

# Malevolent Maine

## Episode 33: Dream Demon

---

---

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

---

### **INTRO:**

A mysterious killer whose true identity still eludes us. A lake with a history of death. And a ghost ship said to be the site of a fateful seance. These are the stories we're working on in the coming weeks.

Hey everybody, it's your host, Chris. We're hard at work bringing you the second half of season 2 and we wanted to take a minute just to thank you. You don't know how much fun it is to see the number of new listeners we're getting, to seeing all your likes and comments on social media. We investigate the odd and the strange because it's our calling, but turning it into a podcast has been a whole new thing for us.

I want to take a minute to thank everyone for listening and supporting us, for sending us your personal stories or the paranormal, and for joining our Malevolent Mob on patreon. Really, without your support, we couldn't do this.

And speaking of the Malevolent Mob. If you haven't already and you'd like to support us a bit further, head on over to [patreon.com/MalevolentMaine](https://patreon.com/MalevolentMaine), where for a small monthly fee you'll have access to so much more content. All six episodes of the Black Tarot are there. We've got artifacts, outtakes, and real soon we're going to be posting our exclusive behind the scenes roundtable with me and the boys discussing the show. If you're a fan, you're not going to want to miss it. Again, that's [patreon.com/MalevolentMaine](https://patreon.com/MalevolentMaine). And when you sign up, you'll

get a handwritten postcard delivered right to your mailbox from one of us. Thanks and keep listening.

At first the darkness surrounds you so tight it's nearly suffocating. Then you gradually realize there is a light somewhere, a dim, ruddy light like the guttering embers of a fire. You look around. Wherever you are it seems endless, a complex maze of hallways, corridors, and what looks like rooms. Pipes and ducts run overhead, stairs go up in some places, down in others. And... you're not alone here. There's something there... its bulk huddle in the darkness. All you can see is its swirling red hypnotic eyes. Then it speaks in a voice like a mountain crashing down around you and you start to scream a scream that may never end...

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?

---

Don't fall asleep MMs. Today's story comes to us from the town of Sabattus in Androscoggin County. We're going to warn you now, this story is pretty dark and it involves young children, but there was something too intriguing about the story not to pass it on.

Scott and Anne Lee are in their thirties. They have a young son, Henry, aged four and a half. He is a cute kid, as far as children go, with sandy blonde hair and bright blue eyes. He likes Paw Patrol, Batman, and a newer show called Bluey. He likes to go hiking with his dad and go to the nearby elementary school to play on the playground in the summer. He's looking forward to starting kindergarten in the fall. He is an all around bright, sunny dispositioned young boy.

But Henry Lee has a secret; he's possessed by a demon.

Perhaps possessed isn't the right word. According to his parents, little Henry has been visited by a demon several times while he has been sleeping.

**TOM:** Anne Lee told me that it all started one night just a little while after they had put Henry down for bed, about six months ago. All of a sudden they heard screaming coming from his room. Anne rushed to Henry's room and found him sitting up in bed, his eyes wide open, hands clapped over his gaping mouth. He was screaming and crying and he kept saying he was scared over and over again.

Anne Lee says when she tried to comfort Henry he at first jumped out of her arms and continued his ranting. "He started calling out for me. For mommy," Anne said. "I kept telling him I was right here, but he didn't seem to understand." Finally, she wrapped the boy up tightly in her arms and rocked with him for about ten minutes before Henry eventually fell back asleep.

The Lees assumed it was just a bad nightmare, but kept an ear out in case he had another one. Things were fine for a few nights before Henry had another episode. This time both Scott and Anne tried to comfort their son. Nothing seemed to work for almost fifteen minutes, with little Henry calling out for both of his parents as if he couldn't see them in the room with him. He began to talk about how his arms and legs seemed far away and the room was too big. This lasted for fifteen minutes or so

until once again, Henry fell back asleep as if nothing had ever happened. In the morning, just like last time, he had no memory of anything from the night before.

This second time was enough for the Lees and they called their pediatrician. They were told it was most likely something called a sleep or night terror and that they should keep an eye out, but that many kids experience them and soon outgrow them.

**TOM:** Night terrors are generally short periods of intense fear, flailing and screaming all while being asleep. It's related to and often accompanied by sleepwalking, in which the body seems to be on autopilot while the conscious mind is sleeping. Children rarely remember the incident, which can include screaming and shouting, confusion, staring wide-eyed, and kicking or thrashing. Estimates claim that about 40% of children experience night terrors, usually in the first half of the night, but most outgrow them and very few cases remain into the teenage years.

Scott Lee says they settled into this new reality. They tried putting Henry to bed earlier. They tried waking him up after forty-five minutes of sleep to try and trick his brain into skipping the terror phases. In the end, all they could do was keep a journal of the incidents - when they occurred and how long they lasted.

It wasn't until the fifth event, about three months after this started, that the Lees began to suspect this was something different, something more sinister.

Henry would often talk during his night terror episode. Most of it was usually just the words, "No," or "I don't want that," over and over again. If he was asked a question during an episode he would often reply with, "I don't know." He called out for his parents, and at times would cry that he just wanted to go home. Anne Lee says it was heartbreaking to go through, but they typically lasted ten minutes and by morning Henry would be his usual smiling, happy self. They attributed it to something

like his brain just slipping a gear during its sleep cycle, and while emotionally draining on the parents, was harmless to Henry.

That is, until he mentioned the doctor.

**TOM:** So, in the middle of a night terror, Henry stopped shaking and crying. Anne Lee says the boy balled his fists and shook them down by his hips like he was angry. Then he shouted, "I don't want it, Doctor Beenz!"

At the time, both Scott and Anne had thought it a little funny. Despite the drama of the situation, such a random outburst had the couple trying to stifle giggles. They had no idea who or what Dr. Beenz was, but they assumed it was some character from a show or a book, and that this doctor had somehow slipped into Henry's dream.

Then one day, not long after, Henry brought home a picture he had drawn at daycare. Parents of children will know that all kids go through that stage where they begin to draw people or objects with a little more detail than the loops and scribbles of a toddler. Nearly every parent will attest to a picture their kid has drawn that looked a little... freaky. Maybe the eyes are all black, or the proportions are all off. There's something about a blood red smile or the elongated talons a child has drawn that just seem wrong. Ninety-nine percent of the time this reflects the child's inability to produce on paper what they picture in their mind, something I, myself, with zero artistic ability can relate to. Stick figures are often the limits of what I can draw, and even then... good luck playing Pictionary with me.

Still, there was something especially disturbing about the picture Henry brought home. The picture, which the Lees showed us, and which we have hung a printed copy in our lobby, shows a... person, let's say. It clearly resembles a human form in many ways. It has a body, outlined in black, and colored in a kind of salmony pink. Two stick arms jut out from the sides, again a

black frame with red around it, perhaps like some sort of shirt. Where the legs should be are just the erratic scribble lines of a children's coloring. It could be a dress or robe, perhaps.

The face is as close to round as a four year old can manage. The being in the picture has a black line smile...or perhaps it's a smirk, with big red lines drawn over it, lips most likely, but one can't help thinking of blood. The thing in the picture has two large magenta eyes with spirals in them, like the way they draw someone going crazy or hypnotized in a cartoon. There is a tuft of red hair or perhaps horns on top of its head.

Written beside it, in wobbly four-year-old handwriting is the name: Doctor Beenz.

The word doctor is written out, no abbreviations. And Beenz is spelled B-E-E-N-Z.

At first the work of art is quickly dismissed as just another child's drawing. That sort of uncanny valley stage of drawing that usually finds its way to the recycling bin after a few months collecting dust in a child's room.

But you find yourself being drawn back to the picture again and again. Each time you look, you have to ask if those massive, unending eyes are staring into your own? Did its pose move from the last time you looked? Is it closer? And... and what *is* it, really?

The Lees remembered the name Doctor Beenz from Henry's night terror. That coupled with the unsettling picture (is the man...being...shape covered in blood or just red clothes? Where are its legs?) convinced them to have a serious talk with their son.

**TOM:** The Lees asked Henry who Doctor Beenz was, but the boy said he didn't know. They asked him if he was on a show, but he said no. They scoured their bookshelves looking for references to a character similar to this, but found nothing. An internet search brought up a sketch from the British comedy show, *Mr. Bean*, but

after watching it one night after Henry had gone to bed, they couldn't find anything in it even vaguely resembling their son's drawing, and besides Henry had no way of ever seeing that show. They asked at daycare and to other parents, trying to see if anyone knew this character, but they got nothing. No one had ever heard of Doctor Beenz.

Henry's night terrors continued. He even had one during nap time at daycare, something that isn't really supposed to happen. He mentioned Doctor Beenz twice more, but by and large, the Lees had to find a way to move on with their life. There simply was nothing they could do.

That is, until they met Charlotte Devoe.

Charlotte is a three year old girl who lives in Norridgewock, fifty miles north of the Lees' home in Sabattus. The Lees didn't know Charlotte or her father, David. In fact it was a largely random encounter that brought the two families together.

David Devoe had posted on Facebook asking if he had any friends who might be able to give him some advice on dealing with childhood sleep terrors. His daughter, Charlotte, had recently begun experiencing them, and he didn't really know how to handle it. One of David's Facebook friends who saw his post was sister's with a woman that Anne Lee works with at the local credit union. This woman remembered her sister talking about her friend's son who was having night terrors, so she reached out in an attempt to connect the two.

**TOM:** Anne wrote a message to David Devoe telling him some of the tips they had developed over the past few months and a list of things that worked for them and those that didn't. At the end of the message, she says, she included her phone number in case David needed to text or call.

The two began discussing night terrors and their children and developed something of an online friendship. They were a support network for each other, and David, a single father, really

appreciated the extra set of ears to listen when he needed to vent.

It was one day, about two months ago, that David said he had just come off a pretty bad night with his daughter; Charlotte's night terror episode had lasted twenty-three minutes, which was nearly twice her longest one before. He hadn't slept well, had a stressful morning, and just needed a little something extra. He said he texted Anne during one of his breaks at work because he had to tell her about his night. I'm going to read a particular part of his message now:

So there I am, trying not to shake, so I won't disturb Char. She's crying and jumping around, and I'm trying not to touch her, like you said. Then she blurts out, "Leave me alone Doctor Beenz. Leave me alone!" I don't know what she was dreaming about, but that just about did it for me. Next thing I know, I'm crying and laughing all at once...

Doctor Beenz.

As near as we can tell there is no fictional character named Doctor Beenz, nor anything resembling it that both children, fifty miles apart, who had never met each other, would both somehow know.

It triggered us the same way it triggered Anne Lee. She joined every Facebook group and message board about Night Terrors she could find. Every time she asked the same question, "Has anyone heard of Doctor Beenz?" The answer is typically a negative. Oftentimes Anne Lee is told it's probably a character from a book, or maybe it's just gibberish the unconscious mind is putting together. None of it is helpful, and Anne has told herself this very same thing countless times.

And yet... There were four other cases of children talking either to or about Doctor Beenz while in the midst of a night terror episode.

All of them were in Maine.

It was this connection that made the Lees reach out to us. How could six children, all under the age of six, none of them in any geographic vicinity to one another, none of them aware any of the other five even existed, by dreaming about the same being? It would be one thing if this was Mickey Mouse or Santa Claus, but this is a seemingly unknown entity, something one child could have invented...but six?

We contacted all of the families involved. All of them, aside from the Lees and David Devoe, did not want to take part in our podcast. They did, however, agree to help in our investigation. Like all good parents, they want to help their children however they can.

We compiled a list of extensive questions for the children to answer - who is Doctor Beenz, what does he look like, how do you know him, what does he do, etc. We consulted with a friend who is a child psychologist who let us know it was okay to push the children a little. Oftentimes, especially if they feel shame, they may act like they don't know anything, but if you can reassure a child that they are safe, that they are not in trouble, they may open up a bit more.

We also asked each of the children if they could draw a picture of Doctor Beenz.

**TOM:** The results were... astounding. They're not all identical, but it's obvious they are all the same being. There's something disturbing about looking at all of these drawings. Seeing them all together. It's hard to deny there's *something* going on...

We'll post those drawings on our social media so you can see them for yourselves.

The other thing we did is we reached out within our community, the paranormal research community, to see if anyone had ever heard of Doctor Beenz.

After posting in several places we heard back from a man named Zack Porter. Zack is twenty-two and a self-proclaimed practitioner of the occult. He said that as a young man he had been plagued by nightmares of a demonic being and that he thought he could offer us some information.

Nowhere in our postings did we mention nightmares or night terrors so Zack's reply had us intrigued. We agreed to meet with him, and as we often do when meeting with an unknown informant, we agreed to meet in a public place, in this case a bar in Portland on a Thursday afternoon.

Zack was waiting for us when we got there, and he was already halfway through a beer when we spotted him. Zack is slim, some might describe him as almost skeletal. He has dark hair he keeps shaved down close, and some scratchy hints of a beard on his face. He has dark eyes with darker circles beneath them. His clothes were well worn, but clean, and he was dressed in layers despite the relatively nice weather. He kept looking all around, though that might have been looking for us and not a habit or nervous tic.

When we introduced ourselves and sat down, he shook our hands and smiled, though it never quite made it into his eyes. His voice was soft, like a dry whisper or pages turning in a book, and we found ourselves leaning forward to hear what he had to say.

Zack Porter told a familiar story. As a child he suffered from night terrors. At first he never remembered them; he was either too young or too unconscious. As he got older they came less and less frequently until the point where his parents thought he had gotten over them entirely. The truth was, he began to internalize these experiences, began remembering the dreams.

Zack didn't want us to use his voice in our podcast. He said it would make it easier for "them" to find him, and wouldn't go into any more detail when he pressed him. Still, he did allow us

to record him as long as we promised (and signed a written agreement) not to use his actual voice.

I'm going to read a portion of what Zack told us about the nightmares. These are his words and I've done my best to mimic his tone as best I could:

"It was the same dream, every time. I was in a dark place, but it was a place. I mean like a real place, not some void. It was big like a warehouse or a school. Some place with a lot of corridors and rooms. And it wasn't completely dark. There was a red glow everywhere. Not like red lights but more like coals just sort of glowing and pulsing. I could see shapes, but not any real details. And there was something there with me, in the dark. Something with bottomless glowing eyes."

Zack said the being in the dream with him would speak to him. Its voice was deep, like a low roll of thunder. It seemed to come not from within its chest, but from somewhere deep within the world, as if it took a million years to bubble up to the surface so he could hear it. Sometimes he could make out the words, other times he said it was like a foreign language, or like no language at all.

The thing in the dark with him wanted him, he understood that. He said he was never chased by the thing, the creature, but somehow it felt like he was being hunted. Just its presence, just hearing its words made him feel like he was lost in a maze and that this *thing* was the minotaur at its center searching for him.

"It would offer me things," Zack said. "Not real things, like money or toys, but...I don't know how to describe it. You know how at church sometimes, the priest or whatever, asks for you to come up and get the wine and the host? It was like that. There wasn't food or anything. It was just offering me...*something*."

Zack told us that as he got older and could remember more and more of the nightmares, he tried to keep quiet about it. His

parents had been concerned about his night terrors, and even at seven years old, he understood how scared they were. So he tried to control the fear, to tamp it down so no one would know what he was going through. He says the dreams continued, maybe once a month, always the same, until he was eleven or twelve.

Somewhere, Zack couldn't remember where, he either heard or read about lucid dreaming. Lucid dreaming is the ability to recognize that you are in a dream while you are dreaming.

For most of us, a dream plays out like a movie we're a part of, or like a normal, albeit often fantastical, life experience. When one learns to lucid dream they become aware of the fact that this is a dream without waking up and therefore gain some control over the experience.

Zack said he studied lucid dreaming and began practicing techniques in order to do it. This often involves writing about your dreams in a journal and looking for key patterns or scenarios. This awareness of your subconscious brain's shorthand or dictionary of symbols, can help trigger the understanding that you are in fact dreaming.

It was there, at age twelve, that Zack began waiting for another one of his recurring nightmares, with the intent to "wake up" in the dream.

The first time he attempted to lucid dream or take control of the nightmare, the creature that had been tormenting him in his sleep roared in what Zack thinks was pain or at least frustration. He said that primal roar went on and on, and he was afraid it was never going to stop and he would be stuck in this nightmare with that scream forever. He eventually did wake up, though he had a headache that lasted for two days.

The second time he lucid dreamed his experience in the darkened endless warehouse, he said he actually was able to converse with the creature. Before that, it had talked to him, whispering its dark offerings, but he had never really been able to talk back.

This time, Zack was able to exert enough control to force the thing into some semblance of a real conversation.

"It told me that it was a dream demon," Zack told us. "It was there to make us stronger. To make us better. What it was offering, the pieces of its very essence, would harden us, would change us and make us better."

We noticed that Zack kept using the plural pronoun we, and he nodded when we asked him about this. The dream demon used the plural form and Zack assumed that's because there were others, that he wasn't the only one that the dream demon was tempting.

Zack said that was when his interest in the occult began. He started researching demonology and black magic. He said that the dream demon's words sounded sweet, but that its voice was like the deepest, coldest water at the bottom of the ocean. There was an inkiness to it, a malice in it, that seemed to defy its offerings.

Zack learned that demons attempt to corrupt the living, to tempt them in order to forever tarnish them. That this dream demon might be offering protection, but what it was really offering was a way for it to exert its power over the living. Once you let in a demon, it is almost impossible to get rid of it.

Zack told us he believes this dream demon visits children in an attempt to corrupt them while they're still young. It preys on their inherent weakness. It whispers in the dark so that someday when they are grown, those children will spread its vicious will on the world. It's a poison the dream demon pours into the ear of the sleeping children to make them its thralls.

Zack says he doesn't sleep much these days, just a few hours a night, and that he practices micro-napping so that he can avoid any meetings with this dream demon. He says he's not sure he's strong enough to fend off its dark communion or its suggestions for violence and destruction, even if he is aware it is a dream he's having.

We were unsure that Zack's story had anything to do with our investigation. While both dealt with night terrors, very little existed to connect the two. As far as Zack knew, he had never met anyone with these same nightmares before despite what the dream demon said. But when we asked him why he thought his story was connected to ours, he smiled.

"Because I know its name," he said to us. "It took a lot of research and a lot of time, but I found out the demon's name."

That name?

Drokk t'Urbhinzaar.

Is it possible that Henry Lee, Charlotte Devoe, and the others are being plagued by the same demon that Zack Porter was tortured by? Could they have learned its name and done their best to recreate it in the waking world? Could Doctor Beenz be a four year old's best interpretation of Drokk t'Urbhinzaar?

It certainly sounds likely.

We also noted that Zack Porter mentioned Drokk t'Urbhinzaar having bottomless eyes. He never elaborated on that, but he can't help thinking of those spiral eyes in little Henry's picture.

Are these children being plagued by a demon seeking to corrupt their young souls? We informed the parents of what we discovered. Some were skeptical, others outright dismissive, but the Lees and David Devoe seemed open to the idea.

**TOM:** Anne Lee told me that not much is really known about night terrors and why they occur in some people and not others. Or why they just seem to go away. She said that she's going to look into more metaphysical treatments and that she has set up a crowdfunding campaign to help raise awareness.

Before we ended our interview, we asked Zack Porter if he had any advice for the children visited by Drokk t'Urbhinzaar. He sighed and shook his head. Then he took something off from around his neck and slid it across the table to us.

It was a small silver medallion depicting St. George on horseback slaying a dragon. He told us that St. George, in addition to being the patron saint of England, was also known to ward off evil - hence the legend of him and the dragon. He said there was a charm or rhyme that they used to use to ward off evil spirits:

Saint George, Saint George, our Lady's Knight,  
He walked day, he walked by night,  
Till that he found that foul wight;  
And when that he it found,  
He it beat and he it bound,  
Till truly there it truth it plight  
That it should not come again by night.

Zack said the children should wear or carry the medallion and learn the charm.

We passed on his medallion to Anne Lee and tried to put her in touch with Zack, but so far she hasn't been able to reach him. Neither have we.

If your child begins experiencing night terrors, know that usually these are fairly normal, harmless things, as traumatic as they may feel. If your child begins mentioning or drawing something called Doctor Beenz, Drokk t'Urbhinzaar, or something similar, please reach out to us.

If Zack Porter is right, then this demon wants to cause violence and is corrupting children to carry out this dark desire. Left unchecked, children visited by this demon may give into those evil urges either soon or in the future.

Sleep tight, and...

Stay safe out there, Maine.

---

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/)

While there, don't forget to check our merch store. And, if you're so inclined, support us on Patreon at [patreon.com/malevolentmaine](https://patreon.com/malevolentmaine)

Thank you for listening to Malevolent Maine.

And as always, stay safe out there, Maine.