the town. Something terrible will come. It is my job - and yours, if you are reading this and want to help us - to stop it.

The phenomena I gather here include: a rise in dreams filled with portents of evil; ill- fortune of subjects caused by some unnamed force; cruelty of some to others; hallucinations, impossible dreams the subjects swear are real; and also, full blown paranormal phenomena.

I offer this dossier for you to help build an understanding of what is to come.

CARYS LLANCIBBY





## 4 REALITY DYSFUNCTION

*Subject D's account: 10th May 2019*


*This account was written by the subject in response to a dream he reported that was "like no other dream I've had. I can't tell you how real it was. As soon as I woke up, I wrote it down. I still gasp at it when I think how real it felt."*

Sliding into sleep beneath trees overhanging Southsea Model Village.  
A moment of vertigo and enfolding. The dream spills out, like intestines exiting a wound. Someone else's wound.

Tiny, ragged villagers cowering in their model village as the sea breeze whistles above. Peering from windows at a giant shadow moving by. The uniformed village attendant locking up for the night. The dream flying ahead of this giant, past a pub sign, 'The Gallows' Basket' (lucid for a moment, the dreamer wonders if this should be more Cyrillic) and through a window into a nook where a miniature girl sits. A banjo on her lap; waiting for the village to be closed, the visitors gone. She glances at a 'no music allowed' sign, a violin with a red line slashed through it, and sighs. The giant's face swings passed the window and its eye squints. Spittle splashes across the window and slides down. Then the sound of chains clanging and rattling as the village is locked away for the night.







5 Sea breeze and silence. The dream's sky darkening to grey via the colour of dried blood. The colour of fox fur at nightfall.

With a collective outbreath the tiny villagers start talking, finally able to leave their houses. Though continuing to glance nervously up to where the titans loom oppressively during the day. As the villagers come out of hiding into the twilight, their fear of sound lessens. The girl walking among them, banjo hanging over her belly, starts tentatively plucking 'The Lilliput Lament', a song of a fantasy land where tiny people escaped an oppressive regime. The first nervous song of the evening always feels like an act of rebellion. Next she strikes up 'I May Be Tiny, But I Am Free', her voice soaring over the villagers' heads, calling out to the night.

The dream lurches out along the song to rusty furred ears, as they turn towards the music. A fanged smile and squinting eyes. A hungry tongue lolls, curls, tastes the dusk, savouring the flavour. The dreamer pushes at the dream weave, but already can taste the rich claret. Smell the raw, open wounds. The bodies.

Confused awake. Rolling to one side, retching onto fallen leaves. Hand reaching tentatively towards the dead, but instead saluting a Captain. That didn't happen. In the past. Somewhere else. To someone else.



## 6 BAD OMEN

*Subject N's Account: 21st June 2019*

*On this date I contacted a woman who claimed to have mediumistic powers, Subject N, whom I asked to help me find an answer to the deep sense of panic and oppression I have been feeling for the last few... well, now I think of it, about three years. She agreed and at a table sitting went into trance. This is the message that came through - it was as if we had contacted a personality that was on the edge of collapse. The words were entrancing as I listened, but the voice, it was full of a kind of cold rage, sadness and pain all at once.*

*I must add, this came from nowhere, and Subject N was quite exhausted by it and traumatised after this very vivid contract from a control she described as "extremely angry".*

*The tide is out, green slime is the gown that bedecks the land between high tide and the water, rivulets meander like the silk ribbons around my neck, never sure which way to flow.*

*I will stand here and wait, even as the sea is calling me, goading me to take that treacherous, sweet walk into its arms.*

*Too long to wait, my legs ache; I sit on the sea wall, then slide onto the shingle, look out and see in the distance the tiny figure of the bait-digger, working sublimely in his own world. I envy him his purpose and wonder what it would be if all I had to care about was digging up worms for fishing, instead of...*





Worms reminds me of why I'm here, and I wish it hadn't. Every thought leads to what I've done, what I had to do. The ribbons wind tighter in the wind.

I lie back, make a pillow of the shingle, and watch the clouds instead.  
My eyes grow heavy.

I must have slept. I hope it was sleep. The sound of his voice snaps me into a waking state. Shadows cover the sun, his face in darkness, I can't see his eyes, nor his mouth to tell if he's smiling. My heart tells me he could not be smiling, my head tells me he cannot be there. I sit up as his face turns into the light. I hear a scream that never seems to end.

'Shut up!'

He's leaning over me, closer now. He smiles - his teeth are red, stained with blood. His eyes are not eyes, but black pits, growing deeper, wider, as I seem to fall into the horror of them.

I can never escape the horror he made of my life. I have tried but he won't let me live on in peace - He's always there, wherever I go, watching me, waiting to trip into my line of sight whenever I seem to have just tasted happiness. He is there, behind a tree, in a car going the other way, in the cinema, a restaurant, a queue to the theatre, in a train carriage on the opposite platform, always there, just out of reach.



The background features a detailed illustration of a zodiac wheel, likely from an antique manuscript. The wheel is divided into twelve segments, each containing a zodiac sign and a corresponding figure. The figures include a scorpion, a bird, a lion, a bull, a goat, and a ram. The wheel is set against a backdrop of classical architectural elements, including columns and a pediment. The entire scene is rendered in a sepia or aged brown tone.

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So what's the answer? To find him again - this time be sure, sure he's really dead. There is no body - that was destroyed. His spirit - vindictive as his personality was, lives on. It's there goading me.

There's only one thing I can do.

I'm swimming now, in the dark water, the ribbons float away from my neck as green as the seaweed. My heart is light with laughter as I dive into the deep, searching for him, longing to destroy even his very soul. Only then will I be free of the land, of life, of memories and regrets.

All of this happened a long time ago. Yes, it is vivid like yesterday but they say I will heal. I just have to trust in them, in myself, in the drugs they give me, poisoning me slowly to keep me in my mind instead of out of it as I was that day - they say.

I am content. I think I am content. I try to recall what I was like before. I have moments, flashes of what joy was before it swiftly slips away again.

I have tried to explain that I had to get to the other side to see for myself. Is it true that tortured souls go to hell or purgatory? And yours must be a tortured soul, as one who dies with hatred in your heart. I was torn between never wanting to die in case I met you again on the other side, and needing more than anything to leave this life that you had helped destroy.



When the tide washed over me I felt at peace, but something called me back. I panicked, choking the ribbons swirling around my neck, tighter now. You were there, holding the ribbons, twisting them, dragging me down to you. I could see the sunlight above, flashing diamonds on the surface. I struggled, kicked at you but you held me fast, cursing me for leaving you to die.

It was your laughter that gave me the strength to fight back. All the times you'd laughed at me, ridiculed me, came back in a surge of anger, bursting in my head. 'You are nothing to me but a bad dream,' I shouted at you in my head. The words came out in the bubbles of my last breath as you disappeared. I floated up to the surface, no longer tied to you, no longer fighting, floating peacefully in the sunlight, watching early summer clouds passing above.

Such a place to try to die, usually quiet and lonely, that day was busy with writers sitting on the shore, looking for inspiration in the waves. And there I was, inspiring them all to save me for a writing prompt, better than a photograph or a line from a famous poem.





## 10 NIGHTMARE / REALITY DYSFUNCTION

*Subject M's Account: 1st July 2019*

*A piece of automatic writing by Subject M in a trance experiment. Subject M on coming out of trance told me that this was real. That things like it had happened or would happen soon. She was adamant of its truth.*

### Crows

When we finally reached the port of Dublin the crows that had been gathering throughout our journey were so many that the sky was black. At first sight, you could almost believe that it was past sunset, but my watch told me it was only mid-morning. We were glad to get on board the ferry, hoping to leave the dark flock behind. The boat was filled with tourists - Germans, Americans, English, as well as lorry drivers from all over Europe.

Through the lounge window I could see a lone jogger, running in the gloom along the length of the harbour causeway, almost as though he was racing us as the Ferry slowly moved out into the open sea. I feared for his safety, out there alone, under the sky filled with crows and wondered, not for the first time, why the collective noun for crows is 'a murder'. Then the cloud seemed to funnel down as a group flocked around the jogger. He struggled to reach the lighthouse which marked the entrance to the port. I watched him fighting off the vicious birds - it was impossible - there were too many. Looking away for a moment, feeling sick, when I looked back, he was gone from view. Perhaps it was just in my imagination - I looked around at the other passengers but no-one else seemed concerned at all, each wrapped up in their own conversations which seemed to get louder and louder.



Four hours later, having crossed the Irish Sea, leaving behind what I'd convinced myself was, in fact, a dream - a nightmare brought on by the long journey which had taken us to Dublin overnight, we docked in Holyhead. We disembarked ahead of the other passengers, smug on the motorcycle which was so much more easy to travel on than in a car and rode swiftly out into the countryside, making our way to Liverpool.

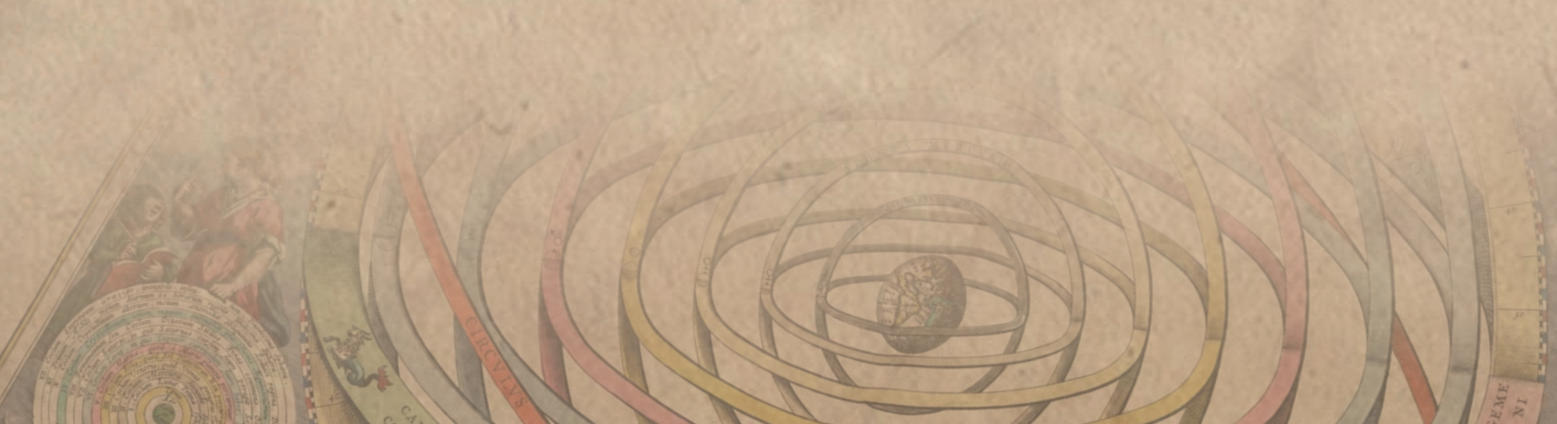
The wind in my face as we rode across North Wales blew away any trace of the nightmare and when the sun came out, all seemed perfect again.

There's nothing like fish and chips by the seaside. When we stopped at Rhyl we left our crash helmets on the bike and sat on the promenade. The evening sun was still warm, the cool breeze from the sea welcome. We unwrapped our chips as we gazed out at the horizon. In the distance I could see what I thought was a tanker but as I watched it seemed to grow. "It's moving too fast for a tanker," I said.

"What's that?" asked Mark, taking his attention away from his crispy batter. I pointed.

"Bloody Hell, that's weird," he said.

And it was, terrifyingly weird. As it grew closer, a chill settled in my stomach - I had seen this before. Moving so fast and heading towards the shore where we sat - the crows! I dropped my chips and struggled to get to my feet. I ran, clumsily in motorcycle trousers, not made for ease of movement. Mark grabbed my hand and dragged me along. We stumbled and I found myself falling - off the promenade and onto the shingle beach. Still, he pulled me up and pushing, and pulling now, we managed to find ourselves under the pier.





For some strange quirk of fate, the birds swooped straight overhead, missing us as they headed inland. We noticed the sky was lightening. They had gone.

Still shaken, we held each other, wondering what devilish act had caused the crows to act like this. But we needed to get home. The prospect of another week travelling on the bike had lost its appeal and we could be home in a few hours, so we abandoned our plans, got on the bike and made for the motorway to Portsmouth.

Again, being on the bike, riding through the peace of the countryside, helped to push away thoughts of what had happened. After a few miles, it all seemed again like a bad dream. I knew I had a vivid imagination so perhaps this was just another of my stories, conjured up for amusement.

There's nothing as good as arriving back in Portsmouth after being away. Riding to the top of Portsdown Hill, it's always nice to pause and look down at our home, something that always lifts the spirits. It was dark by the time we reached this point and as we paused, we looked down at the myriad of lights that is Portsmouth at night. We didn't notice the black patch of darkness at first, then we saw that it was moving, moving slowly over the island city, as though looking for something, searching, searching across the rooftops of our home.





Making our way down the hillside, and then across the island to Southsea, I wondered what the hell was happening, but it was when we arrived at the end of our street that I knew we could never go home. A massive cloud of crows had settled across the whole of the road, covering the houses, the walls and all of the vehicles parked in the street. In the darkness, I heard nothing but the rustle of feathers as wings shifted and settled for the night. Then, a quiet whimpering, the sound of a child's nightmare, I thought, but no, it was moving towards us along the pavement - a figure, completely covered in those huge black birds.

## REALITY DYSFUNCTION

*Subject P's account: 6th April 2019*

*This from an interview with a homeless person who told me they had to share this with me.*

Sometimes the nights feel impossibly close. I just look at the night sky from my bedroom and think, it's no good, I can't sleep and I get up and walk around the streets. And then, one day, I didn't go home. I stayed out and left my old life behind.

That's how it's been for the last few months.



A while back - I don't know how long - I'm walking, looking for a place, at two in the morning.

That's when I went down to the beach. It was by South Parade Pier. This is the weirdest thing, but I heard something strange in the sound of the waves. Like there was a groaning coming up from under the water. I was standing there, looking at the lights on the water, and this crying, this moaning.

I was looking for Jimmy. A pal. He slept around there by the pier. There's a little hidey hole no-one knows about. He wasn't there, his bag and his little rucksack was, but he was gone.

Then I saw his shadow on the other side of the road walking by the pier. I called to him, but he didn't answer, and I crossed over. Dead quiet that time of night. I heard him go on the beach, the crunch of shingle. I could see his shape by the water. Right on the edge.

I called to him. He looked round but he looked different, and I started to go towards him.





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Then he stepped forward. I was like: "Jimmy? What you playing at?"

He didn't answer. Took another step forwards. And another. "Jimmy," I'm shouting. "What the fuck?" But he didn't answer. He just kept walking. It was like he was totally transfixed, in a trance or something.

And then. Oh, I don't know, this is going to sound nuts. Then it was like he dissolved away. Like a headache pill. And I thought I was dreaming.

But before he went, he screamed. A long, desperate, piercing scream. It right made my flesh crawl. And at the end, it trailed off in to a groan, which came and went with the waves.

I didn't know who to tell. No one would believe me, would they?

## SPIRIT CONTACT

*Subject B's Account, August 19th, 2019*

*True account of a possession, transcribed from an interview with Subject B.*

No matter where I intended to walk I always found myself at the same spot on the beach, staring out to sea.

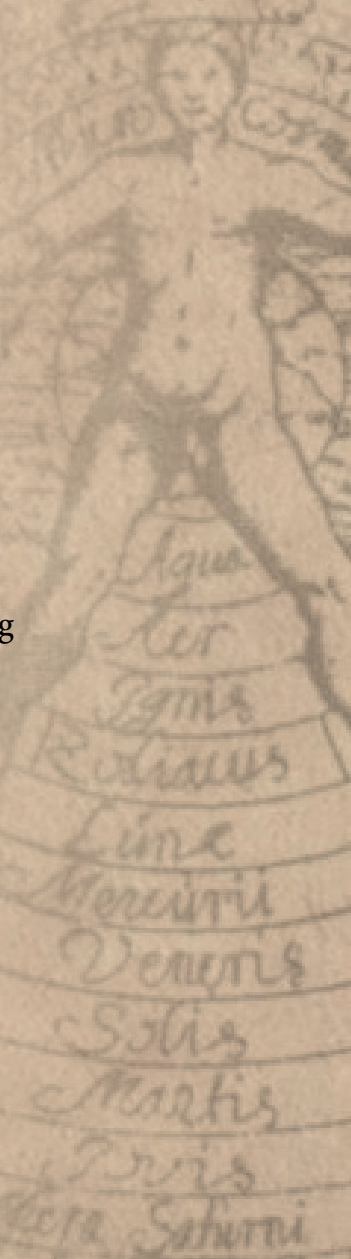
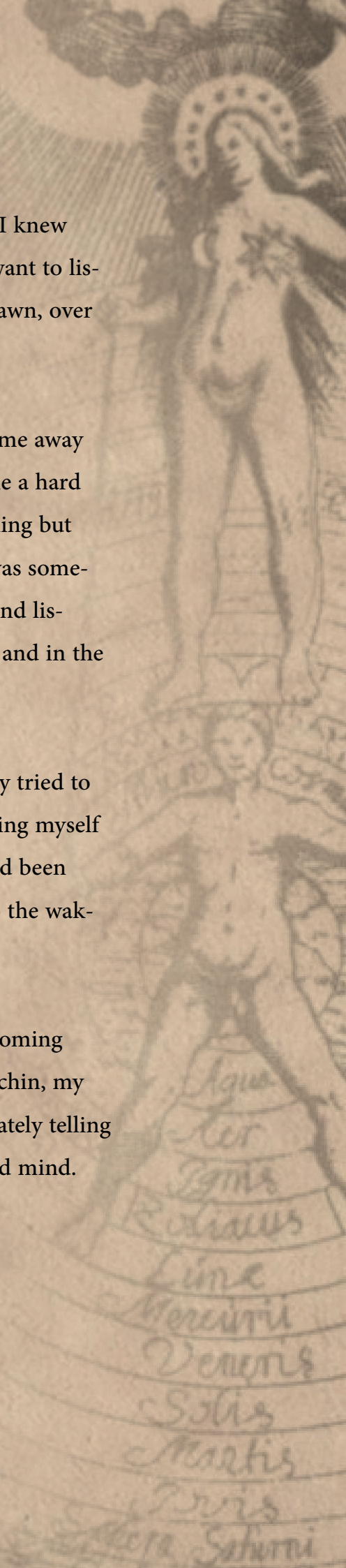


Something, or someone was calling to me and I was almost sure I knew who it was. I'd tried telling people before but no one seemed to want to listen. It was as if until I could find the answer, there I would be drawn, over and over again, like a recurring nightmare.

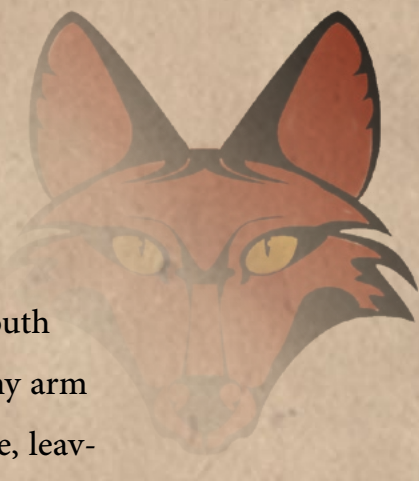
Last night, it, whatever 'it' was, came a step closer, trying to lure me away from the safety of my world. I went to bed contented that I'd done a hard day's work and was asleep in a moment. I don't remember dreaming but something woke me. The room was black, no light at all. There was something in the room with me. I tried not to move, held my breath and listened. I thought I heard a faint snuffling but it stopped suddenly and in the silence I sensed it was listening too.

"Surely it can hear my heart thumping," I thought as I consciously tried to slow and quieten my body. An age passed and I was just convincing myself that there was nothing there - I had imagined the presence - I had been dreaming and this was merely a remnant of my fear dragged into the waking world.

Then I heard it again - more of a slithering this time and it was coming closer. Still I couldn't move but lay gripping the duvet under my chin, my eyes tightly closed, waiting, hoping that it would go away, desperately telling myself it was all in my imagination, a trick of my, as yet, unhealed mind.







The cold touch of a hand on my cheek shocked my eyes open, my mouth into the shape of a scream, my voice choking in my throat. I forced my arm to reach out and switch on the light. The room was empty. It had gone, leaving just a faint odour, like seaweed left fresh at low tide. I lay there, unable to move from the bed, wondering what had just happened. Was I going mad? Or was there something still there in the room? Under the bed? Or just in the mirror?

An hour may have passed and I knew there was no way that I would sleep. Eventually, finding courage from somewhere, I jumped out of bed, grabbed some clothes and my trainers and left the house. Maybe I just needed to clear my head. Making my way to the High Street, heading away from the sea, I longed to be amongst the lights and the noise of the night revelers out on the town. So how I came back to be back at that same spot on the beach, I don't really know, it being the last place I wanted to be at night.

Shaking my head, I turned away from the waves but something just caught my eye. Squinting out to sea, a cold chill shot through me - what was it? I watched in horror as a pale figure slowly rose from the water. A woman, white hair clinging wet to her naked form. As she drew nearer her eye sockets blindly stared back at me, her mouth speaking silent forms, pleading for help.



For a moment I couldn't move. This then was what shock felt like. Without thinking I turned and ran across the shingle, clumsily falling, scrabbling up the beach. My knees were weak at the best of times, but this night all thoughts of pain were gone.

I nearly made it although there was nowhere to run once I'd reached the promenade, just more open space across a road and onto the common. What had been a busy walkway was now empty of all life. In the distance I could see a light in a house. My heart lifted for a second but it was too late.

Cold washed through me as I turned back towards the sea. Every cell in my body was filled with her despair, every emotion inside me was hers, the fear, desolation, foreboding of worse things to come. I looked around. She was gone. But I could feel her within me.

## MANIFESTATION

*Subject P's account, 24th August 2019*

*A manifestation is distinct from an apparition in that it manifests with a level of solidity.*

This, I have been told, was real, by subject P. There is some corroborating information that leads me to believe it may be so.





I'd not paid my rent and fallen out with the other girls so I was avoiding the house and them; well I'd slept out before and would again.

It is easy to get in the Gardens at night even though the gates are locked. I just climb up the grassy bank and over the rails it's so simple, I used to go there when I was homeless, then one of the teenage gangs got in and it wasn't safe.

People look at homeless people with disdain but it's the bored kids that they should worry about. They soon got fed up, couldn't do much damage in there, uprooted a few rose bushes sprayed the walls of the shelter with graffiti and pissed in every corner.

Once they'd gone I started to go back but there was an air of ill ease in a place of beauty, it just felt wrong.

Any way I got over it and when things felt bad I started to go again, always made me laugh those locked gates as if they could keep anyone out.

This night I was sitting in the shelter looking at the graffiti pathetic stuff, no talent. Not like the street art on Osbourne Road, when I heard a strange noise. "Oh no " I thought "Have those stupid boys come back'

Well in a way I wish it had been them. From the corner of the shelter I saw a pair of red eyes staring at me, I tell you I'd had a bottle of wine but I didn't imagine this.

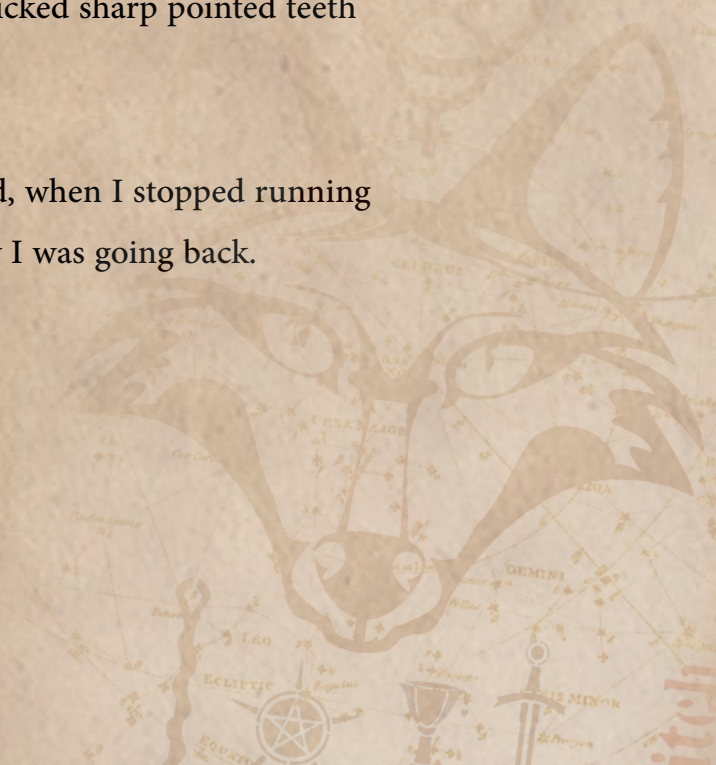


A dark figure the size of a small child squatted on bent legs, it saw me looking and ran off, I followed without thinking dropping my blanket on the floor. I watched from the entrance of the Peace Garden as it ran over the bridge, it was a full moon so quite light, I could see clearly. It ran round to the back by the commemorative stone, jumped up on it laughed at me then ran into the bushes. I tried to follow but couldn't get through the small gap.

Then I realised I didn't want to I could smell something dreadful, was there a dead rat in the bush. I backed off I could hear it laughing the laughter got louder until it hurt my ears, I realised it was not one laugh but several, and every where I looked I could see red eyes staring at me. The laughter got even louder, I tried to turn and run but I was mesmerised my legs were jelly, then they started to march towards me, slowly at first then picking up speed on their deformed little legs. One shouted "Get her" I had the awful feeling that I would be their next meal if I didn't move quickly.

Terrified I ran up the steps, climbed over the railings to the grass outside and ran as fast as I could. I turned to make sure they weren't following me, they didn't seem to be able to climb over the railings, out of breath I looked at them claws holding on trying to climb, their wicked sharp pointed teeth snarling in rage.

The shelter by the beach would have to be my bed, when I stopped running I realised I'd left my blanket but there was no way I was going back.





Of course my curiosity got the better of me in the daylight, I tried to tell my mate Sam about it, he looked at me woefully saying he had believed me when I said I'd given up drugs and asking what the hell I'd taken. In the end, only to shut me up he said he'd come with me in the afternoon and I could show him where it had happened.

He laughed when we got in there, the ground where I'd seen the creatures was churned up and I could see claw marks on the trees. We found a dead cat, headless with maggots crawling all over it, on top of what was left of my blanket. I shuddered, that could have been me, I thought, but Sam said there were often foxes around there and in my drunken state I'd panicked. He refused to believe me but I knew what I had seen.

We argued I was angry and in the end he said he would come with me the next night to prove that there was nothing to fear.

That night as dusk turned to darkness we climbed into the rose garden, Sam had a bright torch, which he shone around, no moon tonight just thick cloud. I could see something on the little red bridge, my heart raced, as Sam shone the torch in that direction it just disappeared as if the light had melted it. Sam started to walk over and there was a loud noise, the earth started to move and a huge hole appeared just in front of him, I could smell that dreadful stink again but barely had time to register it as I watched to my horror Sam being pulled in by little claw like hands, I rushed to the edge and looked down all I could see was a frenzy of claws and teeth ripping Sam apart.



I could hear them eating him, one arm stretched up and as I tried to grab his hand two of them bit deeply into his neck and the hand sank down again as blood spurted out, I watched horrified as their long tongues came out to lick up the blood. I could do nothing.

I was aware of something in my hair. I stepped back from the edge, screaming with terror. As I fought it off, it tore my arms and tried to bite into my neck, I managed to pull it off and escaped once more over the railings.

Once I was safe I called the police, they thought I was drunk and told me to report the incident as they called it at the Police Station the next day.

No one believed me, the next morning the ground just looked as if two animals had been fighting, a few bushes were damaged, but no hole, no blood, no sign of anything that concerned them.

The police cautioned me for wasting their time and everyone said Sam had been planning a trip to Scotland for ages and assumed that was where he'd gone, he'd often gone off without telling anyone in the past.

So here I am left with the worst nightmare with no one to believe me, and those creatures, well they are still there waiting.





*Subject Q's account, 26th August 2019*

*I have been told by subject Q that this lucid dream is a warning about a shape-shifter. This was written down by Subject Q in response to their dream.*

It is white in the land, and cold. The forest is dark and all the gentle animals who have not left for the warmer, seductive lands in the South, are either hiding in caves, or deep under the ground, where all God-fearing creatures should be. In the villages, the people stay hidden, too, warm and safe beside their fires, only ever scurrying out when there is no choice, to find more wood, or perhaps to creep into the edge of the dark, treacherous forest to hunt for a morsel of meat to fill their hollow bellies.

It was the boy's turn to do his duty by his Grandfather who lived alone in the deepest part of the forest, only ventured to in the Spring and Summer, unless the bitter months drew out, as they were this long, long Winter. The wind howled around the chimneys as the boy wound his bear-skin cloak around his lithe and innocent form. He carefully wrapped the still-warm, freshly baked loaves of bread in the blood red cloth his mother had given him, and placed the parcel in his satchel, together with the small cask of wine, essential foodstuffs to ward off the bitter winter's chill.



Before he began his journey, the boy's mother handed him the long bladed knife once used for skinning the great Black Bear whose hide he wore.

The boy slipped the knife into its sheath and, embracing his mother, turned and left the cottage to begin his journey through the pure white landscape to his Grandfather's house.

The forest became quieter and quieter as he trudged. No sound, not even his footsteps broke the virginal membrane of silence in his ears. He had walked for perhaps an hour when he saw the girl. She came from nowhere.

One moment he looked up from the snow in front of his feet, and she was there. He had noticed no footprints, just the eternally smooth, white blanket covering the land.

The girl was naked, her jet black hair falling in seductive ripples the length of her mottled blue and white-skinned back, her body swaying with the rhythm of her stride as she walked just ahead of him. As she turned to look at him, he caught a glimpse of her nipples, erect with the cold. A flood of emotions rushed through the boy's body. He had never seen a woman naked before. It never occurred to him how cold she must be as he felt the heat of desire pumping through his veins. He just knew that he had to have her, to touch her skin, to caress the hair, to feel her nakedness against his own young body. He called out to her and she turned again and smiled. How red were her lips, full of the promise he had never experienced. She was moving too fast, away from him, as he broke into a run, realising fleetingly, but not caring, that the familiar part of the forest was long ago left behind.



At last in a clearing, she stopped and turned to me, opening her arms, with a welcoming look in her eye. I was entranced with the beauty of her nakedness, her black hair flowing over the curves of her breasts, her nipples inviting me to her, the same blood red of her lips, in contrast to the whiteness of her skin. I drank greedily of the sight. Before I had taken more than a step towards her, I see that there other other women here, almost blinding me with their voluptuous bodies. I long to touch them, to feel and taste them, but they are always tantalizingly just beyond my reach.

At times I am close enough to smell the muskiness of their bodies, and know that they desire me just as much as I want them.

In my frantic dance, I notice the bread tumble out from my satchel, still half wrapped in the blood red cloth. As it lands in the snow, some of the women break away from the dance, and ripping the cloth, devour the bread in a frenzy of hunger sated at last. The wine cask falls too, crashing to the ground, the soft snow breaking its fall, the stopper bursts forth and the wine bleeds into the pure white snow, the stain spreading ever outwards.

The first girl is taking my hand, guiding me to the centre of the clearing. I see nothing now but her perfect body, knowing that I will soon be fulfilled. I feel hands gently undressing me, caressing me into a state of full arousal as my Beauty lies on the altar, her hair flowing down like black water to the snow-covered ground, her legs long and inviting, her thighs white and firm as she lies willing me on to lie with her.



I am helped on to the altar and can wait no longer. I cannot even see the women surrounding us, my eyes are blind to anything but desire.

A knife flashed and a roar filled my ears. The pure skin of the girl became mottled. Hair - no! Rough fur was growing across her perfect breasts. Her face was changing, blurring. Her seductive lips drawn back to reveal drooling teeth and tongue, her tiny nose thrusting forth into a wet, black snout. The arms around me growing stronger now, her claws tearing into my back. As I arched my back in pain and ecstasy the bear-skin cloak which was so carefully taken from me earlier is once again wrapped around my form. As I reach the inevitable climax, my seed bursts forth into the willing belly of the Beauty, I realise I am fusing with a Great Black Bear. Part of my mind is fighting against this, recoiling in horror, but I know deep inside myself that I am fulfilling a terrible destiny.

Still, I try to break away. Wildly looking around the clearing, I see the women have all gone. There is just myself and my terrible bride.

I raise myself up on my rear legs and roar from the depths of my soul.



## 27 HALLUCINATION

*Subject V's account, 30th August 2019*

*This short story was written by Subject V who claimed that it was based on true events which they say remotely, as if real events were playing suddenly in their head:*

### Slap and Tickle

*It's too cold to be safe and I can't get warm. I shiver and shudder as I wait. I'm always waiting. The sound of the water lapping over the grit covered pebbles signals the passage of time.*

\*

She stood on the edge of the water like a beacon lit up by the light of the full moon, and I was drawn to her like a stereotypical moth to a flame. I was supposed to be walking home after having one too many in the pub. I was taking the scenic route along the seafront, wobbling over the shingles while giggling to myself about my lack of balance. But she distracted me. Instead of getting home like I should have done, I wobbled my way towards her.

"Kinda late to be out for a swim," was my opening gambit to her and it elicited no response. I grunted in frustration and wobbled a little closer. The shingles underneath my feet slipped and I tumbled downwards to land on my knees. She didn't turn her head to look at the drunken fool flailing at her feet and in my stupor I decided that was fair enough; I'd ignore me until I went away too.

\*



*He stumbles out of the night and down to the water's edge.*

*He says something before falling down at my feet, presented to me like  
a gift from a secret admirer.*

\*

I ended up on my back, staring up at the sky with one hand raised to point out the only constellation I knew. "Look! It's Orion!" I announced.

I waved at the starry hunter like I was expecting him to wave back. My hand dropped and landed on my stomach as I continued to stare upwards.

Despite the pebbles digging into my back, I could've fallen asleep there.

\*

*I envy him. He is full of life and warmth. I crave what he has.*

*But it is not mine to take. Stealing from others is wrong.*

*Even in my state, I know that as deeply as I know the Moon controls more  
than the tides.*

\*

"Oof," was the noise I made when she suddenly got on top of me, her legs straddling and pinning mine, her hands pressed onto my chest, pushing the air out of my lungs. "Hey, easy," I managed to wheeze at her.

The light down by the water's edge was pale, too pale to make out her features. I frowned and squinted my eyes at her, determined to pick out one defining detail from her face but my brain couldn't make sense of what my eyes were seeing. It was as if her face was constantly shifting, changing in too rapid a motion for my eyes to track. Either that, or it was the beer; beer was the logical explanation.



“Listen, if a bit of slap and tickle’s what you want, we can go to my place. Much comfier there,” I suggested. The same hand that had pointed out Orion was now waving in the general direction of my flat. She grabbed it and pinned it by my head on the pebbles. Her other hand went over my mouth and she made gentle shushing sounds with what was supposed to be her mouth.

\*

*I try to tell him I’m sorry. I try to tell him I don’t want to do this to him.  
The words never fully form in my mouth so only strangled noises escape.*

\*

It was at this point that it occurred to me that I didn’t like this. I get that some men might fantasise about being dominated by a strange woman on a beach in the middle of the night but the reality of it was not as enticing as the fantasy. I was getting the impression this woman was going to take whatever she wanted from me, regardless of whether I wanted her to take it or not.

I struggled against her grip. I should’ve been able to throw her off of me. She had a slight frame and even though she was pressed down on me, she barely weighed anything. And yet her strength had me trapped. I was helpless, I knew that, but I still kept trying to fight her off.

She leaned forwards until her head was hovering only an inch above mine.



That's when I saw how pale her skin was. It was almost translucent. Her eyes looked as if they were made of the pitchest black ever seen that absorbed light and never gave it back. She shushed me again, as if the sound of that was going to be enough to calm my growing terror. And then her mouth opened.

\*

*It will be over soon. He can go back to the living and I will go back to waiting. Always waiting. Waiting for the next one to fall at my feet like he did.*

\*

Her mouth was on mine but this wasn't romantic or sexual. I could feel her breath sucking inwards, taking with it anything remotely good from inside of me. I gasped, unable to breathe. My body went limp, surrendering to her now it was obvious I was not strong enough to defend myself. Tears leaked from my eyes as she sucked my life away. I wanted to close my eyes but I was paralysed, forced to stare up at Orion who was too far away to help me.

\*

*I want to weep for him. He doesn't deserve this but neither did I when I was cursed. I drink him in until I'm full. I thank him for his gift by leaving enough for him to wake up in the morning.*

\*

"You look like shit," the dog-walker who found me passed out on the beach said. "Had one too many last night, did ya?"



31

To his credit, he helped me up onto my feet and bought me a tea from the Coffee Cup cafe further up on the promenade from the spot where he had found me. He left me there and that was where I sat, nursing that tea, as I tried to make sense of it. I must have passed out and had some crazy dream and the reason why I not only looked like shit but felt it too was an incredible hangover. That had to be what happened because what other explanation could there be?

## SPIRIT CONTROL

*Subject H's account, 2nd September 2019*

*Subject H in trance came under control of an unnamed spirit. This is the first time I have encountered this word, and I had not spoken of it to the subject.*

*Subject H also testifies that this was not a word known to her.*

*I investigated and found this definition:*

*“In traditional beliefs of Japan and in literature, onryō refers to a ghost believed to be capable of causing harm in the world of the living, harming or killing enemies, or even causing natural disasters to exact vengeance to redress the wrongs it received while alive then takes their spirits from their dying bodies.”*

It had been waiting on the seabed, feeding on the fears of sailors hit by sudden squalls, it needed more. It was time to grow.



The girl came to the beach for a midnight swim, when she came out he was there, holding her towel looking at her naked body, she knew him from school, he'd always been a bully. Now he thought he could get what he'd wanted for years. When he realised she wasn't going to give in willingly, he roughly forced her, suddenly more powerful than he'd ever felt before not realising that there was a spirit stronger than him at work, waiting for him to destroy her mind so that it could creep in, possess her it hovered above them, enjoying what it witnessed.

She started to fight him off but was no match for his anger and strength.

As she died her spirit was taken over by the malignant force hovering unseen above them, it was important that it entered her on her dying breath, turning her helplessness into a fury that would know no limits.

She would become a thing, a monster unleashing fear and dread and as her power grew, the destruction of a whole city.

The gentle girl would have been horrified had she known, but she was lost now, a victim of brutal rape and murder, her body tossed aside unwanted by her predator, her mind and spirit possessed by a most powerful evil that was unknown to man.



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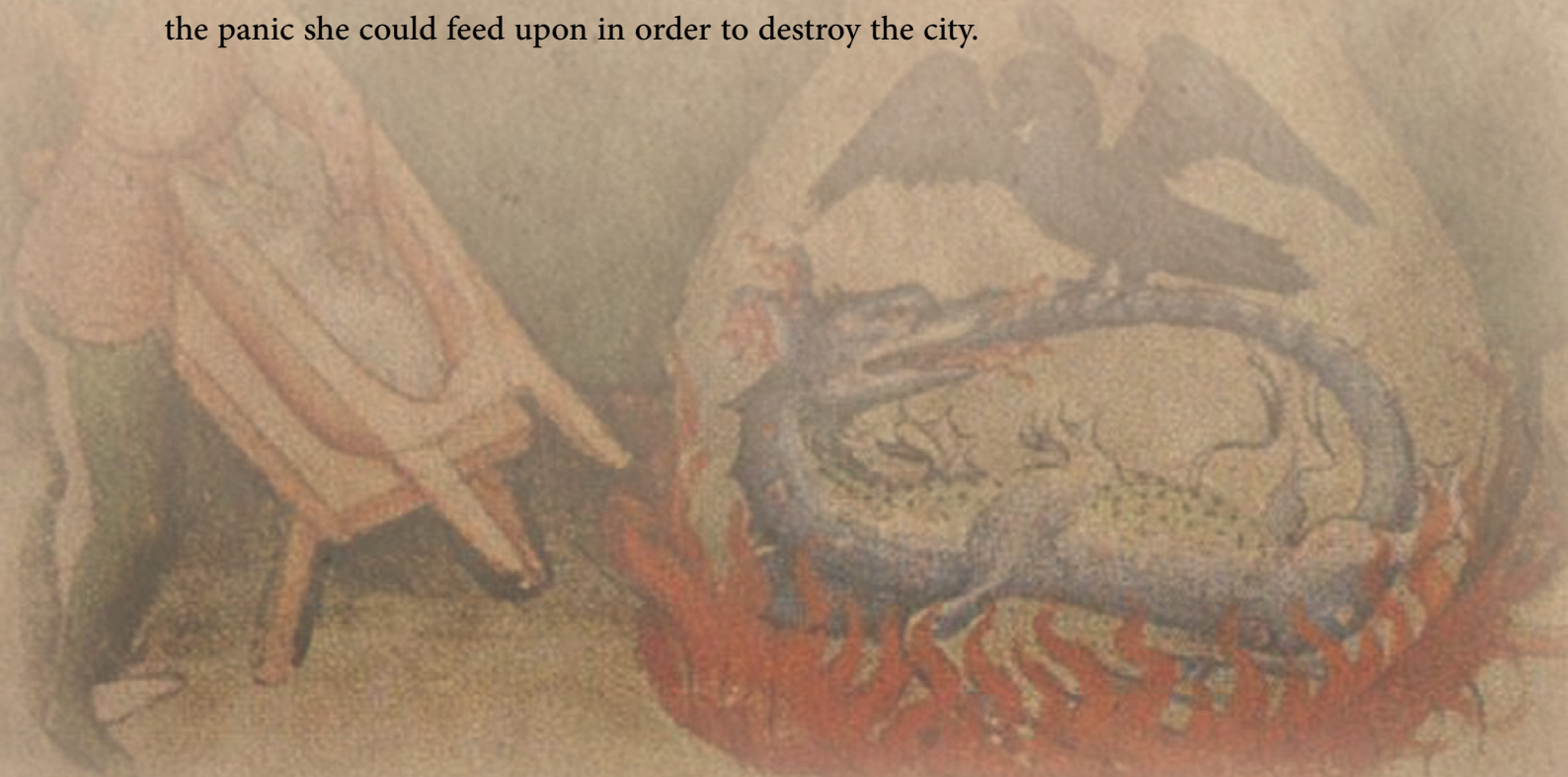
What of the man who performed the deed that had allowed this to happen, he ran away thinking no one could trace him if her body was lost to the sea, no one would know what had happened once the fish had feasted. No one would blame him, she would just be missing.

He knew and the deed festered in his mind, as he went his wicked way causing more despair and unhappiness.

The girl he'd destroyed now a vengeful spirit watched and grew stronger at each evil act.

Her power was growing now, vengeance on all men was what she sought and if a few innocents got in the way, why would she care, she was beyond pity, no one had helped her when she was in need.

She hovered over the Rose Garden, the late roses shrivelled, their petals turning brown dropping on the ground, she killed a cat and drank in his uncontrolled angry spite, this was good but not enough, she needed human anguish to grow, but she could wait in the knowledge that her evil would influence and affect angry, bitter minds. In the meantime she must use her powers to conjure up and harness demons to work for her to help her create the panic she could feed upon in order to destroy the city.





## 34 DISAPPEARANCE

*Notes by Carys Llangibby 4th September 2019*

*I have drawn together a list of over 80 people who are unaccounted for over the last year. In each case, they are people at the fringes who won't be missed easily. Not people in work, with families, but the homeless, drifters, people passing through the town. I'm sure that this is somehow connected. This is the latest group I have become aware of. I'm sure there are many more.*

Rockabilly Trev

Clarice Darling

Jock Malder

Tabatha Klistie

Marthe Conan-Doyle

Jana Scelly

Bert Colenbo

Charlene Chant

Vicky Clouseau

Pam Spayd

Dex Lootha

Brice Warn

Sam Soulec

Tomas Gadash

This adds to the list of names already disappeared.



## 35 HAUNTING

*Subject E's account, 8th September 2019*

*This account was written down as a kind of short story. Subject E said "by pretending it is fiction it makes it more bearable".*

The house was silent. Just how I loved it. Tidy, everything in its place. My first night completely alone. I walked from room to room, savouring the bliss of quietude, the worries of moving, of leaving chaos behind, falling from my shoulders as I ran my hand along the polished bannister up to the first floor. I looked into the bathroom - so clean - no stains on the mat and the seat firmly down.

I wandered into the bedroom and stood by the window for a moment, looking out at the glistening pavements, the rain still lashing down. The street was quiet, different from where we'd lived before. No noisy teenagers gathered here, no drunken revelers on the corner. Wonderful. I drew the curtains and stretched out on the bed.

The sound of the doorbell broke into my dreams some time later. I looked through the curtains, trying to see who was there but the ivy on the wall concealed the doorway. It was still early evening. What to be afraid of? I ran down and answered the door to the smiling face of the woman I'd seen going into the house next door earlier that day.



‘Welcome to Angel Street,’ she gushed, holding out a small posy of flowers which looked like they’d been picked from her garden.

‘What a lovely thought,’ I stood aside and welcomed her in, ignoring the fluttering in my belly.

We drank coffee whilst she questioned me. ‘Where did you live before? Are you on your own? What do you do? Have you any family?’

I sat at the table but she seemed restless, wandering about, looking in cupboards. ‘You don’t mind?’ she’d asked but not waited for my reply. I confess I was beginning to dread the thought that here I was, escaped from my past only to have another nosy neighbour to contend with.

‘I’m so glad you were in,’ she laughed. ‘I could have been out in the rain all night.’

My puzzled look prompted her to explain.

‘I locked myself out,’ she said. ‘I saw your light was on and that’s when I decided to drop in, so I picked some flowers from my garden and rang your bell. I was going to come round tomorrow,’ she added hastily. ‘My husband will be home in a while. Is it OK for me to stay?’

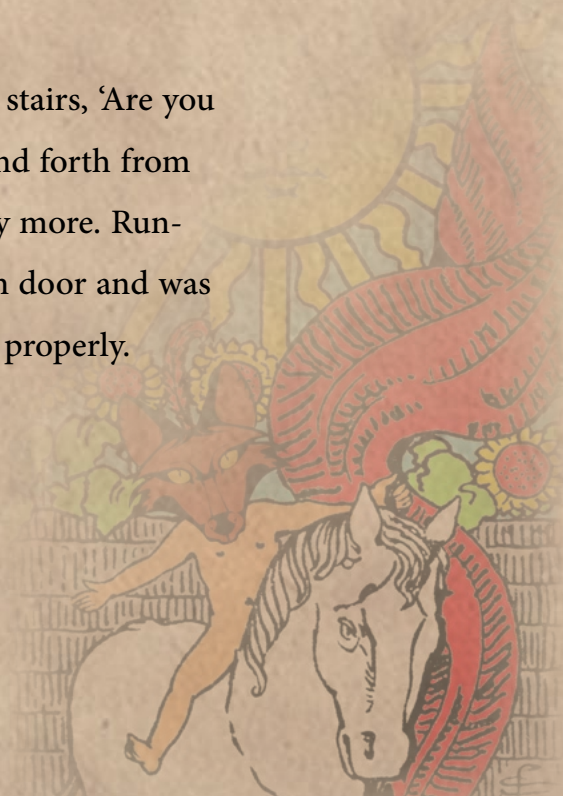


How could I protest. I asked about her husband, what he did, how far away he worked, that sort of thing but although she talked quite a lot, it was all vague and I never did find out much about him. I did notice one thing - when I asked about him I'm sure her breathing changed, and the hand holding her coffee mug was shaking, just a little.

Conversation fizzled out and we sat for a while in awkward silence. I tried to think of something more to say and was about to ask her what it was like living in this lovely quiet road when she asked to use the bathroom. It was with relief that I directed her up the stairs. 'Oh, I know the way,' she smiled. 'These houses are all identical in layout.'

She was gone a long time. I didn't notice at first as I pottered about, straightening the magazines that she'd picked up on her wanderings, wiping down the surface where the sugar had spilled that she'd used for her coffee. It was only once I'd sat back down and glanced up at the clock that I realised she'd been upstairs for more than the usual time needed for general bathroom use. I waited, wondering how long would be appropriate to wait before investigating.

The house was so quiet - too quiet I thought. I called up the stairs, 'Are you alright?' No answer. I realised that I was pacing now, back and forth from the kitchen to the bottom of the stairs. I couldn't stand it any more. Running quickly up to the landing, I stood outside the bathroom door and was about to knock when I noticed that the door was not closed properly.





‘Hello,’ I called as I pushed the door gently. ‘Are you alright?’ Still no answer so I pushed the door fully open.

The smell of blood hit me first, even before I registered my lovely white colour scheme was splattered with red.

I screamed and ran. Down the stairs and out into the street. My feelings were of fear and anger too. Could I never find the peace I deserved and craved? I flew into the path of a couple who passed the house. They both held me until I could catch my breath. In sobs I told them what had happened. “We must call for an ambulance!” I cried. The man left me with his partner and dashed back into the house. “I may be able to save her,” he called.

We waited on the pavement, the woman called for help on her phone, still trying to calm me. It seemed an age before the man returned. His face was white. “There’s nothing there,” he said. “Weird, I could smell blood, but the room was empty. All the rooms are empty.”

Unable to believe him, I ran back into the house, hesitated at the foot of the stairs for a moment, then made my way to the bathroom. He was right. No sign of blood on the walls, ceiling, or anywhere. I searched every room and there was nothing. The couple had made their way into the kitchen by the time I came back down. They looked at me as though I was mad.



Perhaps I was but there on the draining board was a posy of flowers waiting to be placed in water.

"I don't understand," I said. "She said she lived next door."

"We live next door," said the woman. "And the house on the other side has been empty for over a year now."

## TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP

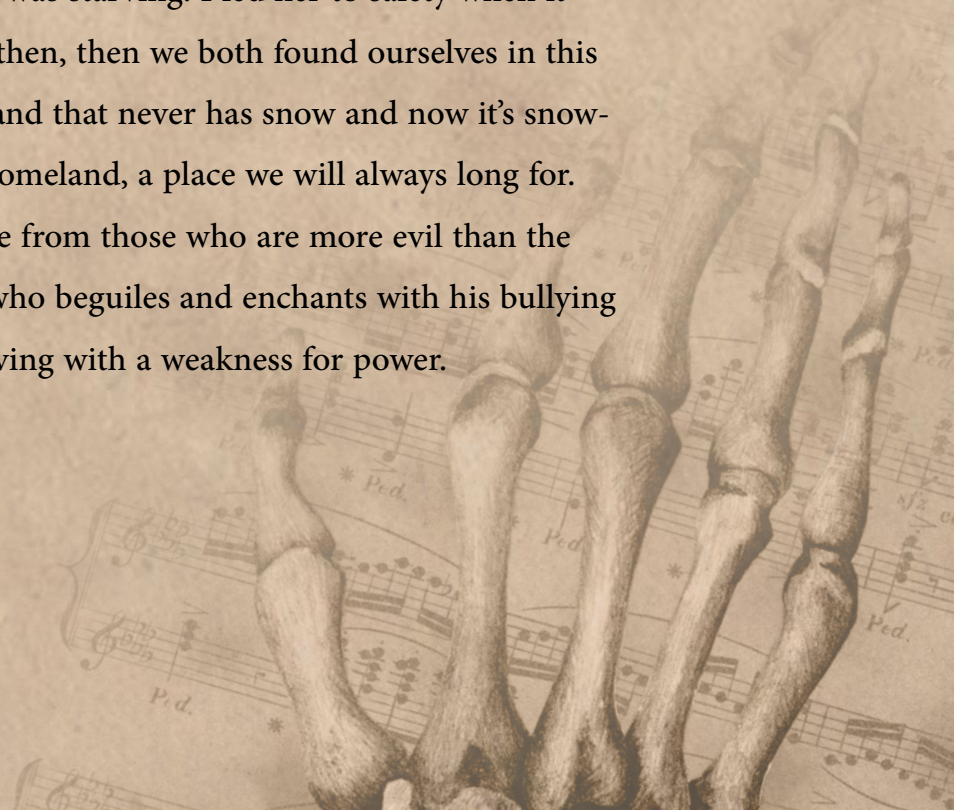
*Madame B's seance - a transcription, 9th September 2019*

*This message came through Madame B, a medium in Drayton:*

You hate me or you love me, you poor disillusioned fools. You do not understand me or where I come from. I slide through the shadows and no one sees me unless I let myself be seen. Life is lonely in my skin.

The girl in the forest, I remember her leaving the latch off the gate and letting me in to feast when I was starving. I led her to safety when it was her turn to face danger and then, then we both found ourselves in this strange and foreign land, this island that never has snow and now it's snowing white, reminding us of our homeland, a place we will always long for.

I see she faced danger here from those who are more evil than the fox, more wily, cunning, a man who beguiles and enchants with his bullying ways. They say the fox is self-serving with a weakness for power.





Maybe there is truth in that, but this man who followed her in the darkness is one who instinctually kills whenever he can as there may be no tomorrow for him. Her mother told her to learn from the fox and never play his tune. Has she learnt? Has she remembered her mother's teachings? She still called me and fed me slithers of bacon whenever she could, so perhaps her mother's memory is out of reach.

Something draws me to the sea - every night and every day. There are people in this town who are seeking the answer and I can help them or hinder them as I see fit. I drag them to the shore where murder happens, try to show them the truth but something always holds them back. Is it their fear of what might be on the other side?

This night, I am alone as always with only the full moon for company. The snow is no longer underfoot so no one can see where I come from or where I go. I long to howl at the moon just as the wolves do in the forests from my home. The girl has gone but no-one knows where. I search for her in vain, a routine unnecessary as I know she will never be found - at least not until she's ready to return.

I turn to leave, go back to the alleys where I hide in daylight. The Eastern skies are lightening. Then I see him. A young figure, slight and graceful, head down, his footsteps light on the cobbles of the square. He makes little noise as he moves. Where is he going? I feel his uncertainty, his pain. He is fleeing from something or someone but he doesn't look back, just keeps moving ahead with a purposeful step. I slink into the shadows and watch. He is followed. A heavy-limbed man lopes along some twenty feet behind, menace in his stride.

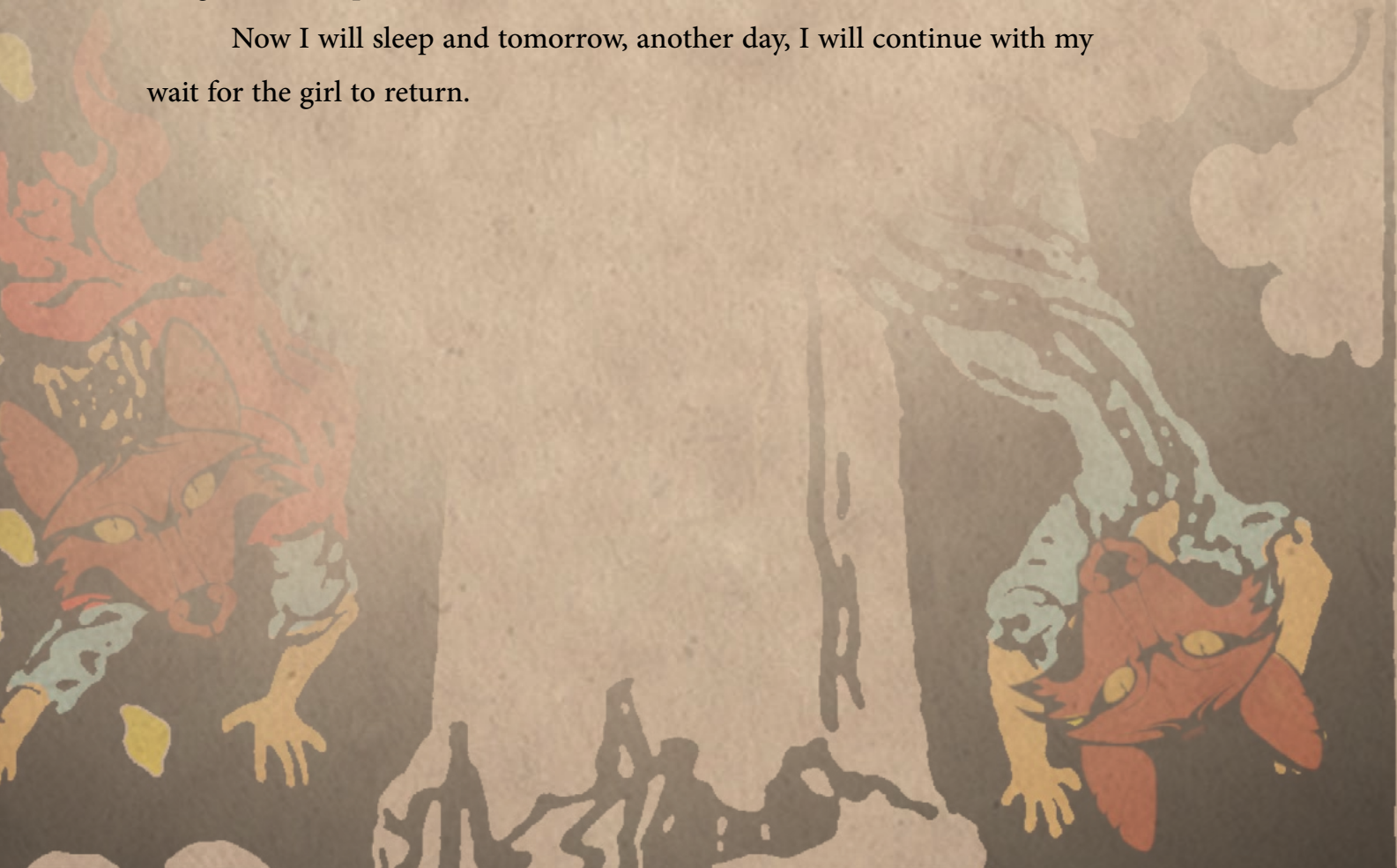


He carries a baseball bat, swinging it as he moves.

In the fleeting moment as the man reaches where I stand I make the decision and step out in front of him. He stops in his tracks, breathing heavily, the surprise of my intervention has taken all words from his mouth. I bare my teeth in a hungry grin, hoping to divert him from his cause. He finds his voice: "What the Fuck!" he spits as he raises his batting arm above my head. I go for his throat without thinking - tear bloodthirstily at his jugular vein, craving now for the hot red blood that pumps his life from him. I drink his life-force, it fills me with strength. The memory of that night in the forest, that feast in the hen-house and how much I know I owe the girl for saving me from starvation floods through my mind with the fresh nourishing feast that I am savouring now.

Soon, I am sated. I look down at the man, feel a twinge of remorse that another life had to be sacrificed, together with a satisfaction that another waste of human space has gone. I wonder briefly where the young man has gone and hope that he is safe.

Now I will sleep and tomorrow, another day, I will continue with my wait for the girl to return.





## 42 MANIFESTATION

*Subject Y's Account, 15th September 2019*

*This account from subject Y was striking in the down-to-earth nature of the speaker. He had seen my appeals for help and information, and came to me with the following story, which I have here recorded word-for-word.*

I am a leisure diver with 18 years' experience in diving, with level 3 Dive Leader certification. I've seen some weird stuff over the years on dives. They've always been to do with nitrogen narcosis. You know, once you get to around 30 metres, the nitrogen component in gas starts to play with your neurology and you start to get the good old Martini Effect. A bit drunk, maybe, with some mental impairment - like you've slogged a Martini. Rapture of the deep, they call it.

At depth, you might get laughter, dizziness, hallucination. If you do that, time to get up to shallower levels and the inert gas in the system stops affecting your brain. At its worst it can lead to stupefaction, blackout, confusion, unconsciousness and death.

When you've got 18 years behind you, you know how to recognise it. And I stress, this occurs at depth.

This summer we headed out on a dive for an uncharted wreck we'd stumbled on a few weeks before in the Solent. We were keeping it to ourselves for confirmation and salvage.



So, I was buddied with Sasha, a great guy, 15 years dive experience. Sash is Russian, works in the City for Deutsche Bank. The dive was some way out and off the main shipping lanes. We took the usual procedures - dive buoy, the skipper on the RIB, Jack M, a seasoned hand always careful and conscientious. It was a normal dive.

Solent water is murky. There's a lot of silt down there and visibility can be just 1-2 metres sometimes. Hard work, but exciting. Very often you're feeling your way.

So, we get down on the wreck. We're trying to work out what it is and doing an initial dive survey, but we're both really excited. There were crossbeams out of the silt, and the definite sense of a skeleton of a ship - a large one. How it hadn't been spotted before, I dunno, but the silt shifts on the bed, and we'd had a storm three months before, and maybe we just got lucky.

We had a buddy line with float between us, both hooked in so we if one of us got in trouble, we'd be all right.

So, it's dark down there, and murky, and I started to get this feeling that we weren't alone down there. There was something watching us, and it didn't make me feel welcome. Did I mention the paranoia you can get when diving? I've had it before, so no problem.



Then we felt our way along the side of the wreck. It was definitely a large ship, and I was surprised it hadn't been found before. Then we come to an opening in the hull. I mean, I say hull, but it was all weed crawling with crabs and crusted with shells, and god knows what.

So I take my torch and I looked in.

Then several thing happened at once. I felt this tugging on the buddy line. I mean really extreme, and it pulled me back out with such speed I had the mouthpiece pulled out of my mouth. It was a bit of a job to get it in. I was shaken up by what I'd seen, and now the regular was dancing about in the water, as if someone had hold of it. I had to fight to get it, and with the visibility so low, it kind of jumped away from me and I nearly lost it.

Then I was still in this weird frame of mind, and I noticed the body line was broken. I mean, like it was pulled apart, with the clips mangled. I don't know what could have done that. I went around, looking for Sasha, I think I was down there for 3 or 4 minutes, and I don't know how lucky he was, but I found him. The weirdest thing was, somehow he'd lost a fin and his foot was stuck in the silt. I checked in and he was unconscious, the mouthpiece was out and I put it in, but he was unresponsive.

I only realised his foot was stuck when I tried to move him. It was actually jammed. And then I had the weirdest vision. As I pulled him up, I saw a hand pull at his foot from the silt. It was only there for a second, then it was gone. But it was a bony skeletal hand.



I guess I panicked. That oppressive feeling was so strong. So, I took us up on a controlled ascent, but I was crapping myself.

When we got up, the Skipper saw we were in trouble and I called for him to hook Sasha so we could haul him aboard. We did that and administered CPR, because he'd swallowed a load of water and wasn't breathing.

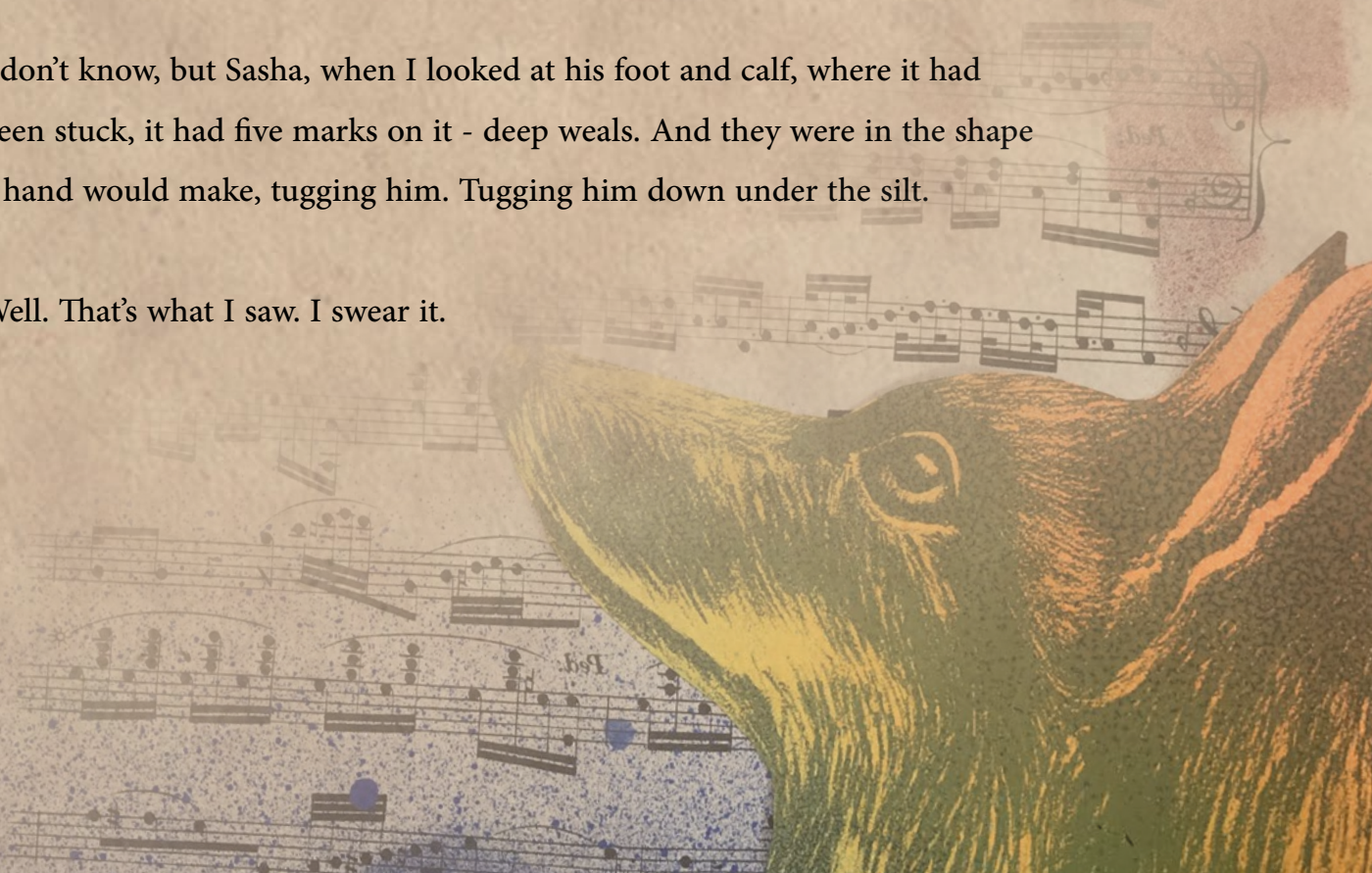
He did come round. He couldn't remember any of it.

What I saw down there is still with me. When I looked into the opening, I saw a load of eyes staring at me. Not fish. People. Dead people. But alive. The whole ship was full of them. And they were waiting. That's the sense I got. Waiting to do something. But I don't know what.

It's nuts. I told you, you get hallucinations with narcosis - but we were only diving at 18 metres, and you need to be over 30 or so for that to happen. I've got no idea. Is what I saw real?

I don't know, but Sasha, when I looked at his foot and calf, where it had been stuck, it had five marks on it - deep weals. And they were in the shape a hand would make, tugging him. Tugging him down under the silt.

Well. That's what I saw. I swear it.





## 46 HALLUCINATION

*From the diary of Carys Llangibby, October 6th 2019*

*Things are now taking a faster turn and I do not have time to add more items here. This is my personal account from my own diary. I will not be able to add new things here. Please, I implore you, find out the latest developments at our facebook group Cursed City - against the tide which I will be updating soon.*

The day I moved into my new house in Southsea was a good day – I was excited for a new start after a couple of really bad years. I had been in Southsea for a while now - but the new place - well, I was hoping to turn a corner, despite all the worries I've had over the last few months with this investigation.

I feel like I need to look back, and since I know I'm putting this into my dossier as my own entry, now is the time to do it, so you know who I am.





I was born and bred in Merthyr Tydfil, just north of Cardiff but as much as I loved the welsh valleys I'd always thought I might like to live beside the sea one day. Well, that came true, anyway.

I looked at the boxes piled up in my lounge and wondered how the new place would ever feel like home. Time for a cup of tea and a cigarette I thought, and I headed out to the ramshackle garden.

It was nearly Autumn and the nights were drawing in. I thought about how much work there was to do before I could really enjoy my little garden.

A black and white cat scrambled up over the rear garden wall and dropped down onto an old rabbit hutch left by the previous owners. It saw me, froze briefly and then scurried away, back over the wall.

I extinguished my nearly finished cigarette into what was left of my tea and was about to empty the mug into the overgrown grass and weeds when I was startled by a woman's head rising up over the garden fence.

"I'm making a chilli con carne for tea would you like to join us?" Announced the head from behind the fence. A kind, well-worn face framed by a mass of light and dark-grey hair. "I do apologise! Let me introduce myself" she said "I'm Celia" and she extended an open hand over the fence.

"Very nice to meet you Celia, I'm Carys, your new neighbour".



Food always seems to taste better when someone else has prepared it and it was nice to sit at a dining table and eat with another human being.

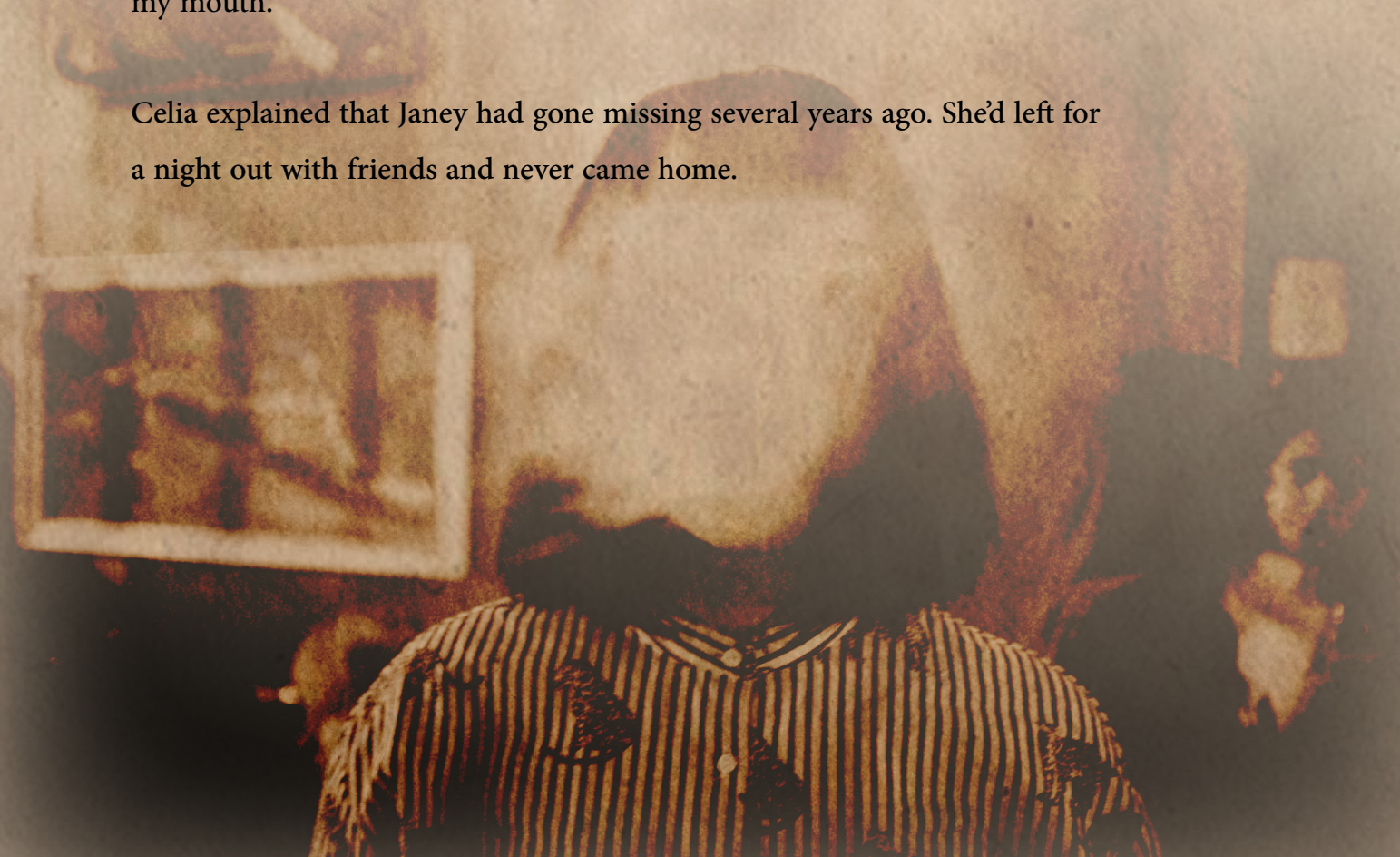
I asked Celia about the two extra place settings she'd carefully laid out. "Are we expecting more dinner guests?" I asked.

Celia explained that her lodger might join us "She's out at the moment. Lovely girl, from Eastern Europe, a bit kooky but lovely nonetheless!" Celia smiled as she told me about her house guest. "You'll no doubt hear her playing the violin at some point, she doesn't put that thing down" She said.

I pointed to the other empty plate. Celia's face seemed to change from summer to winter. "That's Janey's plate.....my granddaughter..." She said with a monotone voice.

"Does Janey live here too?" I asked, almost regretting the question as it left my mouth.

Celia explained that Janey had gone missing several years ago. She'd left for a night out with friends and never came home.





"I hate to think what could have happened to her....it breaks my heart!" The old woman's face dropped as she looked at the empty plate. "It comforts me to put a plate out for her, still got all her clothes too...can't bear to get rid of them!" Celia was caught in an awful time warp where Janey was still 'out with friends'. We continued eating in silence.

"Thanks so much for having me over Celia" I said placing my knife and fork side-by-side on the plate "I'd resigned myself to a pot noodle and a packet of crisps!"

Celia chuckled as she put a wine glass down in front of me. "Night cap" she ordered.

One glass led to another as Celia and I exchanged our tales of tragedy. Celia told me about the sunshine her grand-daughter Janey had brought into her life and the torture she'd felt since the day she realised Janey wouldn't be coming home. I told her about the night I caused the death of my soon-to-be-ex-boyfriend and left myself in a coma for a year. We became sisters in pain.

That night I left the unpacked boxes in the lounge and made my way up the unfamiliar staircase to my old bed, the only item of furniture in the room. The bed smelled familiar and I soon drifted off to sleep to the hauntingly beautiful sound of Celia's lodger playing the violin in the bedroom next to mine.



I awoke with a start at 3.03am. I checked the time on my phone...it was a time I was familiar with. I thought I'd heard a noise, in fact I was certain I'd heard something but the memory was quickly fading. Was it the doorbell? Someone banging on the window? Or screaming in the street? I lay there in startled silence, my heart pounding trying to figure out what I'd heard.

As my eyes adjusted to the darkness I could make out shapes in the room. A large wardrobe to the right of my bed. A fireplace. A tall grandfather clock. It seemed so real but I hadn't moved any furniture into the room apart from the bed.

Heart still pounding, every hair on my body standing painfully to attention, I knew someone or something had entered my bedroom.

I tried to scream but it was almost impossible. My arms and legs felt like they were made of lead. I had a ringing in my ears that was almost deafening and everything seemed to be floating as if underwater. I managed to sit up in bed and peering, wide-eyed into the darkened, but somehow fully-furnished room, I could see the outline of a dark, motionless figure standing at the foot of my bed. I tried to cry out, my mouth was open but no sound came out, I couldn't move.



Out of the deafening, ringing sound in my ears, came an unearthly wailing somewhere in the distance. The wailing grew closer as I struggled to move. All of a sudden I awoke with a jolt...again? I slowly realised that the awful wailing sound was coming from me.

I was confused. Had I been awake or was it a nightmare within a nightmare?

The ringing sound had stopped leaving the room silent. I peered around the room; No wardrobe, no fireplace and no grandfather clock. Taking a sharp inward breath, I swung my legs out of the bed and onto the dusty floorboards.

There was no way I'd get back to sleep now, the birds were already singing outside, welcoming the rising sun.

I stood up from the bed and sat straight back down again in silent terror. A strange symbol, livid red and stinking on the wall in front of me. It hadn't been there the night before.

*Now things are moving in unexpected ways. Again, keep up-to-date on the facebook group - Cursed City - Against The Tide.*

*<https://www.facebook.com/groups/cursedcity/>*



## 52 WRITERS CREDITS

Subject D's account: 10th May 2019 - Original title: Tilt Shift, by Mark Eyles.

Subject N's Account: 21st June 2019 - Original title: Green Ribbons,  
by Christine Lawrence

Subject M's Account: 1st July 2019 - Original title: Crows, by Christine Lawrence

Subject P's account: 6th April 2019 - by Matt Wingett

Subject B's Account, August 19th, 2019 - Original title: Possession,  
by Christine Lawrence

Subject P's account, 24th August 2019 - Original title: The Rose Garden,  
by Eileen Phyll

Subject Q's account, 26th August 2019 - Original title: Bearskin,  
by Christine Lawrence

Subject V's account, 30th August 2019 - Original title: Slap and Tickle,  
by Claire Nowell

Subject H's account, 2nd September 2019 - Original title: The Onryo,  
by Eileen Phyll

Notes by Carys Llangibby 4th September 2019, by Matt Wingett  
and Kim Balouch

Subject E's account, 8th September 2019 - Original title:

The Woman Next Door, by Christine Lawrence

Madame B's seance - a transcription, 9th September 2019 - Original title:

The Fox's Story, by Christine Lawrence

Subject Y's Account, 15th September 2019 - by Matt Wingett

From the diary of Carys Llangibby, October 6th 2019 - by Kim Balouch

Edited and introduction by Matt Wingett





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