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Drydenne, ON

It has been brought to my attention that there have been a number of teenagers who have disappeared in the Drydenne Bog, not too far from the turnpike. If it hasn't already been made clear by the local precinct, the bog is *not* to be traversed at the moment. Those found attempting to bypass the police barricade will be persecuted and charged in the county jail for trespassing.

I honestly don't understand what's driving some of the younger members of the Paranormal Society to attempt to venture forth on their own unauthorized gallivants. I'm disappointed in you. Those members will be dealt with accordingly, which can involve disfellowship- as you will recall from the documentation you signed to join the society. You represent not only yourselves, but those also dedicated to the cause. Please stop endangering the community and the society's standing. It is not a good look.

For those of you unaware of what is occurring- it's a typical bog body. Due to the highly acidic water and low oxygenation, bodies are often preserved in peat bogs. Occasionally, the prior inhabitants of the bodies remain tethered. Ghosts often arise out of some strong emotion, or unfulfilled urge: unable to find peace with themselves and God, stuck in a ceaseless, pacing ennui. They often attach themselves to a physical location, as is common in the Drydenne Mines.

However, they can also become tethered to their corpse if not given the proper rites and ushered into the beyond. This is why funeral attendance is mandatory for those who are given the black calling card- and why we each do a single day of yearly penance and attend any unclaimed body's funeral on the day we are assigned. It is to maintain the status quo within Drydenne, and to remind ourselves of the importance of adhering to the careful rituals that allow our town to co-exist with the beyond.

The body, possessed by an irate spirit- is unaware that it has passed. It is somewhat feral, given the discombobulation that arises from being catapulted into the purgatory that the undead roam. As with many of the living, it becomes fiercely protective of its own safety, devolving into a base instinct to fight, given that flight is impossible. Occasionally, these bodies can become trapped into the freeze reaction, until accidentally disturbed as the bog spits up her trove of bodies over the years. These are often unearthed after major earthquakes. Typically, bog bodies will attempt to passively deter wanderers from their corpses, by the use of lights and burning fires out on the marshes to lead one astray. Echoing voices of indistinct origin are also common- either to irritate travellers enough to leave the bog, or convince them to head off on new trajectories, deeper into the marsh. Others, more malicious, will lure the unwitting into their grasp, to feed off of their flesh until they are satiated enough to sink into the mire again, resting in a torpor until the itch of hunger scratches at the back of their minds again.

For the love of the Holy Father, stop plunging headfirst into the minefield of hungry undead. Don't you young people watch zombie movies these days? You don't go walking head first into the horde. We- and by that, I mean Tony and I, will be removing the bodies from the bog and processing them through the appropriate funerary rites. Leave this to the experts, or perish at your own peril.

The bodies of the dead, undead, and the funerals will be open to the public- for potential family members to come to identify and claim bodies, as well as perhaps hold their own services if they would prefer a private experience. You may also come to pay your general respects. Please don't try to steal their teeth again.