



By Dirk Gillabel, 2019

This text is designed for people who go hiking or walking into the woods to recognize the unnatural circumstances that might lead to becoming a mysterious missing 411 case, or even to permanently disappear from this world.

In our 'modern' society we have led to believe that we, humans, are the only intelligent species on this planet. However, as I have shown in my e-book [The Intrusion of Dimensional Beings](#), there are other kinds of beings on this planet who show an intelligence above that of animals and whose intelligence are comparable with humans. These beings reside in a dimension parallel to our physical world, but they can enter our world, roam around and interfere with our lives. It usually does not end up well for us, humans. In this short article I will point out the different ways some of these beings use to lure people in the woods, and some of the unnatural circumstances that might lead to unfortunate incidents. Some people have the lucidity of knowing that something is quite off, and leave the area, or they instinctively feel a deep fear that makes them turn around. It is quite possible that some people who get lured into the woods never make it out. Then they become the now famous mysterious-missing-411 cases. David Paulides have written several books, gathering hundreds and hundreds of these cases. What happened to all those people who never returned?

Here we will only look at what happens when people get lured into the woods by these beings. In this article I will call these beings just *entities*. If you want to go deeper into their identity read my e-book I mentioned in the above.

Contents

[The Lure and Circumstances](#)

[Experiences of People](#)

[Feeling Drawn into the Woods](#)

[Unnatural Silence](#)

[A New Trail](#)

[Feeling of Being Watched](#)

[Someone Calling Your Name](#)

[A Baby Crying](#)

[A Woman's Scream](#)

[The Familiar Person](#)

[The Appearance of an Out-of-Place Person](#)

[Entering a Different Environment](#)

[Trance](#)

[Being Lifted of the Ground](#)

[Monster Encounters](#)

[UFOs](#)

The Lure and Circumstances

Here are the various mysterious circumstances one can himself in when walking in the woods that are connected to the presence of predatory dimensional beings, and their tactics to lure unsuspecting humans deeper into the woods to an eventual catastrophic outcome. The fate of people who disappeared for good we don't know. Those that were found dead, often died from unknown reasons. Only those that managed to break the spell are able to tell us their story. The following characteristics of such experiences are based on their accounts. After this chapter will follow examples of such accounts.

Feeling Drawn into the Woods

Some people feel an irresistible urge to go further or deeper in the woods than they had planned. When they do go along with the urge, they will soon find themselves in an eerie situation. This urge is always a first sign that one's mind is being manipulated, and lured into a kind of trap.

Unnatural Silence

Usually the first strange thing that happens is an unnatural silence in an otherwise noisy wood. The birds stop singing, the crickets stop chirping, and not one single sound can be heard. That alone can make one very suspicious that something is wrong. This is often followed by a feeling of fear or dread. This fear or panic is often extreme as one has never experienced before. This unnatural silence is so strange that all animals instinctively feel that something dangerous is around. Their survival instinct kicks in and they stay quite and don't move as to not reveal their location to the perceived predator.

A New Trail

I have come across several accounts of people/hikers who came across a trail that they had never noticed or seen before, and they decided to explore it, only to find themselves in a strange and unnerving situation. Sometimes the person goes back at a later time and the trail is not there anymore.

Feeling of Being Watched

A person can suddenly feel that he is being watched. This is a very strong feeling that causes fear. Some people walk back out of the woods, but others run for their lives, even if they can't rationalize the feeling of dread. They instinctively know that there is something out there, and it is dangerous. Sometimes the predatory being, seen or unseen, is stalking them for a distance. It can even come up quite close to them, often cloaked in invisibility. But strange entities have been seen quite visibly.

Suddenly Lost

This is an unsettling feeling. One moment the person knows exactly where he is, being very familiar with the woods or trails. Then suddenly he finds himself in a complete different area where nothing is familiar. It even can happen when one steps of the trail just a couple of feet, and then the trail is gone. There is strong possibility that one has been literally displaced to another location. This can only be done by another intelligence.

Someone Calling Your Name

Here, the person hears someone in the distance calling his name. As one assumes that this must be someone who knows him, the person will likely be curious and go towards the location where the sound came from.

A Baby Crying

UFO researcher John Keel (1930-2009) noted that the two most mysterious sounds heard in the woods were a baby crying and a woman's scream. Who can resist not to investigate when he hears a baby crying?

A Woman's Scream

Together with a baby crying, this is one of the most frequent mysterious sounds people hear in the woods. Who would not be intrigued, or eager to find out if a woman needs help.

Some animals can make high pitched screams, but we are talking here about a sound that resembles a woman's scream that is not recognizable by experienced hunters and that often instill extreme fear in the one that hears it.

The Familiar Person

An entity might take the appearance of a fellow hiker, or family member, or friend. It will keep its distance so the person will not notice that something is not right. The person will tend to follow the entity to wherever this might lead.

The Appearance of an Out-of-Place Person

We are not talking here about an ordinary person. There are always some weird people walking the woods too. We are talking here about a person that for no reason at all, even with no communication or threatening behavior, causes the hiker to be engulfed with unreasonable fear and panic. There is an energetic connection that takes place that causes this instinctual fear. We know that dimensional beings can assume the appearance of a normal human, and they can intentionally instill fear in a person.

Entering a Different Environment

How strange it might sound, there are people who were walking in the woods, and entered an environment that was totally different from the normal one. This can be the same kind of environment but so different that one has the sense that he is lost. It can also be that the vegetation or even the entire landscape is very different than what should be there. One senses immediately that this is not natural, or quite wrong, and the instinctual fears makes the person turns around.

I have read many stories where people walked into a different environment that was not there later on. Read my article of [*Experiences of Changed Reality*](#). But in this article we are talking about those experiences when there is also an accompanying fear to get away from such a place.

Trance

A trance state is extremely common in a lot of encounters with UFOs, light spheres, monsters and other strange entities. The dimensional beings responsible for these appearances can easily induce a trance state into a human and then give him instructions on what to do next. This is an easy way to guide an unsuspecting person deeper into the woods, or to a special location. The person can be aware that he is in a trance state but unable to resist. In some rare cases the person is able to break the trance and run away. When missing people are found (in mysterious cases) they often will still be in a light trance as evidenced by their disorientation or being dazed or hazy. There are also plenty of cases in which a person came out of trance state and found themselves somewhere else.

Being Lifted of the Ground

It is rare that someone who is walking in the woods feels himself lifted of the ground. However, in Brazil there have been several cases documented by researchers of people who were lifted of the ground by a light beam from a light sphere, or UFO. They were all able to fight against it, and thus we know their stories. I guess those who were 'beamed up' never returned. I consider a UFO a dimensional vehicle piloted by dimensional beings from this Earth, not by extraterrestrials.

Monster Encounters

Monster encounters are not uncommon. They come in all shapes and sizes. The most known are Bigfoot or Sasquatch, the dog-man or werewolf, reptilian-looking beings and the Chupacabra. Maybe we should also include the black dogs, sometimes with glowing red eyes, and other black clothed and hooded entities. As I have pointed out in my e-book, they usually appear to scare people away from certain locations. However they are known to also attack people. Maybe some people who disappeared, encountered such a monster entity that attacked them with deadly consequences? Those monsters are not physical, biological beings, but dimensional entities or artificial constructions. We can only speculate what happens in such encounters. Maybe those people were carried of into another dimension, or they died by the intense radiation that can accompany such creatures. Usually, missing 411 people who were found dead in the woods died

from unknown causes.

UFOs

UFOs are notorious for the 'missing time' phenomena. Actually it is the memory that is missing and this can be for many hours. What is even moreconcerting is after a light sphere sighting, one can find himself suddenly at a totally different location. This is done by the dimensional beings who have the ability to 'teleport' people and even vehicles to other locations. UFOs or light orbs are seen everywhere, but they are certainly present in the woods. If they ever spot you it usually means trouble for you.



Experiences of People

Feeling Drawn into the Woods

This is a typical account of a person feeling a strong urge to go deeper into the woods for some unknown reason. It is a sign that he is already being manipulated by something or someone. We also have the dead silence, the eerie feelings, and even 'missing time', which is actually missing memory.

I used to live in the southwest corner of Missouri in an old railroad town that had quite a few missing people here and there, mostly due to a high tweaker population.

I lived in what we called a "holler," at the bottom of the tops of two enormous hills. A creek ran through the holler, but was mostly dry throughout the year. Despite it being dry, living in what was basically a ravine makes the land and hills damp and misty. The woods surrounding our trailer were perpetually green year-round, and thick. You could walk in one direction for ten minutes and get lost. Generally we kids used the creekbed for a path, as there were flat rocks along it that was easier to navigate than the viney, lush forest floor.

One day, in the middle of the summer I decided to go for a walk in the woods. As usual our red-nosed pit bull, Fatty, came along.

The sun would be setting soon, but I was home alone a lot at that time, so there was no one around to tell me not to go. I figured I had enough time before sunset to walk to a certain point and back. It was 7:30, and the sun set at around 9:00 at that point in the summer.

The minute I started trekking it through the creekbed, my pit bull started whining. He didn't leave my side once, but was reluctant, stopping here and there to smell the air, looking behind us. I figured maybe there was an animal in the area, so I didn't worry too much.

There was a point in the creekbed where I had to duck under two fallen trees. It made sort of a bridge in the middle of the creek and acted as a turnaround point for most of my walks. My dog was still whining and I began to wonder if there was a cougar or even a bear in the area, but for some reason I wanted to keep walking. I ducked under the trees, shushed

Fatty and stopped to listen to the woods surrounding us.

I heard nothing. I heard literally nothing. No wind, no snapping twigs, not even any birds. Even on calm days with no wind those woods were usually teeming with sounds and life. Nothing was ever still, but now it was. It made my stomach feel like it was dropping down into a pit.

Then, I began to feel really weird. I can't really describe it as a gut feeling, but suddenly my body felt very queasy and over sensitive, and worse, I had the distinct feeling that I was being watched.

I've felt similar feelings when being watched by a bear; it's weird, but something tells you to get the fuck out of dodge when there's a huge animal nearby. Humans are animals, we get these instincts. Every time I had experienced an animal that could potentially hurt me in the woods, I had immediately turned around and gone home. My dog had always alerted me by barking or growling, but not this time. Fatty was scared and trembling. I'd seen this dog get hit by a truck before and get up like nothing had happened, and he was terrified.

All signs pointed to leaving, right? But no, another weird thing happened. Call it being an edgy teenager or anything else, but I felt this strange pull into the woods.

There was no sound but I felt like something was calling me, luring me deeper into the woods. It was the creepiest thing I had ever felt in my life, but I was so curious. I wanted to know what the hell wanted me to wander further ahead.

I walked forward, aware that my dog had firmly planted himself at the fallen trees. He was shaking all over and yelped at me as I walked away, but he didn't come with me.

He also didn't leave, which I believe potentially saved my ass that day. I left Fatty behind and eventually got to the part of the creek that I had never been to.

It was a clearing with a ring of trees surrounding it, with the creek stretching far ahead and going around an unseen corner. The sun hadn't moved and it was still silent.

I stood in place for a minute and considered turning around. The clearing was creepy and felt...devoid of everything. I can't explain it well enough. I felt like if I walked around that corner, which was just about 100 feet away, that something terrible would happen. It felt like something was just waiting for me to walk into it, unsuspecting.

I brushed it off as paranoia. I had plenty of sunlight left, and I could explore alone for once. Besides, if something was drawing me further in, I might find something amazing.

I took a couple more steps, and suddenly I heard my dog yelping frantically behind me.

Startled, I turned around quickly, my dog looking like a little white speck far back into the trees. He was pacing back and forth at his spot and barking like it would kill him if he didn't take off running. He kept lunging forward, but wouldn't move any distance forward.

I finally realized that something was very wrong.

I turned around again to look back at the clearing.

It was pitch black outside. I shit you not. Seconds ago the sun wasn't even close to going down below the horizon, and now the stars were out. No sun. No light.

I stared hard at the trees around the corner, seeing nothing but elongated shadows. I heard a twig snap. All of a sudden my ears started to ring, and panic flooded my entire body.

I whipped around and shot back towards the fallen trees, sprinting towards my dog. He was snarling and barking like mad, and when I ducked under the trees both of us sprinted back towards the house.

The entire time I felt like I had death on my heels, and Fatty never once ran ahead of me, staying right at my side the entire way back.

When I made it home I checked the clock.

During a walk that usually took ten minutes, I had been gone three hours. I'd left my house at 7:30 and arrived home at 10:30. My parents were due home in an hour.

The next day I walked only partway back, to where I could see the clearing. The very farthest I could have walked was about 2 miles, and it took three hours.

To this day I have never felt so prowled upon in the woods. These woods weren't part of a national park, but if you walked ten miles or so you could reach Mark Twain National Park. People go missing there often, seeing as the woods can be impossible to navigate after dark, and has large hollows in the middle of the woods that people can roll into and get stuck.

I don't know what wanted me in the woods that day. I didn't see what it was and it said nothing to me, but I ignored every natural instinct I had to run until it was almost too late. My dog being there may have been the reason I didn't wander deep into the woods of Missouri and succumb to someone or something in the dark. I have never told anyone in my waking life about this. ([Reddit](#))

Here is another account of a person who felt unnaturally drawn to explore an area in the woods that looked like a fatal trap:

My experience happened back in August of 2014, but it is still vivid in my mind. I was unaware of the 'Missing411' phenomena until I stumbled upon this sub recently.

I was on a youth group camping trip in New Hampshire. We were coming to a close after 2 days of uneventful camping, and I was tasked with going to tear down the 'Archery Range', a temporary make-shift affair we had set up for the youth to practice shooting with bows and arrows. The 'Archery Range' was down the hill from the camp site, and then down a slight slope to the left off the trail road to a small oval clearing abutting the woods/treeline.

I walked down to the range by myself, and started gathering up the

equipment. I had finished making the pile for my first return trip, when a VERY eerie feeling came over me. The sounds from the camp up the hill had faded away, and it was perfectly quiet and still. Not a whisper of a breeze. There was a humming/vibration in the air that I sensed 'in' me, if that makes sense. For some inexplicable reason, I snapped my head to the right to view the tree line, and noticed there was an area with 'thinner' brush like an opening, and I started walking towards it, like I was being drawn. As I cleared the tree line and stepped into the woods proper, I could feel the 'pull' to go deeper into the woods become much stronger. Looking ahead, the woods were in deep shadow, with a strange group of four trees about 75 feet away lit by a shaft of light beaming at an angle from above. The light wasn't the normal afternoon yellow sunlight, but a very strange golden color. The light hit the trees in a way that the bases of the trees were glowing in a beckoning way. With the rest of the woods in shadow, and the trees lit up, it created a weird tunnel vision.

The compulsion to go investigate the four trees was now almost overwhelming. The thought of "Come See! Come Quickly! Come Right now!" was insistent. My head was pounding, like a headache without the pain. As I was about to take another step forward, another -separate- 'feeling' from the depths of my being started screaming at me to STOP IMMEDIATELY. I instantly, viscerally knew that, despite how enticing this call was, if I proceeded forward towards those trees I would be lost to the world. That specific impression..."lost to the world", scared me deeply. The feeling of "This is *Not Right!*" & "Danger!" were palpable to me. This somehow overrode the compulsion. I quickly looked backwards to the opening, and I could see the bows sitting on the ground, and I think seeing a bit of reality helped me break the hold of 'the call'. I suddenly felt a hollow pit in my stomach and I started tracing a path slowly backwards towards the opening. I kept my eyes on those trees like I was facing down a predator. I didn't want to turn my back on them. I couldn't turn my back on them. Making it back and stepping through the opening to the archery range, my head almost instantly cleared. I could again hear noises from the camp and feel the wind. I looked at where I had just stepped from, and it now felt 'normal'. I immediately grabbed the first load of equipment and headed back to camp. For some reason, I didn't tell anyone at camp what I experienced. On my subsequent trip to get the last load of equipment, absolutely everything was normal, but I stayed the hell away from that that opening.

What stands out to me is the "lost to the world" impression. It was so clear and ominous and final. I can't express how truly drawn I was to go deeper into those woods; the feeling to give myself over to it (whatever 'it' was)...I do know that something not good would have happened if I hadn't heeded that warning.

I know that my experience was very real and very scary. I am also convinced that I wouldn't have come out if I had kept going that day.

([Reddit](#))

Unnatural Silence

This is a simple experience of an unnatural silence together with an accompanying feeling of dread. Maybe he was lucky that some fellow hikers came along and the spell was broken.

Hey y'all I wanted to share an experience I had a few years ago. It crept me out at the time but since discovering Paulides, the M 411 cases, and this sub it freaks me out even more. I wanted to present my story and the theory as to why it occurred.

Some background: I am an avid outdoors-man, a backpacker and future thru hiker as well as a volunteer SAR personnel in my county. I also have a degree in environmental science, this will be relevant later.

Location: Point Reyes National Seashore (part of the NPS domain) the San Andreas fault runs right through the park. I've camped this area dozens of times, I've Day hiked here at least a hundred times, I'd be surprised if there was a trail there that I haven't walked before. The specific trail I was on I had hiked numerous times already in the months leading up to this incident, though this was the first one where I was alone.

I went out to Point Reyes that day to unwind, it was my day off and the stresses of life were starting to build so I needed a day out in nature to decompress a bit before returning to the rat race. It was a gorgeous day, the sun was shining, it was warm but not too warm, the breeze from the ocean had a hand in that. I hadn't planned to hike as much as I did that day when I left home, but it was so damn beautiful that every chance I had to elongate my journey, I happily took advantage of. It was late summer, the humming and buzzing of the bugs was loud. It was almost as if I the bugs were sitting on my shoulder singing their songs as we hiked, that's how loud it was. I'm not exactly sure what bugs they were but I'd describe their sounds as the kind you hear when you're underneath a power line, a consistent and almost electric whirring.

I had just finished mile 8, and had reached the top of a mountain. I decided to sit under a trail marker at a fork to eat my lunch. I took in the majesty of the area as I inhaled my soggy turkey, bacon, and avocado sub. I didn't stay long as I still had a lot of trail ahead of me until I got back to my car on account of extending my hike so many times.

About 45 after lunch I was cresting a hill, when suddenly something strange happened. There was a silence that demanded to be noticed. The birds quit chirping, the bugs quit buzzing, and the leaves stopped clapping in the breeze. I looked around, I noticed the leaves and tree branches were still swaying but there was no aural evidence of it. Not even the crunch of the dirt under my boots could be heard. Then it overcame me. An intense anxiety and feeling of dread, I remember thinking "This is the end, I am going to die here." I can't explain it, I've never lost my cool in the woods

before, and I have no history of panic attacks, yet there I was sweating a storm and sure that something very bad was about to happen to me. I looked around frantically, trying to find somebody, anybody, whose presence alone could comfort me.

Then I saw two figures rounding the bend ahead of me. Suddenly, all the sound had returned as if they had never left. The two figures were fellow hikers. As they approached they looked worried. "Are you okay? You look like you've just seen a ghost!" One said to me. I assured them that I was okay before continuing on my hike. The rest of the trek went just as I'd suspect, nothing out of the ordinary. ([Reddit](#))

In the following account we have the unnatural silence combined with a physical fear reaction. Interesting is also the dog's reaction. The sudden change to and from this unnatural silence is also common. It is usually not a gradual change, it happens in a second.

Happened to me and my dog last year here in Ireland. Took him for a hike through Glendalough national park and about 20 minutes in he started acting weird - sticking extra close to me and on high alert which was weird for him because he's a German shepherd and usually loves to run all over the place when out for hikes. Then I started to feel sort of light headed and dizzy so decided to sit down to get some water. That's when I noticed it. The forest was completely silent, not even any wind. It was like someone hit the mute button on life. I could actually hear my heart beat in my own ears it was that quiet. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up and I felt like I had eyes on me from every angle but could see nothing. My dog was stuck to me looking like he was ready to launch himself at some invisible predator.

Then as quick as it came, like the flick of a switch everything just came back on. Wind, birds were chirping, bugs were doing whatever bugs do. Everything was normal again and I felt fine. Decided to end the hike there, though. ([Reddit](#))

A New Trail

In this experience the person walked a trail never seen before, a feature sometimes encountered in these strange events. Then he heard a strange sound, and found himself in unfamiliar environment, another characteristics that often shows up. He got fixated on a particular location, by which his perception changed. He knew something was out there, probably cloaked. Luckily he was able to snap out his trance and flee the scene in absolute terror.

Some background information: Armed Forces Veteran (USA) on the East Coast. Son is 2 years old. Event happened one week ago.

Okay, so every now and then, I like to take my son out on walks around the neighborhood in his wagon. We would typically travel to one of the nearby playgrounds so that he can blow off some energy before his afternoon nap. I live in a decent area that has newly developed houses / town homes, and

the housing development is still being expanded greatly.

This particular day was beautiful. Lightly cloudy, somewhat hot but with frequent cool downs due to passing clouds. I thought that today would be a great day to take my son out for a stroll, and head over to a newly made playground that I saw on the way home one day. So, we set off, packed with a couple water bottles and a snack just in case.

As we were doing a brief tour around the neighborhood, I noticed a state-sponsored and well maintained trail entrance that I never noticed before while driving around. I decide "F**k it, it is a pretty day, and my son likes nature. He won't mind!" So, off we went on this very distinctive, clear trail with mile markers every 0.25 miles and yellow markers on trees every 100 feet or so to let you know that you are on the correct path.

Everything was going well for the first mile and a quarter. We were fairly deep in the woods, but certainly no more than a quarter mile from the developments at any given time. We came across a bridge that went over a small trench and proceeded for about another half mile after that.

Then, things slowly started to seem off. The clear yellow markers that were put on the trees started disappearing, probably due to vandalism because the nail was there, but the marker itself is completely gone. I didn't mind much because the path was still definitive, deliberate, and well maintained. But then, I heard a loud snapping sound that sounded like it was roughly 50-75 feet back. I immediately halted the wagon and looked back to see what it was. This is where shit got surreal.

As I looked back, I noticed that the trail I was walking on lost all sense of familiarity. There were trees I didn't see, certain plants I know for sure weren't there before, etc. But regardless, I kept my composure and stared deeply into the woods to see what made that snapping sound. I scanned the area and didn't see any life forms, but for some reason, my eyes started to fixate on a particularly unnerving dark section of the forest. For whatever reason, my entire body started locking up, and every single alarm bell in my head was pinging. No matter how hard I tried to focus on this dark patch, I couldn't see shit. I had the weirdest sensation of being able to see each individual branch and plant in high detail, but I couldn't focus on the scene overall. It was super blurry. I also felt my internal fight-or-flight mechanism flipping between the two decisions faster than a coin in a coin toss.

I stood there for what felt like an eternity, trying to figure out why my senses were not working anymore. The instinctual part of my brain was screaming that there was something there, but I absolutely could not observe it. Whatever little light that was in this area seemed to bend around this one central point, somewhat like how a cloaking device works. It was a minor distortion, but enough to make it strangely obvious. I then noticed how I haven't heard a peep from the forest this entire time, and I was feeling very cold even during 85+ degree weather. I could not shake this feeling of impending doom, probably what one feels when they are on their death bed. I felt exceptionally vulnerable because I was not armed and had no way of dealing with whatever the hell this was. Eventually, I was able to

snap out of my trance briefly to look down at my son, and saw that his body was contorted around his seat, frozen and staring exactly where this anomaly was, with his mouth agape and his eyes wide and dilated. This is when I KNEW that I wasn't hallucinating, and that we needed to get the hell out of there.

I took advantage of my brief moment of clarity and ran like the wind, with my son in tow. I looked back only once, and saw that my boy was still looking towards the area, but not frozen in place anymore. It took all of about a couple minutes to get out past the tree line and onto a main road. For whatever reason, I broke down and started crying. My son looked at me like I was crazy lol. But anyways, I had never felt such sheer terror over what seemed like NOTHING in my whole life. I hadn't felt that way at all in any point of my life, in fact. The feeling that my son and I are completely vulnerable, and that I wouldn't have been able to defend either of us. I also never had that distinct feeling of being able to see things perfectly, yet not be able to register any of it in my head. My morbid curiosity wants me to revisit the place, equipped with a firearm and a GoPro to record any events that would arise, but I am still trying to get over this previous experience for now. I have been in scary situations before, but this trumps anything I have ever experienced before. ([Reddit](#))

Feeling of Being Watched

In this story an entity is not seen, but there is a strong sense of being watched, and even of impending attack. What is also interesting in this case is the familiar dead silence in the woods. While birds were singing and crickets chirping, there is now a complete lack of sounds. Also the loud metallic sound, in the second experience, is a sign of the presence of dimensional beings. I have talked about that in my e-book *The Intrusion of Dimensional Beings*. The scorched trees is another sign of their presence, especially the light spheres, which radiate intense energy that can burn vegetation.

I have been recently researching the Missing 411 phenomena. While reading some of the accounts I can't help but notice similarities in my own experiences. I live in the Blue Ridge mountains very close to Stone Mountain State Park [North Carolina]. I am also an avid hiker and have hiked many miles in these mountains. There is a large number of granite boulders at the base of this mountain (some as big as a small cabin). They have always been fascinating to me and when you enter the wooded area where the boulders are there is an eerie quiet seemingly void of wild life. My stories aren't as wild as some but I thought I would share.

1.) This happened last year while hiking with my boyfriend and our dog. We had seen a couple of the waterfalls that day and were going to hike to the lower falls. There had been very heavy rain for a few days and I knew this trail has several creek crossings. I decided I didn't want to get wet and told my bf to go on without me and I would wait. The falls were only another

1/2 mile or so ahead. Bf and dog go on across the creek and disappear out of my line of sight. As soon as I couldn't see them anymore I was suddenly aware of how quiet the woods were. No birds chirping or squirrels rustling leaves. I don't usually get spooked but all of a sudden I had this overwhelming sense of dread. I felt as if something was watching me and I could shake the feeling. I had an urge to run after my bf and started the creek crossing when I saw him come dashing back towards me. He too had an overwhelming sense of dread and didn't get 10 min down the trail before he turned and ran back to me. He said he couldn't shake the feeling something was going to attack me. This was around 11 am on a summer day so not very likely a big cat or bear would be out at this time.

2.) This incident was very scary because I was alone with my dog. We were hiking the same section of Stone Mountain but a different trail called Wolf Rock. On the way up I had seen many trees that were scorched but could have been due to lightening. (I have pics of the trees, just assumed it was lightening burns). Started getting an ominous feeling so started picking up my pace to head back. When I was about a mile from my car I heard what can only be described as a super sonic boom. It shook the ground and rattled the trees. It spooked me and my dog so bad we ran most of the way back to the car. Tried later describing the sound to my bf to no avail since I never heard anything like it. Not gun fire, not a plane, not a rock slide which I've all heard before. But while reading another persons story on this sub it sparked my memory. They described the sound they heard as a giant sledge hammer hitting a tin wall. That's the best way I can describe the noise I heard. That metallic bang reverberating through the woods. Very unsettling. ([Reddit](#))

Someone Calling Your Name

In the following account we have the metallic sounds again, this time it sounds like a metallic cricket. This is immediately followed by suddenly being totally lost. Then he hears his name being called, and he assumes it is one of his sisters. He feels something is wrong but the voice continues and some kind of being follows him. This is typical stalking behavior that we see in other experiences as well. In this case the person also had 'missing time', about four hours unaccounted for. What happened to him during these four hours? Or did he walk into a time-distorted area?

I grew up in a rural community in Southern Ontario, it was one of those places where everyone wears camo and when deer hunting opens, everything becomes deserted. As a kid I spent the majority of my time in my forest playing alone, as my sisters weren't too fond of leaving the house and my closest friend lived a few kilometers away. My favourite pastime was finding anything I could hit things with (stick, axe, hockey stick) and just run around the woods for hours practicing my combat skills against defenseless trees. Everyday my bus would drop me off around 2:55 pm,

giving me lots of time to defeat my wooden enemies before my parents returned around 5:30 pm, and once it was summer, I was out there from the moment I woke up. But I was always sure to be back, and in the house before my parents got back (so they couldn't catch me messing about with a splitting axe). This was my nightly routine from about age 9-13.

By around age 13, the act started to get boring; I knew my forest like the back of my hand, and finally had worked hard enough to buy an Xbox. One summer day, the internet went out ruining my game of Medal of Honor, so I decided to do the one thing I had done a million times before and go get lost in my forest. It was probably around 10-10:30 am, so I knew I had plenty of time before my dad came home.

This being Southern Ontario, the only thing that I was remotely scared of were fishers. Combined with the fact that I was no longer interested in fighting the trees, I only brought with me my fancy pocket knife I had kidnapped from my father's police cruiser. I ran into my forest, up the main path and over a ridge I had scaled many times before. I was gone probably 20 minutes when things started to feel strange. For some odd reason, I felt as though I was being watched. I had never seen anyone but my neighbour in my forest before, so I immediately tossed the idea aside thinking that I was just being over-reactive.

I kept run/walking for about another 10 minutes when the feeling started to get much stronger. I suddenly felt as though I was somewhere I shouldn't be; as though the branches overhead started to get thicker and everything got much darker and much quieter. Occasionally, I would hear this strange sound. It wasn't like any animal I had heard before, but more like the bell on a bike with an odd echo to it (almost like a metallic cricket). I decided that I should probably head home and checked the time on my phone: 11:00 am. It was then that I realized I had no idea where I was. Keep in mind that I knew every inch of this forest, from the roads that boarder 3 sides to the lake that borders the other, I had hiked every inch of it numerous times before. Yet, I had no idea where I was.

And then things started to get stranger. I looked down around my feet and saw a bunch of metal buckets and various metal tools. This is when I heard a voice. It seemed like a child calling for me by name. The voice was light and seemed to flow effortlessly on the wind. In my panic, I assumed it was one of my sisters calling for me to come home, so naturally I called my sisters name back. When I got no response, I took my phone out and tried calling; but this being the middle of nowhere on the Canadian Shield, I had no service. I looked around and out of the corner of my eye saw something dart behind a tree. I looked around me and saw laying in the ground among the buckets a rusted red bicycle, like one from the 50s you see in anti-nuke posters. And the bike seemed to be in the one part of the forest that light was shining through, kind of staging it. I quickly opened my camera and took a photo, thinking my eyes were playing tricks on me.

And then I heard it again. But this time the child sounded like they were almost singing my name, breaking it up at the syllables. I started to quickly

walk away, hoping that I would end up anywhere but this area. But the voice seemed to follow me and I kept seeing glimpses of something running behind the trees keeping pace with me. So naturally, I started running as fast as I could. I ran as quickly as my legs could manage, not caring for the branches that would whip me in the face and eyes. After about 15 minutes of running, things started to look familiar. I ran down a massive hill and the trees started to become more open and brighter. I slowed down and started to walk, too terrified to check behind me. Once the feeling of impending doom settled, I finally mustered the strength to turn around. The moment I turned around is a moment I will never ever forget. I turned behind me and through the trees saw my house; as if I had been running away from it the entire time. Thinking that I must've just gotten turned around, and absolutely hating the idea of running back into the forest, I walked towards the house. As I was probably 100 m from my house, I heard a spine-chilling shriek come from the forest behind me, similar to the sound of a mountain lion screaming or raccoons fighting but it was far louder and seemed to be coming from not just one place, but almost many places at once. I sprinted the final steps to my house and did not turn back. As soon as I entered the house I came face to face with my father, who was sitting at the kitchen table. I looked at the clock on the wall and saw it was 4:45pm. I have no idea what happened in the 5 hours between the time the photo was taken and the time I got home. All I remember is the 30 minutes it took me to get in, and around 20 minutes it took me to get out. I went right to my room and stared at the photo on my phone, assuring myself that it had happened, and I had seen what I had seen. This was almost 5 years ago, and I still find myself looking at the photo to show myself it happened, and I didn't just go mad. After that day, I decided that I would not venture out into the forest alone and started a new character on Skyrim to assure that I wouldn't want to go outside even if the internet was down. My parents moved out of that house this past summer and into the city. I still love going outside, and even found myself working in isolation camps in the middle of the Rockies this past summer, yet I cannot go alone or outside the calling range of a friend. I have no idea what occurred that summer day, nothing paranormal has ever happened to me before or since that date. ([Reddit](#))

A Baby Crying

This man was tempted to investigate the crying of a baby coming from the woods. Luckily his girlfriend persuaded him not to do that. Otherwise he might have ended up as a missing 411 case.

So I'm not sure if this would be the right place to post this but this story has followed me for a few years now and I'm just curious if anyone has an explanation or theories.

A few years ago, my boyfriend worked in a warehouse that was out in the

middle of nowhere. In between railroad tracks and the river. On one side of the warehouse, there was DENSE forest. He had gotten done at work around 8pm, right as the sun was setting. He was sitting outside waiting for his ride and talking to me on the phone. The conversation was normal until I heard his tone change. My boyfriend isn't one to show his emotions, at all, but I could instantly tell something was wrong.

I asked what was going on and he explained that he thought he heard a baby crying from inside the woods. Now, I probably would've second guessed and thought he was joking around because that's his personality, but the way he was talking, I could tell he was serious.

The cries went on for a while and he said that they eventually turned into wails, and it didn't sound like it was too far away.

He disconnected our call (much to my dismay) and sent me an audio recording of what he was hearing. Sure as shit, there were sounds of a baby crying.

He told me he was tempted to go into the woods and try to find the source of the sound, and I begged him not to. Something about it didn't feel right. Thankfully, his ride came to get him before he could step into the forest.

I've heard these kinds of stories before and many say that it's something or someone in the forest trying to lure people in with the sounds of a baby crying. But, I just can't wrap my head around it. It honestly still gives me chills when I think about it to this day. Even my boyfriend doesn't talk about it much because I think it genuinely freaked him out. ([Reddit](#))

This post got some interesting comments that shows that these sounds can also lure people to go outside their house:

IDK..when I was a young single girl living alone I heard a baby crying below my open bedroom window..woke me up. I wanted to go outside to investigate but I was overcome by a feeling of abject fear and shut the window...

Another commenter talks about hearing a baby crying inside a church. Churches were usually built on ancient sacred (pagan) energy spots, where the veil between dimensions is thinner. The energy spots are also used by dimensional beings to enter our world:

When I was a kid about 5 years old I heard a baby crying inside a church and the place was empty. It was a small town church and we were at vacation bible school. After it was over and everyone was leaving I remembered that I had forgotten something in the basement where our class had been. She told me to go after it. The doors stayed unlocked, this was in the late 1950's, so I went in a side door where the steps were. It was a small building and when I was downstairs I started hearing a baby crying upstairs, loudly. I was a kid and thought somebody forgot their baby! I looked everywhere downstairs and could still hear the crying upstairs so I went looking. As I got to the top of the stairs in the chapel and stepped into the room the crying immediately stopped. It was close, but in about 30

seconds I could tell there was nobody there. Nobody left, I'm convinced of it. I went back out and my mom and grandmother asked what had taken me, I can't remember if I told them or not. That's as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday.

The following account is really interesting, because a crying child is the cause of going on a path that leads to a non-existing house, with a man dressed too lightly for the weather, and of course many hours of 'missing time':

In 3-Hills in mid Alberta, Canada, was a very small seminary school town back in the 1950s. The old 'Henry-Jay' (our car) up on blocks, and 60 below zero temperatures more likely than not. Even some of the sidewalks had boilers under them. This wasn't a place where a small child would last very long outside. It was very flat there, just 3 Hills in the distance, train tracts and vast ice fields lay beyond our little sheep shed style apartments that the students stayed in. There were 3 instances where I had missing time in the two years we were there (1955-56). This was just another one of them until I saw a small black and white photo of our little apartment and the field beyond it just a few years ago. (04) 1955. I was walking home from kindergarten, alone. There was a small field with a beaten path just in back of our apartments and this ended at the far end of the apartments. Our apartment faced backwards, away from town, so as I walked home, the back of our apartments were visible, not the front. There were just ice fields for as far as you could see on three sides with the smaller field at the back. There was a three story older gray house out that way, a little before the field, but this was not the house I saw. I heard crying and in the middle of the little field behind the back of our apartment and standing in the center on the path was a small child. I looked up and saw a one story house at the end of the path, so I figured that must be where he was from. I went over, took his little hand and walked him down the path to the house. I walked up the steps and rang the door bell. (hadn't ever seen a door bell before) A tall blond man opened the door, he was dressed in loose, seeming light clothing which was strange as it was the 50s and very cold. Not anything I had seen before. He seemed very kind and I asked if the child belonged here as I had found him crying in the field. He said yes and thanked me and I turned to go home. I had never left sight of the back window of our little apartment the whole time, but as I rounded the corner and went up to our door it was dark outside. As I went inside my Mother starting screaming at me. I told her I found a small boy and took him home, but she would not stop. I have no clue why she had a fly swatter, but she started hitting me with it, getting my hair caught etc. Of course, I was screaming too as I couldn't figure out how she could be so mean to do this to me, just because I saved a baby. My Dad came out and slapped her to get her to stop and I heard nothing more about it. Of course, I remembered that beating the rest of my life. It never made sense to me, and I of course didn't even think about it being dark when I came in the door. That is until 2004 when I was going though

some old photos. Someone had taken a picture of the train tracks cutting through the ice fields. There was no house there. Never was, at least in the mid 1950s' And it's much more understandable, not that it didn't suck that my mother was freaked out, not because I had been a few minutes late in cold daylight, but because I had been 5 hours late and the sun was down. It was very cold. ([Paranormal Studies and Inquiries Canada](#))

A Woman's Scream

This is story from 1987 by a credible businessman while hunting at his favorite duck hunting pond with cousin and two others:

That morning my cousin Steve and I were heading south towards the duck blind at our usual duck hunting pond-site near Bonner's Ferry, Idaho. Bonner's Ferry is located in the panhandle of Idaho near the Canadian Border. There were four of us, two already waiting at the pond. My cousin and I left the parked car along side the logging road and began walking towards the pond. It was approximately 6:15 a.m. In the stillness of the morning as we walked along the logging road towards the duck blind, we heard trees snapping about 50 yards away from us, some kind of movement in the timber. I didn't think much about it at the time, being anxious to get to the duck blind and all I thought it was Elk or deer perhaps. Thinking back, that didn't make sense. As the morning progressed, I began running short of shells and decided to walk back to the truck to get another box of shells which were left there. I was younger, and a poor shot back then. I left the group and back-tracked from the pond to the logging road where the truck was parked. It was 9:30 a.m. Walking back along the road, my shotgun dangling through my arm, I heard that same breaking of branches moving to the side of me going in the same direction, branches breaking and obvious movement in the thick timber and undergrowth. I stopped, it stopped. This time I thought it might be a bear but most likely elk. But what was happening didn't fit the known behavior of either animal I thought. Nearing the car, I stopped again, looked in the direction of the noise and hearing branches breaking again I raised my shotgun. Hell, I didn't know what I was going to do, I was out of shells. As suddenly as I raised my shotgun I heard this terrible scream! It sounded like a woman screaming, but deep throated, guttural pitched sound about 50 yards away. It's difficult to describe something you've never hear before and I've never heard anything like it! It was a loud long screaming tone that echoed through the trees. I cannot describe the terror I felt. I ran to the truck and locked myself inside completely shaken. It was some time before I recovered. I know elk, deer and bear sounds very well. It didn't fit. Back at the pond, they heard it too. I wish someone would send me a recording of Bigfoot, so that I might do a comparison. While the years have passed, it is a sound I will never forget. My home is in Hayden Lake, Idaho. ([BFRO](#))

It is not only in the woods that a woman's scream can be heard. Here we

have an account of a polar explorer who heard this sound in the desolate Antarctic. Luckily he didn't go out to look for her. Interestingly, he also heard two metallic sounds. Strange metallic sounds are also heard in the woods. There are cases of people who have walked off for unknown reasons and disappeared in the Arctic regions.

Australian explorer Geoff Wilson was huddled alone in his tent at the roof of the Antarctic plateau a couple of days ago when a woman's chilling scream pierced the air. It was enough to make the solo adventurer sit bolt upright. Seconds later what sounded like a gong sounded twice in quick succession. He was camped at China's abandoned Kunlun research station, in the brutal, naked interior of the Antarctic continent where temperatures range from -35C to -90C. He knew the closest human beings were about 2400 kilometres away, across the punishing ridges of sastrugi [sharp irregular grooves or ridges formed on a snow surface] he'd just spent almost 40 days crossing... ([Perth Now](#), December 2019)

From his own blog it is only a footnote, as he didn't pay too much attention to it, but he found it strange enough to write it down: "It's actually very eerie, all the flags are out from last summer, it's all tidy and last night I was sure I heard a woman scream, then two bell or gong clangs immediately after. I checked this morning, not a footprint, not a soul. Weird?" ([The Longest Journey](#))

The Familiar Person

In this story, the way the girl was lured deeper into the woods, was that the entity took on the shape of her father. When the trick didn't work any longer, it disappeared behind a tree and it engaged its cloaking ability. I have talked about this cloaking ability in my article of [Translucent Humanoid Beings](#). The stalking in the previous experience of the father is also a typical feature of these beings.

Rian in Fairbanks, Alaska called to tell her strange encounter story:

"My dad and I were hunting in one area we didn't like to frequent much because my dad had a bad experience back in the 70s that he didn't like to talk about. Short version: Something hunted him.

He never saw what it was but it hunted him. We were back in this area and I was about 13 or 14. We had been hunting for the whole day and we had stopped to take a break. So my dad went behind one tree and me being a girl, I went for the bush. I was sitting there with a 30-30 and I saw my dad walk around in front of me and go up onto the ridge we were hunting on. I go, 'Oh, well, he's done,' so I go and finish up and I climb up out of the bush and come up behind him.

So, we're hiking back in and I'm following him and my dad was one of those people who always had to look behind him to see who was behind him, if it was anyone he knew. I'm following him and I'm following him... or I think I'm following him and he's not turning back and looking at me and about a half mile hiking behind, something just set off in my head, like, "This isn't my dad." I'd hunted with the man since I was 8, so six years, seven years

out in the woods with him, I knew my dad pretty well.

So I just stopped and said, "Hey, turn around!" He didn't stop and turn around. Even if he had been screwing with me, he would have turned around. Whatever this was, it didn't stop. It kept walking and it walked around a spruce tree in front of me and disappeared and I'm standing there. I cocked my gun. I'm like, I'm walking behind this person. I could hear their footsteps. I could see the light hitting their body and it just stepped around a tree and disappeared. I'm not a person that believes in things unless I see them. I've been in the woods most of my life. I'm looking dead on at where this person disappeared and something comes running at me. I can hear it but I can't see it. It was like 'Predator' (the movie creature). I can see the light being displaced by it. It was running at me and I opened fire. That's how my dad found where I was at, because he heard the gunshots. I opened fire but I don't know if I hit it. I've been trained never to shoot at something unless you saw what you are shooting at. That's gun safety 101.

Well, nothing dropped and it didn't seem like I hit anything but my dad comes running up onto the ridge. We get into an argument because he thinks I'm just randomly shooting. And I'm like, "I'm not just shooting things, you know, I was following you." We finally hash it out and I tell him, "No, you walked in front of me. You walked up onto the ridge. I followed you because you were done relieving yourself and I've been hiking behind you for 20 minutes now. Someone or something walked around that tree in front of me and disappeared and something ran at me that I couldn't see." My dad's said, "Let's get the heck out of here." So we noped out of there. That's the area where he told me had the encounter in the 70s. He'd been hunting in that area and it was getting close to dark and he always carried a hand-cannon along with a rifle. He always carried the hand-cannon in his hand because that will stop a bear. He kept hearing something behind him and he thought it was a bear so he circled back and circled back but never got this bear. He was almost to his pickup truck and this thing was about 30 feet behind him. This is a clear trail back then so it hadn't grown up. He looked around and he can't see it. So he pulled his .44 and right when it was about ten feet behind him, he turned around and there was nothing there. But the entire trip back he said it was just like something was just standing on his neck and he couldn't see it.

I haven't gone back to that place. I even told my husband, I've been hunting since I was 8, I'm not scared of bears. I'm not scared of lynx. I'm not scared of coyotes. But you cannot pay me to go hunt back in this area. I believe that it was a shapeshifter." (*Midnight In The Desert with Art Bell* - December 14, 2015)

The Appearance of an Out-of-Place Person

Here is everything to believe that the otherwise normal looking person he encountered is not human at all.

I had a similar thing happen to me. I was coming down a switchback that

kept to the same side of the mountain. I say that to point out I could see to the road from almost the top. I had zoned out when something suddenly made me look up. Out of no where there was this guy coming straight up the side of the mountain. He was already within ten feet of me!

He was not bothering with the switch backs and walking faster straight up the mountain side than I could have run down at full speed. He was also making a lot of noise and why or how I didn't hear him coming sooner I still don't understand.

I'll never forget how fast I went into absolute terror. The hair on my neck, arms, legs and every where else raised up so fast and so high I felt my stomach was getting dragged along. I remember I tried to "hide" from him by putting one of the trees between us. But I know he knew I was there even though he completely ignored me. His head never turned my direction, or any direction, he was focused on going straight up and he didn't skip a beat, despite the brush, downed trees and incline.

He was wearing military gear including army boots, a knife and sword on his hips, a rifle across his back and one in his arms. I've been around guns my whole life. They didn't scare me. HE scared me! I remember thinking how I'd left my gun in the car and immediately thinking it wouldn't have made any difference. If he had wanted me dead, missing, for dinner, a "date", or whatever, there wasn't a damn thing I could have done about it.

It was this thought that kept me from running the rest of the way to my car though my stomach was in knots for fear, even with him gone. My stomach and throat are tight just remembering. This was 20 years ago. I had never felt that way before and haven't since.

I've done some stupid shit and gotten myself into near-death situations. I've been attacked by a man who didn't rape me, despite his best efforts, but I did get my ass beat. When I read posts like these, it's this fear I imagine. Unless you've experienced it, I don't think you can grasp the impact it still has over a person. ([Reddit](#))

Entering a Different Environment

I wonder if it is really possible to enter another dimension or world, or is it just mind manipulation by the dimensional beings?

My grandma, who is very religious, told me about a part of her brother's farm that seemed like it was in another dimension. Her sister experienced the same thing on her own, but they never spoke about it until they were adults. It was one of those, "You saw that, too?!?" moments. Gramma was afraid to go in, unsure if she'd be able to return, my great aunt went in a

bit.

She said she was walking along a wide trail, "large enough for a tractor to drive down", when she encountered a clearing where the terrain and everything had changed. "It has been a very dry summer," she told me, but the clearing was lush, green, and alive in there. As soon as she saw it, it felt different. It was difficult for her to really describe, but she remembers wondering if this is what happens sometimes when people go missing. She literally backed up, because, like I mentioned, she was afraid she might not be able to return to "her world". Her sister only went in a little further before she left it.

I mentioned that she's very religious because this isn't exactly the type of thing Christians generally believe in. I totally believe she and my aunt saw a place that is "different". My uncle's son owns the land now, and I would love to go check it out for myself, but that little part of the family is....a little off. Like, backwoods zealot-types. We don't associate with them much. My uncle was a rad, sweet man, though. But even when he was alive, I can guarantee his psychotic wife would never let me venture out there. Shame...I'm so curious. ([Reddit](#))

Trance

A trance is extremely common when people in the woods have a mysterious encounter with other-worldly beings. I choose the following account as a nice example how people can be put into a trance state from a distance and made to walk into the woods without being aware of it.

A few months ago, I discovered this sub and have been completely intrigued to put it mildly. The theories, experiences and discussions are very interesting and they remind me of a strange occurrence that happened to me when I was 11 years old. Back in the 80's my parents bought a camping trailer, and every summer, my family (mom, dad and 2 brothers) would go camping. Often a few of my cousins and aunt would also tag along. Sometimes it would be a weekend trip, and other times we would stay for a week at a time. Most camping trips were up in NH. It was so much fun and for most of my childhood, nothing really crazy happened at all. One morning, I woke up and noticed my cousin/best friend was sleeping in the same bunk as me. I didn't think much about it but as I pushed her to let her know I was getting up, she said "are you really awake this time". I said "yes" to her strange question and went to the front of the camper to get a drink. My mom and aunt were sitting outside the camper having coffee. When I went out to say good morning, they said "come talk to us". I walked outside and could tell my mom looked upset, like she had been crying. My aunt was a bit shaky as she asked "do you remember what happened last night"? I shook my head "no" and listened as my aunt told about me the

extremely strange night, which I did not recall whatsoever. My aunt explained that at about 2 am she woke up to the door of the camper being wide open. She quickly checked the bunks and noticed that I was no where to be found. She woke up my mom and dad and then my mom and dad got flashlights and started frantically searching for me outside around the immediate area. My aunt stayed behind, because there were still 4 kids sleeping in the camper. After a scary 10 minute search, my dad spotted me. I had walked out of the camper and into the trees about 30 feet away. It was far enough that I could not be seen unless he walked into the trees a bit. I was just standing out there in the dark, with my eyes completely open, but not responding to him at all. I had no shoes, no flashlight and was wearing just shorts and a tee shirt. He said that he grabbed my hand and started walking me back to the camp. He remembers asking me "what's going on? Why in the world would you go out on your own like that". Then, I finally spoke up saying "I need to wait here dad! Let's just stay here". My mom remembers that I then started crying as she and my dad led me back to the camper. Whenever I think back to this story, I get a sick/strange feeling. Thank God my aunt woke up when she did! It's important to note, that I've never been know to sleepwalk before or after that night. It was an isolated incident, which could have had a very different ending had I not been so lucky. My mom was so upset that she decided to get rid of the trailer and we didn't do much camping after that night. ([Reddit](#))

Being Lifted of the Ground

Aside from the Brazilian cases, it is rare that a Western account tells of beings lifted of the ground, but I found one such experience. It is easy to imagine that a person can disappear on the spot by such a method, and will never be found. The following is really strange account, because it involves a person who already has a more than normal spiritual awareness. But such account should not be discarded because it contains very unusual elements. It shows that there is indeed a kind of 'predator' out there that can pick us up whenever it wants.

I created a new Reddit account because I am not looking for attention, and nor do I want my usual Reddit account linked to this experience. I post this because I need to share what happened to me, and also because it could help someone else make necessary links to unraveling this phenomena in the future. I am currently in New Mexico. I have been hiking in the Organ Mountains a lot the past couple weeks, particularly both the Dripping Springs and Pine Tree trails. I became fixated on the Boyd Sanatorium, its presence really spoke to me (its off the Dripping Springs trail), and I ended up stealth camping in the actual Sanatorium for two nights. While stealth camping at the Sanatorium I kept having the same dream, very vivid dream, about a large cave that I saw higher in the Organ Mountains when I first hiked the Pine Tree trail. A massive, prehistoric looking bird, would fly out of the cave, swoop down on me and fly me back

up to the cave entrance. The bird then pecks and bites at me, forcing me deeper into the cave. There is a big pile of human bones, I think the bird eats people and I expect that I might be next. I see something that looks out of place among the bones. It is a skull made of crystal, and I pick it up. I hear a loud and truly awful scream (maybe the bird?) and I wake up. I go back to sleep and the same dream restarts. All night and every night I stealth camped at the Sanatorium, it was the same dream.

Even knowing I was likely going to dream the same dream, and trying to become lucid in the dream, I could not do it. I wanted so much to investigate the cave and the skull in greater detail, but I was stuck in that repeating dream as is, and with no difference as far as I can tell.

The last night I stealth camped at the Sanatorium I woke from the dream as usual, but this time I caught a glimpse of something. It was very tall and thin, and watching me. I am over 6 ft tall, I would guess maybe it was near 7 ft tall, and around 50 feet away from me. It was early morning, near 6 am and it was just starting to lighten up. I do not know what it was, but when I saw it, it quickly moved back around the Sanatorium. I got up. I am no coward. I ran after it. I was prepared for a Fire in the Sky or Communion like alien encounter, but thankfully, I got nothing. It was gone. I searched for almost an hour, but I found nothing. I have not stealth camped there since.

What I decided to do instead was go see the cave from my reoccurring dream near the Pine Tree trail. I stayed the night in the camp grounds at the foot of the trail head, and for the next two days I hiked around the trail. I asked the people I ran into what they knew about the cave, and other than it was cave, nothing more. Since hiking in the Organ Mountains I've come to enjoy taking pictures of all the tarantula, I've never seen so many, and that is what I was doing when "it" happened.

It was near 7 pm. I was wandering back from the primitive camp ground situated at the halfway point on the Pine Tree trail loop. It was getting dark and I was using the flashlight on my cell phone. I spotlighted a big (biggest I've seen) tarantula making its way across the trail. I started to ready the camera when I realized I couldn't move. I was very confused. I wanted to move, I wanted my finger to push the camera icon on my phone, I wanted to look around and see what the hell was going on, but I could not move. I was frozen and I still cannot wrap my mind around it. I've had sleep paralysis, and it was sort of like that, but I've fought my way out of it. This was different. I couldn't get any momentum to start fighting against it. I can't say exactly how long I was in that state, a minute, maybe, but not much more. I don't get scared really, but this had me going that way for sure.

What happened next definitely pushed me way into sacred.

Something, I don't know what, started to lift me off the ground. There was no light beam, no rope, no nothing. It was like the bird in my dream, but no talons, and not even a goddamn bird. I made up my mind, right then and there, that no way in fucking hell was I going to get...got, by whatever it

was. I started get furiously mad, and from deep inside me, like I took a psychic journey to my very center (its the only way I can describe it) to discover any reason, any excuse, for me not get taken away. I must have found one. I strained and strained, and eventually I found a mental foothold to start pushing against. Little by little, I started to effectively resist the paralysis. I was suddenly dropped, maybe 3 or 4 feet, to the ground and on my stomach. I am not sure how one grabs the earth, but that is what I did. That something was still attempting to lift me. I thrashed, and rolled around, hard. I was in a real fight with something. I kept looking up but I couldn't see anything. That was the worst part of it. Had it been a drone, or a massive bird, I could set mind against it, and focus my rage towards it. Something was there, but outside my perception. Cloaked? maybe, I don't know.

This lasted a couple minutes more, me wrestling against a force which intended to lift me. I think had I remained paralyzed, it would not have dropped me. I believe it wanted to stay locked on to me in case it could paralyze me again. Maybe that is why certain people are found dead from injuries that indicate they died from a fall, because they did fall. Maybe they fought through the paralysis and whatever it was dropped them, just from a far greater height than me. The very tangible feeling of being lifted finally ceased, and I made like terrified rabbit down the trail to the camping area. I was exceedingly happy to see that a few other people where camping as well. I was in no condition to drive, just to emotionally and physically shaken. I did not sleep much, and what little I did, do not remember dreaming.

I will absolutely find my way into that cave, but on my own terms, or maybe by way of massive bird, but I need to actually see the bird. There is a chemical that keeps you paralyzed in your sleep, could whatever this is, through the use of frequency maybe, overstimulate the production of that chemical to paralyze people? Was the dream something to just lead me there? I believe that whatever I saw at the Boyd Sanatorium plays a role in this. But why wouldn't it just get me then? Are there any cases in the Missing 411 accounts about someone being drawn to a place, or dreaming of a place, and that is where they went missing? Maybe my experience will help someone else. I hope so. Today was a little rough. I keep thinking it will happen again, and I am considering leaving New Mexico, but then again why couldn't it happen somewhere else. That is also something that really bothers me too. At first these things seemed to have been relegated to national parks, but there are urban case which draw parallels, especially the being carried away. ([Reddit](#))

Monster Encounters

In Australia there are no large predators. In this account, the sighting of a large predator-like animal with very long arms (typical in monster experiences) is accompanied by the familiar dead silence and an surge in extreme fear.

I don't know what I encountered in the Australian Bushland

Just down the road from where a few years ago I had previously lived-in South-East Australia, is the opening into about 100 Acres of woodlands and bush that I frequently went into when I younger to do the usual things, riding and camping etc.

I was out driving at around 11:30pm with my girlfriend and as we were in the area decided to show her the woodlands while we were in the area as she loves everything to do with nature and it was summer so an extremely warm night.

I left my car with the lights shining into the trees as we weren't going too far in and it was pitch black inside and the two of us just kind of sat chatting, having a smoke and generally relaxing, she was sitting on a sort of map of the area that had been put in on some plastic and I was keeping an eye on the trees as I had a feeling that something was just wrong. I've read on here a few people have said that they have felt that they were in danger although nothing around them was off and it was this same feeling, every sense was almost reaching out and my adrenaline was up but there wasn't really anything in my eyeline that seemed any different. After lighting another cigarette to calm my nerves, I scanned the treeline again and realised that it looked different to before. It was only after starting into the dark that I saw that there was moonlight now lighting up grass where it couldn't before as there was a black shape blocking it that before I thought was a tree.

I've got goosebumps just typing this but the only way to describe was that all sound just ceased and everything went dead silent and a few seconds later, this disgusting feeling of dread fell over me and I saw motion in the dark of the path as this thing crawled towards us on all fours. I've seen nearly every animal in the outback here and we don't have any large predators like in the US or Europe but somehow I knew this thing was a predator and it wasn't hiding itself from us but just slowly crawling forward towards us.

I don't know if my girlfriend saw it or not as I couldn't look away but just as it reached the line my carlights were able to illuminate, it reared up onto two legs and just sat staring at us.

I am 6'4 and this thing was about another metre larger than me, with arms that were far too long that reached down near the ground and all I could make out was an off-white almost yellowish fur on it and in the dim-light could make out the silhouette of its head as like a dog or wolf.

I wasn't able to move as it stared at me but it was at this point my girlfriend gasped which seemed to break of whatever was stopping me from thinking logically. I grabbed her by the arm and sprinted to my car, slammed the doors and tore out of there as fast as I could, both of us too scared to speak until about half an hour later.

We've both discussed it many times and the feeling that we had was what I imagine a rabbit see's when it catches a wolf or fox looking at it, that this is something that would be able to end us with absolute ease if it so chose.

Neither of us have been able to come up with any explanation for what it was but it has definitely changed the way I view the woods and bush and when I go camping or hiking now, I think back to that and wonder what it was and if I will every see anything like it again. ([Reddit](#))

UFOs

A simple experience but one that shows that encountering a light in the woods can you the experience of missing memory.

When I was young, me and my brother and my dad, we would coon hunt. I assume you not what that is. Well, we were running after a dog and we seen this orange light way up in the sky and we thought, oh, well, that's cool. So we kept on going through the woods and a little while later we noticed that it was way on the other end of the woods following us through the woods. It freaked my dad out and my dad was wanting us to take cover and all this... but then, all of a sudden, before we realized what happened, we were all back at the truck, like time fell out. Yeah. We were scared. (Church asks what the dad thought of it) Well, he told us never to speak of it. Never say of it. We were never allowed to watch Star Trek or anything scientific based, science fiction, nothing like that. Never allowed to watch anything like that. Me and my brother didn't know, we were just doing everything my dad said, you know. One time we were in this show and this one man starts talking about how he seen this UFO and all this and my dad keyed up and said, Yeah, my god, I seen the same thing. It freaked me out that my dad was saying all this. Totally blew my mind. And right then I realized why my dad never would let us watch that because it must have been a UFO. (*Fade to Black with Jimmy Church – December 19, 2019*)