

The Creepiest Unexplainable Mysteries in History

[Note: All tabs were saved into session buddy chrome extension]

Alternative Titles:

-Unsettling Mystery Bedtime Stories

-Cold Mystery Cases to Tell Around a Campfire

-Spooky Mysteries That Were Never Solved

[**Personal Idea From Andrew**: One idea I have is that maybe, because the theme of this video is “mysterious and spooky”, you could pair the audience’s preference with the screen being dark with the concept that Brodie is telling these stories at nighttime. Then the dark theme blends seamlessly with the audience’s preference]

[**Writer’s Suggestion**: *When I was a kid, I loved watching YouTube channels that made me feel like I was their friend. And for some reason, the idea of telling stories around a campfire with Brodie; or Brodie introducing the video or scary stories with a flashlight under his face— make me feel nostalgic and comfortable at the same time. So, I think that would be cool to include in the animation*].

Intro: Most people don’t really realize how common mysteries are. Honestly, if you pay attention, you’ll find mysteries are all around us. For example, just the other day I was sitting at a cafe. I left my sweater right at my seat and went to the bathroom for five minutes. When I got back, the sweater was gone. But— the weirdest part was that the cafe was packed full of people and not one person I asked saw anyone take my sweater.

Now— that’s just one example, and in the grand scheme of things that one isn’t really that hard to figure out. I’m just guessing a homeless guy who put all his character points into stealth sneaked into there like a level 100 ninja and used a Jedi mind trick on anyone who got suspicious of him. Easy case to solve.

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In fact– now that I think about it, that’s probably what homeless people do in their free time. Maybe some of them just act crazy to stay under the radar so that they can continue pursuing their goals of aligning their chakras, meditating, and listening to the gateway tapes in order to gain psychic abilities and evade taxes.

..Ok maybe *I’m* the crazy one..

But not *all* mysteries are as easy to crack as my own– in fact– today I’ve compiled a list of mysterious crimes, events, and entities so perplexing that not even the homeless stealth guru who stole my sweater could solve them.

[Optional] With that being said, in order to simplify this list, I’ll break these mysteries up into three categories: Strange Occurrences, Cold Cases, and Unidentified Creatures **[or “beings”]**

[Simpler Alternative] Today we’re gonna cover a mixed bag of cases that I’d say fall under the categories of Strange Occurrences, Cold Cases, and Unidentified Beans– I mean beings.

So, without further to do, let’s begin:

Number One: The Missing Wrecking Ball

Story Source: (*Telephone interview with Loran Dowling, Indianapolis, IN*)

In 1974, workers for the Dowling Construction Company in Indianapolis left their crane to go home, just like any other day. As usual, a 5-ton steel wrecking ball remained hanging from this crane about 200 feet in the air. The next morning, the entire wrecking ball was just flat out gone– and no it hadn’t fallen onto the ground– it was gone from the *entire site*. The whole

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town, along with police, were baffled by this bizarre theft, and the wrecking ball was never found.

Apparently some people criticized them for leaving the wrecking ball like that, but I mean— what else were they supposed to do, detach the wrecking ball and roll it into a giant adamantium safe for good keeping?

Also, what is the motive for stealing a 5 ton wrecking ball? According to my research, 5 tons of steel is only worth about \$800. Imagine going through all of the effort of stealing a *five ton wrecking ball* and still not having enough money to afford 9 grams of gold.

Part of me wonders if the reason this case went cold was because *nobody really cared*— I mean, if I had to spend more time tracking down a *defective wrecking ball on the loose* than completing the construction project with my crew, I'd probably just forget about it too.

I like to think that everyone just assumed the wrecking ball was stolen, but what *actually* happened was that somehow the cable cut itself loose and the ball comically rolled 2 miles down the road at night, off a cliff, and into the ocean. [[funny water drip sound effect](#)].

The worst part about this case is the more I research it, the more mysterious it becomes. If you look up this company, you'll find that they're pretty much only known for losing this wrecking ball. And in one newspaper from the same time period, I was able to find a story with an interview of the owner of the company who lost the ball. The funniest part about this story is that Loran Dowling, the owner of Dowling Construction Co, said

"I can't figure out what someone would do with a five-ton metal ball".

Then, another newspaper I found provided a couple more details to the story. In this paper, an interviewer named Beck Walter asked someone who knew about the story personally:

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“Is this story true? If so, when and where did it happen? Was the ball ever found?”

Then, Cicero, the guy she was interviewing, said:

“It's true, according to Loran Dowling, owner of the firm. His workers were tearing down and erecting a Boys' Club on the Indianapolis Southside during the summer of 1974. Just like your book says, the huge ball was hanging about 200 feet in the air from a crane at the end of the work day and was gone eight hours later when workers returned. The crane didn't appear to have been tampered with, Dowling said. The ball was never recovered”.

What's also strange about this case is that no leads for any potential suspects were ever found, which is confusing considering you would probably need to run some seriously loud equipment in order to manage carrying a steel ball the weight of a car away in the middle of the night. On top of this, the thieves left no tire tracks. Also, it didn't look like the thieves had tampered with the crane, and the wrecking ball didn't seem to have fallen off because there was no crater on the ground where it would have fallen.

If you're open to even crazier conclusions, I also found some people on a mystery forum theorizing that some type of inter-dimensional time-traveler from the future somehow teleported the wrecking ball into a different universe to save someone from a final destination-style accident that was destined to kill them.

So... uhh. Yeah.

All-in-all, and however you choose to interpret this story– this is definitely one of the stranger stories on this list.

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Number Two: Kidnapped by Sasquatch

Original Story: John Green, *On the Track of the Sasquatch*, pp.13-21

Now at this point in history, when we think of Bigfoot we laugh. But that's only because we were born in a modern time. In today's day and age, Bigfoot has become something of a meme, but this is only because most people in the modern era live in a town, or in some type of civilization with other humans that is far away from mysterious and unknown creatures.

But— for those born deep in the woods, woodland creatures aren't something to laugh at. That's because it's easy to laugh at a mysterious creature when you're deep in a city, surrounded by humans, and living in a concrete building. It's not so easy to laugh at a creature of the woods when you live in a regular house, and you realize that bigfoot was easily capable of tearing a hole into your roof.

These stories are stories of people alone, surrounded by woods, with truly no idea of what lies beyond their small house's boundaries. When you're deep in the woods, you truly have no idea of what's out there. Further, technology won't be there to save you. In the times that these historic accounts took place in, there was no GPS, no walkie-talkie, and no phone. The only satellites around earth were lonely, barren asteroids, if you got lost in the woods, the question wasn't what your odds of dying were, it was what your odds of living were.

In this time, a man had to come face to face with his own natural habitat, and anything else that dwells within it.

When I tell you of these accounts, you have to keep in mind that these aren't just urban folklore. They are actual published accounts that resulted from real-life adventures— before the internet, GPS, and safety. Also, there weren't cities and towns populating almost every area of the earth like there are today. If you were alone in the wilderness, at times the empty asteroids orbiting in space were closer to you than the nearest human.

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What most modern-day people forget is that the concept of Bigfoot, or Sasquatch, came from multiple real-life historical accounts from *real* people who often came across bigfoot face-to-face.

Before I get into this story, I want to preface it with an interesting fact. According to historical accounts, Albert Ostman— who is the man who had this strange encounter— refused to tell anyone about his story for many years, because in his words, he didn't think anybody would believe him. To be honest, if something as crazy as the story I'm about to tell you happened to me, I wouldn't think anyone would believe me either.

Nevertheless, many of the details of his description ended up being consistent with other similar accounts of creatures in the same area that came out later. Keep in mind that this was long before the internet, and it's pretty unlikely that Albert was able to communicate with the others who came out with similar descriptions of the creatures later.

In 1924, Albert Ostman, who was a logger and a construction worker, had a vacation. **Now—** when people in *our* era think of vacation, we imagine going on a cruise, maybe going to the beach, or staying at a nice lake house. But Albert Ostman was an absolute *mad lad*, and his idea of vacation was searching for a lost gold mine rumored to be at the head of the Toba Inlet in British Columbia.

In all honesty, I wish I was this cool. Sasquatch or not, deciding that for vacation you're gonna trek through the wilderness alone looking for a lost gold mine like you're Indiana Jones has to be the most badass thing I've ever heard.

Also, sometimes I forget that before video games, people used to just do badass things *because they felt like it*. There was no social media, no online approval for doing something cool, nothing. People like this guy just did real-life side quests **from real-life NPCs** because *they felt like it*. **Like, at some point this guy just overheard a random stranger one day talking about an abandoned goldmine in the general vicinity of some random area**

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and he *just turned it into a real-life side quest*.

Anyways, apparently while he was on his way to the supposed area an Old Indian Boatman warned him about quote “Huge Hairy Big People” living in the mountains near the abandoned mine he was looking for, but he just shrugged it off, saying that he quote “Refused to believe old Indian Fables about mountain giants”.

Once he finally got to the inlet, where the goldmine was supposedly close to, he left the Indian Boatman and started hiking. According to his account, all he brought with him was “his rifle, packsack of food, cooking utensils, sleeping bag, and a ground sheet”. After hiking for about a week, he settled down at a perfect camping spot between two big trees that happened to be next to a freshwater spring.

Now, for Ostman, this campsite was perfect, except for the fact that every morning it appeared that someone– or something had rummaged through his supplies and taken his food.

Being the mad lad that he was, instead of being scared and going home he just got pissed off, and one of the nights he made a plan: he climbed into his sleeping bag fully clothed, and put his rifle next to him so that he could attack whoever– or whatever– was stealing his food.

Like many of us at sleepovers, though, he was the first to fall asleep, and what he woke up to was insane.

"I was awakened," he wrote,

“by something picking me up. I was half asleep and at first I did not remember where I was. As I began to get my wits together, I remembered I was on this prospecting trip, and in my sleeping bag.

My first thought was-it must be a snow slide, but there was no snow around my camp. Then it felt like I was tossed on horseback, but I could feel

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whoever it was, walking".

Now, according to Ostman, the creature carrying him in his sleeping bag like he was a doordash delivery carried him for *hours*. Ostman apparently tried cutting his way through the bag he was being carried in, but he was in such an awkward position in the bag that he couldn't get his knife out of his pocket.

After a couple hours, the creature dropped him down, and the mountain man heard multiple creatures talking to each-other in a weird language that he couldn't understand.

At dawn, he finally mustered the courage to struggle out of his bag, and found four people who were quote "covered in hair and wearing no clothes at all". Finally, he realized that the Indian guy on the boat who tried to warn him was right. These were the Sasquatches. As the sun came up, he saw that he was in a valley with mountains all around, and it became apparent to him that the four people were some type of sasquatch family. According to Ostman, there was quote an "old man, old lady and two young ones, a boy and a girl."

These creatures didn't do anything to hurt him, but it seemed clear through their behavior that they were, as Ostman put it, "intent on keeping him". Interestingly, the guy in this story states that he thought they were human, although they had almost in-human proportions.

QUOTE:

"The young fellow might have been between 11-18 years old about seven feet tall and might weigh about 300 lbs. His chest would be 50-55 inches. [...] He had wide jaws, [and a] narrow forehead, that slanted upward round at the back about four or five inches higher than the forehead. The hair on their heads was about six inches long.

The hair on the rest of their body was short and thick in places. The woman

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[...] was over seven feet tall. She would be about 500-600 pounds. She had very wide hips, and a goose-like walk. She was not built for beauty or speed...

The man's [canines] were longer than the rest of the teeth, but not long enough to be called tusks. The old man must have been near eight feet tall. Big barrel chest and big hump on his back-powerful shoulders, his biceps on upper arm were enormous and tapered down to his elbows. His forearms were longer than common people have, but well proportioned. [...]

His fingers were short in proportion to the rest of his hand. His fingernails were like chisels. [...] I never did see their [genitals], they were covered with hair hanging over them.

[Optional, (Kind of edgy)]

Now, honestly I have no idea why Albert felt like mentioning the sasquatches genitals– but it's a good thing he didn't see their junk, because being the mountain menace he is, he definitely would have journaled a detailed description and probably roasted them even more than he already did.

Then, after being around them for *six days* hilariously Albert says he just “got tired” of being around them, which makes sense– considering he had basically become the sasquatch family pet. Once he decided he wanted to escape, he waited until none of them were paying attention to him, reached for his gun, and fired his rifle in the air. In doing this, he was able to startle the family enough to make a run for it and navigate back to the inlet.

Well, after this story, I'm probably going to think twice about going camping alone.. or going camping at all.

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Number Three: A Slip in Time

Story Source: Randles, Jenny– *The Unexplained: Great Mysteries of the 20th Century*, Page 9

In 1901, two English school teachers named Anne Moberly and Eleanor Jourdain were on a Holiday trip in France. On this trip, they visited the historic site known as the Palace of Versailles. According to the two of them, who both claimed to have had the same exact experience—

At some point in their walk, they found themselves over 100 years back in time. They found the Petit Trianon, a small manor house given to Marie Antoniette by Louis the XVI and reportedly saw it as exactly how it looked when it was new in 1792. Apparently they had been taken back to a very specific day for a reason, because according to the school teachers, the day they were taken back to was August 10th, 1792, which is the same historic day that the Royal Family was forced to flee the palace. The two teachers claim to have walked on historic pathways that no longer existed and saw people in old-fashioned clothing accurate to the year, all around them.

The craziest part about this story is that they claimed to have seen Marie Antoinette herself, who was painting in the garden. Apparently Marie Antoinette looked up at them from the painting and just stared at them—never saying a word.

Apparently, the two teachers didn't really think much about this the day that it happened. Only upon coming back to the same site years later, after seeing paintings of Marie Antoinette and studying the layout of the palace, had they realized that the palace they were exploring in 1901 was *not* from the year 1901.

Skeptics of the story claimed that they must have just walked into a costume party that day, but no historical record was ever found of there

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being a costume party on that specific day. Despite skepticism, the two ladies stood by their story until their death.

Part of me just thinks somewhere at this museum site, there was just some type of 19th-century hippie working there, and when the two school teachers were getting their afternoon tea at the food stand, he was like:

[Potential Cutaway]

Hippie: *"How strong would you like your tea?"*

Teachers: "Oh— strong, thank you"

Hippie: *(With an unhinged smile)* "are you sure?"

Teachers: *"uhh— Looking at each other— YeAh".*

Hippie:

[Callback Joke Option]

Pulls out a vial of Salvinorin B Methoxymethyl Ether and drops it in their tea when they're not looking

[Non-callback option]

Pulls out a bunch of LSD tabs and dissolves it in their tea when they're not looking

*The ladies look back at him, and he looks suspicious
awkward pause*

Hippie: ..."Any cream or sugar, ladies?"

Anyways— jokes aside, this is either the craziest thing I've ever heard, or the dumbest thing I've ever heard, and there's no in-between. No, like—seriously. The two interpretations of this story are:

1) Two half-drunken school teachers stumbled into either a Marie-Antoinette costume party or some type of movie set and thought the actor playing Marie-Antoinette was literally *The Marie-Antoinette*,

Or,

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fast-paced, intense voice

2) Two school teachers were walking around a historical site and accidentally walked right into the entrance of a wormhole at the exact same time some type of inter-dimensional being opened it up to transferred time periods, sending them past the *backrooms* and right into the year 1792.

Then, the interdimensional time-traveling entity was sweatin' bullets, because *normal* human beings aren't supposed to be able to go back in time. So this creature had to go *back to the same day*, go find their dumb asses, and bring them back to the present day era before they talked to the Queen and ruined the entire time-space continuum! But because the women had changed the *present already* due to the butterfly effect, the interdimensional entity had to find another timeline in which the present was congruent with everything they did in 1792, and send them to the universal timeline in which *we* exist, where I'm telling you this story right now.

..Uhh *Awkward pause* I'm starting to think it was just a costume party.

Number Four: Unidentified Creatures at the Mine

Story Source: (John Green, *On the Track of the Sasquatch*, p.59)

Before I start this story, I just need to mention that there seems to be some type of weird correlation between mineshafts and mysterious forest creatures. This is just my personal theory, but— I'm starting to think that special interest groups who wanted a certain mining territory for themselves would just put on a costume of some sort and scare the sh*t out the prospectors in order to scare them away from working there. Either way, this next story is wild, to say the least.

In 1924, American miners in Ape Canyon were staying on the East side of Mount St. Helens in the state of Washington. One morning, deep in the

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woods, Fred Beck and his group of prospectors saw something that baffled them. Around the cabin they had just slept in that night, they noticed huge human-like footprints that appeared to have been walking around their cabin that night. The worst part about this was that this wasn't the first time. The other times this had happened, the prospectors just shrugged it off—maybe a crew member was just playing a prank on them. I mean, other explanations didn't make sense— their cabin wasn't in a town and as far as Mr Beck knew, there was nobody else around. *Weird*. But— the men carried on with their day, trying their best to not think about it too much.

After a couple weeks went by with no strange occurrences to be seen, Beck and most of the crew were feeling less tense. I guess it *hadn't* been a big deal after all. But— Beck couldn't shrug this *feeling*. Some type of feeling like his crew was being *watched*.

Then, one day, they were caught off guard. Sitting on a log and eating lunch, one of the men joked about his friend slipping and nearly falling on a squirrel. Beck, lost in laughter, looked to the side to catch his breath. In an instant— he froze, cold adrenaline coursed through his head, and his stomach felt like a dagger had been plunged into it.

For a split second, Beck thought it was a man. But what he processed next made him mildly dissociate for a second, and he questioned if he was in a dream. Creepily peeking behind a tree, was a huge, man-like creature— but it definitely wasn't human. A least 8 feet tall and only looking *partially* human, it stood there— intently, silently watching them. Immediately, one single question pulsed across Beck's mind: "how long has it been watching us?".

In a moment, the crew had caught onto what he was looking at, and immediately froze along with him, before quickly shooting multiple shots. One of them hit the creature somewhere in the head, and it ran away, seeming to be injured.

Another day, Fred Beck walked up on another similar creature standing by

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the edge of a canyon. Getting more and more frustrated at his own growing fear, he shot the creature in the back, and it keeled over and fell off the cliff— but when the men looked down towards the bottom of the cliff to get a better look at it, they couldn't see it anywhere.

That night however, Fred would soon regret his actions. Because little did Fred know, that whatever these things were, they would soon seek retribution. You see, by now, much of his crew had abandoned the assignment. They came here to be *surveyors and miners*, and nobody was getting paid any hazard pay to risk their lives being around these mysterious seemingly half-human creatures that wouldn't stop following them.

With only a few men that night in his cabin, Fred was awakened. Later, he wrote:

“At least two creatures *attacked* our cabin that night, battering the roof and walls in an attempt to break in. The creatures were able to break a hole in-between two logs of the cabin, all the while, large thundering strikes could be heard coming from their roof in an attempt to break a hole through it. Luckily, our cabin and its roof were built strong to resist snowfall— without any windows and a door braced from within. Even after we made repeated shots out of the cabin hole, the creatures violently persisted, at times wedging their huge hands in between the hole in an attempt to yank our cabin's walls apart”.

Five hours of relentless beating on the cabin later, the creatures gave up and left the site. Outside, the prospectors found the ground torn up with huge footprints all around.

After this, Fred and the crew left for good, abandoning their mine, their cabin, and the mining area entirely. Fred had a pretty high tolerance for many things throughout his life in the mining business, but this was not one of them.

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All-in-all, this series of events has never been explained, nor did Fred or his crew ever get a photo of the mysterious creatures. In my opinion, the most plausible explanation is this was probably a remote tribe of some type, but that wouldn't explain all of their in-human characteristics. Either way, if I was Fred, I would have been packing my bags two minutes after the first encounter so props to him for carrying on with his job even after most of the rest of his crew left.

Number Five: Killed by a Chicken

Story Source: (*American Anthropologist*, New Series 44:169-70, 1942)

In my opinion, this story really demonstrates the power belief can have on your body.

Deep within the Congo in 1682, an Italian missionary named Father Jerome Merolla da Sorrento [**Alternative:** Father Jerome] heard an interesting story about a man who died from his own superstition.

During the missionary journey, a young local from the Congo who we'll just call Zuri had a sleepover with his friend. Then, in the morning, his friend caught a wild hen and made it for breakfast.

Now, just for some context, according to the superstitions of the local tribes in the area, young people were absolutely *forbidden* to eat a wild hen.

Now, back to Zuri. When he saw the chicken for breakfast, he asked his friend if it was a *wild* hen, or a *farmer's* hen.

Now, Zuri's friend really didn't feel like going out and finding *another* hen to make, so he just lied to his friend and told him it wasn't a wild hen.

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Here's the crazy part: *multiple years later*, these two friends met again, and Zuri's friend asked him if he wanted to eat a wild hen.

Then, Zuri said "are you kidding? I was solemnly warned by a magician to *never eat a wild hen*".

The friend immediately laughed and said "Why wouldn't you eat it? You already ate Wild Hen last time we hung out!"

Then, according to multiple reports, Zuri started shaking like he was [Fregley after eating too many jelly beans](#) and within 24 hours he died.

In my opinion, this is definitely a Mystery, because even when people *know* that they're going to die, very rarely do they just keel over and die out of fear. But, because he ended up dying at some point after he ate the wild hen, would that mean that the magician was *actually* right? Was the magic of the magician just his power to create self fulfilling prophecies?

Either the magician was actually onto something here, or he was just some type of ancient version of a YouTube prankster who just sat around busting people's balls all day and protected himself with the imaginary power of his "magic".

[Visual: Some goofily-dressed magician is sitting on the side of the road. A young boy has a Chicken in his hands and he lazily says "You can't eat that"]

[Visual: The Magician in this story uploads a YouTube Video labeled: "Village Kid Thinks He Can't Eat Chicken (Laughing Emoji + Skull Emoji)"

[Visual: The Tribal Magician is at Zuri's funeral and says "It was just a prank bro"]

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[**Optional:**] Actually, on that note, I wonder if *magic* throughout history was just the power of the placebo effect on people. Like, think about it– if you were a magician back in ancient times, if anyone talked crap [**Alternative:** sh*t] about you, you could just threaten to put an ancient hex on their ass and 50% of the time the placebo effect would probably make it happen!

Number Six: The Disappearance of Emma Fillipoff.

Emma Fillipoff's disappearance is definitely hard to explain, and to this day, neither she nor an explanation has been conclusively found. This is quite a sad story, to be honest, and it seems like Emma was pretty traumatized by her childhood, which may have led her to run away. Regardless, there are multiple ways to interpret this story, so let's get right into it:

Emma Fillipoff was born in 1986 to a family from Ontario, Canada. Her parents divorced at a young age, and she was forced to frequently travel to different locations to see her Father and Mother.

Emma seemed to be a free spirit. She enjoyed the arts, music, literature, and even took a job teaching English in China for a year as a young adult. After returning from China and unsuccessfully pursuing a career in photojournalism, she landed in British Columbia, where she got a summer job working at Red Fish Blue Fish Restaurant while couch surfing with a friend. After her seasonal job ended, she bought a van and converted it into a van-life style camper. Then one day, for seemingly no reason, she scrubbed her identity on social media clean, removed all traces of herself from the internet, and called off her three month long relationship.

Emma also had a journal in which investigators found a lot of entries about how she felt about her parents since their divorce. Through reading the entries it became apparent that she was having a hard time dealing with

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the effects the divorce had on her as a child. You see, Emma had had a strained relationship with her parents after her father had an affair with a younger woman, her mother threatened him with a knife, and she called the police on her mother. [Wow there's a lot going on here]. Records suggest that that event was the primary reason that Emma moved out of her parent's house and *really didn't* want to go back.

Now, at this point what's confusing about Emma's story is that she decided to move into a homeless shelter for women— which, if you know anything about homeless shelters— was probably a rougher environment to live in than either one of her parent's houses.

What's even stranger is that at this point when she was living in British Columbia, she had enough money from her restaurant job to rent a decent apartment, and even if she didn't have *that*, she renovated an entire van to live in, but *apparently* she mostly just used this van for storage.

Now, nobody really knows why she did this, but some theories are that she had paranoia from undiagnosed mental illness, which made her van feel unsafe. Or— using the fact that her friends have mentioned that she had had a bad experience in the past with a man in a town called Campbell River and that it made her paranoid and anxious almost constantly. Another theory **which I personally came up with** is that she was trying to protect her savings to travel later, which there is some evidence for.

Regardless of the fact that she was able to save money at this shelter, Emma was constantly paranoid and anxious at this shelter as well. Staff members *allegedly* report that one time she took the furniture and appliances out of her room because they were quote: “telling her things at night”. *But*— to be fair— these claims have been contested by others who say that the staff just wanted to portray Emma as a crazed, mentally-ill individual in order to alleviate themselves of personal responsibility.

One strange thing about Emma was that it seemed as if she couldn't make her mind up about anything. For example, a couple days before her

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disappearance, she hired a truck driver to tow her camper-van back to Ontario, but on the day he showed up, she quickly changed her mind, claiming that she didn't have enough money to do it.

Then, to make matters stranger, two days after this; she called her mother and said she wanted to come home, urgently asking her mom to fly in and come get her. Then, just a couple hours later, she called her mom again to tell her she changed her mind and *wasn't* going to come home anymore—telling her mom, quote “*I don't know how to face you*”.

Considering how ominous and vague this sentence was, Emma's mother was very concerned about her daughter's seemingly erratic behavior, so she booked a flight herself that day to come and help her daughter.

After this, her unusual behavior continued. For example, Emma bought a prepaid card with \$200 on it and a new prepaid phone, which will tie into the story later.

One decision that probably haunts both Emma's Mother and the Staff at the Homeless Shelter to this day is Emma's Mother called the Women's homeless shelter and told them that she was coming to visit. Then, the staff at the homeless shelter decided to tell Emma about her Mom's arrival. Emma was reported to have been quote: “horrificed”, and immediately packed up her belongings and just left. Tragically, we'll never know if Emma would have been saved if any of these two decisions were never made.

(Optional):

Side note— Now, I'm no doctor, but in my arm-chair-psychologist opinion— it seems that Emma possibly had PTSD, which is kind of exemplified by the frequency of her paranoia and the flare-ups of trauma that she experiences involving her parents. But— that's just my opinion, and I could be totally wrong.

Shortly after this, she got a taxi with her belongings in hand, and asked to be taken to the airport— only to change her mind in the middle of the ride;

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once again lying that she didn't have enough money for the taxi.

We know that this is a lie because she had *just* received a new credit card, and after working at the restaurant she had \$2,400 in savings, which is around \$3,300 adjusted for inflation.

[Optional funny part]: And everyone knows that that is totally enough for a taxi, unless you're getting a taxi from a driver named Guadalupe from the airport in Cancun (Guadalupe, if you're watching this, please give me my \$100 back, I thought one dollar was worth 170 mexican pesos, not 17).

Later that night, someone who knew Emma found her walking around barefoot in front of the Empress Hotel. He asked her if she was ok, and she unconvincingly told him that she was just waiting for her friend to pick her up.

Dennis, who was Emma's friend, wasn't happy with this answer and thought Emma looked distressed, so he called the police. 20 minutes later, the police arrived, and asked her a series of questions. It has been said that she was mostly unresponsive— not saying much and just nodding her head yes or no to the questions the police officers asked. That being said, when it became apparent that the police might take her into custody, she mustered the energy to somehow convince the Police that she was totally fine as she was. After the police left, she immediately walked away from the hotel area and was *never seen again*.

Now, this case is already weird, but it's what happened afterwards that makes this case even stranger.

Tragically, her mother showed up to Victoria, British Columbia only *three hours* after she was last seen. Tragically, she still thought Emma would be at the homeless shelter, but the staff told her that they hadn't even seen her there *that day*. When none of her friends knew where she was either, she was declared a missing person by police.

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And remember the \$200 prepaid card that Emma had bought? Well a lead opened up when it was used in a gas station not far away. Unfortunately, though, it turned out to just be a random guy who eventually confessed to having found it on the street.

Later, another suspect was discovered: A man by the name of Julian Huard, who apparently had a romantic interest in Emma. Strangely enough, it was confirmed that he saw Emma at 10AM that day, but– just like everyone else– he reported Emma to have been acting unusual that day; because when he had asked her how she was doing, she just didn't answer.

After these leads were exhausted, the case went dead cold...

Then, seemingly randomly, about 2 years after she disappeared a man in a green shirt and a prosthetic leg was reported to have torn down a "missing" poster of Emma from a restaurant wall and thrown it out the door. Right after this he yelled, quote: *"It's one of those missing persons posters, except she is not missing. She's my girlfriend and she ran away because she hates her parents"*. The staff immediately called the police, who only arrived 2 hours later, and to this day the best possible lead for this case has still never been identified.

Another interesting piece to this puzzle is that 6 years after her disappearance, a man named 'William' came forward with a confession that after Emma was last seen, he picked her up from the side of the road because it was raining and wanted to help her. Upon request, he gave her a ride to Colwood– a town that was nearby to the hotel area she was last seen in. William told police that she had requested him to take her there to "meet up with a friend"

According to a quote from him, QUOTE:

"I stopped my car because she looked [to be] in danger and I didn't know what was going on, so we left in the quickest, easiest direction. We did not

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sit and chat. She had been freaking out until she got in the car. I picked her up [...] around 624 Admirals, and dropped her off at the Admirals and Craigflower intersection.

There was only one direction to go[,] and she looked scared[,] so I wasn't gonna ask until we got away from that spot and whatever danger she looked like she was in.

I believe she asked where I was going first, so when I told her, she asked to go to Colwood. She sat up front and opened the door and closed it both times herself. It was raining so the windows were up."

If this story is true, it would make William the last person to have ever seen Emma— and it would also mean that Emma didn't go missing in the area of the Empress Hotel, but somewhere in Colwood.

Overall, this is a truly sad disappearance, and if you have any leads or want to contribute to the search, there are actually still multiple online communities for you to help in, with one of them being

"Help Find Emma Filippoff" on Facebook,
"r/FindEmmaFillipoff" on Reddit,
and "<http://www.helpfindemmafillipoff.com/>".

With that being said, I hope Emma gets found soon.

Conclusion: [I will come back and finish this part after revisions]