

DISTURBING THINGS

[FROM AROUND THE INTERNET]

VOLUME 14, SECOND EDITION

CHANGELOG

- Removed “DISASTER AT THE BAY” – Redundant/Disaster story already exists with “UNCONTROLLABLE”
- Moved “DEEP BLUE” to lead chapter – More suitable to set the mood, akin to “AUTOPHOBIA”
- Reworked “DEEP BLUE” to add immersion
- Added “THE HUNT FOR PRETTYFACE” – Adds much-needed “Internet Mystery” aspect to video
- Rearranged chapters, general balancing

N E X P ○

DEEP BLUE

CHAPTER TRANSITION: Crazy scientology video lady in background. Interrupted by DEEP BLUE sequence/AI-generated thalassophobia images.

SET THE MOOD, INTRODUCE THALASSOPHOBIA

You know it's funny, I've been trying to figure out for years how to put into words the existential dread I get from something as conceptually simple as the ocean. There's something inherently – unsettling – about the fact that our current knowledge, or lack of it – rivals that of outer space. The holy grail of the unknown, and the mind-melting void of absolutely nothing but an expanse of complete blackness.

Imagine for a minute, waking up with no knowledge of how you got to where you are. The mere light from your space suit illuminates the few inches around you – you know you're awake, you know that your eyes are open. Yet you look around and see nothing. Just darkness, stretching for hundreds, thousands, *millions* of miles. You look up, but it's actually down. Down, but it's actually up. You are lost – with not a single soul anywhere close to help. You have been forgotten. You are trapped – in Deep Space.

-cut to ocean-

It's harrowing that a similar sense of mystery lies within the very Earth we all stand on. And when we look at the raw data, knowing that over *eighty percent* of this 36,000-foot underwater abyss remains unmapped, unexplored, and unobserved to this day drives home the idea that there is not only a lack of understanding of the *environment* of the deep ocean, but also the creatures within it.

This notion, compounded with the troves of video we can find online demonstrating the oceans sheer scale drive home an uneasiness unmatched by many things in our world. It's hard to put exactly into words, but viewing footage of divers like Jonathan Bird treading the fringe of safety and complete danger by venturing off the beaten path and into what appears to be completely – nothing – will never *not* cause me to tense up.

There is an entire *world* below them. A world shrouded in darkness. A world – ripe with discovery. A world with caves, valleys, *entire underwater oceans*, man-made relics, and for better or worse, entire species that haven't even been discovered. Conceptualizing this idea is admittedly difficult because our default view of the ocean – is this.

But - there's *so much* more to it.

-switch flip to projector reel presentation, make it atmospheric AF-

PROJECTOR PRESENTATION - SEALIFE

Around 3000 feet deep, the ocean becomes cold, dark, and full of creatures inexplicable. In lieu of the octopi, dolphins, and vibrant ecosystems embedded within coral reefs, we instead find species exhibiting bioluminescence, bearing foreboding teeth, and riddled by a phenomenon known as *deep sea gigantism*. Contrary to how sea life is depicted in modern media, marine predators like sharks, whales, and leopard seals aren't even the most dangerous out there.

There is an entire macrocosm resting inside the deep ocean, harboring creatures that not only look horrifying, but entirely encompass it.

-slide off and on-

In 2009, the Blue Reef Aquarium in Newquay, England encountered a small problem. Their fish were regularly mutilated. The interior of their tanks – damaged, yet they were unaware of what exactly the culprit was. Over the course of weeks, they'd set out traps to figure out what was going on – yet found nothing.

They drain the entire aquarium, searching every nook and crevice, until – finally, they find it. A *bobbit worm*, known as one of *the* deadliest bristle worms in the world, was hidden inside an ocean rock they'd harvested for their tanks, and for *years*, it grew without notice.

-cut to ocean-

Bobbit Worms are lurkers – hanging back inside the depths of the sea-floor, awaiting any unsuspecting prey that may pass by it. These creatures are nocturnal, utilizing an array of appendages to monitor motion around them, and once they find a target, they lunge out of their burrow, snatch their prey, and drag them into their burrow to feast on.

Bobbit Worms are made up of hundreds of segments, and can grow upwards of ten feet in length. Curiously, these creatures are capable of complete regeneration, meaning that if its body is severed, both parts can regrow, creating two genetically identical predators. Resembling a horrifying, gargantuan underwater centipede, Bobbit Worms are some of the most nightmarish creatures out there – yet, at this point, you and I are merely getting started.

-slide off and on-

This is a Bigfin Squid, primarily found at depths of around 10,000 feet and lower. Their tentacles are believed to extend upwards of 26 feet in length, and are held perpendicular to the creature's body like an elbow. Little is known about them, and they've only been sighted a handful of times, however it's believed that they hunt by dragging their arms along the floor, trapping any unsuspecting zooplankton that become entangled within their microscopic suckers. Again, this is but an estimation – because to this day, much about their behavior and diet is entirely unknown.

-slide off and on-

The Siphonophore – a floating amalgamation made of a colony of organisms known as zooids - can grow up to 130 feet long – longer than a blue whale, snaking their way through the deep ocean in search of small fish and crustaceans. Given their highly modular nature, their bodies consist of various specialized segments that can detach from the core at will. A curtain of tentacles protrude – believed to be used for immobilizing prey. Gastrozooids handle digestion. And bioluminescent swimming bells aid in propulsion. In a way, the Siphonophore is uniquely alien, existing in varieties where no two look exactly alike. Where one resembles a mess of repulsive tentacles, others may exist as what appears to be a multi-hundred foot string – just – alive.

-slide off and on-

In the deep, one of the Siphonophore's biggest competitors is something known as a Barreleye Fish – a creature with a translucent head and large bioluminescent eyes. Naturally, these eyes are upward-facing to scan for prey, however when it's found, they shift them forward to allow their mouth to enter its point of view. The Barreleye Fish largely remains a mystery, however it's believed that its translucent head protects its eyes from the stinging cells of Siphonophores – a critical trait considering that they share the same prey.

-slide off and on-

I could go on all day about anomalous ocean creatures, as it seems there are seemingly endless. Giant squids, poisonous jellies, anglerfish, massive isopods, and crabs with twelve-foot legs are among some of the most eccentric deep ocean species known to man, yet this sample set doesn't even hold a candle to the potential of what's really out there. You see, it's believed that over 91% of the ocean's species have not yet been discovered, compounding with the already extraordinary statistic that the vast majority of the deep blue remains completely unseen by human eyes. This notion, in a way, effectively morphs two phobias into one. Fear of the deep ocean, and the fear – of the *unknown*. Everything we've covered are but the creatures we *have* seen.

Now imagine what we haven't.

-build with footage, then cut to black, then HD Blue Hole footage-

THE YURI LIPSKI TRAGEDY

On the 28th of April 2000, 22-year old Yuri Lipski geared up for a dive within the Blue Hole in Egypt. Known as one of the most dangerous diving locations in the world, traversing this environment is no small feat. One of its standout features is the existence of its underwater arch, a massive, 170-foot tunnel resting 164 feet below the surface, and extending 85 feet in length. It's been reported that the Blue Hole is deceptive, appearing much shorter than it is when you manage to dive down there. Alongside this, it bears areas with strong down currents, making for a physically grueling experience. Depth and oxygen monitoring are a must, yet Lipski, fully aware of the risks involved with such an intensive dive, maintained optimism in his physical ability.

At 5:03PM, Lipski embarks into the depths. Contrary to standard procedure, he attempts this dive, *not* in a group, but alone. For the first two minutes, we can observe Yuri swimming parallel to surface, until he's over the deepest point of the Blue Hole. He then begins a slow, controlled descent, before he begins releasing air from his BCD, or buoyancy compensation device, in hopes of sinking faster.

-play snippet of footage to 3:30-

At this point, his regulator begins to work harder to supply Yuri with the increased amount of air he's taking in, evident by the numerous wheezes we hear throughout his footage. At this point, he's descending rapidly – likely more so than he realizes, and soon after, the alarm from his dive monitor sounds, signaling that his depth is reaching a critical level.

-play alarm, pause at 270ft-

Yuri is now over 270 feet below surface, signaling a multitude of inconvenient truths. The oxygen in his tank is quickly becoming toxic. His buoyancy is dwindling. And an effect known as nitrogen narcosis is plaguing him, instilling a sensation of complete drunkenness. And whether he even knows that he's feeling it at this point – is unclear.

-play landing-

At 5:09PM, he approaches the floor of the Blue Hole – at over 300 feet deep. Immediately, he fully inflates his BCD in hopes of returning to the surface, however it's entirely ineffective as the down force of the ocean negates any semblance of buoyancy. This realization appears to cause him to panic – his tank is empty. He's disoriented. He – is trapped.

-play ending, then emotional montage-

Yuri Lipski met his demise in one of the most dangerous diving locations in the world. He embarked to set a personal record, to achieve a depth that he had never before seen – yet in that pursuit lost his life to the grueling conditions of the deep blue.

-slight pause-

WRAP UP

The ocean is horrifying. An unforgiving frontier harboring some of the most harrowing life and environmental enigmas on the planet. It is, and always will be, one of life's great mysteries. An entire world we share, yet know so little about. The vast majority of the planet, yet completely uninhabitable by mankind. In a way, Thalassophobia is the fear of something that we don't fully understand. It's the fear of what-ifs. The fear of what *could be*.

Throughout history, it's been said that the moment you enter the ocean, you enter the food chain. Yet contrary to how it is on land, in their world – in their vast abyss of darkness – humankind is the apex no longer.

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ON THE OTHER SIDE

CHAPTER TRANSITION: While showing DEEP BLUE on screen, it's interrupted by sudden banging on wall. Quickly pan camera over, face wall.

The year is 2020.

A young couple moves into a duplex, sharing the home with two other tenants, an elderly woman and her adult daughter. For the first few months, nothing seems out of the ordinary. In fact, they never see them, and not once do they interact –

At least, until.

-cut to black, then to wall shot, bang on it with riser and cut to black, dark music-

Two weeks – this carries on, and each time their dog freaks out, in turn causing their newborn to cry. It's a constant back and forth dynamic, and things are quickly spiraling out of control.

The cops aren't doing anything, the landlord is no help, and so they take to Reddit.com to air out their grievances and to seek advice.

At 11:09PM on September 13, of 2020, a Redditor named u/peachesnglitter ventures to r/legaladvice to make a post, titled: *Delusional neighbor bangs on the shared wall when our baby cries, and nothing can be done about it?*

It reads the following:

I live in a duplex in Washington state with my husband and my son, who is only a few months old. My FIL owns half of the duplex and is renting it to us, and the other half is owned by an older woman and her adult daughter. My FIL has known the women for over fifteen years, and told us before we moved in that the daughter was mentally ill and had strong delusions on occasion that caused trouble with the previous tenants.

The last tenants apparently had to get a civil anti-harassment order placed against the daughter, but eventually moved out when the behaviors never stopped. Apparently the neighbor accused them of kidnapping and abusing their children, and abusing their dogs.

My husband and I brought our son home a few months ago, and we didn't have any issues with the neighbor until about two weeks ago. She has begun banging on and throwing things at the walls when our son cries. She screams at us as well, but I usually can't hear what she's actually saying. You know. Over the screaming baby. And the two dogs going absolutely ballistic because of the banging. It's absolute chaos and it has made my postpartum anxiety so much worse. Every time the baby cries I experience intense panic, waiting for the screaming and banging to start.

We have called the non-emergency police line twice when I can't handle it anymore and feel close to a meltdown, and the first time they talked to her and she stopped doing it as often. Maybe once every two days. Tonight she is back at it and worse than ever. The air quality is so bad right now from the fires that I can't let the dogs out for long to stop them from barking, and the barking makes the baby cry harder, which makes the neighbor scream and pound on the walls harder... the officer I spoke with says we can try to get a civil anti-harassment order placed, but he knew for a fact that her behaviors never stopped after the last tenants tried that and he said his unofficial advice would be to live somewhere else.

Is that seriously my only option? We can't afford to move but I can't keep living like this.

Unfortunately, this post went largely unseen by anyone online, merely generating 40 upvotes and just ten comments. One user named u/Lifeguard_III suggested that the neighbor was merely banging on their wall because they were sick of the noise she was making.

She is an owner so you can't do anything.

Your best solution is to properly insulate the wall against sound. From the other point of view, having a newborn baby in a shared dwelling is really shitty to your neighbors from the noise. Just as much as you don't like the pounding, your neighbors hate your crying noises and dogs barking. Maybe your neighbors cannot handle the crying anymore???

You really need to look into sound proofing, or your neighbor could start calling animal control and CPS for all the noise you make. Stop blaming the neighbor when you are the making all the noise.

It's an interesting thought process, however the perspective is entirely valid. They *are* responsible for half of this duplex, and there's *really* not much they can do about their distaste for a neighbor. As a matter of fact, that was largely the sentiment of those who *did* see her post.

There is nothing she can do. And the matter was left at that.

-fade-

-banging on wall skit, screams, etc, then cut to black, then notification sound-

[MAY 12, 2021]

-camera macro shot of "Update", then username, then full post-

My first post never got much attention but the outcome was pretty wild.

Short version: In October 2020, my husband and I were renting in a duplex where my FIL owned the half we lived in, and a separate family owned the other half. We brought our son home from the NICU in August, and towards the end of September the neighbor started to pound on the shared wall if she could hear him cry. The pounding escalated over the next two months. The neighbor bought a megaphone to yell through the wall and threatened to "rip us apart", she called us child predators, and she'd yell obscenities and threats until 3 or 4 in the morning.

The police were called multiple times, yet nothing could be done about it. One officer told us "I'm going to kill you. See, it doesn't mean anything if I don't actually do it." The elderly mother hadn't been seen in several months, but requests for wellness checks were brushed off

The general advice I got was that as renters, we couldn't do anything. It was also suggested that this was reasonable behavior, since the crying baby was probably really annoying.

Since my first post, we moved in with my grandmother for our safety. The neighbor ended up busting a softball sized hole through the shared wall to scream at us, and occasionally just stare at us. The smell that came out of the hole was indescribably bad. Our security cameras recorded her coming to my son's nursery window at around 2am almost daily, just staring and holding her cat.

It took until the end of January for the police to be able to enter her property. The elderly mother had been deceased since at least June, and the daughter had the corpse dressed in her Sunday best, rotting in a dead bolted bedroom. The news article said the mother died from natural causes. The daughter was taken to an inpatient psychiatric facility.

-silence, then cut to nature footage-

I would be remiss if I didn't state the obvious – that fabricating stories online happens all the time and is remarkably simple to pull off. In the current online landscape, it almost seems like fake stories outweigh real ones by a large margin, incentivized by online notoriety and the

pursuit of upvotes. There was something about this one, though, that seemed eerily – specific. The premise was haunting, yet it seemed entirely *legitimate*.

[JANUARY, 2021]

In January, authorities in Richland, Washington make their way to the home of u/peachesnglitter in response to a 911 call. While there, they make contact with 45-year-old *Angela Greiner* through the hole she carved, and immediately notice an overwhelming odor. They request to be let in to ensure her mother’s safety, yet Greiner staunchly refuses. All the officers managed to gain from her at this point were threatening notes –

-shutter to images-

This feud goes on for nearly a week, buying officers time to obtain an injunction on the belief that Greiner’s mother is severely neglected. During this time, she clogs the hole with letters, calling the officers losers. Rejects access when they show up with relatives. And even threatens to kill them when they’d knock on her windows. It’s safe to say that she’s not letting them in, no matter what.

-cut to black-

At least, willingly.

[FEBRUARY 3, 2021]

February 3rd. Richland PD arrives with a warrant, and force their way inside. And as expected from the revolting odor they caught through the wall, the corpse of Greiner’s mother, 67-year old Claudia Kinney – was rotting inside a locked bedroom. She reportedly died from pulmonary emphysema, and was believed to be decomposing – for nearly seven months.

-cut to silent wall-

As stated by the OP, Greiner was taken to an inpatient psychiatric facility, and since then, there have been no further updates on her status or whereabouts. The duplex, to this day, still stands, yet now bears a reputation forever haunted by the grim events that took place there.

This story, in its entirety, drives home the fact that you *truly never know who’s beside you*. Who is across from you. Who is on the other side of the wall by which you sleep. For months, this family was unknowingly going about their daily lives with a human corpse just feet away from them, completely unaware that their neighbor was living alongside it.

-slight pause-

At the end of it all, u/peachesnglitter just wanted a home for their family. A place their newborn could grow up happily. Yet, little did they know what they were getting into, and what was waiting for them – *on the other side*.

THE NIGHT AT ROOM 233

CHAPTER TRANSITION: Facing wall, National Anthem playing in background. When it ends, turn camera toward TV and show “MISSING” card.

-semi truck sound, then slight boom into highway footage at night-

[ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO / 1991]

It's late at night.

-alternative shot of semi, or interior-

A truck driver named Eduardo Colon is wrapping up his day, on the hunt for a place to stay.

-pull into Super 8-

He pulls into a Super 8 motel off the highway, and contrary to working alone, requests a room for two people. A few moments later, he's given the key to unit 233, without so much of a hint that things were at all, out of the ordinary. And so, he grabs his things, makes his way to his room, and brings his night to a close –

-eye close effect-

Well, that's what *should've* happened.

-camera cut to outdoors, then timelapse, then morning-

It's been two days. And Eduardo – has not checked out.

A security guard on duty is sent to check on him, however a Do Not Disturb placard adorns the handle, and the room is locked from the inside.

-knocking-

No answer.

-call for Eduardo-

Still nothing.

-knock more-

He's not there – but it's locked.

Suspecting that something is off, the guard manages to unlock the door and make his way in, and at first glance, the room is oddly – ordinary. On the floor – the blankets lie haphazard. On the table – a handbag, a purse, a bracelet, a scale with the name George Martinez written on it, and a polaroid appear left behind. Yet, once he makes his way to the room's rear and towards the bathroom, what awaits him -

-fade out and into shower-

Is completely unexpected.

Hanging by a suitcase strap, a badly decomposed woman – believed to be the same one from the polaroid - stares down upon him. And Eduardo – is no where to be found.

-outside shot of room with door open, then downward shot of desk, place polaroid and sketch-

It's believed that the woman in the bathroom is the same one from this photograph. And that also the male beside her – is Eduardo. Immediately, police question the motel employees, and they confirm that this man is, in fact, the same one who checked in that night.

All good and well, but where is he? Why was this gruesome scene left behind in his room? And why did he provide all his personal information correctly at check in, yet gave a false license plate number?

-shutter to jane doe flyers-

It's rare that unidentified, deceased individuals are in such close proximity with a photo of themselves while alive, and you would think that this would make her identification a breeze. To this day, though, her identity remains exactly how it has been from the day she died – She is unknown. Unidentified. A Jane Doe.

After an autopsy, it was revealed that she passed away by taking her own life - with heroin in her system. The evidence from the motel room, including the scale with *George Martinez* on it, were their only real leads in tracking down her identity, however frustratingly nothing ever came from it. No witnesses, no footage – not even Eduardo.

-fade-

[1998]

Seven years later, Eduardo's family is contacted. They claim that he had passed away not long beforehand, yet assert that the man in this photograph, contrary to all prior assumptions – is not Eduardo at all. They've never seen this man in their life.

-cut to motel-

That day a new mystery was born. Not only was there ambiguity around the actions of Eduardo, *and* this woman's identity, but now an unnamed male has entered the picture. As the years went on, leads on him were all but non-existent – and all they really had to go off of was the connection to that scale. *George Martinez* was believed to be his identity, however given how many *George Martinez*'s are out there, tracking him down in the late 90s was all but impossible.

To this day, this mystery remains completely unsolved, barring one credible tip that authorities received in March of 2021. It's rumored that her name was Becca, and that she flew in from Los Angeles, California. Why she did this, who she came with, and how she ended up in the bathroom of Eduardo Colon is still unclear, however with the rise of the internet and breakthroughs in technology, perhaps someday her identity can come to light.

-slight pause-

It is hauntingly mind-boggling that not a single soul on this Earth has been able to identify this woman for over thirty years. Much like the case with Joanna Lopez, having such hard photographic evidence of someone, yet knowing nothing about who they actually are and what happened to them is frustrating, yet chilling.

What took place on that fateful night may never be known – and to be honest a lot of it doesn't even make sense. Eduardo was merely stopping for a place to stay, so how did he become

wrapped up with such a tangled mess of unknowns? Perhaps there was more to it – something that he wasn't letting on, however given that he is now deceased, that question will forever remain unsolved.

Out of everything, though, finding the name of this woman – of this *Becca from Los Angeles*, is something that *can*. I implore you to reach out to the Albuquerque police if you know of or recognize anything about this woman. This is an absolute hail Mary, however *someone on this Earth* has to know *something* about her.

For all I know, we might not get *anywhere* – but contrary to the alternative, being forgotten and left behind in history, well, we can't go wrong with trying.

[show Becca's identifying information over silence, then fade]

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THE HUNT FOR PRETTYFACE

CHAPTER TRANSITION: Camera focused on Becca polaroid. Heavy bokeh. Background TV is playing stuff, then Jeff's face shows, blurred in background. Cut to TV closeup.

The "creepypasta".

-boom to nostalgic music and hyperlapse of creepy imagery-

A relic of a bygone era in Internet History. The induction for many of us – to online horror.

Suicide Mouse, Ben Drowned, Slenderman, and Sad Satan are among some of the most notorious online horror stories in existence – however to this day, one refuses to die.

-reveal JTK, braam/low drone-

It's called Jeff the Killer, and by this point, he needs no introduction. The story, today, hasn't exactly aged very well – and to be honest it kinda sounds like a Joker fan-fiction and it isn't very scary. But that's okay, because it wasn't exactly written for our time.

As we know, the story centers around two brothers named Jeff and Liu. They move into a new town and end up suffering the wrath of numerous bullies, one of whom, Jeff ends up killing in retaliation. At one point, Jeff and his brother are even doused with bleach and set on fire and, at least for Jeff, this had caused them permanent physical and mental damage. By this point Jeff snaps. He returns home from the hospital, he carves a permanent smile into his face, kills his family, and sets off with a new life mission – to kill anyone that does not sleep at night – to afflict them with an eternal slumber should they resist it ordinarily. "Go to sleep", Jeff the Killer claims when he finds you.

"Go to sleep".

-silence, then grim music, hard transition to story-

Now Jeff the Killer is certainly a tale that's past it's time, yet stands as somewhat of a cornerstone of online history. Contrary to all the effort put into the story, however, it's safe to say that the uncanniness of the image accompanying it was the major catalyst for its popularity

online. All across the early 2010s, the story was shared like wildfire, however what most were unaware of, was that it had, coincidentally, found itself caught in a web of both controversy ... and enduring mystery.

And it was all based around one simple question - *Who created Jeff the Killer?*

-music drop, cut to cork board, then pin 2011-

The story, as we know it, was written by an author on the Creepypasta Wiki named *GameFuel2000*, in which its earliest known date of publication is November 21st, of 2011. Curiously, though, an online user going by the persona *Sesseur* – had come forth shortly after its online explosion, claiming that in reality, *they* are Jeff's creator. A bold claim, yet this *should* be relatively easy to prove.

-card cut-

On October 3rd of 2008, a video was shared to a YouTube channel named *killerjeff*, an alias that *Sesseur* claimed ownership of. The video is, more or less a slideshow, and drops bits of Jeff the Killer lore over photos of characters we've heard of from the other story – like Liu, and even Jeff before he became the titular killer. Interestingly, this upload was accompanied by a story on *Newgrounds*, where the same user, *killerjeff*, made a post on August 10th of that same year:

The story of ol' Jeffy. He enjoys horror such as ghost stories, or slasher films, have you ever met him in person? This man is what other people call bizare. He's like a Bloody Mary game, exept you must perform it in the closet, turn off the lights and sit down cross-legged, repeat this saying three time while turning your head back and forth, "He's in here with me." after the saying, close your eyes and call out the name Jeff. He'll appear by putting his face right up to you, and proceed to yell and try to chant harm at you. To make him stop is to stand there and complement him, not doing so will result in a nightmarish field trip.

-connect 2011 and 2008 on cork board-

Okay, so there we have it, *Sesseur* is the creator of Jeff the Killer as they bear proof of the earliest rendition of utilizing both his name and image. With this in mind, surely they should have that picture unedited, right?

-groovy song, slow zoom into Jeff's face-

In December of 2015, ScareTheater got in contact with *Sesseur*. He asked them a plethora of questions like – *What inspired you? Why'd you call him Jeff? Did you ever expect him to become so well-known?* All granting thought-provoking insight into the creator of this online behemoth. Interestingly, though, in one of them – ScareTheater presses *Sesseur* about the origins of the Jeff image - to which they respond, stating:

The picture was made using a white latex mask and some big plastic eyes with red rubber substance that simulated blinking. There was also a black ring around the eyes that were on covering the exposed red eyelid. After it was made, two or three pictures were taken and posted, and the rest is history.

And just like that – mystery solved. *Sesseur* crafted something that scared millions online, and did it with none other than a latex mask and some fake eyes. So, good on them.

-fade to black-

-Growing My Grandpa music, cut to TV, play beginning of NNN-

Shortly after Sesseur's interview, a video was found on a YouTube channel named *Dark Knight*. It was uploaded on the 2nd of August, 2007, and is titled *NNN Special Broadcast*. Purportedly, it's based upon a Japanese urban legend surrounding a scrolling list of names at around 3 in the morning – when no one should be watching. The list is said to be accompanied by horrific imagery and bizarre sounds, before at the very end, it states that these names are "*tomorrow's sacrifice*".

It's definitely some Local 58 stuff if I've ever seen it, but that notion isn't the reason we're here tonight. You see, at the very end of this video, *Dark Knight* sneaks in a small surprise, turning everything we thought we knew about Jeff the Killer – on it's head.

-play snippet, PAUSE-

It was here when it was realized that Sesseur was a fraud. He lied, when everyone was taking his word at face value. Not only that, Jeff the Killer's image likely did not even originate from our side of the world.

-cork board, connect 2008 to 2007-

And so, the search was on.

Where did this image come from? And what did the original version even look like? If Jeff the Killer were hidden within this video *unknown to the entire world*, just sitting here *since 2007 waiting to be found*, there was bound to be more about him out there.

By 2018, investigators made their way to a now-defunct Japanese message board named *Pya.cc*. It's your run-of-the-mill website containing blog posts and online discussion, however *way back in 2005*, hidden away within an otherwise innocuous and highly obscure post – was *him*.

-scroll to image-

This photo was uploaded on the 15th of November by a user named *Omega Bolt*. To this day, though, contact with them has been futile. They have seemingly fallen off the face of the earth, effectively becoming just as obscure as Jeff's origin itself.

Aside from that, though, this was far from a dead end, as once this photo was run through an EXIF Data Analyzer, it was found that its filename – was *prettyFACE*. *Interesting*, considering that just a few weeks later -

-cut to black silence-

He was found again, but - looked a bit different.

-cut in music, with JTK1-

For the very first time, an alternate, less-modified version of Jeff the Killer was uncovered – named *White Powder (2)*. It was uploaded by a user named *Mr. Mulholland*, and in *their* version, we're able to make out minute details that were otherwise shrouded by Photoshop.

The mouth – is no longer distorted. The facial accents – gone. And the previously foreboding eyes are replaced by an alternative.

Contrary to Omega Bolt, Mr. Mulholland was actually tracked down and contacted via Twitter. There, they claim that they saw the image before it was edited and it, in reality, came from an online video of an Asian woman inside her home. Purportedly, her face was extremely pale, and lightly edited screencaps of her were passed around Japanese message boards as surprise images. Mr. Mulholland further states that he does not have the original image, believes that it no longer exists on the internet, and speculates that it *may* have come from a TV show named *Honto ni Atta! Noroi no Video*. Every episode made from 1999 to 2005 have since been thoroughly searched, yet a match has never been found.

-cut to cork board-

[Sigh] There is one more, though. And this one is, to this day, regarded as the oldest sighting of Jeff the Killer.

On the homepage of a website named fileman.n1e.jp, resting innocuously among images of puppies and waifus – was version one, captured on July 24th, of 2005. The only clues that accompany this are the caption “*Fear of a summer night...*”, and once clicked, a descriptor claims this photo is “*a celebrity before plastic surgery*”.

-cut to cork board, place pin on July 24, 2005-

To be honest we could do this all day, because since the search began, there have been hundreds of sightings of Jeff the Killer online, *all* predating Sesseur’s original story.

Over the years, there have been quite a handful of original image contenders that have gained considerable traction, most notably with a widespread hoax involving a woman who doesn’t even exist. With that said, it’s safe to say that this search has had its fair share of controversy, yet that hasn’t slowed the decade-long resilience of those investigating this. This is one of *the* longest-running Internet Mysteries of all time, and if I’m being honest, it *may* never find a resolution.

Other versions of Jeff are discovered, yet they bear more edits than Version One. Rumors circulate about it being one photo in a set of three - where a man is stuck in a bathtub holding a chunk of flesh, yet no proof has ever surfaced. And, almost daily, those with too much free time are creating their own version of the original image and are touting it as the real thing.

Sometimes, the existence of an enduring mystery brings life enduring fascination. There’s something hauntingly captivating about topics that seem unsolvable, *especially* in the modern day. In a perfect world, the existence of the internet *should* mark the death of all things mysterious, as at moment’s notice, every action taking place on this Earth theoretically *should* have some sort of readily accessible answer.

I’m glad that is not the case, though, as Jeff the Killer has given the modern internet just that *small* hint of mystifying intrigue. And – it’s based upon a question so simple. It’s quite literally the product of *someone who knows someone who knows someone* who took this photo, yet they, to this day, have never come forward. Maybe it’s a language barrier. Perhaps they’ve passed away. Maybe they live under a rock and have absolutely no idea that the simple picture

they took on a random day pre-2005 is now subject to one of the largest internet hunts in recent history. Regardless of where this person is – Jeff the Killer, in some capacity, has stood the test of time, and whether his identity is ever actually found, he will forever remain embedded within online conversation. Always regarded an enigmatic paradox.

Effectively immortalized – as one of *the* most recognizable, yet completely unknown internet urban legends – *ever to exist*.

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UNCONTROLLABLE

CHAPTER TRANSITION: ATC/Pilot comms coming from old radio while facing TV with Jeff on it. Pan camera over, approach radio, static.

[AUGUST 12, 1985 / JAPAN]

-hard cut to airport-

The time is 6:00 PM, and Japan Airlines Flight 123 is preparing for takeoff. More or less 45 minutes from wheels up to wheels down, the flight from Haneda Airport in Tokyo to Itami Airport in Osaka is routine, and for the 524 occupants on board that day, suspicion of misfortune – is all but nonexistent.

-cut to takeoff-

The aircraft takes off at 6:12pm, and for most of the initial climb, everything on board seems okay. Twelve minutes in, and as they near the cruising altitude of 24,000 feet, however, the aircraft, out of nowhere, undergoes a violent and rapid decompression, collapsing the ceiling near the rear bathrooms, causing the oxygen masks to fall, and sending everyone on board into panic.

-fade, bring up audio of opening to 1:00-

The crew begins to realize that the plane has become uncontrollable.

The captain, Masami Takahama, panics, questioning why his first officer, Yutaka Sasaki, is banking so much in one direction. He commands that he ease up, however all inputs performed by them are unresponsive. As it turns out, all four hydraulic lines leading to the planes wings are severed, and unbeknownst to them, their vertical stabilizer is completely destroyed. This plane is flying with no means of stability, and with that, their task of regaining control to land back home safely - is borderline unthinkable.

Inside the main cabin, a passenger takes one single photo, in which we can observe the oxygen masks fully engaged. Unfortunately, the supply is extremely limited, only meant to last long enough for the pilots to descend to a breathable altitude. What they were unaware of, though, was that the plane found itself stuck in what's known as a *phugoid cycle*, leaving the crew unable to control their descent – and in a way, unable to descend – at all. Over and over, the craft nosedives thousands of feet and rapidly picks up speed, before the nose naturally begins to point up, recovering the lost altitude and stalling. It again dives, ascends, dives, and ascends, all while banking at angles of up to 40 degrees in either direction. The crew is doing everything

they can to make their way back to Haneda Airport for an emergency landing, yet the aircraft is doing everything *it can* - to prevent that.

[6:40PM, 28 minutes into flight]

The pilots – have not utilized their oxygen masks, and acute hypoxia has taken its grip. The phugoid cycle is problem number one, yet posing another threat is the ever-encroaching side to side roll of the aircraft. To mitigate this, the crew manages to engage the landing gear, effectively suppressing the phugoid cycle, however over the course of the next 5 minutes, the plane descends over 10,000 feet while rolling at an angle of over 40 degrees. Effectively, they achieve a complete 360-degree downward spiral, and are understandably losing hope as every crucial second passes.

-play 6:20 to 7:02-

[6:48PM, 36 minutes into flight]

The plane has dropped - to a mere 6800ft. They are now heading opposite of Haneda Airport, and straight towards Mount Takamagahara. Over the next five minutes, the crew fights to gain altitude to move away from the impending threat, and manages to climb, again, to 11,000 feet. False hope this is, however, as they find themselves in yet another downward spiral, this time, right over treacherous terrain.

-play 9:19 to end-

[6:56PM, Time of impact.]

[DAWN, Ueno Village, Tano District, Japan]

In the quaint village of Ueno, nestled in the mountainside, residents awaken to a lingering odor. In the air, rescue and news helicopters are everywhere, yet nobody knows what exactly is going on.

Just 21 miles southwest of their location, though, the remains of Japan Airlines Flight 123 are burning, scattered across the mountainside. The plane is completely shredded. The landscape – wounded. And to say that this site was grim – is a criminal understatement.

-shutter to images, keep this section heavy-

Out of the 524 passengers on board that night, only four survived, yet that number should, and *could* have been higher.

You see, just *twenty minutes* after impact, the US Air Force spotted and phoned in the crash location, however instead of making the call to lend support immediately, Japanese authorities called off the rescue operation under the presumption that not a single passenger survived.

For over twelve hours, the plane burned throughout the night. A handful still alive, and awaiting help from the aircraft that passed right above them. The aircraft that saw them. Yet, they were unaware that help would never come.

While in recovery at the hospital, one of the four survivors, named Yumi Ochiai, recalled their experience, explaining how throughout the night, they could hear children crying. Adults – screaming. It was loud at first, yet as the hours went by, these pleas slowly faded into silence.

Some fell out of consciousness, some lost the energy to continue, but for the vast majority – this stillness signaled the death of those that could have been helped.

-fade-

One of the worst aspects of all of this – is that it was completely preventable.

-shutter to images of investigation reports-

Seven years prior, this aircraft was involved in a botched landing, in which the tail struck the tarmac, cracking the aircraft's rear pressure bulkhead. This initial incident yielded no injuries, yet a repair was necessary to keep this plane in operation.

Boeing subsequently took it in for repair, and laid out plans to install one large splice plate to cover the crack with three rows of reinforcing rivets to hold it in place. Yet, once the repair was underway, the technicians utilized *two* splice plates running parallel to the crack's direction. This effectively left one side of reinforcing rivets completely useless, and reduced the overall structural integrity of the entire repair to just 70% of what it could've been, were the job done correctly. This error was never caught during inspection, and the plane flew in this state over 12,000 times.

-slight pause-

Since the accident, Japan Airlines took a massive cut in revenue, with customers foregoing them for their competitor. Over 780 million yen was eventually paid out to victims families, and to make amends for the incident, both the maintenance manager and engineer for the airline, both carrying immense guilt for their oversight, had tragically taken their own life.

This incident, from top to bottom, is heartbreaking, and is one of the worst catastrophes that never should've happened. I cannot even begin to imagine the feeling of undergoing something as horrifying as a plane crash, and even less so *surviving* the incident and waiting, pinned down and injured in the wilderness – with everything around you ablaze. My heart goes out to every one of the 524 victims on board that day. The victims who were involved in *the* deadliest single-aircraft disaster in history. While their lives came to a heartbreaking and undeserving end that night, it's indisputable – that their legacy will live on forever.

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CLOSING REMARKS

Curiosities from the deep blue. A neighbor with a grim secret. A mind-bending mystery lasting for over thirty years. The hunt for an Internet enigma. And a critical oversight – leading to a tragedy that never should've happened.

Since the dawn of the Internet, there has been no shortage of eerie, *disturbing* stories and incidents lurking in this vast interconnected ocean we all share each day. Tonight, you and I dove into five *Disturbing Things from Around the Internet*. I hope you all enjoyed this, and as always, if you have any suggestions for future Disturbing Things or Darkest Lost Media episodes, feel free to submit them at DTFAISubmissions@gmail.com.

I truly appreciate each and every one of you for sticking with me for *fourteen episodes* of this series. Never in my life did I ever think I'd create something that would last *fourteen* episodes, Jesus Christ. Seriously, thank you all so much. You being here means more to me than you know.

Before you go, don't forget to check out *Liminal Land* – [glitch out, small LL skit]

[glitched, like an AM radio] ANYWAY, enough of me rambling. Thank you all again for watching. I'll see you in the next one. I love you all, and GOODNIGHT!