

# SAVOY 2005: PSYCHIC MYSTERIES CONTINUE

First we had black Nike apparitions, then floating bicycles, then goblins in the forest floor ferns, and finally agent Dale Cooper investigating strange happenings that seem to spring up just before the Savoy race every year.



On a recent training run in Savoy while I was lost in thought I glanced over into a fern area. Something looked a little strange, but I didn't give it a second thought. Lots of things look strange when you're on a vision quest. A few miles later I looked into another fern growth area and actually stopped to see what it was about them that looked strange. Areas of them seemed to be pushed over as if something large had pressed down on them.

I walked over into the stand of ferns, making sure I didn't step on any mud snakes or other type of snakes hiding under those leaves. I was shocked out of my vision quest mental state when I realized that I was looking at a pattern in those ferns. The ferns had been pushed over and pressed down in a



pattern! I'll be darned if this wasn't crop circles right here in the Savoy forest. From my vantage point I couldn't figure out what the pattern was even by walking around. Finally I saw a climbable tree and up I went to get an aerial view. From high in the tree something began to take shape, but I couldn't discern it. "Oops, I'm looking at it upside down I thought." I re-positioned my body, being careful not to fall, and when I finally had secured myself on a limb I looked

down again. It looked familiar, but what was it? Some kind of animal? It was a bird! All of a sudden it clicked. It was a fern crop-circle picture of a Guinea Hen! What the heck?



Back down the tree and on with the vision quest run. Two miles later I came across another fern crop circle, and dispensed with trying to figure it out from the ground. Up the tree I went. When I had my vantage point to my surprise it was another bird, but a species not found in these parts. From my college minor in ornithology and discussions with Ben Nephew I recognized it as an "oxpecker" from the western plains, but what was it doing in Savoy?

On with the run. I kept looking for the next pattern, and in a mile and a half there it was. Up the tree, get a secure hold, look down. This time it was words, not a picture. It was two lines pressed out of the ferns. It read, "Lyme Disease? See Dr. Fred!" But what the heck did that mean? Who's Dr. Fred? What does he have to do with Lyme disease?

On the way back in I stopped to read the fern area that I had only glanced at on the way out. From my good vantage point in the tree I learned that it was a picture of a cat, and underneath it was the inscription “Henry.” Now I was totally puzzled. Cats, birds, Lyme disease? How did it all fit together?

I drove to the little general store on route 116 to get coffee and while peering at the bulletin board saw the following on one of those little

cards. “Animal Psychic – I talk to the animals.” I would hire that psychic to interview forest animals to find out the mystery of those crop circles. I called her, and she assured me that not only could she talk to animals, she could actually read their minds. So even if they wouldn’t cooperate by spilling the beans, she could look at them through binoculars and read their minds.



I got her report about four days later. She said that “verbal” reports and mental readings of squirrels, chipmunks, deer, bobcats, woodpeckers, and an adolescent bear were all consistent. It seems that they had seen a naked man wearing only a buffalo skin loin cloth repeatedly come into the forest and create the patterns with a device he had made out of a board and a rope. “Well, what did he look like,” I asked. The only image she could come up with, and

that was from a psychic reading of the occipital cortex of a female deer, was a head that had hair like peach fuzz and big thick glasses. I thought of that escaped mental patient from Brattleboro, Vermont.

Then she added one more thing. She told me that on her explorations of the forest to interview animals she had come across one more fern pattern that I hadn’t discovered. “What was it a picture of,” I asked. She replied, “It wasn’t a picture at all. You’re not going to believe this. Maybe you know what it means because I certainly don’t. It was words.”

“What? What? Tell me.” I said. She said, “I couldn’t make it out at first because I just couldn’t believe it. Then, by using your tree-climbing method, I read it without problem. Does the phrase, ‘I love Miss Ellen’ mean anything to you?”



*WorShamer, Bob Worsham*

*Photos from Savoy Mountain 20-Mile Course; August 2002.*

*Bob Worsham on the North Pond Loop near mile 2; Ed Jr running past the old car graveyard between mile 6 & 7; Kenny Clark thru fern approaching Waterstop Shirley at mile 8; Sheryl Wheeler on the Nuthatch Trail, between mile 9& 10; Bruce Marvonek levitating on the Tower Trail, between mile 10 & 11; Rob Higley soaring down toward Waterstop Shirley on the return, between 11 & 12.*