

Malevolent Maine

Episode 19: The Fryzlwulf

Malevolent Maine is a horror podcast, and may contain material not suitable for all audiences. Listener discretion is advised.

INTRO

LUCAS: A movie theater whose midnight showings may cause madness. This is our last investigation of this season and it's coming to you in two weeks. We've had a lot of fun sharing our discoveries with you and we're working to bring you even more in season 2.

We couldn't make this show without your support. Your interactions with us - the social media posts, the emails, the phone calls - all of it has kept us going. Thank you so much for your support. Don't forget to keep sharing our show with everyone you know, and if you're able consider buying some merch from our store. The link is in the show info. You can also join our Malevolent Mob at www.patreon.com/malevolentmaine where for a small monthly fee you'll have access to exclusive side stories and surprising bonus content. Again, thank you.

A piercing howl splits the night. Is that in the distance or is it just beyond those trees? It's almost impossible to tell. Suddenly you hear the snap of a twig behind you and feel hot, fetid breath on your neck. You whirl around and come face to face with a hairy creature with burning red eyes and dripping fangs. A snarl issues from the beast's lungs and suddenly it lunges at you.

This is Malevolent Maine.

Guys, what was that?

I saw it with my own eyes

No, seriously, what was that?

It's just not scientifically possible.

I can't explain it.

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

This stuff is wild, man. It's real wild.

But... what was that?

This one may raise the hair on the back of your neck, MMers. Shapeshifters. Lycanthropes. Werewolves. The story of a person turning into a wolf has been around for a very long time. In *The Histories*, written by Herodotus in 430 BC, he mentions the Neuri tribe who every few years were transformed into wolves for a few days. There's the story of King Lycaon of Arcadia from 2 BC, who was transformed into a wolf because he had sacrificed a child to Zeus. The Middle Ages were filled with stories of werewolves and actual laws were enacted to protect citizens from the ravaging attacks of the beasts. In 1853, in northwestern Spain, Manuel Blanco Romasanta pleaded innocence to a series of grisly murders because he was in fact a werewolf.

Maine has its own unique history with werewolves. There have been stories told about werewolves in our state since it was first founded, and to this day there are numerous sightings of dogmen, so-called, human/dog or wolf hybrid creatures that walk on two legs.

Our story concerns one of the most famous werewolf tales in our state, the Fryzwulf of North Monmouth. If you've lived here long enough you've most likely heard some version of it. A large, hairy, wolf-man is said to run around the woods around the

shores of Wilson Pond, scaring off hikers and campers he comes across. These stories have been told and retold so often that at first we were unsure what there was left to investigate, but after some discussion, we decided to send our intern, Mark, on his first solo investigation to see if he could discover any conclusive proof of this lycanthrope.

Mark joined us earlier in the year and has quickly become an integral member of our team. His dedication to detail and his willingness to put in the leg work has become a real asset in our investigations. Mark has spent most of his time at Malevolent Maine working with one of our lead investigators, Lucas, but for this case, we thought he was ready to go solo, so we sent him up to North Monmouth to see what he could discover.

We'll check in with Mark in a minute, but before that, a little background on the town of North Monmouth. Technically, it's not even a town; it's an unincorporated village in the larger town of Monmouth, located in Kennebec County. Most of North Monmouth encircles the southern end of Wilson Pond. There are a lot of summer homes around the pond, there's Tammy's One Stop, a gas station-slash-general store (and pizza and sub shop), and Ray's Autos, though that looks like it's more of a museum to rust than a working mechanic.

The most well-known version of the story concerns a man named Juri Fryzlwulf, a Polish immigrant who moved to North Monmouth in the early 1980s. Fryzlwulf was a loner by nature, who mostly kept to himself despite the large Polish community in the Monmouth area. Juri was reportedly a big man, standing close to six and a half feet.

He was also afflicted with the condition known as heterochromia - that is his eyes were two different colors. The left was green and the right was dark brown. Fryzlwulf worked as a carpenter, spending his day pounding nails and sawing board. In the evenings, he went straight home, never socializing with the other men. Often people wouldn't see him for a few weeks at a

time, but this wasn't surprising. Fryzlwulf was an introvert and that suited him, and the people of North Monmouth, just fine.

When Mark arrived in North Monmouth he went first to Tammy's One Stop. There weren't many other places for locals to congregate, and we often find the people with the best information are the ones who have been in town the longest.

Here's Mark:

MARK: I asked around about the Fryzlwulf and most of the locals smiled and nodded. They said they knew stories about the wolf man, but didn't offer up much more. I hung around for a bit and noticed a group of elderly gentlemen sitting at the one table in the corner, drinking coffee and I made my way over to them.

After a round of introductions and an explanation of why I was in town, the men opened up and one of them, Bart Thompson, told me a story he remembered from June of 1984. He said he remembered it clearly because it was the day he turned forty. He said he was up early that day and was sitting out on his back porch enjoying a cup of coffee when he saw Juri Fryzlwulf [Yuh-ree Frizzle-wolf] running through his back field. He was, "naked as the day he was born," Thompson told me. "Well, that's not exactly right," he continued. "He was wearing some sort of belt. It looked like fur. But he didn't have any pants on. You could see... well, you know. The belt didn't make much sense."

Apparently this wasn't that much of a shock for the people of North Monmouth. Fryzlwulf was regularly seen on these naked runs. Mainers are by and large a fairly accepting group, and as long as Fryzlwulf wasn't hurting anyone, they tended to turn away and leave the carpenter alone. The people of North Monmouth assumed he was just a naturalist. Juri Fryzlwulf was an eccentric, but Maine is a community of eccentrics, so he was left to his own devices.

That all changed in the summer of 1985.

According to the stories, local high school math teacher Edwin Simonet was out for a morning walk when he heard a commotion in the woods across from Wilson Pond.

Simonet taught at nearby Monmouth Academy. He was forty-six in 1985, a lifelong bachelor and well-liked around town. He's 83 years old now, living in an assisted living community in Florida. He agreed to a phone interview, but asked me not to record his voice. He's lively for an octogenarian. He's quick witted with a sharp sense of humor and had clear recollections of that June morning.

It was June 21st, he told me, a Friday and school had just gotten out for summer break the day before. I double checked the dates, just to be certain, and sure enough June 21st, 1985 was a Friday. He said summer was a time of regrowth for everyone involved in school - kids and teachers alike. It was ten o'clock in the morning and he was about halfway through his walk. He told me back then he liked to do his walk every day in the summer, usually in the mornings, but this was the first day of summer vacation, and he had come home late from Jim and Peggy Haggerty's school's out staff party, so he had slept in.

"Thank God, I did," Simonet told me.

He said as he turned a bend on the Plossay Road he heard a man's voice talking rapidly. The voice was high and reedy, like he was trying to convince someone of something. He caught a glimpse of something through the trees that looked like naked skin.

As Simonet explained it, he saw there was someone in the woods. This wasn't a popular stretch of woods and there was no real reason for anyone to be out there, but he thought maybe someone needed some help and went off the roads into the woods. What he came upon shocked him. Seventeen year old Linda Williams had just finished Simonet's Algebra class that spring, so he knew her well. "She was standing there in her delicates." He told me.

"Her clothes were in a little pile nearby. She was standing there in her undergarments, her hands trying to keep herself modest."

Simonet said that Linda looked scared. Standing ten feet across from her was a tall man. He was naked save for a fur belt he had tied across his hips.

"It was Fryzlwulf," Simonet told me. "No doubt about that." He tried to plead his innocence, but it was obvious to Simonet what was going on. He charged after Fryzlwulf, meaning to protect his young student, but the man ran off. Afraid to leave Linda alone, Simonet doubled back to the girl. He helped her out of the woods and together they contacted the police.

Mark attempted to locate Linda Williams to see if she could corroborate the story. Here he is to talk about what he discovered:

MARK: So, I couldn't find Linda Williams. According to some people in town, she moved away some time around 1995. They thought she had gone to Montana or Colorado, somewhere out west. I tried to look her up online, but I didn't get any hits that matched her age. I did talk to one woman through social media, but she wasn't the right Linda Williams. What I did discover, however, was the name of the deputy who took Linda Williams' statement to the police: Garret Downs. Downs was still in town and after a little searching, I found him.

The police reports indicate that Linda Williams was not harmed. She wasn't attacked or raped. She claimed that Fryzlwulf never even physically touched her. Williams said she was out in the woods that day because she was going swimming in Wilson Pond with some friends. She had recently purchased a new bathing suit, a two piece suit her mother would not approve of if she knew her daughter had it. So she snuck it out of the house. She went into the woods to change in secrecy. She was halfway through changing when she said Fryzlwulf stumbled out of the

woods. That's where her report becomes disjointed and begins to lose sense.

MARK: Garret Downs, the deputy who took Linda Williams' statement, agreed to meet with me. He's retired now, and will turn 70 this January. He lives by himself in a small Cape Cod style home in Monmouth. He met me on the front porch, and since the day was mild, we walked around his yard while we talked. He remembered the day Linda Williams came in. He said she was quite agitated when she came into the station. It took awhile to calm her down enough to get her to actually tell what happened. He told me how she said she had gone into the woods to change and that Fryzlwulf had come out of the woods. I asked him what happened after that and for a time he was quiet.

When he spoke again, he wouldn't look me in the eye. He kept watch on a cloud as it drifted across the sky. He told me that she completely broke down at that point. He could barely make out what she was saying. She kept saying he changed, he changed. She said she saw it. She kept saying that over and over.

We were able to obtain a copy of the police report she filed on June 21, 19985. I'm going to a portion of it now:

"I heard a sound in the woods. That's when I saw him. That... man. Except he wasn't a man. He was... bigger...bulkier. His body didn't move like a man. So much hair. He... He kept saying, 'Please, please. Shhh. It's okay. Please.' And I saw... I saw.. I saw..."

Both Linda Williams and Edwin Simonet positively identified the naked man as Juri Fryzlwulf. As Williams maintained throughout her entire report that he had never touched her, there was very little police could charge Fryzlwulf with. The most they could do was indecent exposure. When police arrived at Fryzlwulf's home, he answered the door and came to the station with them. He reportedly said very little, not offering any explanation for

his actions. He hardly spoke at all, and was eventually released with a summons to court.

Meanwhile, Earl Williams, father of the traumatized girl, was not satisfied.

MARK: Earl Williams was a bit of the town bully, and everybody knew it. He was furious that the police hadn't done more to the man he believed had molested his daughter. So, he rounded up a posse of men and they went to Fryzlwulf's house. They jumped him and dragged him out of his home. Then they set his house on fire. Fryzlwulf went mad as his house went up in flames. According to the stories I heard, Fryzlwulf almost threw them off and ran back into the house. He kept screaming about his belt. How he needed his belt. How it was the only thing that could control it. Why the local fire department never responded to the house fire is unknown, though many suspect that Fire Marshall Carl Townes was part of the mob that came from the suspected child molestor.

If it had ended there, this example of frontier justice would have been extreme for a case of accident indecent exposure. Both a medical examination and the girl's own story exonerated Fryzlwulf from any form of sexual harrassment. The girl's hysterics defied an accidental glimpse of a nude man, however. Earl Williams was extremely protective of his family, and all he knew was that Juri Fryzlwulf had done something so horrible it had scarred his daughter. He wanted revenge.

While Frzylewulf's home burned, Earl Williams and his posse dragged the man back to the woods along the Plossay Road where the incident had occurred a few days before. There, they strung a rope up over a tree limb, looped the other end around Frylewulf's neck, and lynched him.

Things didn't go quite as planned however.

Mark was able to track down one of the men who admitted to being part of the group organized by Earl Williams.

MARK: Collin Hardy is in his sixties. He's a slight man, all wiry muscles and harsh angles. He was twenty-four back in 1985, and he readily admits he was part of the crew Earl Williams had put together. He told me Earl was all fired up that day. They all were. Earl was a good guy, he said, rough around the edges, but he was a good man. All of the men had kids back then. He said, they could only imagine what that creep would have done to their kids if he caught them. The way he tells it, Earl was screaming and cursing Fryzlwulf while the man was dangling at the end of the rope. He said he had never seen a man die before, but Earl was a little older. He had been to Korea and seen and done things. Hardy says he went along with it, though, because Earl was his friend and he was scared for his own children. He remembered Fryzlwulf twitching and jerking at the end of the rope and the sun was going down. Hardy said just as the sun went down all the way, Fryzlwulf's body started to twist and turn like he was changing.

In the end seven of the fifteen men came forward and admitted their part in the attack. To a man, every single one of them told the same story. All of these are on record at the Monmouth Police station. While many dismiss these reports as embellished by hot tempers and more than a little bit of whiskey, the fact remains that seven men all reported the same thing - at different times, and independently of one another.

According to the reports, Fryzlwulf's body began to change. It lengthened in place. Bones cracked and regrew at different angles, skin split open and thick, coarse hair, fur, grew. His face shattered and turned more lupine. The creature at the end of the rope was half man, half wolf.

When the transformation was complete, the wolf-thing snapped the rope around its neck. It snarled at the men and took a swipe at Earl Williams, slicing him across the belly. Then the creature

that had been Fryzlwulf ran off. Williams would later be treated at the local hospital where he received twenty-three stitches. The medical records are private of course, but there are many photographs taken in the following years showing the four slashes across his stomach.

Juri Fryzlwulf was never seen again. With no one to press charges, the men of the mob were not charged with anything. It should be stated again, the Police Chief happened to be a friend of Earl Williams. However, the seven men who came forward with their stories of what happened, did so after several days. Many of the men said they could not live keeping secret what they saw.

In the years since there have been many sightings of what the locals have come to call the Fryzlwulf. Often a hunter or a hiker will catch a glimpse of something big and brown moving through the woods. A few have claimed to have seen it running across the road late at night, and one man even claimed he came face to face with it when he was walking into town on a winter evening after his snowmobile ran out of gas.

The Wolfman of North Monmouth. The Hairy Man. Dog Man. These are names used to describe the creature Juri Fryzlwulf transformed into on that evening back in the 80s.

Was Juri Fryzlwulf a werewolf? Could his early morning nude runs have been him returning from his lupine transformations? Was he transforming back from wolf form to human when he encountered Linda Williams?

The stories seem to suggest this, but we wondered if there was any evidence to support this claim. Many of the men who saw this final transformation have since passed away, including Earl Williams. We sent Mark into the woods near where the mob attempted to lynch Fryzlwulf to see if there were any clues or signs that might give us a lead.

MARK: The woods around Wilson Pond are pretty dense. It would be easy to get lost here. Or to hide. The incident happened forty years ago, but it was fairly easy to find where it happened. There's a large tree with a thick branch where I assume they looped the noose. I spent some time walking around in the woods, looking for any signs that the Fryzlwulf was still here. I found several indentations that could have been footprints. They appeared roughly man-shaped, but with claws at the end. I also found a tuft of what looked like brownish fur. We're working on identifying the animal it came from. That was all. There wasn't much to go on. But the more I walked through the woods, the more I kept thinking about Juri Fryzlwulf trying to rush back into his burning home, screaming about his belt. Why would he care so much about a belt? But then I remembered the story Bart Thompson told me about how he had seen Juri Fryzlwulf wearing a fur belt. I went back to him to ask him if he remembered anything else about it.

Thompson told me as near as he could remember, it was a thin strip of leather with wolf pelts hanging from it. He thought there might have been some sort of buckle or metal medallion in the middle, but he wasn't looking too closely at that, he said. He thought there might have been letters or symbols embossed onto the leather, but he never knew what they had said. The belt was believed to be consumed in the fire that burned down Fryzlwulf's home.

So what was this belt and why did Fryzlwulf care about it so much? As is often the case, we turn to history.

Peter Stumpp was an alleged German serial killer from the 16th Century who claimed to be a werewolf. Dubbed the Werewolf of Bedburg, Stumpp was executed for murder, witchcraft, and cannibalism. During his trial, Stumpp claimed he met the Devil in the woods when he was a young man and was given a belt made of wolf fur that allowed him to turn into "the likeness of a greedy, devouring wolf, strong and mighty, with eyes great and large, which in the night sparkled like fire, a mouth great and

wide, with most sharp and cruel teeth, a huge body, and mighty paws."

After his death, many searched for Stumpp's belt, but it was never found. Is it possible that Juri Fryzlewulf somehow found Peter Stumpp's belt and used it to transform into a wolfman? It's an interesting possibility, but there are several discrepancies that seem to contradict this theory.

First, Peter Stumpp claimed that when he put the belt on he transformed into a wolf. All of the stories we were able to gather implied Fryzlwulf wore the belt in human form. Then there's the curious words he was said to utter as he tried to rescue the belt from his burning home: "It's the only thing that can control it." He seemingly implied that the belt was able to either control his transformations or control his behavior when in wolf form.

Many cases of lycanthropy are said to have been caused by a curse. There's a strong possibility that Juri Fryzwulf was placed under such a curse. In his animalistic form, he would have little control over his actions, causing injury or death to those around him, and yet for the four years Fryzlwulf lived in North Monmouth, there were hardly any instances of serious injury. There were no signs of mutilated animals, no missing children, nothing that would indicate a werewolf prowled the woods around Wilson Pond.

In the years since, however, it is a completely different story. Here's Mark to explain:

MARK: Everyone I talked to mentioned there seemed to be a lot of roadkill in the area around Wilson Pond, though, they admitted there isn't a lot of traffic on the road. A lot of the animals - racoons, skunks, porcupines - seem to be torn open and partially eaten. Several hunters have reported coming across partially consumed deer carcasses in the woods. And then there was Victoria Daniels.

Victoria Daniels was a ten year old girl who went missing in the area back in 2005. Many assumed she ran away. Still others believe she had been abducted by her estranged mother and kidnapped out of state. But Game Warden, Clint Fournier still vividly recalls the pink Nike sneaker - the same brand and size Victoria Daniels was wearing - that he found in the woods not far from where Mark was investigating. His report indicated it was ripped and torn, as if by a series of long, sharp claws, and there were blood stains on the sneaker as well.

Could it be that without his magic wolf belt, Juri Fryzlwulf is unable to control his savage behavior in wolf form and is now ravaging the area off Plossay Road? It could be that without his belt he cannot change back. We may never know for certain.

Though he would be close to eighty years old, it is possible that whatever curse afflicted him with lycanthropy has prolonged his life. There have been attempts to capture or kill the creature, but none have been successful. Maybe someday in the future a hunter will encounter the Fryzwulf and end the curse, but until then we're left with more questions than answers. One thing that is certain, however, is the beliefs of the people of North MONmouth. They are convinced a werewolf haunts their small town.

MARK: Everyone I talked to, without a doubt, believes Juri Fryzlwulf is an actual, honest to God, werewolf. There is no doubt in the minds of the people here that he's out there and that he's dangerous.

One last thing. Just before I was set to leave town, Collin Hardy, one of the men who had helped Earl Williams lynch Juri Fryzlwulf, texted me. He said he wanted to see me one more time before I left and that he had something for me.

I met him at his house and after knocking a few times he answered the door. He asked me to come around out back with him and he led me across a sparse back yard to a small shed.

He told me he had had this for a long time, but that since I seemed so interested, he thought I should have it. He pried up a loose floorboard and pulled out something wrapped in plastic. When he unwrapped it, I saw it was a frayed piece of rope.

"Is this..." I began to ask and he nodded.

It was what remained of the length of rope. It was the same rope that had been used to hang Juri Fryzlwulf. He said that about three months after the lynching, he went back out into the woods and cut the rope down. He told me he almost hoped the creature would reappear and maybe attack him. He half expected it. Instead, the woods had been as quiet as the grave. Hardy had kept the rope ever since. He told me he wanted me to have it and that maybe it would give me more peace of mind than it ever gave him.

We want to thank Mark for his hard work on this investigation. Researching the paranormal isn't an easy task, but he was more than up for it. Let us know how you think he did. Maybe there will be more solo cases in his future.

And if you're in the North Monmouth area, we advise you to be careful if you're out in the woods around Wilson Pond. We're not saying there is a werewolf stalking the area... but we're not saying there isn't either.

Stay safe out there, Maine.

Malevolent Maine is Lucas Knight, Lucas Wilson, and myself, Chris Estes.

If you'd like to read more about our investigations check out our website at malevolentmaine.blogspot.com/

While there, don't forget to check our merch store. And, if you're so inclined, support us on Patreon at patreon.com/malevolentmaine
Thank you for listening to Malevolent Maine.
And as always, stay safe out there, Maine.