

CASE FILE: COPYRIGHT NOTICE**File ID:** 0617**Classification:** Legal / Intellectual Property**Status:** Active**Subject:** Copyright Ownership and Usage Restrictions**Filed By:**

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Hallowfield Publishing

Date Filed: 2026**Summary:**

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Case File: 0617, I'm Terrified Of**Subject:** Dr. Flooding's Phobia Treatment Program**Classification:** Experimental Psychological Procedure**Status:** Active**Overview:**

Dr. Flooding has developed a direct and unconventional method for treating a wide range of phobias. His approach is rooted in

the principle of extreme exposure therapy, designed to confront patients with their fears in a controlled environment.

This program has been expanded to include teenagers.

Procedure Description:

Patients are restrained in a secure chair within a sealed observation room. The object or stimulus representing their specific phobia is then introduced into the same space. The session continues until the patient's physiological and psychological responses begin to stabilize, indicating desensitization.

Examples of Application:

- **Coulrophobia (Fear of Clowns):** A costumed clown is placed in the room.
- **Pediophobia (Fear of Dolls):** Multiple dolls are arranged around the patient.

- Phasmophobia (Fear of Ghosts): The room is dimly lit, with simulated apparitions projected.
- Arachnophobia (Fear of Spiders): Live or mechanical spiders are released nearby.
- Trypanophobia (Fear of Needles): Medical instruments are displayed and handled in view.
- Nyctophobia (Fear of the Dark): The lights are extinguished for extended periods.
- Algophobia (Fear of Pain): Controlled discomfort stimuli are introduced under supervision.

Objective:

To eliminate irrational fear responses through forced, prolonged exposure, leading to emotional exhaustion and eventual acceptance of the feared stimulus.

Results:

Preliminary reports suggest mixed outcomes. Some patients exhibit reduced fear responses post-treatment, while others experience heightened anxiety or psychological distress.

Ethical Considerations:

The method's intensity and lack of patient autonomy raise significant ethical concerns. Consent procedures and safety protocols remain under review.

Conclusion:

Dr. Flooding's cure is simple, direct, and controversial. Whether it represents a breakthrough in phobia treatment or a breach of ethical boundaries remains under investigation.

Filed by: T.I.P.S. (Teens Investigating Paranormal Situations)

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“If you strap anyone to a chair long enough, they'll be able to fight their fears.”

~ *Dr. Flooding*

The names have been changed to protect their identity...

I'M TERRIFIED OF CASE FILE: 0617A

Patient:

Mary Rainee, Age 21

Phobias:

Coulrophobia (Fear of clowns)

Claustrophobia (Fear of small spaces)

Agoraphobia (Fear of freaking out)

Physician:

Dr. Flooding

Treatment:

Mary will be forced to deal with her fears.

A recording of Dr. Flooding during his treatment with Mary Rainee.

Dr. Flooding: "How long have you been afraid of clowns?"

Mary: “I don’t know...since middle school I think.”

Dr. Flooding: “What’s so scary about clowns?”

Mary: “It’s impossible to know who’s behind the mask. Is it an alien? A serial killer? Or just a person trying to be funny?”

Dr. Flooding: “Why are you afraid of small spaces?”

Mary: “I feel trapped.”

Dr. Flooding: “Interesting.” *Pause.* “Well, I’m going to cure you today. It’s a radical treatment that I created to shock your mind and force you to overcome your fears.”

Mary: “How?”

Dr. Flooding: “I’m going to strap you to a chair inside an elevator with a clown next to you.”

Mary entered the elevator and eased down on the wooden chair. Dr. Flooding used leather straps to tie her arms and legs to the chair.

Dr. Flooding: “There, that should do it.”

Mary wiggled in the chair, attempting to move her arms and legs. “I can’t do this. Take off the straps.”

Dr. Flooding walked out of the elevator. “Not a chance. You need to deal with these fears.”

The elevator door closed, then a few seconds later opened again with a loud, *DING!*

A clown stood at the opening wearing a white mask with rosy, red cheeks, thick red lips and a blue circle around each bloodshot eye.

The clown’s hair looked like it had been rolled in dirt and was once the color of green. The outfit was a typical clown costume with big red hands and blue shoes that looked like massive bubbles.

Mary pulled the straps with all her strength but couldn’t break her hands free.

The clown stepped inside the elevator, gazed at Mary for a moment, then slammed his large glove against the elevator buttons.

As the door closed, the clown turned and stared.

Mary's scream was so loud that her voice bounced off the elevator walls and rang in her own ears.

The clown stepped forward, lowered its head, moving just inches away from Mary's face.

Mary: "Get away from me!"

The clown didn't budge.

Mary twisted in the chair, feeling the sting from the leather straps on her wrists and legs.

"Get me out of here! Get me out of here!"

Suddenly the lights went out.

Mary screamed so loud that she almost passed out. Sweat drizzled down her face and into her eyes. The elevator seemed as if it had stopped moving, but the door didn't open.

Where was the clown? Was it still right in front of her?

A voice appeared from a speaker. “Mary, this is Dr. Flooding. I know that you’re frightened, but you must deal with this.”

Mary: “I want out of here! Now!”

Dr. Flooding: “Take a breath. I’m not letting you go. You’re going to stay and fight your fears.”

In the darkness Mary suddenly felt the clown’s mouth pressed next to Mary’s left ear.

The clown then screeched with a terrifying laugh.

~

Patient:

Bobby Garrison, Age 19

Phobias:

Nyctophobia (Fear of the dark)

Spectrophobia (Fear of mirrors)

Physician:

Dr. Flooding

Treatment:

Bobby will be forced to deal with his fears.

~

Bobby had gone through a quick interview with Dr. Flooding. Following the interview, Dr. Flooding guided Bobby to a room with rusty metal walls and a metal hook hung low on each wall.

Dr. Flooding: “Sit in the chair.”

Bobby eased down. Dr. Flooding secured Bobby’s hands and legs to the wooden chair with leather straps. Under the chair was some sort of circular piece of metal.

Bobby: “What is this place?”

Dr. Flooding ignored the question and exited the room. He returned a few minutes later carrying four mirrors. He placed a mirror on each wall, using the hooks. The mirrors were low enough to show Bobby’s reflection.

Dr. Flooding smiled at Bobby. “You can spin around in the chair.”

Bobby couldn’t move his feet, but he was able to shift his weight to move the chair in a circle. Each mirror on the wall showed his terrified expression.

Bobby: “This is messed up. Untie these straps.”

Dr. Flooding: “Not a chance. You must deal with your fears. It’s the only way.”

Bobby: “I said let me go!”

Dr. Flooding once again exited the room, closing the door behind him.

The lights dimmed until it was just about black.

Bobby spun in the chair, barely able to see his reflection on each wall. As time passed, the reflections began to change.

“Get me out of here!” Bobby’s voice recoiled off the metal walls. He noticed the mirrors with his reflection, like ghosts screaming with pain.

The four different reflections seemed anxious to leap from the mirrors and attack Bobby while he remained defenseless in the chair.

~

Patient:

Sheila Maydan, Age 23

Phobias:

Pediophobia (Fear of dolls)

Arachnophobia (Fear of spiders)

Physician:

Dr. Flooding

Treatment:

Sheila will be forced to deal with her fears.

~

The room Sheila had been placed was a dusty attic with one small window covered in grime and a small dirty curtain dangling on the last

shred of fabric. The floor creaked as she walked in and sat on the wooden chair.

Dr. Flooding strapped Sheila to the chair and formed a grin. “It’s good that you’re dealing with your fears.”

Sheila: “I haven’t done anything yet. I’m in this stupid room, sitting in this stupid chair, and it appears that I’m stupid enough to allow someone to strap me to a chair so I can’t move.”

Dr. Flooding: “Excellent observation. I need to get something. I’ll be right back.”

He returned a few minutes later with a large trunk.

Sheila gazed at the trunk, feeling her heartrate speeding up. “What’s inside there?”

Dr. Flooding opened the trunk, then looked at Sheila. “You know what’s inside.”

Sheila squirmed in the chair. “A porcelain doll?”

Dr. Flooding: “Correct.”

Sheila: “And a big spider.”

Dr. Flooding: “Very good. You’re not as stupid as you think.”

Sheila attempted to break her arms free, but it was useless. “I changed my mind!”

Dr. Flooding reached into the trunk and pulled out the doll.

Sheila’s eyes became wide with fear...the doll looked exactly like her.

Suddenly a spider crawled out of the trunk and headed for Sheila. Dr. Flooding placed the doll on the floor and leaned it against the trunk.

Dr. Flooding: “Your treatment has begun.”

Sheila grunted while tugging her arms and legs.

Then she stopped moving.

The doll gazed with dead eyes as the spider crawled closer.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

CASE FILE: 0617B

Patient: Mary Rainee

Elevator lights turned on, showing the clown standing next to Mary. She wrenched her body to the right then hard to the left. She moved her hips up and down with little hops.

Suddenly the chair began to crack.

Mary continued doing this as the bottom leg broke and the chair fell apart.

The clown inched forward, reaching out with its big red hands.

Mary pulled her arms and legs free, lunged at the elevator buttons, pressing the first floor.

The elevator jerked, knocking both her and clown off balance. Together they hit the floor as the elevator moved downward. Mary kicked her legs, striking the clown in the neck and stomach.

DING!

The elevator came to a sudden stop and the door opened.

Mary scrambled to her feet and escaped.

She was in a long hallway with a set of stairs to her left and a door to her right. She hurried to the door, opened it and rushed inside a dark room.

Mary stumbled forward slamming into something.

It was another person.

Mary screamed and turned her body away.

She then saw her own reflection. She spun around, seeing her reflection again. Her face looked insane as her eyes changed with each time she turned.

“Help me,” a voice said from below.

“Please help.”

Mary blinked several times, seeing a young man strapped to a wooden chair. She kneeled, undid the straps and pulled him free, exiting the room.

Mary: “Are you hurt?”

The young man wiped a river of sweat from his face. “I’m better now that those straps aren’t holding me to a chair.”

Mary: “What’s your name?”

“Bobby.”

Mary: “Okay, Bobby, my name is Mary. Do you have any idea where to go?”

Bobby: “Let’s take the stairs. I’m not going down the hallway towards Dr. Flooding’s office and I’m not going into the elevator.”

Mary agreed and they took the stairs all the way to the top. They opened the door, seeing a girl strapped to a chair with a spider crawling up her leg.

A porcelain doll was leaning against a trunk on the floor.

The girl looked at Mary and Bobby. “Get me out of here!”

Mary swallowed. “What’s your name?”

“Sheila.”

Mary: “Okay, Sheila. I’m Mary, this is Bobby...we’re going to help you.”

Sheila: “I don’t care about your names! Get me out of here!”

As Mary and Bobby entered the room, they saw the spider continue up Sheila's leg and crawl to her stomach.

Sheila: "Um...can either of you get this thing off me?"

Bobby ran forward to her, then took off his shoe.

Mary: "Wait! Are you going to squash the spider on her?"

Bobby: "No I'm gonna flick it off her, then squash it on the floor."

The spider had now crawled up Sheila's shoulder and on to her jaw.

Sheila: "I don't care what you do, just get it off me!"

Bobby placed the tip of his shoe on Sheila's jaw while the spider crawled on Sheila's lips. He flicked the spider off with the tip of the shoe, then chased it as the spider scurried off.

When the spider hopped up and down like a bunny and made its way to the wall, Bobby stopped and put his shoe back on. "Screw

that. I'm not going after that thing. It might hop on me.”

Mary undid the leather straps around Sheila's arms and legs. When Sheila stood up from the chair, she looked down at the doll. She could swear the doll was now smiling.

Sheila: “Let's get out of...” She stopped, now looking at the doorway.

The clown had arrived.

Sheila, Mary and Bobby locked eyes with the evil clown, seeing it holding a mirror. The clown walked inside the attic, turned and hung the mirror on the wall.

Sheila: “Um...why does he have a mirror?”

Mary: “I think Bobby is afraid of his own reflection.”

Bobby: “Shut up Mary. You're afraid of clowns, which is why that thing is now in the room.”

Mary: “Well at least I'm not afraid of dolls.”

Sheila: “Excuse me? Do you see that doll? It was made to look exactly like me!”

Bobby: “Okay let’s just calm down and figure a way out of here.”

The clown reached his red hand on the wall by the mirror, flicked the switch, engulfing the attic in darkness.

Sheila: “That freakin’ spider is still in the room! Not to mention the psycho doll!”

Bobby: “We need to make our way to the door.”

Mary: “I can’t see anything! Where’s the clown!”

Bobby: “I don’t know. But follow my voice and come closer.”

Mary: “Is that you touching my arm?”

Bobby: “No.”

Sheila: “I’m not touching you either.”

Mary screamed, then ran blindly into the pitch-black room, knocking into Sheila. Both fell over the trunk.

Sheila let out a terrifying screech. “The doll has my leg! Help me!”

Bobby stumbled forward, slamming into the wall. He blinked his eyes several times, seeing his own distorted reflection just an inch from his face.

He reached for the wall, moving his hand until he found the light and turned it on. He spun around, seeing Sheila on her stomach, crawling, with the doll on her back.

Mary was on the floor next to the trunk.

Sitting on the trunk was the clown.

Bobby: "Come on!"

Mary jumped to her feet, kicked the doll off Sheila's back then helped her up. The two girls ran towards Bobby and out the door.

The three of them made it back down the stairs, turned, seeing Dr. Flooding heading towards them with a grin on his face and leather straps in his hands.

Bobby: "Turn around!"

They raced back up the stairs and hurried to the elevator. Mary pressed the button,

listening to the sound of Dr. Flooding stomping up the stairs.

Sheila banged on the elevator door as if that would make it open faster.

Dr. Flooding appeared in the hallway and caught his breath. He twisted his body side-to-side like a madman, smacking the leather straps on the walls. “You need my treatment!” he screamed with a psychotic voice. “You need to be cured!”

Dr. Flooding smacked the leather straps against the walls one more time, then took off in a full sprint towards them.

DING!

The elevator door crawled open.

Sheila, Mary and Bobby stumbled inside, tripping over each other’s feet and smacking into the rear of the elevator, falling hard to the floor.

The door closed just as Dr. Flooding arrived. They could hear him whipping the door with the leather straps.

As the elevator began moving, they noticed that they weren't alone.

Inside was the clown, holding the mirror in one of his big red hands and holding the freaky doll in the other big red hand.

Sheila stood up, helping Mary and Bobby to their feet. They inched closer to the wall, keeping their eyes on the clown.

Bobby: "Well at least the clown didn't bring the spider."

The clown opened its mouth and the spider crawled out.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

CASE FILE: 0617C

The elevator came to a jolting stop. The lights flickered and it appeared the clown and doll had formed a large, evil smirk while the mirror exposed horrified expressions.

As for the spider, it crawled down the clown mask, over the doll face and sprung to the floor.

The three of them moved into the corner. Despite that, they were only a few feet away from the evil that occupied the elevator with them.

Bobby: “I have an idea to end this.”

Mary: “Good, because I don’t have any idea what to do.”

Bobby: “We need to face our fears.”

Mary: “How?”

Sheila lunged forward and stepped on the spider, smashing it on the bottom of her shoe. “That’s a good start.”

Bobby stepped forward and gently took the mirror from the clown. He held the mirror in front of his face, gazing so hard that he became lost in the soul of the mirror.

Sheila took a step forward, then another step. She snatched the doll from the clown,

holding the doll close to her while looking into its lifeless eyes.

Mary: “What are you two doing?”

Neither of them answered.

Mary took a brave step forward, reached her hand out and grabbed the clown’s big red hand, guiding it to her. The clown moved close to Mary, looking down at her with its bloodshot eyes peering from its mask.

The lights in the elevator flickered for a moment, then it became completely dark.

The elevator wiggled up and down in the darkness.

Bobby felt himself being drawn into the mirror. His reflection appeared, but his face looked like the skin was falling from his cheeks and his eyes were becoming solid black.

His reflection reached out and pulled him inside the mirror.

Sheila felt the doll wrap its arms around her. The doll placed its cold mouth next to her

lips, tugging on the inside of her throat while sucking the life from her.

The clown began laughing. It was the kind of laugh you hear from an insane maniac killer. It laughed so hard that Mary became lightheaded. The clown held her close and sniffed her hair.

Bobby forced himself to speak.

“Keep...fighting...”

The elevator began to move.

DING!

The lights flickered on and the elevator door slid open.

Bobby dropped the mirror onto the floor, but it didn't break. He snatched the doll from Sheila and placed it face down on the mirror, so the doll had to stare at its own reflection.

Sheila reached for Mary, grabbed her hand, guiding her away from the clown. The three of them hurried from the elevator and ran down the hallway by Dr. Flooding's office, which was the only way to escape.

To their surprise, Dr. Flooding wasn't around. They jogged to another door, opened it and ran outside, greeted by the bright sun. They didn't stop running until they were clear of the building.

~

Dr. Flooding had been inside the attic, looking out the grimy window at the three of them running away.

He turned with the leather straps in his hand, leaving the attic and walking down the hallway with a slow pace towards the elevator, letting the straps fall from his hands to the floor. He pressed the button on the elevator and waited.

The sound of the elevator door opening on the first floor could be heard. Who was down there? Was it the clown?

Suddenly the elevator began moving up towards him.

DING!

The elevator door opened.

Dr. Flooding stepped inside. He noticed green slime from the dead spider on the floor and the mirror flat with the doll lying face down on top.

He kneeled by the doll and asked, “Where’s the clown?”

DING!

The elevator door opened. Dr. Flooding noticed the doll was grinning in the mirror. He stood, turned and was about to leave, but the clown blocked the exit and walked inside.

In one of the clown’s big red hands, it held four leather straps. In the other hand, it held a wooden chair.

DING!

The elevator door closed...

~

Dr. Flooding was strapped to the chair, and the clown placed the doll on Dr. Flooding’s left leg. Then the clown picked up the mirror

and sat on Dr. Flooding's right leg. Together, the three of them gazed into the mirror.

Minutes passed, followed by hours. Dr. Flooding didn't squirm. He kept looking in the mirror. The clown and doll also remained still. Their eyes met with Dr. Flooding.

As time passed, the doll and clown's reflection began to merge with Dr. Flooding to the point where they became one with the doctor.

Dr. Flooding could still feel the light touch of the doll on one leg and the heavy weight of the clown on the other leg.

Now in the mirror, all he could see was his own reflection.

Dr. Flooding noticed his left eye began changing. It looked like the eye on the doll. His right eye also changed, bloodshot like the clown.

He then noticed the spider coming to life in the green slime. It moved as if just being born, slowly making its way to Dr. Flooding's

shoe, crawling up his pant leg, up the belly and appearing on the neck.

Then the spider crawled up Dr. Flooding's chin and slipped into his mouth.

Dr. Flooding tasted the green slime. It was like eating rotten tuna fish. He felt the spider hop up and down his mouth, then slid down his throat until reaching his stomach.

Dr. Flooding focused on his reflection. The left eye was complete, looking like a doll eye had been glued on.

His right eye was completely bloodshot.

Dr. Flooding felt the spider crawling around in his stomach and forming a web to make its home.

The reflection had once showed a terrified man, but now, Dr. Flooding smiled from ear to ear. He slipped out of the leather straps, placed the mirror down on the floor, pressed the elevator and waited.

When the elevator door opened, Dr. Flooding stepped out, anxious to find some

more young men and women to strap into a chair.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

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