

## **CASE FILE: COPYRIGHT NOTICE**

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**Filed By:**

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**Summary:**

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## **Case File: 063, Rooster**

**Location:** Drayer Farm, approximately 45 minutes southwest of Cleveland, Ohio

**Status:** Active Investigation

**Classification:** Paranormal / Homicidal Activity

## **Summary**

Drayer Farm has gained notoriety for a series of unexplained deaths and disappearances

linked to alleged supernatural phenomena. The property is inhabited by a young male referred to locally as “the demonic boy” or Tom Drayer.

Also at the farm are two adults identified as his parents. Reports describe the father as physically frail and the mother as exhibiting psychotic behavior.

## **Background**

The Drayer family first settled on the property in the early 1900s. Over the decades as the farm has been passed down to the next generation, it’s been the subject of numerous local legends involving occult practices, animal mutilations, and unexplained lights seen in the surrounding fields.

## **Incident Reports**

- **Teenage Dare Attempts:** Multiple groups of local teenagers have attempted to spend a night on the property as part of

a local dare. None have survived or returned.

- **Recovered Evidence:** Personal belongings, torn clothing, and blood traces have been found near the farmhouse perimeter. No bodies have been recovered.
- **Witness Accounts:** Nearby residents report hearing screams, animal noises, and chanting during late-night hours. A recurring sighting of a boy with glowing eyes and a rooster perched on his shoulder has been documented in several statements.

## **Psychological Profile**

- **The Boy:** Tom Drayer is described as pale, with unnatural strength and an apparent connection to the rooster. Believed to exhibit violent tendencies and possible possession.
- **The Rooster:** Has recently turned jet black in color with sharp claws. It is

friendly to Tom Drayer, but hostile to all others.

- **The Father:** Physically weak yet seen working on the farm more than being in the house.
- **The Mother:** Displays erratic and violent behavior. Suspected of participating in ritualistic acts.

## **Current Status**

The property remains under restricted access. Law enforcement and paranormal investigators have been unable to maintain prolonged presence due to unexplained electrical interference and psychological distress among personnel.

## **Recommendations**

1. Maintain perimeter surveillance at a minimum distance of one mile.
2. Prohibit civilian entry under any circumstances.

3. Continue investigation into historical records of the Drayer lineage.

4. Coordinate with psychological and paranormal experts for further analysis.

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

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**Case File: 063A**

“A wise man is the rooster of the universe...he awakens the unawake.” ~

*Mehmet Murat ildan*

Tom Drayer had eyes deep as the grave. He loved his rooster, named simply ...Rooster. Living on the farm as a boy has several choices for pets and no choices for human friends, especially when you're homeschooled.

He hated the cocker spaniel they once owned because it spent more time nipping at his legs than playing. Thankfully it ran away.

The farm had two horses, seventeen cows, several pigs, chickens and goats, which he

named all of them Lucy because he couldn't tell the difference between them.

At nine-years-old, all Tom wanted to do was spend time with Rooster. They raced each other, played tag and even played with the football.

Since there weren't any other kids within fifty miles of the farm, Rooster became the perfect playmate.

Tom's mother, Ruth Drayer, was...well...nuts. She believed the Russians were going to attack soon. Every weekend she turned off the electricity to practice living without lights.

She made Tom build his own spears and even gave him a tomahawk for Christmas that looked like a mixture of an ax and a hatchet.

Tom carried it around when he played with Rooster. He would say to himself, "Tom's a hawk! Tom's a hawk!"

He stored the spears in the shed along with cans of baked beans and cases of a soda called *Surge*.

If the Russians ever came to take their farm, Tom was ready.

*June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1990*

Over the last few months Rooster's color has changed. He once had a beautiful maroon coat, dark purple and a hint of yellow, but his brilliant color had slowly been replaced by a coal black.

Tom approached his father, Ben Drayer.  
"Father, look at Rooster."

His father kneeled, getting a good view of him. "Well, roosters have been known to lose their color and turn black, but it's rare."

Tom: "Why does it happen?"

His father stood tall, keeping his eyes on the pet. "If the rooster becomes irritated or angry about his surroundings."

A tear slid from Tom's eye. "Do you mean Rooster doesn't like me anymore?"

His father smiled and placed a kind hand on Tom's shoulder. "It's not that. Rooster might want some more chickens in the hen house. I'll see what I can do." He looked up at the swirling clouds. "There's been tornadoes all over Ohio. You need to get inside for now."

Tom: "Yes, Father." He began running. "Come on Rooster!"

Rooster took off in a full sprint, racing Tom to the house.

Suddenly the sky changed from iron gray to sea green. A loud crack startled Ben. He turned, seeing a twister heading their way.

"Tornado!" his father shouted. "Get underground!"

~

As Ben ran toward the house, he had no idea if his wife or Tom had heard him. The

twister whistled, tossing large pieces of wood in his direction like someone firing a gun.

Ben dove as a hay bale from the tornado launched in his direction. The bale blasted into the ground, spraying Ben with debris.

A cow screamed from the twister and was propelled in the air, landing in the chicken house, exploding as if a bomb had just gone off with a mixture of blood and wood scattering into the air.

Some of the chickens were crushed, others ran and were instantly sucked up by the tornado.

The wind was so strong, Ben had to take cover. He couldn't make it to the house, so he ran to the shed as the tornado howled close from behind.

~

Ruth Drayer heard the crack of destruction outside. "Tom! Let's go!" She flung open the

trap door in the kitchen and waited as Tom carried Rooster down the ladder.

Ruth looked at the front door but didn't see Ben. She couldn't wait anymore. She lowered herself down the ladder while slamming the trapdoor shut and locking it in place.

Tom had already turned on a lantern.  
“Where's Father?”

Ruth looked up at the trapdoor. “He's probably helping the animals. He'll be fine.” Ruth then brought her eyes on Rooster and pointed. “What happened to him?”

Tom petted the top of Rooster's head. “He turned black. Father said it's because Rooster is upset. We need more chickens.”

As the tornado shook the house, Ruth didn't move, keeping her eyes on Rooster.  
“It's cursed.”

Tom held the rooster close. “No he's not!”

The windows shattered upstairs, but Ruth still didn't react. “That rooster is drawing evil to us. We need to kill him.”

“NO!” Tom pinned Rooster close to his chest.

Ruth finally moved. She noticed Tom’s tomahawk on the shelf. She grabbed it and marched toward her son. “Give it to me!”

Tears flooded Tom’s eyes. “NO! MOTHER PLEASE! DON’T!”

Ruth stood right next to Tom, gripped the tomahawk with one hand, then grabbed the top of the Rooster’s head with the other hand.

Tom dug his fingers into Rooster’s feathers, making one last plea. “Mother...please don’t kill my best friend.”

Ruth swung the tomahawk, cutting right through Rooster’s neck, jetting blood on Tom’s face.

Rooster’s head plopped to the floor, but the body still squirmed in Tom’s arms.

Tom fell to his knees, still gripping Rooster’s blood-soaked body. He began moaning and shaking his head back and forth.

“Uhhhh...uhhhh...uhhhh...uhhhh...uhhhh...  
”

Ruth screamed, “Shut up! Stop making that noise!”

Tom’s eyes became lost in a deep place. He continued moving his head back and forth as the blood from Rooster drizzled down his cheek and into his mouth.

“Uhhhh...uhhhh...uhhhh...”

Ruth’s voice became insane. “Shut up! Stop shaking your head! Stop!”

“Uhhhh...uhhhh...uhhhh...”

Ruth swung the bloody tomahawk into Tom’s neck. It stuck for a moment, then Ruth yanked it out, causing a gusher of blood to spill from the boy.

Tom’s eyes became wide. Somehow the same noise spilled from his mouth along with thick drool. “Uhhhh...uhhhh...uhhhh.”

Ruth swung again, cutting a chunk from Tom’s skull.

Tom finally toppled over to the floor, still holding the headless Rooster in his arms.

~

The trapdoor shook, followed by Ben's voice. "Ruth! Tom! Are you okay?"

A single tear slid from Ruth's eye as she looked at her bloody dead son on the floor holding that cursed rooster.

"Ruth!" Ben yelled. "Unlock the door!"

Ruth lifted the tomahawk with a mixture of Tom and Rooster's blood. She hacked at herself until death snatched her to the depths of hell.

*To be continued...*

*You have completed 9 minutes of this case.*

### **Case File: 063B**

*June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2018, twenty-eight years later...*

Deputy Jordy Mells knocked on his boss's door, opened it and walked in. Chief Ernie

Wollen was eating a meatball sub, despite it being eight o'clock in the morning.

Chief Wollen weighed just over three hundred pounds. He was a former center on the high school football team and two years in college before he dropped out, following his passion to become a police officer.

That was twenty-eight years ago.

Wollen had been the chief for the last six years after the former chief had a heart attack and died.

The job seemed like a piece of cake. He had one deputy, which was Jordy. Maggie was the office assistant; a fifty-eight-year-old widow, independently wealthy, and donated all her paychecks to the local church.

The police station was an oversized trailer located fifty miles away from the nearest town, Rose Water. Volunteers watched over the twelve farms in the area.

*Piece of cake.*

But it wasn't that easy. In fact, it was a nightmare.

Chief Wollen quickly finished off his sandwich, wiped his mouth and looked at his deputy. "Can't you read the sign on the door?"

Jordy shook his head. "It says *retired*, but you wrote that sign and stuck it on the door. You won't be retired for..." He looked at his watch. "Two more years."

Wollen's chair squeaked under his weight. "What do you want?"

Jordy: "Kain Banson called. He needs us at his farm right away."

Wollen sighed. "Is it important enough for me to go?"

Jordy: "He asked for both of us. Do you want me to get a forklift to get you out of the chair, or are you going to walk?"

Wollen stood. "I'll walk." He then yelled towards the open door, "Maggie put out fresh donuts I can grab one on the way outside."

Maggie smiled. “There are donuts already out. Grab one to help polish off your morning meatball sub.”

The chief grabbed his baseball cap that said RWP and exited the office, grabbed a jelly donut and shoved half of it in his mouth.

Jordy drove the truck while Chief Wollen licked his fingers. Both of them were dressed in black polo shirts with Rose Water Police Ext on the pocket. The “Ext” meant “Extension,” because they were a division of Rose Water Police located fifty miles away from the main office.

Wollen always figured being an extension police department would make his life easier.

However, these twelve farms had their problems. Over the last twenty-eight years, six people died of a disease, two farmers died when their tracker flipped over, and fourteen teenagers have been found dead.

On the first day he was sworn in as chief, June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1990, sixty-six tornadoes terrorized

the Ohio Valley. An F2 ripped down the very road they were on, destroyed three mobile homes and one farm.

Wollen debated transferring to Detroit where they had less problems.

Kain Banson waited for them by his cornfield. He played the role of a farmer to perfection; worn skin from the sun, overhauls and boots that had seen their better days.

Ernie and Jordy exited the truck and approached Kain, shaking hands.

Jordy: “What seems to be the trouble, Kain?”

Kain pointed to a bridge in viewing distance from where they were standing. “Betsy found two more.”

Jordy looked at Ernie, then at Kain. “Are you sure?”

Kain: “I won’t go near the Drayer property, but if you walk across the bridge, Betsy will call for you. She only makes that sound when...” He paused. “Well, you know.”

Ernie began walking. “Thanks, Kain. We’ll send Betsy back to you.”

Ernie and Jordy walked across the bridge. It creaked under their weight, notifying Betsy of their arrival. Betsy howled with such a high pitch it sounded like she had been wounded.

Jordy pointed. “She’s over there.”

They walked to the Drayer farm where fourteen other teenagers were found dead. As they approached, they saw a teen boy and girl on the ground facing up, eyes open, gazing at the sky.

Betsy, an old hound dog, howled next to their bodies.

Ernie stuck two fingers in his mouth and whistled. “Betsy! Go home!”

The hound jogged away from the bodies, past Ernie and Jordy, crossing the bridge with a steady trot.

Ernie took a deep breath. “Here we go again.”

Chief Wollen and Deputy Mells' walked slowly; eyes locked on the teenage victims. A girl and boy, holding hands, lying motionless with their dead eyes frozen in a last moment of time.

Ernie squatted down, looking over the bodies. "Same thing as the others. A few cuts and bruises, but no clear sign of how they died." He stood, keeping his eyes on the teenagers.

Jordy: "What now?"

Ernie: "Get some pictures with your phone. Take several from different angles. Call an ambulance and have them transported to the hospital. Order an autopsy, but I doubt they will find a cause of death."

Jordy: "I'll call Ben Drayer and let him know two more teenagers died on his farm."

Ernie thought about Ben. He abandoned his farm a few weeks ago. His excuse was simple. 'I keep seeing my wife, son, and that rooster appearing in the darkness.'

Ernie: “Where’s Ben these days?”

Jordy: “He called me while heading to Philadelphia where his brother lives. After visiting for a day or two, Ben’s driving to Florida.”

Ernie swept his eyes over the farm. The two-bedroom house looked like it was about to collapse. The windows were missing, and the front door was blowing back and forth, barely hanging on the hinges.

As for the barn and shed, neither looked much better.

Ernie waited for Jordy to finish taking pictures of the crime scene. “I’ll notify their parents. I’ll go to the high school and once again warn the students to stay away from here. But I’m not expecting anything to change.”

Jordy: “Why don’t we tell Ben Drayer that his farm is hazardous and needs to be burned down; the house, barn, shed, even the remaining grass.”

Ernie's mind began to drift. "I don't think that's such a good idea."

Jordy: "Why?"

Ernie: "If we destroy the Drayer farm, where will the evil go? Right now it's contained." He looked at Jordy. "A rooster only crows when it sees some sort of light. We need to keep it here...in the dark."

*To be continued...*

*You have completed 9 minutes of this case.*

### **Case File: 063C**

TJ drove the car he just purchased for \$500. It had four wheels and an engine, so it was good enough.

His girlfriend Angie sat in the passenger's seat with a notebook in her lap, reading what she'd written down. "A rooster's claws are called spurs that grow in a year so the rooster can protect itself during an attack."

TJ: "I don't see how this is going to help us against a demon boy."

Angie: “I’ve told you why. Other teens were killed because they didn’t study roosters. It’s the key to destroying the demon.”

TJ: “Fine, Ms. Farm Girl. What else can you tell me about roosters?”

Angie: “If the rooster sees blood, it will peck at whatever is bleeding.” She looked up from her notes. “We can use this as a way to trap the boy.”

TJ: “Do you mean splash blood in some cage and use as bait?”

Angie: “It’s worth a try.”

TJ sighed. “Sure.” He rolled his eyes.

Angie looked down at her notes and continued. “Roosters protect their hens. Sometimes when a farmer is carrying a feedbag to feed the hens, a rooster will spook and suddenly attack the farmer.”

TJ: “Okay. So, no carrying feedbags or hanging around hens. What else?”

Angie: “Well, that’s it.”

TJ: “I heard a story about Tom Drayer.”

Angie: “There’s lots of stories about Tom Drayer...so what?”

TJ: “I bet you haven’t heard this one.”

Angie: “Okay...”

TJ: “Tom strapped a knife to his pet rooster around a spur. Suddenly the rooster attacked Tom’s mother, which is why she hated it so much and wanted it dead.”

Angie: “That’s just gossip.”

TJ: “No it’s true. It really happened.”

Angie: “Whatever. How much longer until we reach the farm?”

TJ: “Twenty minutes.”

Angie: “Do you think the pig story is true about Ruth Drayer? Did she really do that?”

TJ: “I’m sure she did. Ruth was crazier than her son.”

Angie: “When did it happen?”

TJ: “Many people think it happened the day before Ruth murdered Tom and Rooster.”

Angie: “So on June, second?”

TJ: “Yep. The pigs could sense the bad weather and tornados, but Ruth thought it was something else.”

*June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1990, one day before the tornado...*

Ruth marched from the house wearing an old dress and an apron stained from years of cooking. “Tom! Where’s your father?”

Tom was in the yard playing football with Rooster. He had two goal lines marked off with plastic buckets. Tom would try to reach the end zone before Rooster tripped him by running under his legs.

“Tom!” his mother screamed. “Stop playing with that dumb rooster and answer me! Where’s your father!”

Tom placed the football down next to Rooster and whispered, “Stay here. Don’t give Mother a chance to be mad at you.” Tom raced forward while yelling, “Father is trying to find a goat that wandered off.”

Ruth glared at her son. “That’s typical. Who cares about a missing goat when the pigs have gone insane!”

Tom turned his head, looking at the pig pen. The four of them were scurrying as if chasing each other’s tails.

Tom: “Mother, I think something upset them. Maybe a storm is coming?”

Ruth: “No! No! They’ve gone insane like every other animal in this cursed farm!” She ripped off her apron and marched towards the pigpen.

Tom knew he had to do something quick. He wished his father would appear from the field and stop Mother from whatever she was going to do next.

Ruth grabbed a large branch that was leaning against the pig pen. She opened the gate, swatting the branch at the pigs, leading them across the yard.

Tom: “Mother! Where are you taking them?”

Ruth: “Mind your business or I’ll use this branch against your tush!”

She continued swatting at the pigs, smacking them as they squealed, running across the yard and down a small slope that led to a lake.

Tom suddenly knew what Mother had planned to do. “No! Mother! Don’t kill them!”

Ruth gripped the branch like a baseball bat and hit one of the pigs that was lagging. The pig squealed and ran past the other three.

When they reached the river, Ruth poked the stick at the pigs, forcing them into the water.

She then threw the branch down, entered the water and placed her hands on the nearest pig, pushing it under.

Tears drained from Tom’s eyes. He frantically looked around, not seeing his father.

Ruth drowned a second pig, then a third.

The fourth pig began swimming to the other side. Ruth couldn't swim, so she walked across the lake as the water reached up to her neck. "Filthy pig! You come here and die like the rest!"

Suddenly the pig turned around.

Tom screamed, "No! Keep swimming! Get away from her!"

The pig swam close to Ruth, now face-to-face, gazing into her eyes.

It was difficult to tell which set of eyes were insane, but obviously the pig decided it didn't want to live if the other three were dead.

Ruth reached under the water, grabbed the pig by its hooves, yanking it under.

~

Angie shifted in her seat. "I hate that story."

TJ: "So do I." He gripped the steering wheel. "Hey. There's the road. We're almost at the farm." He paused and eased his foot off

the gas. “Last chance. Do you want to turn back?”

Angie: “No. Let’s do this.”

TJ pressed his foot down on the gas pedal, drove to the old road and headed to the Drayer farm.

*To be continued...*

*You have completed 9 minutes of this case.*

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