

# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 3rd, 2001

Hey guys,

The Dreams are tapering off....

I don't know if it had something to do with finding that book at Adam's. Maybe it was the fact that I had all this built up anxiety over my birthday on the first. Something acted as a catharsis though and I have calmed down a lot. (Both consciously and subconsciously.) I'm sleeping better and God knows that's a good thing.

Ya know, the more I think about it, the more I think it might have been about my birthday. Before Adam's death, we always celebrated the day together. When we were kids we both bemoaned the fact that our birthday was so close to Christmas that we never got anything good. Heck, usually we even got our presents wrapped in old Christmas paper. Later on as teens we would each get \$20 in tokens from our Mom and spend the day at the arcade. Nothing says sibling love quite like blasting your bro's video character with a laser pistol.

I miss that kind of stuff.

I started reading that Harbinger's book I got from his house. I got over being freaked out from that symbol. I remember Adam was talking about the book and it's author, Wilson Ashcroft right before he died. Maybe I flipped through the book back then and saw the symbol and subconsciously remembered it. Maybe.... I mean that theory looks good on paper but I dunno if it holds water. Anyway, the book is really bad and I don't mean that in a good way. Ashcroft only wrote one book and after reading a coupla chapters it's easy to see why. Still I'm trying to trudge through it just to see if it helps keep the dreams at bay.

So that's where I stand as of today. Thanks for all the e-mails



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you guys sent on trying to help me interpret my dreams....and thanks for worrying about me when I spouted off madness in my dream journal. I'm pretty much back to normal. (Or at least, my brand of normal) I'm heading out to Casadaga on Friday for their little Psychic Fair hoe-down so I should have something new and exciting to report come Friday night.

And Lan did get me a nice big chocolate cake on Monday. There can't be too much wrong in the world when there's chocolate cake in the fridge.



Happy birthday to me.

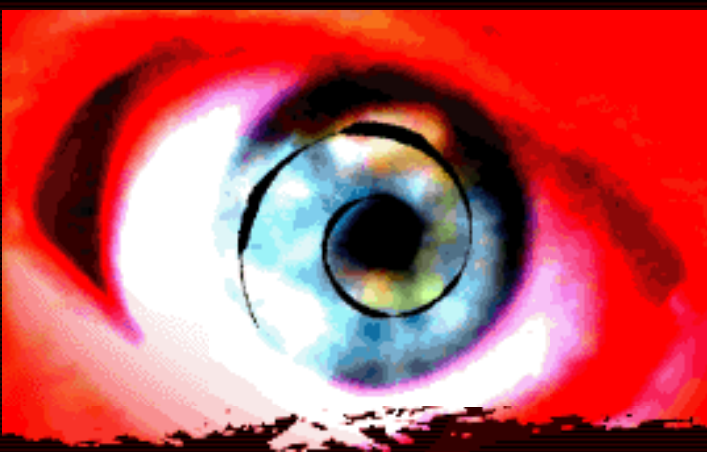
Hurdy Gur,  
Derek "same ole, sane ole" Barnes

[Previous \(12/29/00\)](#)

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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN



January 10th, 2001

Greetings and salutations!

I'm just cold chillin' (don't you love it when I use that hip slang?) Taking the time to try and answer the e-mails as they flow in. It's a cold night again down here in Florida. I don't like it, nope, not one little bit. Sherlock Bones hates it as well, it makes the WD-40 freeze up in his joints and trust me there's nothing more annoying than a squeaking robotic dog.

After digging threw all the past e-mails I did run across one by a freaky reader named Mari who sent me some interesting photos of a bridge in Stowe Vermont. Here's what she had to say about them.

"Derek,

My sister just sent me these pic's, check them out .  
. . I plan on going back to Vermont next week and plan on visiting to check it out for myself. I had heard some stories of this bridge while I was living in Stowe working the resort scene but never gave it much thought to visiting, it is now a priority! Hope that you like them.

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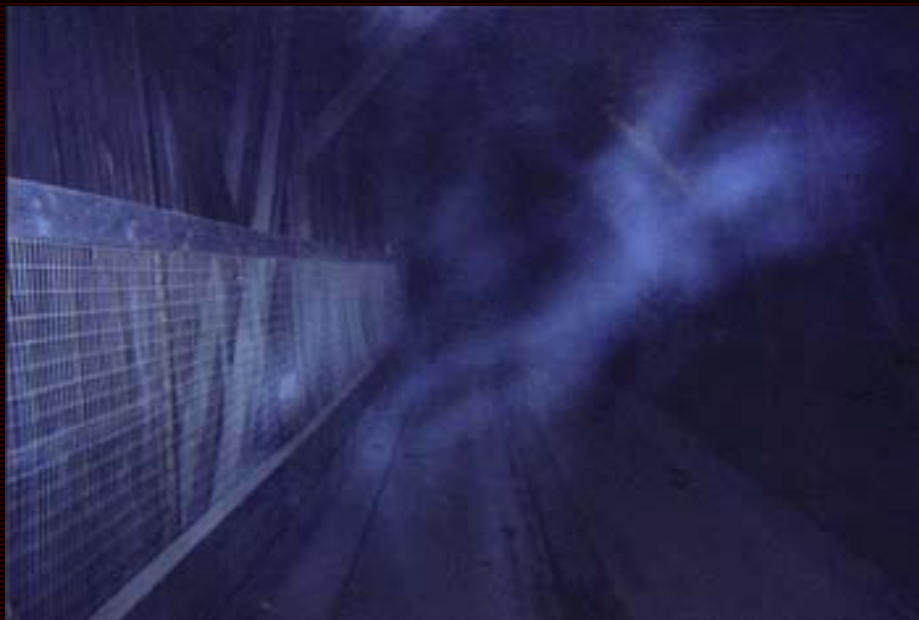
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The story goes like this . . .



This bridge, built in 1844 by John W. Smith, is known formally as Gold Brook Bridge or Stowe Hollow Bridge. But to the locals, this one lane bridge will always be known as Emily's Bridge. Why? Because Emily is the ghost who haunts it! Leave it to Vermont to have a haunted covered bridge! According to Joseph Citro, 'no one has been able to prove that Emily actually lived. Or died. While most stories say that Emily died by her own hand, all agree her tragedy occurred on the bridge around 1849.' 'The best known tale is that Emily was a young Stowe woman who fell for a man who didn't pass muster with her family. Forbidden to marry, the love-struck couple decided to elope. They planned to meet on the bridge at night. The appointed hour came and went, but the young man never showed up. Shattered, Emily hanged herself from a rafter. And her desperate, angry ghost has haunted the bridge ever since, waiting for her lover to return.'"

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Here's what her sister had to say about the visit to the bridge.

"I've never been a believer in ghosts, but one of my co-workers went to Emily's Bridge in Stowe (believed for many years to be haunted) this past Saturday night. It was a full moon and they were there from 10:30 until around midnight. He took pictures with a cheap camera and his companion took pictures with a video camera. Both cameras caught the same images.



When the photos were developed on Sunday, he has a friend who is a psychic - not professional, but one who just sometimes feels things. This person knew no details about the pictures, but when he looked at them he said someone hung himself or herself on this bridge. In the next photo he said there was a horse that was killed - he then pushed the pictures away and said he could not look at them any longer as they were sending out bad

vibrations!"

Well boys and girls are these pictures proof of a ghostly apparition that haunts a Vermont bridge or are they just a case of bad development at the 2 hour photo place? Feel free to talk amongst yourselves in the [Cases section](#) of the discussion board.

(Insert eerie laughter and exit stage left)

Hurdy Gur,  
Derek "Son of Rust" Barnes

[Previous \(01/05/01\)](#)



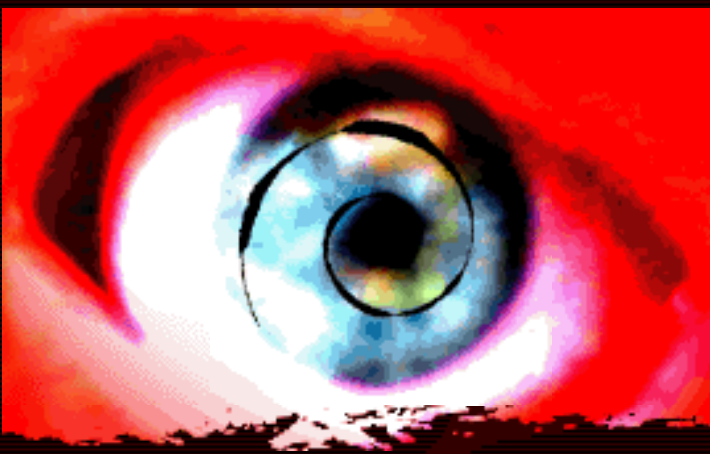
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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 17th, 2001

OK,

How's it going up there in the Great White North? Hope that snow stuff ain't too much for ya. I'm not going to rub it in or anything but right now it's 72 degrees outside with a bright sunny sky. I just got back from doing a little skating and I haven't even broken a sweat. Now I'm not sure if not breaking a sweat reflects the fact that it's a beautiful day or that I'm getting too old to really kick it.

Got a cool present in the mail from a Freaky reader named Sam from up there in New Orleans. Sam said he's a big fan of the website and urges me to come back up to the Big Easy so he can show me around. He says that not everyone up there in the Crescent City has fangs and wants to show me "that kind of good time."

Anyway, Sam also sent me a record called "The Art of the Hurdy Gurdy"



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I've played it and have come to the conclusion that a catch phrase should never be used as a musical instrument. This stuff ain't pretty to listen to, not one little bit. About the only thing I can say for it is that it does seem to have the ability to cause the local dogs in the neighborhood to join in for a sing a long. It does say on the back liner notes that the hurdy gurdy was considered "the instrument of beggars and vagrants by the 14th century."

In my book there's nothing wrong with a little vagrancy. In fact that's what I'm planning on doing a little more of right now.

Hurdy Gur,  
Derek "notice the lack of 'dy'" Barnes

[Previous \(01/12/01\)](#)





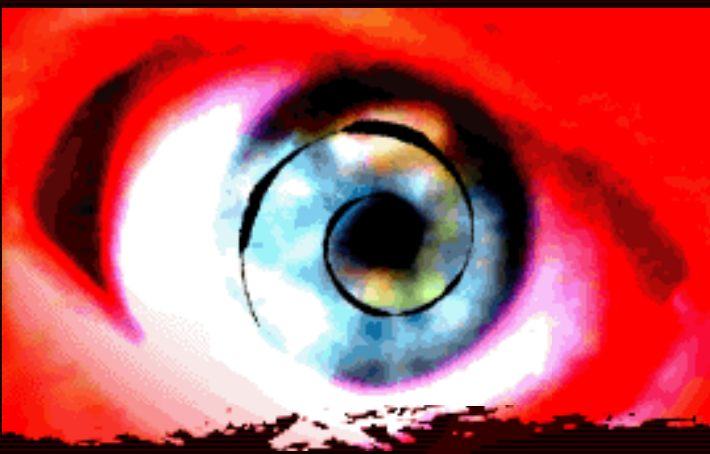
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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN

January 24th, 2001

Hey there,

Man I'm sitting here and having this huge flashback cause a reader named Cotter (no, not the sweatog teacher) sent me a link that's really taking me back in time. Oh yeah, way back to the early ninties. (Which is like the Jurassic period of the web) You ever wonder what the Internet looked like when it was just starting out? Check out [this page](#) which shows you what Yahoo.com looked like way back in 1994. Oh man do I feel old.

JUST WHEN THINGS STARTED HEADING TOWARDS REALITY, DEREK SWERVES THE CAR ONTO A SMALL SIDE ROAD...

I'm hot on the trail of a new case and I'm hoping to get my hands on some exclusive photos of a guy who's walking around with a metal spike stuck through his skull. Nothing gross mind you, just some very tasteful images of this ex construction worker who just happened to have something fall into his cranium area and has lived to tell about it. If my sources are correct then I should have something to show you guys Friday night. Keep your fingers crossed (and keep your hardhats on)

BUT JUST HOW MUCH OF A NERD ARE YOU DEREK?

I finally broke down and got the online RPG game called [Everquest](#). For the longest time I had heard about the game but refused to buy it cause I was sure that if I did then I would be spending all my free time online playing instead of enjoying the stuff that happens outside under that bright thing called the sun.

Well, I must have known myself too well....

I got that sucker on Sunday and I've logged over 30 hours on



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the game so far. I'm happy to tell ya I'm a 7th level barbarian with a really spiffy looking polar bear hat. It's an awesome game but I warn ya, it'll consume your ever-waking moment...

### EDDIE BREEN GETS HIS DUE

I was also happy to see that my favorite painter in the world, [Eddie Green](#) got a really nice mention in the 'Wired for Weird' section of the new [Fortean Times Magazine](#). It's really cool to see Eddie getting his due. His paintings are a hoot to look at and I check out his [sellers page](#) on Ebay every week.

OK, ENOUGH WRITING....

I gotta get back to Everquest. There's only just so much reality I can take, ya know?

Hurdy Gur,  
Derek "take than you gnoll pup!" Barnes

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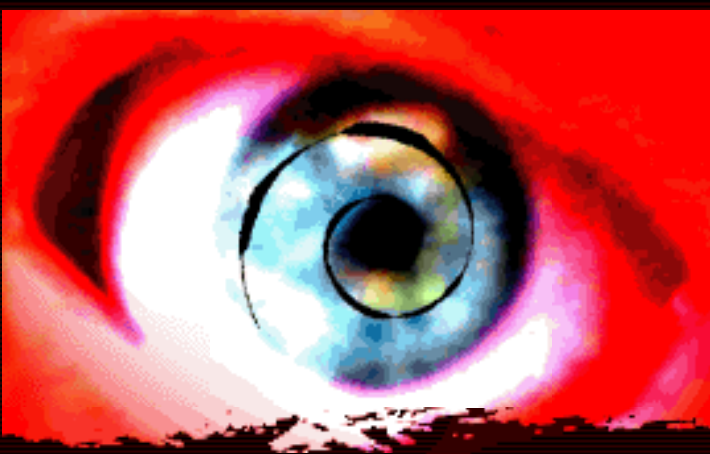
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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN



January 31st, 2001

I just want to know which one of you did it.

If you don't know what I'm talking about, let me apologize in advance for this rant. But if you are the one responsible for my invasion of privacy then let me be the first to call you a bastard, cause that's what you really are.

Here, lemme explain.....

Last night I'm sitting here in Freak central, minding my own business, answering e-mails, and in general being a good little web-master when I hear this tiny little beeping sound. Now normally I have the stereo going full blast and I wouldn't hear World War 3 if it started at the neighbors but last night I was just chilling out and I didn't have the usual orchestra accompanying me. That's probably the only reason I heard it at all.

So I'm sitting there when I notice this tiny little beeping sound. First I thought it was something sounding off on all the computer equipment I had and I got strewn around but after a quick check I couldn't find anything that was crying for

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attention. The beeping was still going off and it was starting to drive me crazy cause I couldn't figure out where it was coming from. So I stood dead still in the living room and finally figured out it was coming from an a/c vent just behind my desk. Now why would an air conditioning vent be beeping? Good question boys and girls, and I thought it mighty odd myself.



Odd until I climbed up on a chair and checked it out. ....And here's where the bastard part of the story comes in.

Somebody has broken into the house and put a tiny little camera up in the vent. A camera that was pointed right down into my living room where it can view every little detail of my life. It was beeping cause it has a tiny lithium back up battery and for some reason it was getting low on juice. Whoever the idiot was that planted it didn't notice that feature when he was buying the sucker down at Spies-R-Us and it was lucky for me that it started going off, otherwise I would have never found it.

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At first I was shocked and angry but after I crawled up into the attic and tore the sucker out I started to get a little furious. What right does anyone have to spy on me? Hell, they even tapped into a phone line and power without asking. Course if you're going to plant a bug then I guess permission is the last thing you ask for.

So here I sit today watching the dude from the lock company change every single lock on the place. The guy from the alarm center comes by later. In a few hours Freakylinks HQ should be locked up tighter than Fort Knox. I've already gone through every other room in the house looking for more cameras. I didn't find any but that still leaves the fact that someone has been playing Allen Funt with me.

But who would do it? Sure I've made enemies but I didn't think anyone would be low enough to do something like this. [Gunter Mahlberg](#) the vertically challenged paranormal collector? [Stu Carmichael](#), my not so competitive competitor? Or is it someone else I've managed to piss off in the past few years? At this point I don't have any answers and I'm just left sitting here feeling a little violated and a whole lot insecure. Lan is working on the problem, trying to figure out who was downloading the images through the phone lines but I got a feeling she's gonna come up empty handed. I could call the police in and write up a statement but I figure they would know less than I do. They'd probably listen to me rant about vampires, goblins, and ghosts for about 5 seconds before they closed their tiny little evidence notebooks and walked away. Nope, if this thing is gonna get solved then it's gonna be by me and me alone.

So whoever it was that did it let me say that the jig is up. I've found your little dirty secret and you're going to be playing

peeping Tom no more.

Man, I'm so pissed at whoever did this...

Hurdy Gur

Derek "not the least bit amused" Barnes

[Previous \(01/26/01\)](#)



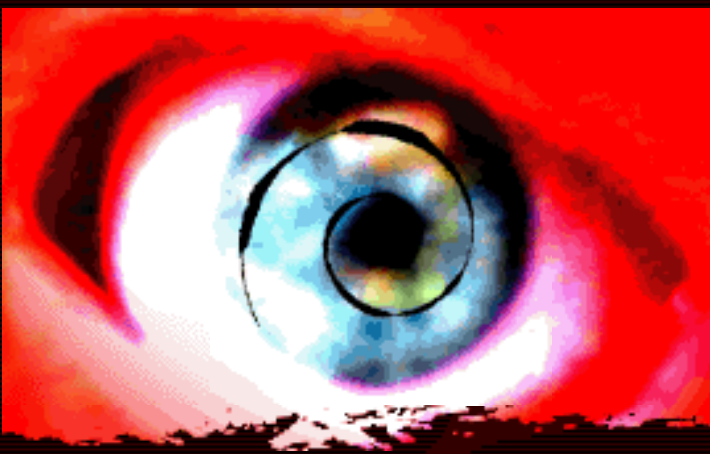
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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 2nd, 2001

Hi guys, Lan your friendly web mistress here,

I'm basically just acting as a place marker today. Because of recent events at the house Derek hasn't done an update for this week. Instead Jason and he are off on a little fact-finding adventure. I can't spill the beans right now but hopefully everything will turn out all right and you'll read about it here on the web site. Of course if things don't turn out right then you'll still be able to read about it on the web site. Derek's infamous for posting both his triumphs and his tribulations on Freakylinks. I guess all I can say is for you to stay tuned.

Thanks for all the e-mailed letters of support we got after Derek found the hidden cam. It's nice to see that the readers on the site are really our friends. I feel the same way and I'm sure Derek and Jason do as well. I would include Chloe on the list but she's taking a little time off from the investigations. Not sure when she will be back cause it's more of a personal thing but you guys will be the first to know when that happens.

And about that hidden cam incident; I received a strange e-mail from someone claiming to know more about what's going on. Derek suggested that it was just another loon e-mailing us but this one kind of struck me as odd. I don't really want to go into it but the e-mail did suggest taking a look at a web site called <http://www.geocaching.com> Maybe Derek is right and the e-mail is from a fruitcake but if it isn't then that web page may warrant a little investigation. I think I will leave it at that.

Talk to you again soon,  
Lan  
Web-Mistress, Freakylinks.com



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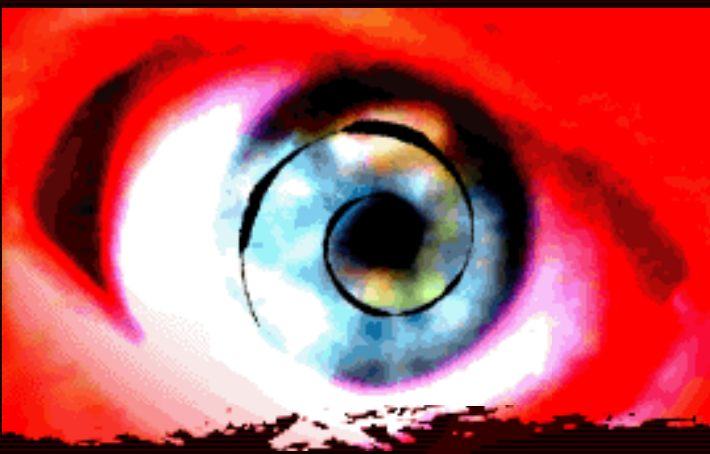
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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN



February 5th, 2001

Hey

There's times when the weirdness level in my life hits new highs and I just don't have any explanation as to why or where the strange twists and turns are gonna take me.

Take this whole [hidden cam](#) thing for example.....I mean on the surface it makes no sense for somebody to take that kind of interest in me. I'm a boring computer geek with no money and nothing to show for my life's work other than a website with meg's and meg's of semi-useless data. For me to think that anything I do is of a high level interest to others seems to be on the verge of being paranoid. Course I guess my life just seems normal to me...to others I must be a walking, talking freak show. Why else would there be a reason to bug me?

And that's just what happened. I don't think I would have ever found out who was spying on me by myself. Oh Lan had

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plans to try and trace the make and model of the camera but lets not kid ourselves, that was a long shot...those kinds of connections don't happen to people in real life. Nope, this should have mystified me for quite a while...

But then I got an e-mail that changed everything.

"Derek,

People you have met before placed the camera in your home. In fact you once considered these people your friends. Remember the businessmen who sent you to Seattle in search of the unknown? That experience almost cost you your sanity. This time they are keeping closer eyes on you. They are currently staying in room 115 at the Coconut Bay Hotel on Washington Street in South Beach. Perhaps you should contact them in person to voice your displeasure.

A Friend"

I get e-mails all the time from people claiming to know something. Usually they're nothing but the electronic equivalent of hot air. But this one felt a little different. Just for kicks, I called the hotel and asked for room 115. The phone rang twice and was picked up by a familiar sounding voice....a familiar sounding Japanese voice. I hung up, called Jason and left Saturday afternoon for Miami.



Oh yeah, I'd been wanting to meet back up with these guys for quite a while. That experience in Seattle had left me with the shakes for several weeks and I never got the opportunity to thank those responsible for it. I don't know who was behind that e-mail and I couldn't care less. In 3

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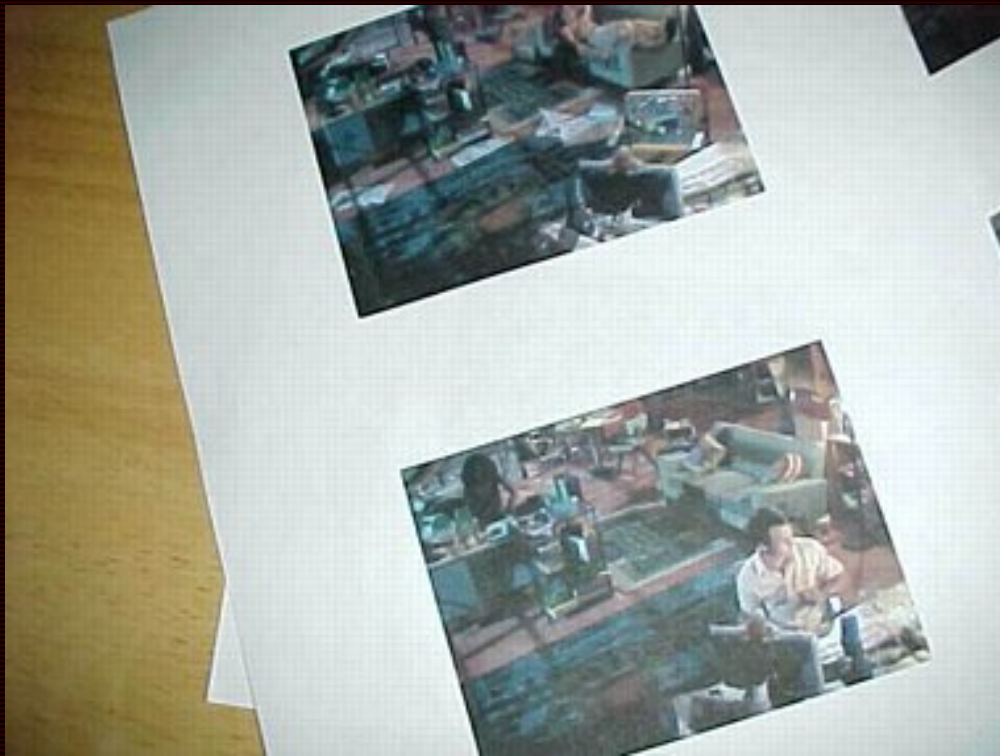
(enter your email address and press button)

hours we were done in Miami and had found the hotel. We sauntered in like we owned the place. And with Jason's help I got into room 115 with no problem at all.



And boy were they surprised to see me. At first they played dumb about knowing anything about the camera but Jason did a little "explaining" to them while I riffled through some of their stuff. I found several sheets of pictures from the cam mixed in with meaningless graphs and other corporate papers. That got me kinda riled up and that's when I decided it was my turn to play bad cop with them. Jason finally had to haul me off. They were pretty apologetic and full of explanations after I got through with them.





.... Listen I know I'm not sounding like myself. I don't usually go around beating people up, not even if they're slime that like to spy on me or send me off to discover monsters in meat freezers. But this time I was mad, real mad. So mad that I was through behaving, through being the nice guy, through sitting around while other people screw with my life. I wanted answers from them and I didn't want to wait around while they figured out what their story should be.

So I made sure they were ready to tell me the truth. Problem was they didn't know much of it. They claimed that they were

just acting as middlemen for someone who was interested in me. Said that they just did what they were told and looked on it as an extracurricular activity. They had been told to send me up to Seattle with that cryptic little clue. Breaking into my house and planting a camera was the same thing, just another game to them. They watched Lan and me through it but didn't even know what they were supposed to be looking for. They said they were waiting for another contact with their boss.....

And who was that I asked?

They didn't know his real name but in his e-mails he calls himself Nexus.

Nexus, as in the [Nexus from my brother's old website](#). The Nexus that was soooooo friggin helpful in getting my brother interested in suicide. The Nexus that may or may not be the one that has been posting [obscure comments on my discussion boards](#) these past few months.

Well Nexus if you're reading this then I guess you know that the cat is out of the bag. I know you're still around and that you're interested in me.

Well guess what....now I'm interested in you

Derek

[Previous \(02/02/01\)](#)



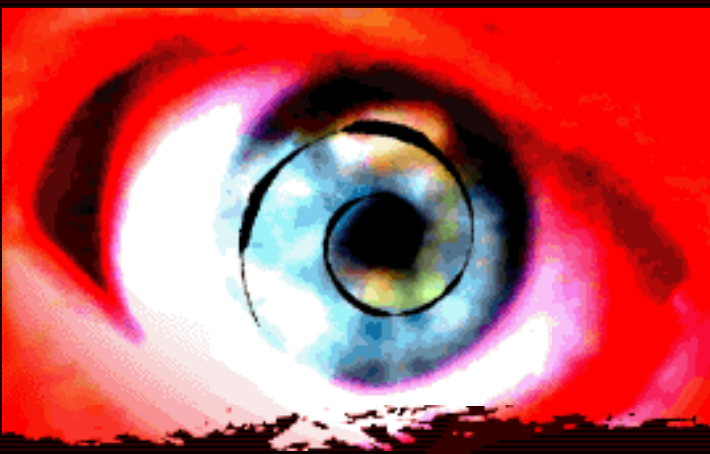
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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 9th, 2001

NOTE FROM LAN: I found this in my in-box when I came to work this morning. Derek is no where to be found. Derek also erased his hard drive before he left so I have no idea what Nexus said to him in the e-mail. I do know at one point that a guy claiming to be Nexus was hanging out at a off site chat room at

<http://mercury.beseen.com/chat/rooms/z/16460> If anyone sees him in there, let me know. And for the record, I am not freaking out, but I am a little concerned.

Hey Guys,

Not much time to write this so I'll be brief. Lan when you find this on your computer, please do not freak out. Just post it... I am on to something and I don't want you to wig out over my disappearance. There is a method to my madness I swear.

The long and the short of it is that I got a reply from Nexus. He was on the newsletter list like I thought and when he got my "invite" he sent me an e-mail. I know it's him and not an imposter cause he knew some stuff about Adam that no one else would have known. In short: I believe this guy is the real deal.

So what did he tell me? I don't want to go into a lot of it cause it's a personal thing but he did reaffirm my belief that the stuff that has been happening in my life has been going on for a reason. Call it fate, or destiny, or a plot line from a B movie....whatever. Nexus told me something that I find hard to believe yet I have to believe it cause the knowledge fills in the pieces so perfectly. Yea, I know he was watching me without my knowledge but when he explains it,



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he seems benign. In short, I don't think Nexus is the monster I have made him out to be. I wouldn't go so far as to call him my guardian angel but it does seem like he's been looking out for me....trying to steer me in the right direction without becoming the all knowing puppet master.

You know Adam said it best..."[discovery is a painful and arduous process](#)." I'm in the painful phase right now but if what Nexus is saying is the truth then I should be moving down the road at a good little clip. Hopefully I can bypass too much of the pain and get right on down to the Discovery truck stop.

And that's why I had to leave without telling anyone. Nexus dropped enough clues for me that I know the next stage in my "process" doesn't lie in Central Florida. So I'm on the road and heading for what I think is the right place. Nexus did tell me that there was another clue in one of Adam's books but I think I have the knowledge I need without looking for that clue. Besides, I don't really want to go back over to Adam's. At this point, it's a little too painful for me.

So that's the facts. Hope you can understand my reasoning and I hope you don't freak out on me too much. I know what I am doing. At least I think I know. I should be back to freak central real soon and hopefully I will have a lot of info to share with everyone. Lan, do not freak out about this, ok? Nothing bad is going to happen. Trust me ok? Like Nexus said, "Language is a virus from Outer Space."

Hurdy Gur,  
Derek

[Previous \(02/05/01\)](#)

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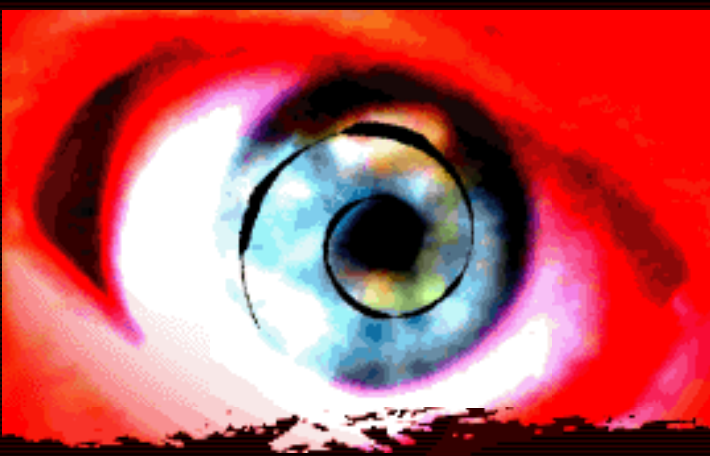
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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 12th, 2001

Hello people, Lan here again,

I'm getting more and more concerned about Derek. I haven't had contact with him since he up and ran off last Friday. Usually when he is on the road he contacts me every so often just to check up but I haven't heard a single thing so far. Something feels wrong. I've never seen him go off like this before without telling me the details. He even left Jason behind. I'd talk to Chloe about things but I haven't heard anything from her since she left to do some work related stuff. I feel like I'm all on my lonesome.

To pass the time I went with Jason over to Adam's old house to try and find that book that [Nexus spoke of](#) I think we had some luck because after a couple of hours of looking through dusty texts we found something written on the inside page of an edition of the book "Naked Lunch."



### RANTS:

[Rants from 2001](#)

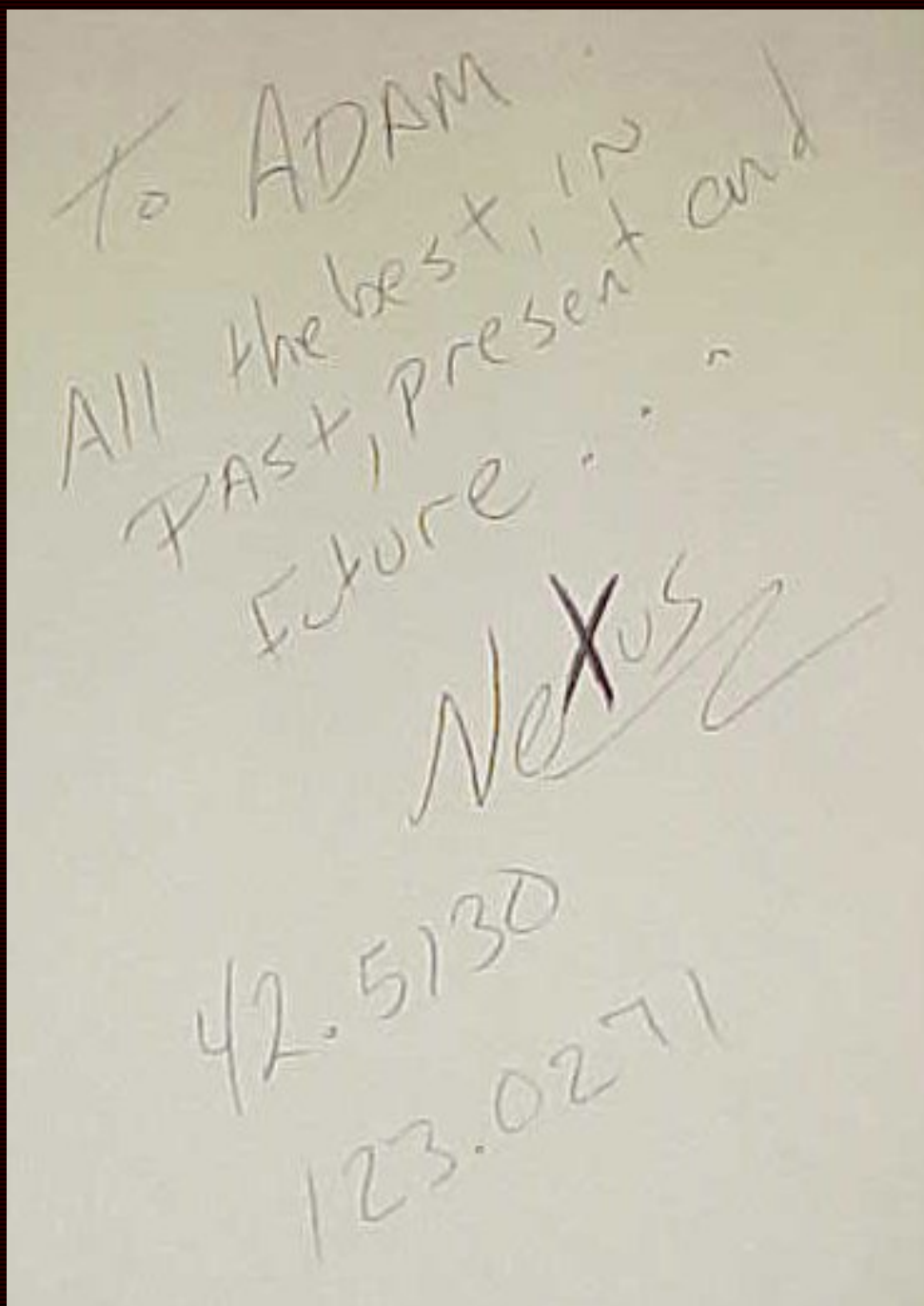
[Rants from 2000](#)

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Is this the clue that Nexus spoke about when he e-mailed Derek? I'm not sure. Could the clue be the book itself? And what do the numbers mean? Are they meaningless scribbles? Jason is as perplexed as I am about this. Usually I'm able to solve these little conundrums that fall in my lap but I think worrying about Derek has really messed with my mind. I can't think straight. Jason tries to play it cool but I think he is worried as well. We both know how strange Derek can get when he starts obsessing over his brother. And now he is convinced that this Nexus character has something to do with his "destiny." God only knows what Derek is going to do.

Even scarier is the fact that Stu Carmichael is after us again. A friendly e-mail steered me over to his website at [www.creepyclicks.com](http://www.creepyclicks.com) I'm not sure what Stu is doing but I don't like his style. I found his number in Derek's personal

phone book but Stu doesn't seem to be answering his phone. Is he somehow connected with Derek's disappearance? I hope not. Stu if you are reading this and know what is going on then e-mail me or call. Don't do this to me.

I hope you come home soon Derek, I really, really do.

Lan

[Previous \(02/09/01\)](#)



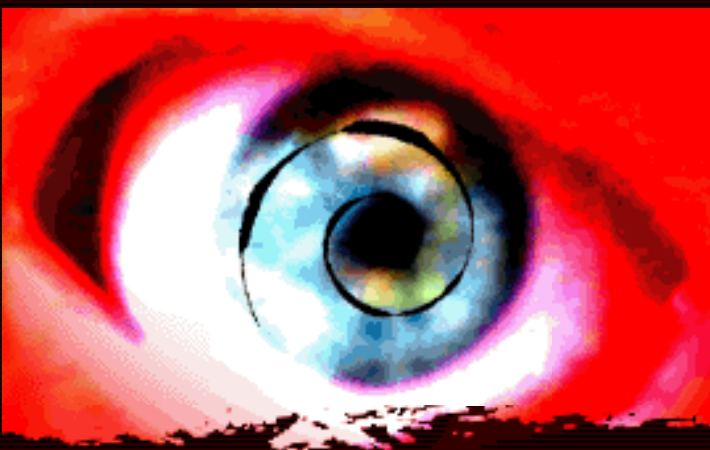
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# FREAKY LINKS



FREAK-O-PEDIA

DIARY

FRIEND OR FOE

## DIARY OF A MADMAN

February 14th, 2001

Lan here,

I fell asleep on the couch here at Freakylinks waiting for a phone call from Derek or Jason, a phone call that never came. This morning I awoke, stiff necked, and checked the e-mails hoping and praying that there would be some word from the boys.

Nothing was there.

But then I glanced over to Derek's desk and saw something perched on the keyboard.



I swear this wasn't there when I went to sleep. That means

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that sometime last night while I slept, someone came into the house and put this tape here for me to find. We didn't write about it on the site but, after we found the hidden cam, Derek splurged and had a high tech alarm system installed in the house. There shouldn't have been anyway for someone to get in here with setting it off. I know I put it on. I know I did. And it was still on when I checked it this morning. Obviously it didn't make one scrap of difference to whoever broke in. It scares me to think I was only a few feet away from them when they placed it on Derek's desk.

I played the tape.....

Listen to the recording on the tape:

[WAV Format](#) (220 Kb) | [AIFF Format](#) (220 Kb)

I don't know what to do....

Should I go to the cops? Should I try and follow Jason? I have a pretty good idea where he went. Where he thought Derek was. It sounds as if Jason was there when this tape was made...God, what are they doing to him? What is he doing to himself?

Can't anyone out there help me?

Anyone at all?

Chloe?

Jason?

Derek?

What do I do?

I'm scared, and I'm so alone.

[Previous \(02/13/01\)](#)

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