









<p>March 3 2016 - 6:32p.m</p>	<p><u>Testing Out Drydenne's Urban Legends</u></p>	<p>#1</p>
	<p>It's hard to get people to talk around here. Drydenne is full of cagey characters- not that the Paranormal Society hasn't been helpful, and God knows that the librarians and Historical Society must be sick of me mean-mugging busybodies who question while I'm rifling through the microfiches since I clearly don't look like the sort of snot who conducts genealogy projects- but if you're a local, you know how people clam up around certain things.</p>	
<p><b>Amie Cavello</b> Member</p>	<p>Take the mines. We tell our kids not to play in them, that they're dangerous- but parents offer mundane explanations if any. My uncle certainly did: eager to rattle off warnings of inert heavy gases that pool in the lower regions and unstable lumber that's been warped by poor weather and no maintenance over the years, to the possibility of untriggered explosives back from when they threaded the needle to collapse some of the more dangerous caverns.</p>	
<p> 3777</p>	<p>But if you ask him in detail about what he's seen down there- nothing. I'm not satisfied with second hand stories that kids pass around at recess- I'm after the real deal. Those of you that've been following me for awhile know that I'm serious about unearthing some of the small town oddities that the old timers know of, but don't want to speak about. I can't let the truth die with them.</p>	
<p> 654</p>	<p>Today I went down to one of the smaller mines- gold. It's a softer metal. There's fewer deaths associated with it, since the tunnel was emptied out relatively quickly, and it's shallow. Close to the surface. I'm not sure if what I saw was The Bends Entity that the precinct mutters about in their case files. (If I ever met David Scoresby, I'm gonna have to buy him a root beer or something. The man, the myth, the legend for making those records accessible to normies like me.)</p>	
<p> Drydenne, ON</p>	<p>I didn't get a photograph. Electronics don't work in the mines anyways- and old school film always develops oddly, even if you hire a professional to do the job for you. Those of you that've been following along with the beginning of my threads on here will be aware of that. (If you're not, it's in the early twenties.) It's something about the place. Like it doesn't want to be seen.</p>	
<p>I'll try to describe it. It was white, and tall, and humanoid. Too tall to fit properly inside of the cavern. That was why it was hunched sort of in half, I think. Have you ever been to Farran Bay? They do some really great saltwater taffy there, it's a whole thing and a half. When you pull taffy, it kind of goes white as the air gets trapped inside- and it had that same pearly sheen to it all over. If I had to eyeball it, the cave measures around 7 feet from top to bottom: it's pretty snug, for some of the male explorers in particular, since parts of the walls have crumbled inwards overtime and not left a lot of clearance room for your shoulders.</p>		
<p>There's an old nursery rhyme that some of the older kids know. "Heed the miner's warning / if something strikes by night / then bring forth the light / and you'll be safe 'till morning." The librarian told me it's just got to do with how the miners would use lanterns to light the way deeper into mining sites, and whenever the flame died out, you knew that there wasn't enough oxygen to feed you or the flame. Hallucinations could occur because of oxygen deprivation, and you'd get all muddled up- so you'd think things were hitting you, but it was just the closeness of the rock walls and projections from the craggy surface snagging on your clothing as you got more and more disoriented.</p>		
<p>Personally, I think it's a crock of shit. I'm sure she knows as well as anyone else does that Drydenne is a weird place, where rational explanations don't cover the full story.</p>		

<p>March 3 2016 - 6:32p.m</p>	<p>Testing Out Drydenne's Urban Legends</p>	<p>#2</p>
	<p>There are these minecarts still left down there, from when the place was still in use. Don't ask me why they never repo'd them when they shut the place down. Maybe it was too expensive to ship them off to wherever else they were hollowing out the mountainsides, or they didn't want to go through with the effort of breaking them down to sell for scrap. (Or maybe they had to abandon the site too suddenly to be able to take anything with them.)</p>	
<p><b>Amie Cavello</b> Member</p>	<p>The minecarts have these headlights on them. I was thinking of just trying to hide behind it until whatever the thing was left- since it seemed relatively docile. It didn't try to attack me or anything, and it didn't lunge forwards: it just sort of was aimlessly standing around, head swivelling like it was looking for something. It was alert, but not the kind of alert that means you have to be prepared to book it for your life or anything. You pick up a second sense for those sorts of situations when you're involved in the kind of shenanigans I find myself in.</p>	
 3790	<p>I did consider climbing into the minecart- especially if it was going to be an hours long standoff, since it would've been more secure than just crouching behind it. I've done that before, with other sightings of things down in some of the mines- ghosts of birds and the odd former miner who can never seem to find his way out into the light again, trapped beneath the surface. Benevolent, or at least non malevolent spirits- especially when I don't feel like interacting with one of them today. They can be really annoying if you don't adhere to their script, or if they try to tag along after you when you know that you can't help them because you already know they're going to die horribly and you can't influence the past- but good luck trying to convince them of that.</p>	
 655	<p>Didn't want to chance it though. I fucked up- I was trying to turn to look towards the exit, and make a judgement call on if there was enough clutter to make my way back out. Remember, it's a relatively shallow mineshaft, so I could have sprinted my way out in a worst case scenario. My shoulder jostled the cart, though- and the thing's head turned to look at the noise. Thing is, I must have bumped something to get some wires touching or knocked off some rust or who knows what- but those old headlights? They were working again, two white beams cutting through the darkness of the cave like it was nothing.</p>	
 Drydenne, ON	<p>It made the most awful noise I've ever heard. It's the sort of scream that's ripped it's way outside of someone's guts- guttural, and raspy, but a shriek like a hawk whistling down through the cloud cover. I knew it was go time, now or never. I made the track team just so I'd have the excuse to practice sprinting without my uncle bugging me about why I've been going around on so many jogs lately, and is everything alright Amie, and do you want to talk about something or have I done something to hurt your feelings, and can we work it out over dinner and some hot chocolate? He's nice, but sometimes it's annoying how he always wants to be the good guy. Anyways, I booked my ass out of there.</p>	
<p>I was looking over my shoulder though, just to make sure it wasn't chasing after me or anything- though few things that live in the mines can even come out during the daytime, and I always plan my trips to give me an excess of daylight at the start and finish, because I'm not a fucking idiot, and it was just cowering there, shielding itself with twiggy arms all folded up over itself like a crunched up centipede. Something clicked about why there seemed to be a daisy chain of those carts all over the tunnels- even in unconnected shafts. It wasn't lazy management, or messy workers.</p> <p>I think I found out the true reason behind that old saying.</p>		