

# Haunted Humietown

Description: one of about fifty of two sheets of glossy paper folded over once (no staple) to make an eight page pamphlet. The formatting is, fair to say, highly erratic: the 'interior' pages are upside down in relation to the exterior pages, and both the photos and the 'text' seem to have been arranged by hand (and an indifferent one at that). There is no recognizable printer's information. The paper is remarkably stain- and water-resistant; it also smells foul.

The pamphlet itself seems to be some sort of advertisement? There's no actual writing in English or any other language on it -- except for the words 'Haunted Humietown,' done up in obviously cut-out letters and then sloppily arranged for a photo. The rest of it is made up of somewhat alarming pictures: mostly what look to be human beings in neck chains, and wearing a variety of stylized costumes, and a few pictures of what look like unchained people made up to look like zombies that were made up to look like people. The linguists who have examined the pamphlets are reasonably certain that the 'scratches' that appear in place of text actually are a form of writing, but they don't have enough samples to hope for

a translation, or even an entire alphabet (assuming that the scratches use an alphabet).

Most interesting of all: according to the map on the back (which looks to be a photo taken of a heavily marked-up county map), Haunted Humietown is located at Faurot Field, at the University of Missouri in Columbia, Missouri. Certainly a few of the wide shots show what looks like a football stadium and university, albeit ones in much worse repair than is actually the case. The University of Missouri also doesn't have what appears to be a pyramid of opened-up human skulls, either.

One last note: the box that they found the Haunted Humietown pamphlets in came out of a storage unit that hasn't been opened in fifteen years, and the paper is at least that old. Whatever crazy insanity was going down, in other words, has probably resolved itself by now -- or at least it's not being an active problem. Try to figure out what happened anyway, if only for the sake of the rest of us being able to respond to questions like "So, what kind of stuff *do* the Secret Masters get involved in?" with something more interesting than the usual boring killjoy explanation as to why flying cars actually suck as a concept and nobody really wants them. If the answer is something **really** morbid, then none of us will get asked

that particular question around the Thanksgiving table ever again!

So, hey: some **real** motivation for a change.

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