

Gate City Goosebumps

November 2025

The Missing Masks of Elm Street

I followed reports of masked figures on rooftops. I saw three—one perched on a chimney, tilting its head like a curious owl. The mask it wore matched the missing theater props. When I blinked, it vanished. Only the faint sound of shifting shingles remained. I didn't stay for an encore.

Library Clock Strikes Thirteen

I was inside the downtown library shelving old microfilm when the rotunda clock chimed thirteen times. Every light flickered. The hands spun backwards like someone was rewinding time. I felt a presence in the basement reading room—pressure on the air, like the weight of unseen eyes. When the lights steadied, the room “felt” empty again—but I didn't stay to double-check.

Phantom Broadcast Interrupts Morning Traffic

My radio died on Weller Street—every station replaced by a whisper reciting coordinates. My name came through once. I'm sure of it. Nothing recorded. My phone malfunctioned. The broadcast ended as suddenly as it began. Drivers around me looked shaken, like we'd all heard the same thing and were pretending we hadn't.

The Ember Cup's 'Haunted Roast' Goes Missing

I went to interview the barista about their seasonal Haunted Harvest roast. The storeroom door was scorched around the hinges. Inside: nothing but a line of pumpkin seeds leading straight to a wall. No hole. No vent. Just a wall. Whoever stole the beans left the smell of burnt cinnamon hanging in the air—like a warning or a promise.

Flock of Ravens Spells a Word in the Sky

I watched the ravens gather over College Hill—hundreds of them, swirling until they spelled one word: OATH. My phone froze the moment I tried to record. Nothing saved. When the birds flew off, the silence hit like a dropped curtain. I could feel someone watching from the treeline behind me.

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Psychic Fair Predicts the Wrong Winter

Five psychics, five different futures. I was there when they started shouting over one another—snowfall made of roses, rivers drying up, a great silence, a “month without a sun.” The last psychic fainted. The fairgrounds still smell like ozone and flowers. My coat still smells like it and I haven’t been able to wash it out.

Glove Factory Lights Flicker Again

I staked out the abandoned Redfield Glove Factory last Tuesday. At 10:41 p.m., the lights roared on. Human-shaped shadows crossed the windows in long, stretched silhouettes. When I finally forced myself inside, the air was ice-cold. One sewing machine was humming, needle pumping without thread. No power. No explanation. No thanks.

Bigfoot Grove Hosts Uninvited Campers

I hiked into Bigfoot Grove before sunrise. Found claw marks in the bark—deep ones, like something was sharpening its nails. The melted marshmallows were still warm. But the cassette labeled “Don’t Listen” chilled me more. I played it. A deep exhale, then a whisper: “He’s not supposed to be here anymore.” I turned around and left. Quickly.

Sewer Workers Report ‘Scales in the Dark’

I saw the shed skin myself—slimy, thick, iridescent, and long enough to wrap around a car. The workers begged me not to take photos. Something moved in the drainage tunnel behind us, leaving ripples in the dark water. Nobody stuck around to investigate what made them.

Antique Shop Mirror Shows Future Headlines

Dolveth at Stone & Secret let me look in the mirror after hours. For a heartbeat, I swear I saw tomorrow’s headline: “FIELD REPORTER VANISHES WHILE DOCUMENTING FOG.” Then it flickered back to normal. Dolveth only smiled and doubled the price tag.

Museum Skeleton Rearranges Itself

I checked the Natural History Museum myself. The prehistoric skeleton did move. When I came back the second morning, its bony arm pointed directly at the display labeled “Unknown Fossils.” The jaw opened wider every day I visited. I stopped visiting on day four.

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A Halloween Massacre With No Killers, No Clues, and No Sense

I spent the morning standing behind yellow tape that stretched across almost every corner of Gate City, watching crime scene technicians move from house to house like ghosts. By noon, they had stopped trying to keep us reporters out. There was no point. There was simply too much ground to cover.

Between sunset on Halloween and roughly 3:00 a.m., **approximately two thousand people—mostly felons currently on parole—were found dead** across the city. Not in one place, not in one neighborhood.

Everywhere. Scattered across apartments, cars, porches, alleys, and even two motel rooms that hadn't been rented in months.

And all of them died the same way.

Or rather... died in ways that *looked* the same, but shouldn't have been possible.

Bodies torn open. Limbs missing. Bone fractures that mimic bite pressure. Whole torsos crushed as if caught in the jaws of something enormous. If you squint, you'd think rabid bears tore through Gate City overnight. Except the **forensics teams haven't found a single hair. Not a drop of saliva. Not one footprint. No soil disturbance. No tracks. No animal residue. Nothing.**

One investigator told me quietly, "We're staring at wounds with no cause. It's like the damage appeared by itself."

I walked into three different homes. Each one was worse than the last—blood spatter with no directionality, furniture cracked inward instead of outward, and damage to walls that didn't match claws, tools, or weapons. One detective—I won't name him—leaned against his cruiser and said only two words before lighting a cigarette with shaking hands:

"Impossible scene."

Families were found together, some in living rooms still decorated from trick-or-treating. Bowls of candy spilled on carpet. A TV frozen on a paused Halloween special. One porch had its jack-o'-lantern still burning, its flame untouched while everything else around it was chaos.

Neighbors heard nothing. No screams. No breaking glass. No animal noises. No fighting. No running.

Nothing.

And that might be the worst part.

Whatever happened, it hit hundreds—maybe thousands—of people across the city **within hours**, maybe minutes, maybe all at once. A synchronized slaughter with no culprit, no scent trail, no fingerprints, and no explanation.

Official statements are useless so far. "Under investigation." "Coordinated event." "Uncertain causes." One spokesperson suggested "rapid animal aggression," but even he looked like he didn't believe the words leaving his mouth.

I've covered Gate City's strangest stories—phantom trains, singing houses, ghost diners, all of it—but this... this feels different.

This wasn't supernatural mischief. This wasn't a ritual gone wrong. This wasn't a cryptid sighting.

This was **a massacre without a murderer.**

And as I write this, the sun is setting again. Halloween decorations are still up, swaying in the wind like nothing happened. The city is too quiet. The kind of quiet that settles before something happens again.

I don't know what did this. I don't know how.

But I'm staying awake tonight.

Because if something hit Gate City this hard... it may not be finished.