

# Malevolent Maine

## Episode 32: The Ritual of Earth

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MARK, LUCAS, TOM

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

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### INTRO:

**MARK:** A being tormenting young children in their sleep. Maine's very own mystery serial killer. And a lake that has an... appetite for the living. These are some of the stories coming your way in the next few weeks.

Hey everyone, it's Mark. We hope you're enjoying the second season of *Malevolent Maine*. We're over halfway through the season, but we've still got a lot more stories to bring you. We see you all out there, liking our posts, sending us those positive comments. We really appreciate it.

Did you know we have a 5 star rating on Apple Podcasts? Thank you so much, MMers. Each time you rate or review the show it helps spread the word and keeps this little podcast growing and expanding.

And don't forget to join our Malevolent Mob on patreon. We've got six episodes of *The Black Tarot*, a side story about Chris and the strange black envelopes he's been receiving, each with its own twisted hand of tarot cards. We've got all our episodes, ad free, some pictures we've taken and artifacts we've discovered on our investigations, and more. We're going to have another side story coming out real soon. So you're going to want to join the Malevolent Mob now. Oh, and if you do, me or one of the other guys will send you your very own Malevolent Maine postcard with a thank you message from us.

Thanks guys. Oh, and don't forget, if you have a story of the odd or the unexplained, send it to us. We're going to be putting together some user submitted episodes real soon, and we'd love to hear from you.

Deep underground you can feel the tons of earth and rock pressing down on you. The tunnel twists and turns in ways that no human hand could ever carve. You see a dim light ahead, a fluttering glow, and hear low voices intoning something in unison. You turn one final bend in the cavern and enter a small chamber. Six black-clad people stand around what appears to be a wooden coffin. As they chant something in an alien tongue, you could swear you see the lid of the coffin rattle and shake. Why is it chained... and why do you hear frenzied scratching coming from inside it.

This is Malevolent Maine.

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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?

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Dig deep, MMers, this story takes us all the way to the northern end of the state, and the city of Caribou, Maine. We talked about Caribou in Episode 18 about the missing Flight 129, but for those unfamiliar with Caribou, it is located on the northern

bend of the Aroostook River and at one point was the largest exporter of potatoes in the world and was home to Loring Air Force Base. Since its peak, in the 1970s, the city has been struck with many hardships and has been on a steady population decline.

That hasn't stopped a listener who only wanted to be known by their username, NepentheDregs, from reaching out to us and letting us know about an increase in witchcraft activity in their area.

As our listeners know, we've been tracking a series of rituals, performed by different covens across the state. The first we uncovered in Machias, by a coven who had performed something called the Ritual of Fire. We covered this story in Episode 24. We were alerted to a second ritual, the Ritual of Air, performed by a coven of witches in the Andover region. Tom investigated that for us in Episode 28. If you'd like to go back and listen to those ones first, we'll wait for you right here.

According to NepentheDregs, a coven may have recently performed a ritual in the caves just outside of town.

Now, Maine isn't known for its elaborate cave systems. We typically don't have the right kind of bedrock to create the intricate caverns you see in say, the American southwest. That's not to say there aren't caves and caverns spread over the state. Acadia National Park has several caves including Anemone Cave and the famous Thunder Hole.

A few miles outside of Caribou is a system of caves that as near as we can tell don't have a formal name. Some people call them simply, The Caves. We've heard Lyndon's Cavern used, as well as the more creative Devil's Den. Local teenagers call them the Bottomless Pits. Because we liked the sound of it and for simplicity's sake, we're going to call the Caribou caves the Devil's Den.

In Episode 22, Lucas and Tom investigated a cavern that led to a supposed subterranean forest, dubbed the Deepwoods. Because of their connection to both the previous rituals and caves, we sent the two of them up to Caribou to investigate.

**LUCAS:** Unlike many caves in Maine, the Devil's Den isn't much of a tourist attraction. There are no formal trails that lead to them, no signs indicating their history. High schoolers don't even use them for parties or romantic trysts. By and large the people of Caribou leave the caves alone. In fact, the Devil's Den may be one of the area's best kept secrets. That's no coincidence, according to Nepenthedregs [**Nep-en-thee-Dregs**]. They claim the caves have a bad reputation. There are old stories of early lumberjacks and potato farmers falling into those caves and never finding their way out. In the 1980s there were rumors that two little kids, Tyler Belanger and Romeo Corveau went off to play in the caves and never came back. An extensive search was conducted, but no trace of the boys was ever found.

And then there's the story of the old witch who was buried somewhere in those caves.

When the woman they called Grammy Grimes died in 1952 she was 113 years old. If she had a name other than that, no one ever called her by it or knew it, but everyone in Caribou knew Grammy Grimes, and even now, seventy years since her death, the stories of the old woman are still being told.

Grammy Grimes lived alone in a small house on the edge of town on a lonely stretch of the Brown Road. As far as anyone knew she never had a husband nor children. As far back as anyone in Caribou could remember Grammy Grimes had always been there, had always *been* Grammy Grimes.

We spoke with life-long Caribou resident Don Marquis. He's 81 and at first when we asked if we could interview him, he didn't seem to understand what we were doing it for. We

explained *Malevolent Maine* to him, but we're not sure he understood what a podcast was. Eventually he agreed anyways. Don told us he was ten years old when Grammy Grimes died. He knew who she was, of course. He said she would often walk into town to purchase groceries. He was scared of her. He said all the kids were. Everyone knew she was a witch. Don says his own mother told him that if he didn't behave she would send Grammy Grimes to get him in his sleep. She would come and eat his toes, one at a time. He said he doesn't remember if his mother told him that part or if he heard it from some of the other kids in town.

Don said when Grammy Grimes died, one of the local farmers, John Haney, hitched a wagon to his horse, Chester, and pulled her coffin through the streets. The whole town came out to see her off, like some sort of parade. Don said eleven years later when John F Kennedy was shot and they watched the funeral procession on TV, he was reminded of Grammy Grimes.

Grammy Grimes was a witch. Everyone in town knew that, and for the most part accepted it. She was ancient by the 1950s, older than most, but she had always been the witchy woman in town. No one was sure when she had come to Caribou or if she'd always been there, but it was public knowledge she'd been practicing witchcraft longer than the town council had been alive. There were rumors she'd been in town, not just when they changed the name back to Caribou from Lyndon in 1877, but when they switched it the first time in 1869.

There had been a graduated physician in Caribou since 1873, but even into the 1950s people were still visiting Grammy Grimes for minor afflictions - boils and blemishes, maybe a cough that simply wouldn't go away. And more than one teenager girl had visited Grammy Grimes's backdoor in the dark of evening to make sure their names and... reputations, were kept clean in town. It was known Grammy Grimes could make any of those little unwanted teenage transgressions disappear quicker and easier than the doctors in Presque Isle could.

If the crop was in trouble, you visited Grammy Grimes. If you were having trouble catching pregnant, Grammy Grimes could give you a tincture that would help you quicken by the next full moon. If you needed luck to win the next poker night because you owed a few men some money and they were looking to come call, or you needed a curse put on your neighbor's barking dog, or you needed an old drunk uncle to disappear so he'd stop creeping into rooms he shouldn't be, Grammy Grimes was the person you saw.

But you never talked about it.

At least not out in the open. Much like the Devil's Den, Grammy Grimes was Caribou's little secret. Everyone knew her and tolerated her, even if they were more than a little afraid of the things they did.

Still, she had helped Luke Barnes recover from that tumor that was growing in his belly that the doctors said they couldn't treat. And when the husband of the local school teacher, Susan White, had decided to take his fists to her face instead of the more easily concealed places, they said it was Grammy Grimes that helped George White find his way to the old forgotten well in his back field. They say George White lingered for three days in the bottom of that well with two broken legs and more before he finally died.

No one was lying to themselves that Grammy Grimes was a white witch, but surely she wasn't riding broomsticks under the light of the full moon either. Call her a gray witch, if you'd call her anything other than just Grammy Grimes.

When she died, as peacefully as a 113 year old woman can, in her bed one June night, she left behind an intricate and specific will. She asked that seven identical wooden coffins be made. She was to be placed inside one of them, then all seven of them locked closed with heavy chain. They were to be brought to the caves outside of town, and each one of those seven coffins - six

empty, and one holding Grammy Grimes, were to be placed in seven different chambers of the Devil's Den.

Oh yes, and Grammy Grimes was to be buried with her bible.

Anyone from a certain time and place, knows that a family bible was more than just a book, back in the day. Yes, it contained the chapters and verses of the Old and New Testament, but it also contained the family tree, usually written on the inside cover. Entire family histories could be kept in an old Bible, passed down from generation to generation.

Despite not having any family to speak of, Grammy Grimes' Bible was no different. It was a large book, bound in brown leather with a wooden latch to keep its copious pages from bursting out. It didn't look much like any Bible the people of Caribou had ever seen, but everyone knew just what it was. They had seen her carrying it around or reading from it often enough.

Grammy Grimes kept her recipes in her Bible. For Sunday dinner or magic spells, no one was really sure. She kept the names of those that owed her and that she owed in the book, and all of the names of spirits who would speak with her when she called. It was part cookbook, part ledger, part Bible of course, and part grimoire. It was a strange and powerful book.

**TOM:** Don Marquis told us that he remembered his father coming home one night not long after Grammy Grimes had died. He had been over to Eric Hitchcock's. He and ten or so men had been building the pine coffins that would make their way to the caves. Don said he overheard his parents talking in hushed tones, and from what he could gather, Donald Marquis, Senior, had been one of the men to help put Grammy Grimes in her pine box. "He told my mother he had been afraid to touch that book," Don told us. In the end he and a man named Stu Chase had wrapped it in an old shawl they found in her house, and wearing thick gloves, they had set it in the coffin. Don said, "Everyone knew what power

she had put in that book, but no one wanted to see it for themselves, if you take my meaning."

John Haney drove the coffin containing Grammy Grimes out to the Devil's Den, where the other six, all identical to the one that contained the remains of the witch, waited for him. Then, the same group of men who built the coffins, including Don Marquis's father, carried the boxes down into the caves. They were careful to keep a line between them and Francis Corrow's truck parked out by the cave entrance with Francis sitting behind the wheel, smoking cigarette after cigarette until the job was done.

Even then the people of Caribou feared the Devil's Den.

So Grammy Grimes was put to rest. There was no grave to mark her passing, no memorial for the woman who had performed her magicks for countless generations. The men had done their best to hide the seven coffins as deep as they could, hoping that the witch's spirit would stay far away from the town. Now that she was gone, the people of Caribou weren't certain they wanted the old witch back.

In the seventy years since her death the stories of Grammy Grimes have been passed down to each new generation. Even now the stories of the old witch are used to scare children into obedience or to explain any sort of minor inconsistency. The witch may be dead and gone but her memory lingers on, a whispered secret, a hushed story told on a back porch just as the sun is beginning to go down.

**LUCAS:** Which brings us back to NepentheDregs. In all of our conversations Nepenthe danced around whether they were actually a witch, when I pressed them they would only ever admit to being, *witchcraft adjacent*. They contacted us because they had recently noticed a much larger witchcraft presence in Caribou than usual. They were seeing more and more practitioners than normal, and the Discord servers they frequent were full of vague mentions of an upcoming



gathering in the woods outside of Caribou. The phrase that set off NepentheDregs was, "Ritual of Earth."

The woods outside of Caribou. The Ritual of Earth. And a cave system known as the Devil's Den? Not to mention, the caves themselves are said to be the final resting place of an ancient witch and her spellbook. It didn't take much for us to connect the dots.

As soon as we could, we sent Tom and Lucas up to Caribou in hopes of catching this coven in action. We've been getting closer and closer to these rituals, but we've always been one step behind them. We were hoping that this time, they might get there in time to witness the actual ritual.

**LUCAS:** We talked with a few people in town that pointed us in the right direction, and we found the Devil's Den easily enough. From the outside, it didn't look like much, just a large hole going into the earth. Despite that, standing there, looking into its maw, I couldn't help but feel a prickle of something.

It was quiet in the woods. But it was obvious people had been there recently. The ground outside the cave was trampled and there was some relatively new litter scattered about.

**LUCAS:** We were pretty sure we had missed whatever gathering had taken place in the caves, but we decided to investigate anyways.

Since our last foray underground, we've upped our spelunking gear budget. Lucas and Tom both had headlamps, rope, recording equipment, and some basic tools. The last time they had gone into a cave they had discovered a boot belonging to a missing man, but found their progress stopped by an obstructed stone passage. This time they were hoping to get to the bottom of the story, no pun intended.

According to the stories, the Devil's Den is a confusing network of passages and openings, quite easy to get lost and turned around. We spoke with a geologist who informed us that the Caribou caves are what are called solution caves. Basically, water seeps down into the soil as it drains down to the water table. As the water table lowers, it leaves behind carbonic acid, which in turn eats away at the rock. This creates the tunnels and caverns. The Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico are probably the most famous solution caves in America, but the so-called Enchanted Cave in Jackman, located in the northwestern part of Maine, is also a solution cave.

No one has ever adequately mapped the Devil's Den. The people of Caribou have long stayed clear of the cave system, doing their best to if not ignore them, then at least put them out of mind as much as possible. Knowing the potential dangers, Tom and Lucas took every precaution as they entered the cave.

**[IN THE CAVE]**

**TOM:** Okay, so we're in the Devil's Den. It's been raining a lot lately so the caves have that damp, musty feel to it. There's more trash than I would have thought - food wrappers, empty beer cans, there's some ripped cloth.

**LUCAS [in the distance]:** We had the idea to mark the walls with chalk so we wouldn't get lost, but I'm not sure we're going to need to.

**TOM:** Yeah. The tunnel branches out in different directions, but it looks like big white candles - what are they called -

**LUCAS [in the distance]:** Pillar Candles.

**TOM:** Yeah, pillar candles. They've been placed every ten feet or so. Most of them are melted down pretty good, but it should make it easier to find our way back.

It was obvious to Lucas and Tom that they were too late to catch the coven in the act. It was apparent from the debris scattered about the caves that a group - and from the looks of it a rather large group - had been here. Still, the boys pressed on.

They wound deeper and deeper into the cave complex, following the melted candles. Sometimes the path would branch off, and it was obvious someone had gone down the side paths, but they kept to the candles. The cave ceilings grew low in some places, the walls tight in others, but they kept going.

**[IN THE CAVE]**

**TOM:** It's hard not to think of those old stories about Grammy Grimes buried down here all those years ago.

**LUCAS:** Yeah.

**TOM:** They were definitely down here because of her, right?

**LUCAS:** The coven? The witches?

**TOM:** Yeah.

**LUCAS:** For sure. They had to be.

**TOM:** But what do you think they were doing? I mean, what is the ritual -

**LUCAS:** What is that?

**TOM:** Holy shit!

**LUCAS:** Oh my God.

They had come into an open chamber in the cave. Their flashlight beams fell on an old pine coffin in the middle of the chamber. The wood was dry, but still remarkably preserved. The cover lay beside the open casket, a length of cut chain beside it. From

their vantage point, they couldn't see what was in the coffin, so they decided to move closer.

**[IN THE CAVE]**

**TOM:** Is that...

**LUCAS:** I think so. One of them, at least.

**TOM:** Oh man. Are we really going closer?

**LUCAS:** We have to. We need to know.

**TOM:** Yeah. Yeah, okay.

**[crunching sound]**

**TOM:** Oh Jesus!

**LUCAS:** What? What is it?

**TOM:** It's... it's a rabbit. A dead rabbit.

There were seven black rabbits placed in a circle around the coffin. Each one's neck had been snapped. There were five more white candles arranged at the corners of the coffin and a large silver coin near the head. Tom and Lucas said they saw stains on the stone floor, dark stains they said looked like blood. A large triangle with the point facing downwards, a horizontal line about two thirds down - the witchcraft symbol for earth - had been drawn on the cave wall with the same dark liquid.

**[IN THE CAVE]**

**LUCAS:** Okay. So... we're looking at a body-

**TOM:** A skeleton. Oh man, it's her!

**LUCAS:** A skeleton in the coffin. It's wearing an old dress. Clearly a woman.

**TOM:** It's Grammy Grimes.

**LUCAS:** It's clear she's been dead a long time.

**TOM:** Where's the book? Where's her bible?

**LUCAS:** Tom's right. The stories say she was buried with her grimoire, but it's not here.

**TOM:** Do her hands look like they were holding it? They do, right?

**LUCAS:** I don't know. What's this?

**TOM:** Oh shit! Oh shit!

**LUCAS:** I'm holding what looks like an old white shawl or scarf of some kind. It's stained, but it's clearly what this is. It was beside the coffin. It-

**TOM:** Hey Lucas?

**LUCAS:** - looks like it came from inside the coffin.

**TOM:** Lucas!

**LUCAS:** What?

**TOM:** Are those... are those scratch marks on the inside of the lid?

**LUCAS:** Where?

**TOM:** There.

**LUCAS:** Those... those look like claw marks. Like-

**TOM:** Like she tried to claw her way out! We've got to get out of here.

**LUCAS:** Yeah.

**TOM:** We gotta go now.

**WOMAN'S VOICE:** Hello? Who's there?

**LUCAS AND TOM SCREAM/GASP??**

A woman emerged from the darkness, and while both Lucas and Tom were readying whatever they could find to use as weapons, the woman was no undead revenant back from beyond the grave. She was a young woman in her mid-twenties, dressed in a black hoodie and jeans. She had come down to the Devil's Den and gotten turned around.

**LUCAS:** The woman didn't want us using her name for the podcast and didn't want to be recorded, but she told us that she had been down in the caves the night before with her friend. They had been two of nearly a hundred people. The group had come down to search the caves for Grammy Grimes's coffin. She told us that they had all met on a Discord server and had planned the night a month in advance. I asked her if she knew everyone that had come down here, and she told me no. At least not in person. She and her friend had been practitioners for a few years and used Discord and other message boards to meet and talk with other local witches. She said the whole thing was mostly anonymous, using only usernames.

The woman, who didn't want us to share her username, said she didn't really know NepentheDregs, but had seen some posts by her on the Discord. It was another user, Satan's\_Bride2B - that's with a number 2 and just the letter B, who had organized the entire gathering.

The woman in the cave said most of the people who showed up were like her and her friend, more into the Goth witchcraft lifestyle. There was lots of leather, black makeup, and piercings. Think Fairuza Balk's Nancy Downs from 1996's *The Craft*. She said some people were dressed in black robes or other "costumes" - that's what she called them - but most of them were dressed like her.

A woman, our cave girl assumed it was Satan's\_Bride2B, organized everyone at the cave entrance. She had long black hair and wore a black dress with bat wing sleeves. She had big black witch boots and wore an upside down cross choker. Her skin was so pale it almost glowed, and a magic symbol for the third eye had been drawn in black on her forehead. She wore black eyeliner and lipstick. There were several people around her, the woman Lucas and Tom found, told them.

It was this witch, Satan's\_Bride2B that broke the crowd into groups. There were seven coffins and only one of them had Grammy Grimes in it. They were there for the book, of course. The plan was to spread out, find the coffins, break them open, and take the book. Then they would complete the Ritual of Earth.

Cave girl said the group around Satan's\_Bride2B had big white candles and they lit them before entering the cave. Everyone else used their phones or flashlights or whatever they had. She says she and her friend went down a side passage and lost sight of the coven leader and her group. They were all running and laughing, chanting spells. Bottles of wine and liquor were being passed around. People were smoking vapes and joints. There was a wild frenzy to the night. She said it was like a scavenger hunt and each group wanted to be the one to find the real coffin.

At one point, the woman got separated from her friend, but she didn't think anything of it. They would all meet up top side once Grammy Grimes's Bible had been found, and she could find her friend at the ritual.

**LUCAS:** The night the witches descended into the Devil's Den was June 21, the summer solstice, the witch's sabbat of Litha. Tom and I were there the next day. The woman we met underground said that after running through the caves for what seemed like forever, she grew tired. It was late, and the group was growing restless since they hadn't found anything. One by one, witches began to drift off, heading back to the surface.

If the Ritual of Earth was ever completed, the woman from the cave claims she never saw it. By the time she got back to the surface, she was dirty, sore, and tired. Her feet hurt from the boots she wore and she just wanted to go back to the Crown Park Inn where they had a room and sleep for a long time. There was no sign of her friend. She tried calling and texting her, but couldn't reach her. One of the others suggested maybe she left the cave earlier and got a ride back to the hotel. Reluctantly, our cave girl, drove back to the hotel, but her friend was nowhere to be found. She had come back the next day, thinking maybe her friend had passed out somewhere in the cave or gotten lost. Then she herself had gotten turned around. She had stumbled around, growing more and more panicked before she heard Lucas and Tom and made her way towards them.

They helped her look for her friend for a while, but they didn't find her. They *did* find a silver charm with some witchcraft symbols on it that the woman was convinced was her friend's, but in the end, they didn't find anything conclusive.

NepentheDregs confirmed for us that the woman in the caves was indeed one of the people in the Discord, and she was able to confirm some of the other pieces of the story. She gave us what little contact information there was for the user named Satan's\_Bride2B, but as of now we have not gotten a reply from her.

Was this connected to our previous witchcraft discoveries? It seems likely. Once again, this group seems to be operating



independently of the other two covens who completed the Ritual of Fire and the Ritual of Air. The Coven of Fire, for lack of a better term, wore black robes and performed their rituals nude. They seemed to be attempting to recruit new, young members from the University of Maine at Machias, like Grace Vickery. The Coven of Air was comprised exclusively of middle-aged women. Their meetings were similar to a book club or a paint night, sort of weekend warrior witches.

The Coven of Earth was different, more Goth, and used social media to contact their members.

**LUCAS:** I don't think everyone who went to the Devil's Den that night was a part of the true coven. I think those closest to Satan's\_Bride2B, the ones with the white candles - they were the *real* coven. They used the others to cover their tracks.

The woman from the caves says they never did the Ritual of Earth, but I think they probably did. The candles, the dead rabbits, that silver coin. I don't know if that was part of the Ritual of Earth or if that was just an offering to Grammy Grimes in exchange for her bible, which may have contained the actual Ritual of Earth. I think the true coven performed the ritual there in the coffin chamber.

It hasn't escaped our notice that the leader of this so-called gathering's username was Satan's\_Bride2B, Bride to be, a fiancée or... a Betrothed. A name common to the female leaders of both previous covens.

Lucas and Tom helped the woman file a missing persons report with the Caribou Police Department. They provided their own statements about what they saw in the cave and the information we had received from NepentheDregs. In all of the excitement and shock, they forgot to take pictures of Grammy Grimes' coffin and now the Devil's Den has been roped off as part of an active investigation.

As for NepentheDregs, she claims she didn't go to the caves that night. She says she's into the witchcraft lifestyle, but draws the line at actual rituals and incantations. Plus, she told us, growing up in Caribou, she knew all the stories of the Devil's Den, the Bottomless Pits that were the final home of Grammy Grimes, and she knew well enough to stay away. She did agree to speak with the police, but as of this time, the Discord server where they all met and laid their plans has been taken down.

Was the third ritual completed that night? And if so, when will the next one be? Fire, Air, Earth. That leaves Water. Each one of these rituals has been performed on or near one of the witch's sabbats, so we will be keeping an eye on the witch's calendar. Four elements. Four rituals. Four covens. What could this all be leading to? These are imbuing rituals, supercharging the land for... *something*. But what?

We don't know, but Tom says he's not going down into any caves for the foreseeable future.

Before we go, we want to provide an update on a story we brought you earlier this season, and one that ties directly back to Tom's aforementioned swearing off of caves. We already mentioned Episode 22 and the cave to the so-called Deepwoods that Alex Wilcox and Darren Gentry discovered when they were kids.

Our investigation ended with the discovery of what appeared to be Darren Gentry's work boot. Tom and Lucas determined that they couldn't fit down the stone chute that led to the cavern the boys claimed was home to the Deepwoods. They reported their findings to the Maine State Police.

We are saddened to report that the body of Darren Gentry was found wedged in the chute, just out of reach of what our cameras could see. Police used cadaver dogs to find and retrieve Darren's remains. They believe he had somehow contorted his body enough to crawl into the tight passage, but got stuck and couldn't get back out.

Anyone who's been in Maine for the past... month... knows that it hasn't stopped raining. We had only four dry days in June and are already several inches over our average rainfall. There's been some pretty bad flooding in parts of the state.

According to the authorities, the cave where Alex and Darren used to play, where they discovered the Deepwoods, became a sinkhole for not only the snowmelt, but now our unusual late spring/early summer torrential rain. The cave entrance has collapsed and is dangerously impassable. For now, investigators have concluded that Darren Gentry's death was an unfortunate accident and that the case is closed.

It doesn't answer some of our questions, however, though there seems little we can do at this point. Our condolences go out to the family and friends of Darren.

Maine is a beautiful state, but not without its own dangers, both every day and the more... unexplained kind. If you have any information on the paranormal, including any updates on these witches' covens, and when and where they may attempt their next ritual, please contact us. And as always...

Stay safe out there, Maine.

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

If you'd like to read more about our investigations check out our website at [malevolentmaine.blogspot.com/](http://malevolentmaine.blogspot.com/)

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Thank you for listening to Malevolent Maine.

And as always, stay safe out there, Maine.