

Gate City Goosebumps

August 2025

GATE CITY GOOSEBUMPS – HEALTH & HAZARDS

Gate City health officials are on high alert after confirming what they describe as “an extremely rare, historically significant” case of smallpox in a local resident. The patient, whose identity is being withheld for privacy, was admitted to St. Agnes Memorial Hospital last Tuesday with high fever, severe back pain, and a spreading pustular rash that stunned attending physicians.

“This is something none of us ever expected to see outside of a history book,” said Dr. Meredith Hall, Chief of Infectious Disease. “Smallpox was declared eradicated worldwide in 1980. There has been no naturally occurring case in almost fifty years. To see this now... it’s unprecedented.”

Authorities are investigating how the infection occurred. Officially, the smallpox virus exists only in two heavily guarded laboratories—one in the United States, one in Russia. Unofficially, rumors are already swirling. Witnesses claim the patient recently returned from a private auction of “antique medical curiosities,” while others whisper about an “ancient curse” tied to a 19th-century quarantine trunk found in the old rail depot.

Whatever the cause, the rarity cannot be overstated: before this incident, there were zero naturally acquired smallpox cases in the modern era, and the last known laboratory-related death was in 1978 in the UK. The CDC has dispatched a rapid-response team, and a cordon has been placed around the patient’s neighborhood.

City Commissioner Darren Cole assured the public there is “no cause for panic,” though he conceded that “this is not the kind of phone call a mayor wants to get at midnight.”

For now, the streets around St. Agnes are eerily quiet, with hazmat-suited officials moving between barricades. Whether this is a medical anomaly... or the first stirrings of something older and stranger... remains to be seen.

“Cat Man” Sighted: Alley Horde Follows Oversized Feline Leader

The narrow alleys behind **Gleason Avenue** have become ground zero for a bizarre feline phenomenon that has locals—and especially the homeless community—buzzing. Over the past week, witnesses have reported seeing **dozens of stray cats** moving together in perfect formation, **following a single massive cat** that some have described as “too tall to be real” and “walking like it’s part human.” “They call him **Cat Man**,” says local resident *‘Tin-Can’ Larry*, a man who lives near the abandoned Printworks building. “He’s bigger than a bobcat, with eyes like car headlights. All the alley cats just **line up behind him like soldiers**. He don’t hiss, he don’t run—he just *looks* at you like he’s deciding something.” Several late-night photos taken from apartment balconies show blurry images of **cat hordes moving silently**, tails raised in unison as they snake through the backstreets. One image appears to show a **silhouette of a manlike figure with feline ears**, though skeptics claim it’s just bad lighting. City animal control has denied receiving any calls about such a creature, but small piles of dead rats, bird bones, and even torn-up dollar bills have been discovered where the cats are rumored to gather. “I’ve lived here 40 years,” says *‘Mama Jean’*, a known caretaker of strays in the area. “But this is no normal tom. This one... the others bow their heads to it. **I think it’s choosing who belongs in these streets.**” Police have not commented on the phenomenon, but a Gate City Goosebumps staffer witnessed **18 cats sitting perfectly still** on top of a Dumpster behind Mulligan’s Deli for nearly 30 minutes last night—**all staring at the same empty alleyway**.

Closed Diner Serves One Last Meal

Owner swears the Sunshine Diner was locked, but the till says otherwise.

The Sunshine Diner has been closed for months, its doors chained and windows boarded. But at 2 a.m. last night, according to a shaken eyewitness, its neon sign flickered to life and a lone man in a gray 1950s suit was served coffee and pie inside. The witness says the man ate quietly, left a silver half-dollar on the counter, and walked out into the fog. By morning, the neon sign was dark again, but the front door stood unlocked. The owner, summoned by police, found the till open and the half-dollar exactly where the witness said it would be.

Security cameras inside were offline for maintenance. The man’s plate and cup had been washed and returned to the shelf.

Shadow Crosses Moon — Twice

An impossible repeat in the night sky leaves experts baffled.

Stargazers were stunned when, during last night’s full moon, a crescent-shaped shadow passed across its surface at 10:14 p.m. Even stranger, the exact same shadow crossed again at 10:19 p.m., as if it had circled the planet in five minutes.

The object was massive — large enough to blot out a noticeable portion of the moon — and completely silent.

Amateur astronomers captured several blurry photos, but none clear enough to identify shape or structure.

Speculation ranges from classified military aircraft to a winged creature of impossible size. For now, the skies over Gate City are quiet, but many eyes will be on the moon tonight.

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"Possum Man and Mystery Beauty Strike Again—This Time in the Open"

Gate City residents are on edge after another bizarre incident involving the elusive figure known as "Possum Man" and his dangerously captivating partner. Unlike their previous attack inside the college campus, this time the duo struck in the middle of the city's bustling downtown shopping district—broad daylight, crowded sidewalks, and all.

Witnesses report the chaos began around 2:15 p.m. yesterday on the 400 block of Broadview Avenue. The woman, described as "almost unnaturally beautiful" with long, golden-blond hair and a smile "that made you forget your own name," was allegedly distracting a group of pedestrians near the Fountain Square Café. While her targets appeared dazed, Possum Man reportedly emerged from a nearby alleyway, charging forward in a hunched, animalistic gait.

"He was... wrong," said local shop owner Daniel Blithe, who claims to have seen the attack. "Not a costume, not a prank—this thing had a long, rat-like tail, clawed hands, and these beady little black eyes that didn't blink. He went right for the men in the group, hit them low, and they just folded over screaming."

The suspects fled toward the east side before police arrived, leaving their victims doubled over in pain and confusion. No valuables appear to have been stolen, but multiple victims were treated for blunt force injuries. Paramedics also noted an unusual side effect: victims of the woman's attention remained dazed and "emotionally glassy" for up to an hour afterward. Authorities have issued a public advisory warning residents not to engage if they encounter either suspect. Commissioner Taggart—when pressed for comment—was characteristically blunt.

"We are not going to tolerate a repeat of whatever this circus is. If you see a half-naked rodent-man and a woman who looks like she stepped out of a perfume commercial, do not stop to talk to them. Call 911. End of statement."

Despite the official tone, speculation on Gate City's message boards has gone wild. Some claim Possum Man is the result of a botched genetic experiment; others insist the duo are supernatural beings—possibly fae or cryptids—hunting for some specific type of prey. A grainy phone video posted to *GCGhostWatch* last night appears to show the pair laughing together as they slip into a storm drain near the river.

For now, police are stepping up patrols in downtown, but in Gate City's stranger circles, there's a darker question floating in hushed conversations: what happens when Possum Man and his mysterious beauty decide to escalate?

House on Ashmere Street "Sings Itself Awake"

Residents of the Ashmere Historic District were left rattled Monday morning when a long-abandoned Victorian home at **319 Ashmere Street** began emitting **music, voices, and candlelight**—despite being uninhabited for over three decades. At approximately 4:12 AM, neighbors awoke to the sound of a **harpisichord** playing a tune described as "haunting and sad, but somehow inviting." Witnesses say lights flickered on in every window, and one described seeing "**dancers in old-fashioned clothes waltzing past the curtains.**" The house was silent again by sunrise. The home has a dark past: built in 1873, it was abandoned after the mysterious disappearance of the Armand family in 1988. Since then, multiple buyers have attempted to renovate it—only to leave suddenly, citing "**uncooperative architecture**" and "**unreasonable whispering.**" Police who responded to Monday's event found the door locked tight, but a fine layer of **fresh ash and flower petals** had been scattered across the porch. Paranormal investigators from nearby Savannah arrived later that day and conducted a brief EVP session, which allegedly yielded the phrase: "**We only wanted one more dance.**" As of Wednesday, the house remains quiet, but fresh footprints in ash reappeared on the front step this morning. Locals are now calling it the "**Waltzing Wake House.**"

Police Brutality in GCPD

By Deedee Robertson

Local reporter, DeeDee Robertson was welcomed with aggression upon arrival at the arena in Gate City. She caught word that there was someone inside that was in need of help and she went to investigate. Already on the scene was Detective Blackwood of the Gate City Police Department and Jormun of Monoc Securities. The two officers barred the entrance of the arena and refused to let DeeDee, John, and CC to enter to try and assist the distressed individual inside.

Deedee and company made no physical attack on Blackwood and Jormun, however, the same cannot be said about the two in opposition. As the reporter was trying to convince Blackwood that it was dire they entered, he proceeded to turn and fire a rubber bullet, twice. The first was blocked by John bravely jumping in front of it, but the second hit true. Fortunately, none of the so-called "wolf bullets" were used. Soon the attempts from the reporter and companions grew too much for the detective and he entered the fetal position and refused to continue. Jormun, finding himself standing alone, called in for backup from Monoc. After seeing others collapse, be it from stress or the rubber bullets from the GCPD that later came in, DeeDee decided that it may better be left to the professionals to handle and assist.

The Man in the Yellow Scarf

Late-night pedestrian sightings raise questions — and goosebumps.

Over the past month, multiple Gate City residents have reported encountering the same peculiar figure: a tall man in a dark overcoat and a bright yellow scarf, walking the streets after midnight.

Witnesses say his gait is slow but steady, and he never seems to acknowledge anyone — even when spoken to directly. More unsettling, each witness places him in different neighborhoods at almost the same time. One woman swears she passed him on Elm Street at 12:14 a.m., while another saw him turning a corner on 9th Avenue just three minutes later — nearly two miles away. A few accounts take a stranger turn. A delivery driver claims he saw the man enter an alley and vanish "like a candle snuffed out." Another witness says they spotted the yellow scarf floating in midair for several seconds before the man reappeared beneath it and kept walking.

Police have no record of any complaints involving a man matching his description, and no security cameras have captured him clearly — though in one grainy still, the yellow scarf seems to be blowing in a direction opposite the wind

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Blue Fire Over the Rail Yard

Late-night workers report impossible flames — and a sound no one can agree on.

It was just after midnight when freight crews at the Gate City rail yard began shouting over their radios. Several workers described the same scene: ghostly blue fire dancing across the tops of stacked cargo containers, flickering like gas flames but somehow “thicker” and more solid. Unlike normal fire, it cast no heat — one witness claimed he reached out with a crowbar and felt “cold air, like a freezer, rolling off it.”

But the most unnerving part wasn’t the color or the chill — it was the sound. While some workers swore they heard the fire scream like a massive crowd, others claimed it was whispering directly in their ears. “It was like it knew your name,” said one man, who left the yard before his shift ended and has refused to return.

Within minutes, the flames winked out. Rail yard officials have denied any such incident occurred, but multiple workers have quietly taken leave, and the section where the fire was spotted has been cordoned off without explanation.

Phantom Subway Entrances Baffle Gate City Residents

Late Thursday night, a Gate City dog-walker stopped in their tracks on the corner of North Wainsfield and Carroway Street—not because of traffic, but because of a subway entrance. A perfectly ordinary set of concrete steps, iron handrails, and a tiled archway reading “*Downtown Line*” stood where, only an hour earlier, there had been nothing but a cracked sidewalk and a chewing gum-stained newspaper box.

“I swear I’ve lived here twenty years,” said resident Claire Mendoza, “and there’s never been a subway entrance here. And even if there was... we don’t even have a subway system!”

Police cordoned off the stairwell by morning, but officers reported that it simply... ended. Just three steps down, the stairs halted in a sheer wall of smooth, black stone, cold to the touch. When Public Works attempted to break through, the tools left no marks, as though the material absorbed the impact.

Over the weekend, two more entrances appeared—one outside the closed-down Crestwood Theater, and another behind an alley near the old mill. Each bore a different station name: *Harper’s Junction* and *Riverline South*. None connected to any existing maps, and the city’s records department insists no such construction permits exist, past or present.

A few locals claim they’ve heard faint sounds—wind rushing, a mechanical hum, even muffled announcements—from deep within the blocked stairwells. Others say they saw someone descending the steps before the wall appeared, only for that person to never come back up. When asked for comment, Police Commissioner Taggart issued a brief statement:

“These are not functioning transit stations, nor are they a threat to public safety.

Citizens are advised to stay clear until Public Works concludes its survey. We do *not* have a subway, nor have we ever had one.”

Unofficially, some city workers say the blocked stairwells sometimes... aren’t blocked. A custodian at the Crestwood Theater claims to have seen the black wall melt away “like dark water,” revealing a dimly lit tunnel that curved out of sight. By the time he returned with his phone, the wall was back.

For now, the entrances remain. Unused. Unexplained. And maybe—just maybe—waiting for the right train.

Silver Rain

A shimmering downpour under a cloudless sky leaves no trace but questions.

Shoppers on Ash Street were startled mid-afternoon by a sudden rainfall despite the glaring sun overhead. Witnesses described the droplets as metallic and shimmering, “like tiny beads of quicksilver,” but cool to the touch. The droplets vanished instantly upon landing, leaving no wet marks or puddles. The only evidence was a faint scent of ozone lingering in the air for several minutes afterward.

Meteorologists confirmed no precipitation was recorded on official instruments during the event. One witness swears the rain only fell within a narrow two-block stretch, stopping sharply at invisible boundaries as though fenced in by something unseen.

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Ice in August?

Lake Dimond freezes overnight in peak summer heat. Wildlife and scientists equally confused.

This morning, Gate City awoke to one of the strangest weather events in memory: Lake Dimond, a favorite fishing spot, was covered in a thick, glassy sheet of ice. Yesterday's high temperature? 87°F.

Several geese were found frozen mid-paddle just beneath the surface, their wings and heads visible but their bodies encased in ice. Wildlife officers carefully freed the birds, which were unharmed but extremely vocal about their ordeal.

Theories have run wild — some point to prankster magicians, others to rogue Winter Court fae flexing their seasonal influence. Climate scientists from Gate City University arrived on-site but refused to make any public statements, and by noon the ice had melted away entirely, leaving only normal summer water in its place.

Fishermen report the fish seemed “jittery” afterward, darting toward deeper waters and refusing bait.

Phone Booth Calls Itself

Nightly calls at 11:11 from the only voice you can't ignore — your own.

The Old Market District's last surviving payphone has developed a disturbing new habit. Every night for the past month, it has rung precisely at 11:11 p.m. Those brave enough to answer report hearing their own voice — younger by roughly a decade — urgently telling them not to hang up.

The voice varies in tone: some report it pleading, others shouting in desperation. In a few cases, the caller whispered a warning the recipient refuses to repeat.

City workers have twice removed the booth entirely, yet it always returns within 48 hours, in the same spot and facing the same direction. Local shopkeepers have started leaving coins, candy bars, and even folded notes in the coin return, though no one has claimed to see anyone collect them.

Mysterious Choir at Dawn

A four-minute song no one recorded — but everyone swears they heard.

At exactly 5:32 a.m. yesterday, dozens — perhaps hundreds — of Gate City residents awoke to the sound of a perfectly harmonious, wordless choir. “It wasn't just singing,” said one woman in South Gate. “It was like the sky itself was humming.” The music was described as rich, layered, and powerful, yet soothing enough to lull some back to sleep even as it stirred others to tears.

The singing lasted for precisely four minutes and stopped the instant the first ray of sunlight touched the streets. No recordings exist; microphones left running overnight picked up nothing but normal ambient noise.

One elderly resident claimed the melody matched a hymn his grandmother used to hum — one she said she learned from “the star people” before she was married. Whether that was a joke, a family legend, or something else entirely remains to be seen.

Stray Dogs March in Formation

A street pack moves with military precision, then vanishes into the fog.

East Gate residents thought they were seeing a parade when fifteen stray dogs appeared trotting single-file down Maple Street. But the animals didn't bark, didn't sniff around, and didn't break formation. Instead, they moved like soldiers on patrol — turning corners in perfect unison, pacing themselves evenly, and keeping their eyes straight ahead.

Each dog, regardless of breed or size, wore the same deep red ribbon tied neatly around its neck. A few witnesses claim the ribbons looked “brand new, like they'd just been ironed.”

At the end of the block, the entire pack walked into a dense fogbank that shouldn't have been there on a sunny morning. The fog dispersed moments later, leaving no trace of the animals.

Animal control has been unable to locate the dogs, though several residents say they've heard coordinated howling at night, coming from multiple directions at once.