

# Malevolent Maine

## Episode 35: Blackwater Lake

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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:**

**LUCAS:** A woman who discovers her husband is a murderer aboard their schooner. Residue from a mill that may have unexpected consequences. And a door knocker said to open up a portal to hell itself.

Hello everyone. It's Lucas. Thank you so much for listening and joining us on this adventure. If you haven't already, follow us on all the major social media platforms. Join our Malevolent Mob at [patreon.com/malevolentmaine](https://patreon.com/malevolentmaine) for all kinds of extras. And keep sending us your own stories of the weird and unexplained. We love hearing from you. We're working on a special project with all of these user submitted stories, so don't forget to send yours in. It could make the show!

The lake's surface is flat and calm. The water is cold and dark. So dark even the clouds in the sky don't reflect in its unmoving surface. As you peer down into the lake's black surface, searching for something below the surface, you feel the overwhelming urge to step into the lake. Something calls to you, coaxing you to slip beneath the sable surface and see for yourself what lies at the bottom of the lake. Almost without even thinking about it, you find yourself taking a step closer to the shore. And... is that singing you hear?

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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Lifejackets on, MMers. Today we're going up to the lakes region of northern Hancock County for a story that goes back hundreds of years. Hancock County, located on the east coast of Maine is known for many things. Scenic Bar Harbor, Acadia National Park, and Cadillac Mountain, the first place in the continental U.S. to see the sunrise all call Hancock County home. But the farther inland you go, the population centers fall away, the roads become narrower, and the stories... just a little darker.

You won't find Blackwater Lake on any map, and for good reason. Blackwater Lake is said to be cursed by a mysterious entity that has been terrorizing the local population for centuries.

Hidden deep in the dense woods of the Passamaquoddy Land Trust, just north of Nicasious Lake, the appropriately named Blackwater Lake is a dangerous spot that locals have kept away from going all the way back to times before the first European settlers. According to legends, the spirit that haunts the lake will lure unsuspecting travelers to the water, where it will then drag them beneath the surface, never to be seen again.

Originally the land was occupied by the Passamaquoddy Native Americans. Their stories talk about an old magician whose name they erased from their histories. He lived on the outskirts of a village and was said to commune with Mekumwasuck, the malicious

little folk that lived in the deep woods. This magician was old, well beyond the years of the oldest in the village and was said to have a heart as black as darkest night. Whenever a young couple would marry, he would come to the village and take the young bride back to his home. He would keep her for a month before sending her back, but by then, whatever black magics he had worked on her had taken effect and she would be a broken woman. There was nothing the people in the village could do because he was a powerful magic user and was protected by Ki-won-ik, the Otter.

One day, a young sorcerer or shaman came to the village, and he knew the secret of the old magician. He announced that he intended to marry and convinced a young woman of the village to go along with him. Before their wedding night, the young shaman went out into the wilderness and killed a white otter, a powerful brother to Ki-won-ik, who gave the evil sorcerer his power. The shaman had his bride-to-be cook the white otter in a stew and when the old magician came for her, she offered him a taste.

As soon as he tasted the stew, the old sorcerer grew sick, and a moment later he lay down, clutching his stomach and died. But the shaman wasn't convinced the old magician wouldn't come back to life as a ghost witch, so he had the old man's body taken to the lowest point he could find. He piled heavy rocks on the sorcerer's body and staked down his arms and legs. Then he called to the waters. The rivers and streams bent to his command and soon flooded the lowlands where the evil sorcerer's body lay. The waters washed over the dead man, and because his heart was so black, its darkness seeped into the new lake, which gave it its name: Blackwater Lake.

Content, the shaman and his new bride left the village behind and lived to a very old age. But the stories say the old magician at the bottom of the lake was not content to spend eternity at the bottom of the lake. So he began calling to the living creatures that came to the lake's shore, drawing them

closer and closer, until the waters washed over the unsuspecting creature and dragged it down below its dark surface.

The Passamaquoddy stayed far away from Blackwater Lake and warned others to avoid its banks. In 1940, E. Silas Whitman, the famous artist and writer, collected stories from the Passamaquoddy people. The following was found from a manuscript written in Whitman's own hand, now in the possession of Armitage College. We've asked Mark to read it:

**MARK:** This is from a section titled, "The Black Water" and it's recorded from a man named Tomah Parker, a member of the Passamaquoddy people. It reads, "My great-grandfather told a story of the Blackwater, a lake somewhere nearby. He said as a young man the elders warned all of the young men and women from going near it because the lake could reach out and snare a man. Still, my great-grandfather and his friend, Thomas, were not afraid. One day they went out to where they knew the Blackwater was. They ripped strips of cloth from their pants and stuffed them in their ears to block out the lake's call. As they approached its shore, they crouched in some bushes and waited. Soon, a doe came out of the woods and walked to the water's edge. She bowed her head to take a drink, but then paused, frozen, as if hearing something. My great-grandfather and Thomas heard something too. It was a strange sound, like nothing they had heard before. Said it was like a song but there were no words. No voices. My great-grandfather started to stand up but Thomas grabbed him and held him still. Suddenly the Blackwater snaked out and grabbed the doe. She tried to fight, to run away, but the Blackwater held her tight. My great-grandfather said he could still hear the doe's screams as it was dragged beneath the surface to this day. He never went near the Blackwater again and told this story to his children and grandchildren so they never would.

As the Passamaquoddy were pushed back and more and more European settlers colonized the area, the stories of Blackwater Lake continued. Some say it was Enoch Lincoln, Maine's sixth

governor, who owned land in the surrounding area that quietly forbade Blackwater Lake from ever appearing on a Maine map. Either way, Blackwater Lake is something most locals don't like to speak about. It's a dark secret, a skeleton in the closet, that is best forgotten.

Bernard Pollack, the legendary Maine explorer, claimed that he too had once encountered Blackwater Lake. According to his diary he came across the cursed water in 1782, while exploring the region.

Pollack claimed that as he crested a high cliff he looked down and saw a lake the blackest water shaped curiously like a skull. From his vantage point he could see all of the small lake and that it looked like the night sky was reflected back up at him. Then the sun went behind a cloud and for a moment Pollack claimed he could see all the way to the bottom of the lake. What he saw was bones, thousands of bones, of all shapes and sizes, both human and animal. He notes that he heard a high singing, but it sounded like an - and I quote "infernal choir was raising its voice on high" to his ears. He writes that he had a vague desire to dive off the lake and into the lake, but then the sun came back out, the singing stopped, and the water was dark and opaque once more.

We've talked about Bernard Pollack before, and while his notes on Maine exploration, published as a book titled, *A History of a Maine Exploration*, is a seminal text in early Maine history, Pollack was a known exaggerator and storyteller first, explore and accurate detailer second. In no other resources could we find any references to Blackwater Lake being shaped like a skull, and the veracity of his view of the lake's bottom seemingly defies science.

That's not to say Pollack didn't encounter Blackwater Lake or hear its cursed siren's song. Perhaps he was distracted and embellished the details, perhaps he thought history needed more sinister details to sell copies. Or perhaps Bernard Pollack saw

exactly what he wrote and this was one of the few times he told the absolute stark truth.

Regardless, over the years there have been countless stories of people who have disappeared near Blackwater Lake, never to be heard from again. Like all local legends, some of these need to be taken with a grain of salt. The missing Boy Scout troop from 1988, for example. The story goes that while taking the boys out on a hike, the Scoutmaster got turned around. It was a hot day, the hottest of the summer, so when they stumbled upon a lake the Scoutmaster couldn't find on his map, the boys were overjoyed with a chance to cool down. That is, until the lake began devouring them, one by one until no one was left.

This is almost certainly a fabricated work of fiction, created by some inventive mind most likely around a late night campfire. There are no records of an entire Boy Scout troop disappearing. That's the kind of thing that's good for scaring your friends on a camping trip, but in real life, would be a national news story.

No, it's the smaller stories you have to pay attention to. The ones about lonely men who go off into the woods never to return, or the woman who went on a backpacking trip after her parents' untimely death, only she never came back out of the woods. Individuals, ones who will remain in the headlines for a few days, but are quickly replaced by new tragedies. Those are the ones that are the most believable.

And the locals can tell you which ones they are. The writer who rented a camp not far from Blackwater Lake in an attempt to finish his book. The teenager who broke off from the group, claiming to know their way around the woods. It's usually the ignorant or the arrogant who find their way to the shores of Blackwater Lake, at least that's what the old timers who drink coffee at the Burlington General Store will tell you.

Then there's the case of the Morrills. Here's Mark to explain:

**MARK:** Seth and Breanna Morrill had been married for a little over a year when they went camping along the shores of Lower Pistol Lake in 2018. They were in their late twenties. Seth worked in IT and Breanna was a dental hygienist. They were experienced campers, and had thought the area just north of Route 9 in Hancock County would be a great place to spend a week. They planned to hike, kayak, and camp their way across the area.

On the morning of June 14th, the Morrills drove to the town of Lincoln to restock on groceries and supplies. There, Breanna called her sister to tell her they had heard the stories of an unmapped lake in their area. She and Seth were planning on hiking out to it the next day. The Morrills were never heard from again. Their car and all of their belongings was found parked on the side of the dirt road near Side Pistol Lake. Their IDs, money, and other personal belongings were left in the locked car. The keys, and the couples' two day packs were the only things missing.

A hunter who had volunteered to help look for the missing couple discovered a hiking boot that belonged to Breanna Morrill several miles from the parked car. That was the only trace of the Morrills that was ever recovered.

In the five years since their disappearance, no new sightings of the couple have occurred and no remains have been discovered. It's as if they simply walked off into the woods one morning and completely disappeared.

Had this happened in any other part of the country or even the state, there would have been talks about serial killers, murder-suicides, even alien abductions. But in this particular area, the land now designated as the Passamaquoddy Trust Land, people know what really happened. They'll talk about it in hushed voices in garages or backyards after they've had a few drinks. The people in this area don't like to talk about it, but they know it's out there, its dark reflective surface calling to

the unsuspecting, singing its strange song to entice those within ear range to take just one step, one tiny step into its cool depths.

Blackwater Lake.

A few weeks ago we received a call from Paige Collins. She told us her wife, Emory, had gone missing in the area near Blackwater Lake. We told her that she needed to call the police if her wife was missing, but she said she called us because she knew all about the legends of Blackwater Lake, and that Emory did too. She said Emory had gone to Blackwater on purpose, because of all the legends. She said she had gone to find her sister: Breanna Morrill.

We spoke with Ms. Collins for a little longer, then arranged for a meeting at her home. Paige told us that her wife, Emory, had become obsessed with the legends of Blackwater Lake after her sister had gone missing in the region. She showed us Emory's home office. There were dozens of files on her computer and bookmarked websites relating to Blackwater Lake. She showed us photocopies of newspaper stories and accounts from old books Emory had pinned to the walls.

"She never really recovered from her sister's disappearance," Paige Collins told us. "Emory was the last person to speak with Breanna, and she had told her they were going to explore Blackwater lake. She was angry because she felt the officials were lying or covering up the truth about what happened to Seth and Bri. Emory said they wouldn't even show her where that guy found Bri's boot because it was part of the secret to keep everyone away from Blackwater."

If this is true. If police officials have purposefully withheld information this would speak to a larger conspiracy, a collective agreement to sweep anything Blackwater related under the rug. When we reached out to the Maine Police we were told they had no comment on the Morrill disappearances and could not speak because it was still an active case.



Paige told us that Emory grew obsessed with Blackwater Lake. She made preparations to go to the area and find the lake, hoping she could find some evidence of her sister. Paige begged her not to go, but Emory insisted. Paige said she would go with her, but Emory told her she needed to stay behind in case anything happened to her. It was Emory, a devoted listener to our show, that told Paige she should call us before she called the police. That we would be better equipped to handle whatever was up there.

And she left copies of her maps with her notes on where she believed Blackwater Lake could be found. She told Paige that she would record everything she could on her phone and send it to Paige when she could, but if she couldn't, she would leave behind notes attached to trees in Ziploc bags, and she'd mark each tree with a crude turtle carving she had been practicing. Paige showed us several pieces of wood with the turtle image carved into it. She begged us to find her wife, and in the end, we agreed, on one condition. We would spend twenty-four hours in the area looking for the now missing Emory Collins, but after that we were going to call the police.

Tom and Lucas were out of town on another investigation, so Mark and I packed the car with hiking gear and headed north to the point Emory had marked on her map.

**[In the Woods]**

**MARK:** Okay, so we made the drive up to Lowell. Then we took Route 180 east. We parked on the side of this dirt road, by Side Pistol Pond. Hey... do you think it's where Morrills parked?

**CHRIS:** Yeah. Near enough.

**MARK:** Oh, man. So we're following the map that Emory Collins drew. Our plan is to get as near to the lake as we can before nightfall. We think it's best if we don't go near it until morning.

**CHRIS:** We've got a tent and camping gear, but we also have our investigation equipment, ear plugs, and noise canceling headphones. If Blackwater Lake calls out to its victims, we're hoping to be able to block it out.

**MARK:** We're out of cell phone range up here, but we're going to keep recording.

As near as we could tell, the place Emory Collins indicated as the location of Blackwater Lake was about three and a half miles from where we parked. On a good hike, with a well-marked trail, this should take about two hours to do. For us, there was no trail. We were literally hiking through the woods, using nothing more than some photocopied maps to guide us.

We stopped often to try and reorient ourselves, using what limited boy scout hiking and orienteering knowledge we had. Once, we got turned around and went nearly half a mile out of our way before we realized it and turned back.

We did our best to mark our path with orange trail ribbon, which Mark had the good idea to attach our Malevolent Maine stickers to, just in case we got turned around again, or needed to bring someone back here.

It wasn't long before we found the first turtle marking carved into the tree.

**[In the Woods]**

**MARK:** So we found our first turtle. We almost walked past it but Chris spotted it. There was a ziploc bag attached to the tree. We think she's using a staple gun. We didn't open the bag, but the sheet of notebook paper is clearly visible through it. I'm going to read it now: June 14th. Entry 1. Paid a local for a ride out to Side Pistol Pond. He asked why I wanted to go out there, and I told him camping. Pretty sure he gave me a strange look, but he didn;t say anything and took my fifty dollars. Walked around the side

of the small parking area a little bit. Kept thinking of Bri. She stood right here. She thought she was on an adventure. Not me. I know this is a horror story. Made it half a mile into the woods before I took my first break. Passed a big oak that sort of looked like a giant man bending over. Have to remember that for the way back. The woods are quiet, but not alarmingly so. I'm the only person around for miles. Just me and the birds and chipmunks.

At the bottom of the page, Emory signed, dated and time stamped the note, as well as indicated the bearings she was following next. We were nine days behind Emory, but we felt closer to her somehow. It felt like if we just kept going, we would come up around a rock or a big tree and she would be there waiting for us.

We pressed on, determined to find out what happened to her. And maybe her sister and brother-in-law as well. It didn't take us long before we found a second note, once again stapled to a tree, and marked with a turtle.

**[In the Woods]**

**CHRIS:** Entry 2. They say Blackwater Lake entices people into it. Once in the water, it grabs them. Pulls them under. Feeds on them. We tend to think of nature as passive. Forests and rivers just exist. Yes, hurricanes and earthquakes happen but those are the effects of natural, scientifically explained causes. Is it possible Blackwater has... evolved. Has it gone from being passive to becoming a predator somehow? How would that even work? Still feeling good. Woods are all around me, but I'm not afraid. Feels almost good. I can see why Bri liked it out in the sticks so much.

As we hiked Mark and I kept looking for any signs of Emory. It's entirely possible she fell and broke her ankle, or wandered off somewhere, or got attacked by a wild animal. Out here, there would be no way of calling for help, and no one to really hear if you did. For all we knew, we might stumble upon her,

hopefully still alive, in a makeshift wooden splint, praying for a rescue.

We both agreed that didn't feel likely.

Still, she was right. The woods didn't feel frightening. There wasn't any trace of a sinister energy in the air, and for a little bit Mark and I could convince ourselves we were out on an ordinary nature walk.

Then we found the third note.

**[In the Woods]**

**MARK:** Note 3. The woods are listening to me. Maybe that's not right. Not the trees. Not the birds. Something else. I can feel it. Like when you can sense a person is in the room with you, even if you haven't seen them yet. Did I make a mistake coming here, Paige? What did I think I was going to find? Surely not their bodies. They would be long gone by then. Then what? Their stuff? The tent, sleeping bags, Bris' bag. Did she carry that picture of dad with her? The one we always used to laugh about but secretly loved. No, what's listening to me knows I'm coming closer. It's getting ready. I need to be on guard.

At this point, we kept our recorders on the entire time. We guessed we were halfway to the place Emory had indicated on the map, but we weren't sure. We had tried keeping a distance counter going on one of the running apps on our phone, but the number of times we got turned around or veered off course gave us only a vague distance of how far we had come.

We found three more notes, all stapled to the trees, all marked with the turtle. They were from Emory, but each successive one seemed more and more erratic. Her handwriting got worse, as did her sentence structure. By the end, it seemed little more than rambling.

**[In the Woods]**

**MARK:** Entry 6. Doubled back once I saw them. Three hundred yards? Good enough, I hope. Colder now. No birds. No beasts. Just me. And it. Carvings in the trees. Faces. People. Magic. No trespassing. Go to jail. Do not collect \$200. It's there. I saw it. Just a glimpse of its cold black water. Turned and ran. Wrote this note. I'm here, Bri. I'll find you. Sorry Paige. I never should have come.

After we read her last note, Mark and I put on our noise canceling headphones, each one of us playing music we had downloaded to our phones. These were over the ear kind, not earbuds, and had been fairly expensive. We also put in the earplugs we had brought. It was strange walking through the woods, listening to the muffled music coming through the headphones. We couldn't even hear our own footfalls, but we knew we were getting closer.

It was only a few steps later, maybe a hundred yards, definitely not the three hundred Emory thought, we came upon the faces in the trees she had written about.

Unlike Emory's turtle carvings, these were far, far older. They had been done with care, and while some were faces, most of them were symbols. They were Pasamaquoddy wards and sigils, meant to ward off evil spirits or offer protection from them. They had been carved in a ring of trees going off in either direction.

It was impossible to tell if the birds and squirrels had stopped their scamperings. If even they kept their distance from the barrier we were about to cross.

**[In the Woods]**

**MARK:** Look! Right there! What's that?

What that was was a dark blue Coleman Sundome two person tent. The exact kind Emory Collins had brought with her.

Despite our desire to rush to the camp, we both took precautions. If we had forgotten the dangers of this place, Emory's last note had certainly reminded us.

Before our trip we had purchased five coils of 100 hundred feet, diamond braided polypropylene rope, all in different colors. We had marked off every foot on all five coils. Before we ventured past the carved trees, we tied one end of rope around a thick pine tree. Mark tied the other end around my waist. We made sure the knot was tight and that I couldn't slip out of it. Then, as I started walking towards the tent, Mark slowly unspooled the rope, giving me just enough leeway to take a step forward, but fully prepared to pull me back.

The whole time, my recorder was going, picking up every sound of the forest around us, even if I couldn't hear it.

**[In the Woods]**

**CHRIS:** I'm approaching the tent now. It's...it's... she camped here. Someone camped here. I see the tent. There's a campfire ring. The tent is open. I'm -

**MARK:** Are you okay? What is it?

**CHRIS:** Going to go inside. Okay. Okay. There's a sleeping bag. A backpack. There's a notebook on the sleeping bag. It's... Oh sh-. Oh...sh-.

I had gone fifty feet from Mark before I entered the tent. When he couldn't see me, Mark started tugging on the rope, at first just to get my attention, but then harder and harder. I managed to grab the backpack and the notebook before heading back to meet Mark.

I showed him what I had found, and using gestures and then eventually a note written on my phone, we agreed to head back the direction we came before investigating further. We proceeded back to the spot where we had found Emory's sixth note, then tied the rope around that tree. We walked back until the rope

ran out of length, then tied one of the others to it. We repeated this until we had tied all five coils together. Five hundred feet back from Emory's last note. Only then, did we take off our noise canceling gear.

As many of you know, June was a particularly wet month for Maine. We got about six inches of rain, almost double our typical monthly average. June 17th, four days before we got to the area around Blackwater Lake, and three days after Emory had left her notes, had been the heaviest rain, almost two inches.

The tent had been open for who knows how long, and some of the rain had gotten in. The bag and the notebook were soggy, heaving with the water that just wouldn't dry up. Wearing latex gloves we had brought with us, Mark and I inspected the bag.

**[In the Woods]**

**MARK:** There's women's clothes in here, like shirts and shorts, socks. There's a sweatshirt from the University of Maine at Farmington. Looks pretty worn. There's some snacks, like granola bars and ramen noodles. Oh wait. I've got a wallet.

**CHRIS:** What is it? What does it say?

At this point Mark held the wallet up to me, opened so I could see the driver's license.

**[In the Woods]**

**MARK:** Emory Collins.

The notebook was in pretty rough shape. The pages had soaked up the moisture from the recent rain. It had swollen to twice its size, and the blue lines, along with whatever had been written in black ink, had smudged and ran off the page.

All told six pages had been filled with writing at one point. We did our best to preserve the pages, but they were almost completely ruined. We did make out the line, "feeling better" at one point. And then farther in, "cliff overlooking lake." The

last page was mostly preserved at the top of the page written in big, jagged letters in the margin were the words: "I CAN HEAR IT SINGING!!!"

Below that, written in ever worsening handwriting were the lines, "I'm sorry. I love you Bri. I love you Paige. I'm sorry," over and over again. It ends with even more jagged letters that spell out her final message: "Going to the cliff."

We had found Emory Collins's camp, but no sign of her. It was clear her camp had been abandoned for several days, but it was curious that nothing had disturbed the site. Everyone in Maine knows that if you leave food out overnight *something* is going to come for it. Hopefully a skunk or a raccoon, but maybe a bear. But nothing had touched the contents of Emory's tent until I went inside.

Mark and I made the foolish decision then to spend the night in the woods near Blackwater Lake.

We set up our tent about thirty feet back from Emory's, close enough to the warded trees, that we tied part of the tent's fly to one of them. Our rationale was that if she had gotten stuck out here, and was gone for the day, then if she came back and saw our tent, we might be able to help bring her back.

With our camp set up, we decided to see if we could approach the shore of Blackwater, just beyond where Emory's tent lay. We had agreed not to do so until morning, but there was still several hours of daylight left, and we were anxious that maybe we could still help Emory.

This time, I stayed behind and tethered Mark to a tree not far from our tent. I spooled out the rope as he walked down past the abandoned tent. Here's Mark describing what he was seeing in real time.

**[In the Woods]**



**MARK:** Okay. There's Emory's tent. There are some trees beyond that, but I can... oh my God. I can see it. It looks so black. Like... like hottop. No like black paint. I'm past the trees now. [turning back to look at Chris] You still got me? Okay, yeah. So... it opens up to a rocky beach area. It's flat for about I don't know, twenty feet, before the ... the water. It's not moving. There's a breeze, but I don't see a ripple on the water. No sign of movement. Like a big sheet of black glass.

Mark stopped just before he could reach the shore. That had been our agreement, and when he turned back to give me a thumbs up, he had gone ninety-five feet from the tree. I quickly tied off another rope at exactly ninety-five feet, looped it around my waist, and followed him to the shore of the cursed lake.

**[In the Woods]**

**CHRIS:** Oh my God!

**MARK:** Look. There's the cliff!

**CHRIS:** This ... this is terrible.

**MARK:** Do you think she's up there?

**CHRIS:** What?

**MARK:** What??

**CHRIS:** I can't see down into it. Not even at the edge.

**MARK:** It's not even moving.

We went back to our tent and prepared for the night. We kept our earplugs in and our headphones on all night. We also took the precaution of tying ourselves together with thirty feet of rope. If something happened and one of us either got up and got lost, or... or a more sinister alternative, the other should be able to pull him back.

We also set our recorders to turn on if there were any noises. It's an automatic function people use to monitor sleeping, or in our cases, listening for spirits or other creatures usually unseen to the human eye.

We have to warn you. What happened next was terrifying and could have ended very, very badly. In hindsight we should have tied ourselves to trees, but even then. I'm not sure we would have avoided what came next.

At some point in the middle of the night, I awoke to the feel of the rope tied around my arm being yanked. Mark had gotten up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom. I'll let him explain in his own words.

**[In the Studio]**

**MARK:** I had to go to the bathroom, so I went out of the tent and I walked a few feet away. It was dark, but I'm pretty sure I moved away from the lake. Anyways. I had my music going, but it felt like everything was so quiet. I thought for just a moment, I'd pull back one of the headphones, to see if I could hear anything. My thought was that even if the lake was calling to us, when I let go, the headphone would snap back down over my ear, cutting off its sound. I don't know what happened, but I think I tripped over a root or something. Then I fell and yanked my headphones right off my head.

What happened next was picked up when my personal recorder turned on. We want you to know that we made sure this audio was safe before we played it for you:

**[in the woods. Lake song in the background]**

**CHRIS:** Mark? Mark, what the fuck? Hey. Hey! Mark, what are you doing? Mark! Don't, MArk! Don't listen! Come back, Mark! Mark!!

Mark had reached the end of the thirty feet that tied us together, and while I attempted to pull him back, I was off balance and off guard. He dragged me for another thirty or so feet before I was able to put up any resistance. I fought, but

he was like a man possessed. He kept walking, pulling relentlessly towards the lake.

Finally, on one of the last trees, I managed to get myself wrapped around it, creating a tether and a pulley of sorts. Slowly, I started pulling him back, going around and around the tree to reduce the length of the rope.

**[in the woods. Lake song in the background]**

**CHRIS [straining]:** C'mon! C'mon, Mark. Get over here. Son of a bitch! Come on!

Eventually I got Mark back to me. By some miracle, his headphones had not come dislodged from his phone and still hung on his neck. With one hand, I managed to pull them back up over his ears. He sort of collapsed then, leaning up against the tree he was now securely tied to. I slid down next to him, exhausted. We stayed there, maybe thirty or forty feet from the shore of Blackwater Lake as it sang its deadly song.

In the morning, Mark seemed himself and we made our way back to our camp. We quickly packed up and began following our trail back out of the woods, far away from Blackwater Lake. We placed Emory's backpack and her notebook in a trash bag and carried it back with us.

When we got back to where Emory had left her second note, we tentatively removed our headphones, the two of us still tied together. The woods were alive with the sound of birds, bugs, and small animals moving about. Whatever siren song the lake had called to us was long gone. We hurried back to our car, back to civilization, and quickly called the police.

It wasn't until later, safely back at the office, locked in in the studio, and with the others around just in case, that we listened to the audio we recorded that night. Maybe it was the distance either geographically or or in time, or maybe the fact that it was a recording, but either way the sound... the song... appeared to be safe to hear. If you listen carefully, you can

hear it, that wild, inhuman singing that serves as a background for the entire traumatic event. We don't know what it is, exactly, or what was causing it... aside from the obvious answer of the lake itself.

We had set our recorders to turn on when there was sound, and we were shocked to discover over four hours of the so-called singing before Mark woke up. And another almost five hours after we collapsed against the tree.

**[play lake song]**

We still don't know what happened to Emory Collins. Mark believes she climbed that cliff we saw, most likely under the influence of Blackwater Lake. It is, most likely, the same cliff that Bernard Pollack discovered in 1782. Mark's theory is that unlike Pollack, Emory wasn't so lucky, and probably leapt to her death in the cold, black waters below.

As of now, it is an active police investigation. We have turned over everything we found, plus our maps, and copies of our notes and recordings over to the authorities. They have promised both us and Paige Collins a full and detailed investigation using every available resource.

We're not sure we believe them.

We still don't know what exactly Blackwater Lake is. Is it the cursed spirit of an evil Native American magician that haunts the place? Or is it as Emory theorized, and the lake itself has evolved to become predatory. Then again, perhaps it's something else entirely.

What we do know is that it is dangerous. Mark nearly died that night on its shore, and countless others have as well. Seth and Breanna Morrill, and Emory Collins, to name a few. If you are in the area, we suggest you steer clear of the woods north east of Side Pistol Lake. Something dangerous there sings a lethal song.

[play lake music]

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/)

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.