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File ID: 012

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Filed By:

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Hallowfield Publishing

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Summary:

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Case File: 012, No Cutting

Location: Small town near Cleveland, Ohio

Status: Open Investigation

Filed By: Department of Anomalous Events

Summary

This case concerns a series of unexplained incidents linked to a rumored supernatural entity known as “Cutter.” Reports suggest that individuals who have been marked with a specific “No Cutting” sticker experience disturbing encounters shortly thereafter. The phenomenon appears to originate from a local urban legend that has gained traction in amusement parks, grocery stores, and other public venues where lines form.

Background

The “No Cutting” sticker first appeared in circulation approximately six months prior to the first reported incident. The sticker is small, circular, and features a red slash. It is typically used as a prank or act of revenge against individuals who cut in line.

Witnesses claim that once the sticker is secretly placed on a person, that individual becomes the target of a supernatural visitation by an entity referred to as “Cutter.” The

entity's appearance and behavior vary slightly between accounts, but all reports describe a tall figure wearing a yellow rubber mask with a slash of blood.

Incident Reports

Incident 1:

Date: July 4th, 2025

Location: Local Amusement Park

Summary: A man identified as "Tom" (name changed) was seen cutting in line for a roller coaster. A witness later admitted to placing a "No Cutting" sticker on his jacket. That evening, Tom reported hearing scratching noises outside his home and seeing a dark figure reflected in his window wearing a yellow rubber mask with a red slash. He was found the next morning, cut to pieces.

Incident 2:

Date: September 9th, 2025

Location: Grocery Store

Summary: A woman known as "Lisa" (name

changed) was marked with the sticker after bypassing several customers in a checkout line. Security footage later showed her reacting to unseen stimuli, turning repeatedly as if someone were whispering behind her. She later described a voice saying, “No cutting,” before the lights in her home flickered and went out.

A day later she was found in the grocery store parking lot, cut to pieces.

Entity Description: “Cutter”

- . **Classification:** Hostile Supernatural Entity
- . **Appearance:** Shadow-like humanoid, approximately 7 feet tall. Wears a glove with some sort of sharp object sewn into the fingers. (Razor blades have been reported several times.)
- . **Behavior:** Appears to target individuals marked with the “No Cutting” sticker;

manifestations occur within 24 hours of marking.

- **Known Abilities:** Induces auditory and visual hallucinations; capable of physical manifestation under unknown conditions.

Analysis

The connection between the sticker and the entity remains unverified but consistent across multiple testimonies. The sticker may act as a symbolic or ritualistic tag, binding the target to the entity's attention. The origin of the stickers is unknown, though several have been traced to novelty shops and online marketplaces.

Recommendations

1. Avoid placing or wearing any “No Cutting” stickers.
2. Report any sightings of the entity or related disturbances to local authorities.

3. Collect and secure any stickers found in public areas for further analysis.

4. Continue monitoring social media and local reports for similar incidents.

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Case File: 012A

Cedar Point, Sandusky, Ohio.

Mart and Anthony had cut several lines to ride the rollercoasters. People yelled and even complained to the Cedar Point staff, but nothing really happened.

It was the last day for Cedar Point to be open before winter break. Mart and Anthony's goal was to ride each rollercoaster twice. The only way to accomplish that goal is to get in front of the other people in line.

Cut.

Cut.

And cut some more.

When the sun dipped from the sky, it became the last call for guests. Soon the park

will be closed for the next five months. Mart and Anthony continued to squeeze in as many rides as possible.

They slipped by people in lines saying, “Excuse me. We have friends further up in the line.”

Complaints were shouted from guests, but Mart and Anthony continued to cut a fifty-minute wait into a five-minute stroll to the ride.

They even cut off people at food stands. Mart and Anthony didn’t have time to wait for a hot pretzel and Mountain Dew. They had to eat and drink, then hurry to the next ride.

When the park finally closed, Mart and Anthony were exhausted. Despite that, they completed their goal and rode every rollercoaster twice. They even rode the last rollercoaster three times by knocking a group of middle schoolers to the side.

On the way back to the parking lot, neither Mart nor Anthony noticed the small, two-inch sticker placed on their backpacks. The sticker was black with a yellow circle that said, “Got you! No cutting!”

Blood smudged through the word, *cutting*.

Mart slid in the driver’s seat and fired up the engine. Anthony yelled pleasantries to three girls walking through the parking lot, but they ignored him.

As Anthony climbed in the passenger’s seat and slammed the door shut, he muttered under his breath, “Stupid freakin’ bit-”

From the backseat a man grabbed Anthony’s throat with his right glove, then quickly seized Mart’s throat with his left. The thick black gloves were specially made with razor blades secured in each finger along with the thumbs.

Blood trickled down Mart and Anthony necks as the killer squeezed the gloves and dug the razors deep into the skin.

Anthony fell forward, dying instantly.

Mart was still fighting for his life, gazing into the review mirror with wide eyes. The killer had on a rubber yellow mask with a bloody red line slicing diagonally across.

The eyes of the killer met with Mart in the mirror, which was the last image Mart saw before he stopped breathing.

~

Rose Water, Ohio.

Jess and Faith enjoyed a Thursday off from college classes because the heat in the main building broke down. It was another frigid day with a sprinkle of snow falling from the iron sky. Even so, Jess and Faith were happy to be walking in the fresh air rather than sitting in a classroom.

Jess pointed across the street. “There’s a garage sale.”

Faith rolled her eyes. “Great. That will pass the time for about five minutes.”

They raced each other to the other side, pushing and shoving all the way. Jess slipped on a patch of ice, regained her balance, watching as Faith won.

An old man standing in the garage laughed. “I see you girls are enjoying a day off from the grind.”

Jess caught her breath. “Yeah. No classes today.”

The old man continued smiling. “My name is Henry. Look around. I’ll give you a good deal because you’re the first people to stop by all day. It’s wicked cold out so I shouldn’t expect too many customers.”

Jess and Faith inched close to each other, shoulder to shoulder, looking at the items that should have been put in a garage sale graveyard. Everything was old, dusty and probably worthless.

Faith picked up a small wooden box that had one coat of yellow paint brushed over it as if someone really didn’t care how it looked.

She opened the box, finding a roll of stickers all looking the same.

Jess looked over her shoulder. “What are those?”

Faith held up the roll of stickers. “I don’t know.”

The stickers were black with a yellow circle that said, “Got you! No cutting!” Blood smudged through the word, *cutting*.

Henry’s eyes widened for a moment when he saw what Faith was holding. “Um, you probably don’t want those. They’re just a bunch of cheap stickers. My wife must have put them out here by mistake.”

Faith continued holding them. “What does it mean? Got you? No cutting?” She then at the blood stain on each sticker, like someone at the manufacturing plant cut their thumb but continued working anyway.

Henry sighed and stepped forward. “Well, there’s a story behind those stickers. I really don’t want to frighten you young ladies.”

Now Jess and Faith were beyond curious.

Jess: “We can handle a scary story.”

Henry sighed again. “Over the last thirty years, these stickers have been popping up around the country and people found dead with the sticker on them or on something they owned.”

Faith placed the roll of stickers back in the yellow wooden box and shut it. “Dead? What happened?”

Henry: “It took the police and FBI awhile to figure out what was going on. Every victim who had one of those stickers was murdered with something small and sharp, like razorblades, usually killed by cutting their neck.”

Jess: “Oh my gosh...why did the killer put this sticker on the victims?”

Henry: “That’s the thing. It was discovered that the sticker was already on the victim before the killer arrived.”

Faith: “What do you mean?”

Henry: “Someone else put the sticker on the person.”

Faith: “Why?”

Henry: “The FBI figured out that the victim at some point cut another person in line, or cut them off in car, or some other way of cutting. The person who was cutoff secretly placed the sticker on the victim. Then...well...they ended up being murdered by *Cutter*.”

Jess: “Cutter?”

Henry: “Yeah, that’s what the media started calling him.”

Faith: “Let me get this straight. If some punk on campus cuts me off at the coffee stand and I secretly put this sticker on him, then Cutter will pay him a visit and slice him to pieces. Is that what you’re saying?”

Henry: “Yes, well, that’s the legend.”

Jess: “Why do you have these stickers? Where did you get them?”

Henry took a moment before answering. “I bought them at some traveling fair awhile back.”

Jess: “Did you use one?”

Henry’s eyes became distant. “Yeah. When I was at Cedar Point. It was the last day before the park closed for the winter. These two punks cut me and my wife off while we were in line waiting to get a hot pretzel.”

Faith: “So you kept the roll of stickers in your pocket just in case someone cut you off?”

Henry: “The point of the stickers was just to make you feel better if someone cuts you off. I really didn’t believe that some murderer named Cutter would attack the boys.”

Jess: “Did anything happen to the boys?”

Henry’s eyes became a deep red. “When my wife and I got back from Cedar Point, we saw on the news that the two boys were murdered in their car.

Faith: “Murdered? How?”

Henry took a deep breath. “Both of their necks were shredded...”

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

Case File: 012B

Jess wanted nothing to do with the stickers, but Faith couldn't help herself. She paid five dollars to Henry and promised she wouldn't use them.

As they walked to Jess's house, snow began falling in larger chunks.

Jess: “You're crazy for buying those stickers.”

Faith carried the yellow box like it was some sort of fragile chunk of glass. “Do you think I paid too much?”

Jess: “No. I think you shouldn't have bought them in the first place. You could have bought them for a quarter, and I'd still be upset.”

Faith: “You don’t really believe a dude named Cutter will show up if I put a sticker on someone...do you?”

Jess: “It happened to Henry when he used a Got You sticker.”

Faith: “Yeah, but it was at Cedar Point. That’s not anywhere close to here.”

Jess: “You heard what Henry said. These stickers are linked to people all over the country who end up dead.”

Faith: “Yeah, but only if they cut someone off.” Faith laughed. “If you don’t cutoff anyone, you’ll be fine.”

Jess glared at her. “That’s not funny.”

Faith: “Oh take it easy. It’s not like Cutter is looking over everyone’s shoulder, just waiting for the sticker’s to be used.”

Jess: “Well it’s happened. People have been murdered.”

Faith: “That’s what I don’t get. There are thousands of people all over the country using these stickers. How can Cutter see them being

used? Also, how can he be in the right place at the right time when the sticker is first placed on a person?”

Jess: “I suppose that doesn’t make much sense.”

Faith: “Exactly.”

Jess: “Unless...”

Faith: “What?”

Jess stopped just as they arrived at her house. “Unless once the sticker is used, it’s like some sort of magnet that draws Cutter to the person.”

Faith gripped the box, staring at the faded yellow wood, held in her cold fingers. “Do you mean the same way a Ouija board draws ghosts, or Chutes and Ladders attracts evil?”

Jess: “Yes, just like that.” She looked at the yellow box. “Once the sticker is used, Cutter puts on his razorblade gloves and is summoned to the victim.”

~

Las Vegas, Nevada

The private party didn't seem so private to John and his girlfriend Tracey. There had to be at least five hundred people in the club with dance music thumping so hard the walls shook.

John was invited by the hotel manager to the private party after he won ten thousand dollars in a poker tournament. The guest of honor at the party was some rapper named A-Star, which John thought was a stupid name.

Tracey yelled something in his ear, but the music was too loud. He pulled her close.

“What did you say?”

Tracey shouted, “I'm going to the restroom. Wait here.”

John watched as Tracey fought her way across the crowd of people. He decided when she returned, they were going to leave. Private parties were overrated.

~

After thirty minutes John began to worry. He investigated the crowd, wanting to see Tracey appear.

Sure enough, she did.

John pressed his mouth next to her ear.

“Let’s get out of here.”

Tracey shook her head and said something, but he couldn’t hear her. Tracey then retrieved her cellphone and texted him.

“Some witch cut me off in the bathroom.”

John typed back. “So???”

Tracey: “Do you have any stickers on you?”

John reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. He had one crumpled sticker left from the roll he purchased a year ago. He then texted Tracey. “Yeah. One left.”

Tracey reached her hand out and opened it. John placed the crumpled sticker in her palm and watched as she once again disappeared into the crowd.

~

When they arrived back in their room, the ringing in John's ear finally stopped. He slid off his jacket and tossed it on the couch.

Tracey kicked off her heels with a satisfied look on her face. "I hope she rots in hell."

John narrowed his eyes. "Are you talking about the woman who cut you off in the restroom? That's a little harsh, don't you think?"

Tracey: "No. I had to pee. You don't know what it's like for a woman. It's not that easy to hold it back."

John formed a grin. "Did you pee yourself?"

Tracey: "Just a little." She smacked him on the arm. "It's not funny!"

John hugged her. "Okay. Calm down. No big deal."

Tracey stepped back. "Well, no big deal for me. But like I said, I hope that woman rots in hell."

~

Outside the Private Party

Savanah spent the entire night trying to get with A-Star, but he ended up choosing someone else. Savanah left the party, stomping down the hallway, thinking about the two hundred dollars she'd spent on the dress for this event.

Once outside and into the cool night air, Savanah made her way down the crowded sidewalk on the Vegas strip. People were bumping into her as she marched forward. She became increasingly irritated by not getting her chance with A-Star.

Another person bumped into her, then another. Savanah became aggressive and started knocking others in the crowd, wanting to get back to her cheap hotel.

“Excuse me,” a man said from behind.

Savanah turned. “Yeah?”

“You just ran into me.”

Savanah continued walking. “I hate everyone tonight.”

“Um. Hello?”

Savanah didn’t turn to look at him. Instead, she raised her hand and stuck out her middle finger.

~

The hotel seemed farther away. Savanah had taken a cab to the party and remembered the drive was only fifteen minutes in traffic. She pushed through an older couple, wondering how much farther she would have to go.

Ahead was a group of dancers wearing yellow masks, long black coats, black T-shirts and jeans. They had a large bucket for tips in front of them. A crowd of people watched as they performed amazing dance moves while flipping each other in the air like gymnasts.

As Savanah attempted to push her way through the cheering crowd of onlookers, one of the yellow masked men approached her.

She noticed a diagonal red line on the mask that looked like blood.

She then noticed he was wearing a pair of thick black gloves.

Savanah stepped away from him, bounced off a young couple who were watching the dancers and fell on the sidewalk.

In quick fashion she was scooped up and carried to the alley. The razorblades punctured into the skin of her back and neck as the man in the yellow rubber mask held her close.

By the time he placed her down near a garbage can, she was already dead.

On the back of her bloody dress was a crumpled sticker that someone must have put there earlier in the night.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

Case File: 012C

On campus the next morning, Jess met up with Faith in the choir room.

Jess: “Hey what’s going on? You look a little weird today.”

Faith: “Last night after I left your house, my mom told me to stop for ice cream.”

Jess: “What kind did you get?”

Faith: “It doesn’t matter. While I was in line, an old lady waited behind me. She kept moving closer to me, holding a can of tomato soup. When it was my turn, she cut right in front of me. The cashier saw but didn’t say anything.”

Jess: “That happens all the time at the grocery store. Old people think they can just...” Jess paused. “Wait a second. Did you put a Got You sticker on her?”

Faith formed a grin. “You bet I did.”

Jess: “What? No!”

Faith: “I pretended to lose my balance, then stuck the sticker on her back.”

Jess: “What happened?”

Faith shrugged her shoulders. “How should I know?”

The choir teacher clapped her hands, signaling they were ready to get started.

~

Mildred's Book Club

Mildred was frustrated that her fifty-and-over book club started seven minutes late. Once again, the same people had just walked through the door: Annie, Eve and Judy. All three had been warned about their tardiness, but they only cared about themselves.

Mildred: “Okay now that everyone is here, we can begin. I would like to thank Martha for bringing the snacks this week.”

Martha: “You’re welcome. I worked hard on-”

Annie: “Great. Let’s get going. I have a million things to do today.”

Mildred: “Well I’m sorry you’re so busy. We did start a bit late.”

Annie: “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Mildred: “I’m just saying if everyone was on time, maybe you wouldn’t be in such a rush.”

Annie: “Maybe if you scheduled this at ten, rather than nine, I would make it. You know it takes me a bit to get dressed in the morning. I also have to finish my coffee and read the paper.”

Mildred: “I understand. No harm done.”

Judy: “I have a question. I was late because the roads are icy and I have to drive from the opposite side of town.”

Mildred: “What’s your question?”

Judy: “Why can’t we have the book club at my house?”

Mildred: “We’ve discussed this. You have six cats and Martha is allergic.”

Judy: “How can anyone be allergic to cats? They are the cleanest animal on the planet!”

Eve: “I agree about switching houses. We should take turns having the book club. I hate driving here.”

Mildred: “You live three minutes away. If we have it at Judy’s house, you’ll have to drive about ten minutes.”

Eve: “Still. It’s something to consider.”

At this point Mildred wanted to cancel the book club, move to another town and start a book club for teenagers. She couldn’t stand being with her own kind.

~

Annie’s Home

It was noon by the time the book club finally finished. Everyone returned home, including Annie, who opened a can of tomato soup, poured it in a small pot and turned on the heat.

While waiting, she grabbed a bag of Cracked Pepper and Olive Oil Crackers from the pantry.

~

Eve’s Home

Eve opened a can of tomato soup, poured it in a small pot and turned on the heat. While waiting, she grabbed a box of her Herb and Garden Crackers from the pantry.

~

Judy's Home

Judy opened a can of tomato soup, poured it in a small pot and turned on the heat. While waiting, she grabbed a box of Oyster Crackers from the pantry.

The six cats invaded her kitchen with the smell of soup. Some jumped on the counter, others on the table, waiting to see if Judy would feed them.

Judy heard a noise in the other room. It sounded like someone tapping on one of her snow globes with a spoon or something. She counted her cats, seeing all six were in the kitchen. “Hello? Is someone there?”

When the tapping continued, she walked into the living room followed by the six cats.

A large man stood at the fireplace mantel wearing a yellow rubber mask with a bloody stripe, long opened black coat, black t-shirt, jeans and black gloves.

He tapped his finger on the snow globe that Judy bought during her trip to Niagara Falls. It was then she realized there was something metal in his fingers.

Judy bravely stepped forward. “Who are you? Stop touching my snow globe. I collect them.”

The man looked down at the cats, then his soulless eyes rolled up to the woman. He opened his hands, exposing the razorblades.

~

Judy wasn't discovered until a week later when she didn't show up for the book club. Mildred was nice enough and checked on Judy to make sure she was okay.

When Mildred arrived, none of the cats were there. They must have escaped through the cat door.

There was a pot of tomato soup burning on the stove. Oyster crackers on the table.

In the living room, Mildred found Judy's body on the floor with blood caked on her neck and a snow globe by her head.

Then Mildred noticed Judy's coat hanging by the door. On the back was a sticker that said *Got You! No Cutting.*

Blood smeared on the sticker.

~

Faith's House

Jess arrived in the late afternoon. She and Faith hurried to the basement and spoke by the washer and dryer.

Jess: "I'm only going to ask this once. Was the old woman who was found murdered in her home the same woman who cut you off in the grocery store a week ago?"

Faith wanted to cry, but she kept her nerve.
“Yes.”

Jess: “What are you going to do?”

Faith: “I don’t know. It’s not like I killed her.”

Jess: “An old woman was murdered.”

Faith: “Yeah, I know, but there’s a rumor that she wasn’t nice.”

Jess: “Who cares! You shouldn’t have put a sticker on her!”

Faith: “Lower your voice before my parents hear you.”

Jess: “I’m sorry. It’s just...I’m freaked out.”

Faith: “So am I.” She gazed at Jess. “Forget what happened for a second and think about what all this really means.”

Jess: “What?”

Faith held Jess’s hand. “Cutter is real...like some sort of evil spirit or demon.”

Jess continued holding Faith’s hand. “You need to get rid of those stickers.”

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

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