The Fiend in the Tunnels

A few months ago, a strange incident in Brooklyn, New York, caused widespread sensational stir covered by numerous media outlets. The raid at the Chabbat Synagogue.

This scene was swarmed with journalists. When the perpetrators were brought out and escorted to the patrol cars, the flashing lights of cameras were so intense that the officers covered their eyes with their hands, as if they were the one shamed and exposed before the world.

Even before this made headline news, many were making fanciful speculations of child trafficking taking place. A photo of an old rugged mattress with blood stain fuelled rumours of a more sinister cause for police involvement.

Eventually, mainstream media outlets settled on a rather mundane background and cause for police intervention. Apparently, there was a dispute between two rival Jewish groups within the Synagogue over an extension of the hall.

The congregation has swelled to the point the current hall is unable to adequately accommodate them all. So, one of these groups took it amongst themselves to carry out the extension by digging tunnels beneath the building. Municipal authorities reported that this compromised the foundational structural integrity of adjacent buildings, which prompted an investigation and raid.

To most, the story ends here. Me thinks however, that there is more to this than a dispute and reckless extension. For one, none of the perpetrators were charged or fined. They were acquitted and sent back to Israel on paid flights.

On some of the news reels I seen, I can’t help but notice the rather distressed looks of the police officers as they came out of the Synagogue. When reporters tried questioning them,

many seemed to be in shocked stupor and were muttering. A few of them were even trembling with eyes bulged in dilation.

These unusual details of the incident led me to do some independent research of my own. I started by going to the Chabbat Synagogue on Sabbat to interview members of the congregation. After the prayer service, I went up to random congregants, asking about the incident. I was met with frowns, aggressive growling, and accusations of anti-Semitism.

One of the bearded men said to me, “Why do you come here and ask these sorts of questions? Did we do anything wrong?”

Soon enough, I was encircled by the congregation, all shouting and cursing at me. One of them even pushed me and spat at my face.

As I was rubbing the foul stenched spit off my face, several rabbis came and broke up the aggressive congregants that were shouting at me.

One of them grabbed my arm firmly and said, “I think you should leave. It’s bad enough you are goyim. Now you gotta come here and stir up trouble.”

“Look, I am not trying to stir up anything. I just wanna know your side of the story with those tunnels, that’s all. I ain’t looking to accuse anyone of anything” I replied.

“Yeah yeah, they all say that and look what kind of sick disgusting things people are saying online. They accuse us of being child abusers all because we needed space to worship. Oy yay yay...”

“Friends, I just want to know your side of things. No accusations, just what do you feel and what happened. That’s all”

“That’s enough, you need to leave”

Before I knew it, the rabbis dragged me out the doors of the Synagogue and threw me hard against the pavement outside.

Without any leads, I decided the next best course of action would be to interview residents of the surrounding Crown Heights neighbourhood. I stood up and wandered around.

The neighbourhood was a dense cluster of squalid terrace houses. More often than not I would hear niggardly music blaring from boom boxes and cars that were driving by. A large percentage of people I see on the streets were Black.

Many male teens would loiter by the alleyways listening to rap while smoking. Women dressed scantily were strutting around, hollering and waving at me as I pass by them.

In return, I ask them, “You heard anything about the Synagogue tunnels?”

“The wat now?”

“You know, the Jewish place that got raided”

“Owwhhh dat place. Dem Jews ain’t like women hun. They only like boys. Small nigger boys. Dem Jews like dem young”

“Excuse me?”

“Hun, how about you pick one of us and head down dat place over there where we can be alone. It ain’t gonna cost ya”

“You said the Jews here are paedophiles?”

“A pedo wut?”

“They love little boys, that is what I meant”

“Dat rite hun. They love dem little black boys ask anyone in this hood and they tell ya da same”

I nodded and handed a fifty dollar bill to one of the women and we parted ways. I continued walking through the squalid rows of terrace houses.

The niggardly songs, obscene dancing and chatter surrounded me. Outside a small fast food joint, a group of black teens loitering by a trash bin caught my eye. They were smoking what I assumed to be weed given the unpleasant odour of rot, pungent and nauseating.

I went up to them and asked, “You boys know anything about the Synagogue tunnels?”

“You mean dem Jew tunnels? Nigga, we all know dem”

“I heard that they are bringing little boys in there. You heard about this?”

“Hell ya. Nigga dem Jews be snatching nigger kids and caging dem up in tunnels. We all know dat shit nigga”

“And is anyone doing anything about this?”

“Nigga please, da po po ain’t caring bout dis. They in cahoots with da Jews I tell ya”

Now as we were conversing, a Haitian man was passing by and overheard us. A distinctly sour and pungent odour emanated from him, one which I did not notice due to the near suffocating stench of weed and dank grease that permeated the air.

He then said, “Monsieur, de Jews, those Jews at de Synagogue, they take my son, my Louie, snatched him from his crib”

“Have you reported this to the police?”

“Ayy you, ya dum craka, da po po ain’t giv a fuck over us Niggers.”

“Mon ami speak le truth. Gendarme will see me as le antisemite. What can I do?”

“You are telling me, the police aren’t doing anything about all the disappearances of Black kids in this area? And all this is done by the Jews at the Chabbat Synagogue?”

“Yes”, they all said

“Indeed monsieur, we ain’t telling lies. Ask anyone here and they will say le same”

Indeed, every other person I asked yielded more or less the same answer. This seemed to coincide with a widespread fanciful speculation of child trafficking. Especially considering how everyone that I spoke to about this are either foreigners based on their slurred accents and belong clearly to lower income brackets.

Looking at the roads once more, I saw an incoming patrol car from the NYPD. It halted before me and its tinted front window winded down. The seated driver and another officer gave me a disconcerting stare.

The driver said, “Hey man, you need a lift? It ain’t safe around these parts”

“Don’t mind if I do”

I opened the rear door and entered the vehicle, and we drove off.

I asked, “You guys know anything about the Chabbat Synagogue tunnel raid?”

“I see now. So that’s why you are snooping around here huh. Rare to have journos like you around. You are very lucky not to have been robbed, drugged or shot out there”

“Is it really that dangerous?”

“Well unlike other Precincts, we don’t do foot patrols here if we can help it. That raid at the Synagogue is one of the very rare instances where we stepped out of our vehicles here”

“No one has attempted to harm me yet, well, except for the Jews at the Synagogue. I was literally kicked out”

“Sir, I think we better switch topics.”

“Officers, I just want the truth, that’s all”

“Some things are better off left buried. We are gonna be turning out of this ghetto soon, we are dropping you off the next subway.”

There was only a tense awkward silence for the rest of the ride after that. I got off at East New York Station. As soon as I closed the door, the patrol car sped off.

That night at my apartment, I noted down the information I have gathered during the day. Things seemed to point towards child trafficking activity going on within those tunnels. With police and Jewish reticence, the trail seemed to have gone cold.

As I was slumping my head down on my desk in exhaustion, I felt the vibration of my phone ringing. It was from a private number.

Answering, I heard a voice say, “I heard you been digging around the Synagogue case. Meet me at 8AM at Belvedere Castle, Central Park. I will call you when I see you. “

He hung up, and I was left confounded with a sense of heavy dread. There was no way, I thought, that this man would know how I look like. Initially, I linked this back to some gangs at Crown Heights who may have marked me as I went about questioning . Perhaps they were worried about me exposing and jeopardizing their drug trafficking operations.

Then another possibility reared its head. Covering gang violence in LA before for one of my assignments, I know that a tactic Law Enforcement use on suspects tracked was intimidation and this often involved anonymous calls and tailing them unawares, only to reveal and taunt them. I questioned, could this then be a law enforcement intimidation tactic? Had I breached any laws in my investigation that led me to be marked as a target of interest?

The cops I met simply warned me. Regardless, this may still be a potential lead. I set my alarm for 6AM, swallowed a capsule of Valium and slumped down on my desk.

Several hours later I perked up in groggy shock from the ringing of my alarm. I stumbled up from my desk and got dressed, and my recording equipment ready and left for Central Park.

The early morning commute was crowded and cramped as usual. Many of my fellow passengers are foreigners, Blacks, Indians, Arabs and Mexicans. All speaking in rather obscene tones and slurs. Some of them wore headphones and the songs that blared from them were rather violent, speak of drug use and hedonism typical of rappers like P Diddy and Pitbull.

Most unpleasant of all, which reminded me of the stench at the squalid houses of Crown Heights, were the suffocating pungent odour. The few Caucasians with me abroad the train carriage were visibly uncomfortable as I. Perceiving this irritating synthesea, the weight of groggy tiredness dissipated, replaced with a wave of nausea and a suffocating burning sensation in my sinus.

I found relief when I got off at the Museum of Natural History and out of the underground to the greenery of the nearby park. Dense fog surrounded me as I made my way to Belvedere Castle. Even in the dense grey fog, I could make up the darker shades of the parapet granite walls of the castle. As I approached closer, I felt my phone rang and picked it up.

“Go to the pavilion, I am there”

I promptly followed that instruction and found standing and smoking in the shade of the pavilion, a Caucasian man in a trench coat with heavy burdened eyes. He let out a breath of smoke and threw the still glowing cigarette bud down into the lake below.

“You are a bit late don’t you think?”, he said.

I glanced at the time on my phone. It was around 8:10am.

“Well, I am here as you asked. Now what?”

“I heard from those two officers that picked you up yesterday at Crown Heights. A journalist snooping about trying to crack the case of the Synagogue tunnels.”

“I didn’t give them my ID, how did you know it was me?”

“Body cam. I recognize your face. You wrote that memoir after going on a road trip with Recon Marines in Iraq in 04.”

“It’s been long. I don’t think I have the rigor for that anymore.”

“Well, you didn’t find any of Saddam’s nukes or chemical weapons back there. Now you might think I will also reveal the same about these tunnels, am I not right, Ethan?”

“I wouldn’t know but from what you said, I do know you must have been involved in that raid in some way”

“Correct, Sherlock and it ain’t just some way. I was there in those tunnels and I can assure you, what I seen there is more real than Saddam’s nukes and anthrax”

He then showed me his badge and ID, which I photographed, verifying his identity and proceeded to recount his experience of the tunnel raid. To protect his anonymity, the pseudonym, Malone will be used to refer to him in this testimony.

The following is Detective Malone’s account of the Synagogue tunnel raid:

You know the official cover story about the structural issues over tunnel digging?

That was what we were told when the Municipal authorities filed a dispatch request to us. Our mission briefing was almost word for word what you can read on NYT, Huffington, Fox News. We were told it would be a simple raid to snag up those Jews who were resisting efforts by the Municipal authorities to conduct examinations on those tunnels. 30 of us were placed on this assignment.

We all thought it’s just another search and arrest assignment. No armed suspects were reported, so we were only armed with pistols and batons. None of us wore any vests. Not that it would matter anyway. No round on this earth is going to pierce the horrible fiend that we found down there.

When we arrived on the scene, it was a mess. Jews were squabbling with the officers deployed to cordon off the area. Entering the Synagogue hall, there were a rowdy crowd of bearded Jews and orange vested council workers shoving and shouting at each other.

I ordered a sergeant, Martinez and nine other junior officers to break up the brawl taking place. The rest of us continued down into the basement levels and into the tunnels.

The dug out tunnels we entered looked like the habitation of beggars and homeless men. Dank, haphazardly nailed planks and old broken furniture messily placed with trash strewn about.

This was not queer for any officer who have been on raids snuffing out illegals and drug trafficking rings. But in here, there was a queer silence. It was completely devoid of any human, unlike the drug dens I raided.

We continued pressing deeper into the crudely dug tunnels. From the primitive squalid ante chambers we entered, we found ourselves in passages labyrinthine in nature. Though we seem to be going down simply one dug in path, we end up beholding passageways that loop back to the ante chamber we entered, even when it defies the structural blueprint of the area.

We saw winding stairs that appear to lead lower down but as we descended, we appear to instead be climbing upwards, back not to the ante chamber but out through a fire escape stairwell, back to the main hall of the Synagogue where the brawl has now been pacified and the violent Jews cuffed.

Sergeant Martinez asked us if we found anything down there and I answered, “It’s a mad maze down there. Doesn’t make sense if they are simply extending the place for worship”

“You! You Anti-Semites are why we have to do this and hide! Oy! All we want is more space to worship!”, I hear one of the Jews yell out

One of the officers standing by nudged him to remain silent. Once more, all twenty of us descend into the cellar, back into the ante chamber and down that dug out path.

Once more we encounter the strange Labyrinthine paths. We wandered until we came across an unusually made hallway, one which reminded me of a hospital ward with doors on the sides.

We searched these rooms and found many small beds, cots for infants and toys strewn about. On the walls of these rooms were scribbles etched in red crayon that we could not read. The letters appeared to be in the Hebrew alphabet.

Officer Huxley who was with me remarked, “That’s a lot of kids stuff for an extension due to a lack of space for worship.”

“Maybe this was meant to be an orphanage or nursery”, I said.

We then decided to simply leave and return to the Hall. Before we turned back the way we came, we heard it. An eerie guttural chanting and loud agonizing wailing.

We paused for a second in surprise before I gave the order to follow the source of those sounds. The path we took descended lower and lower into a large cyclopean chamber with sickly foliage and fungi coated pillars. There was an obscene pungent stench worse than rot. One which I could not find anything in this world that I could compare it to.

And those sounds. That chanting sounded so wrong as if it should not exist. The guttural, low pitched droning and syllables that sounded of deep otherworldly antiquity made me feel a heavy stiffness coming upon me.

And even when it was dim, we could all see in the centre of that chamber those wraith like figures dancing and chanting in twirls around a stone altar lit by six candles emitting an unnatural black flame. Laid atop it was a black child who is crying and shrilling high pitched wails.

We could not help but be fearfully transfixed with morbid curiosity and enchantment. In fact, several officers began to mouth the chants.

Then, the ritual taking place ceased, and a strange distortion appeared, like heat waves reverberating, but it was pure ethereal darkness, and that sickly odour became stronger, now causing some of us to gag and cough. There was an uncomfortable sulphuric pungentness to it all.

From the distortion, the fiend appeared, creating dark ripples as it manifested itself. To this day, I curse myself for having seen its form. A visage so blasphemous to mind, God and nature. It’s head was goat like with horns that spirated into infinite fractals. That fiend towered above two meters with a long slender body, bony thin appendages bent in unnatural angles that cracked as they move and it’s two legs, of a goat’s and wearing red high heels.

Such hideousness was obstructive to the space around it, which made me feel deep unease and dizziness to merely look at it. Yet somehow, my gaze remained transfixed on it.

The child that was wailing was now unnaturally silent, and I heard it.. it spoke in our language, with a cadence reminiscent of those of male to female transsexuals, except with a guttural and almost serpentine hiss to it.

“Sssshhsssssss...theeeeeere...theeeere Luuiieee...it’s ok. I am n-not gonna ssshhsshhh hurt you”

And with its appendages, it picked up the silent child and stretched its mouth out into a wide, unnatural maw too wide for its head. We were all fixated in an almost hypnotic state staring at it, only for Huxley to break us all out of it by

firing his pistol. He fired again and again until his clip ran out.

The crackling gunfire broke us out of our hypnotic gaze and the fiend let out a loud screech that caused us all to fall down rolling on the ground, covering our ears as a waves of sharp pain reverberated through our heads.

I remember hearing the cracking of bones and shrieks and screams, which made me push myself up shakily.

“Fall back to the hall”, I ordered out

I helped up as many of my fellow officers as I could. Some were fortunately already running back the way we came, and soon we were all running with Huxley grasping tightly on something while radioing out, “Fill in the tunnels now! Fill it in!”

The operator and Superintendent at the other end were confused.

I could hear Huxley shout again and again. “Fill it in! Shut it before it can break out!”

We eventually returned to the prayer hall and collapsed in sheer exhaustion. Officer Martinez looked worried seeing us all panting, trembling, pale, and drenched in sweat.

Here I remembered crawling up to him and tugging his feet, muttered, “Fill it up... Fill it up...it’s can’t get out.”

“What are you saying?”

Then the Superintendent came and was visibly shocked seeing us all in a state of tremor and muttering.

“What the fuck happened down there?” He questioned

And we all said, “please..please seal it up”

Without hesitation, he radioed the Municipal authority to seal up the tunnels and the apprehended Jews were escorted out and brought in for further questioning.

As for us, we remained in our shocked stupor for what seemed like a long and drawn out half an hour. Even when we could finally stand up and move, the thought of what we just encountered weighed heavily upon us.

We could not be bothered to answer the queries from the journalists that gathered, nor flinch at the flashes of their cameras as they saw us coming out of the Synagogue.

In that raid, Sergeant Martinez apprehended 13 Jewish men who were brawling with the council workers. Apparently, several others were arrested, from the wraithlike figures that managed to run away when the Fiend went berserk. You may know one iconic photo of this, the Jewish man that was climbing out of the gutter.

During interrogations, the men apprehended by Sergeant Martinez all insist that the tunnels were made for the purposes of extending worship space. All insisted that there was no malicious intent and denied that there was anything beyond what we found in the Ante chamber.

With the men that were involved in that cyclopean chamber, we intended to charge them with kidnapping and murder. However, it was impossible to get any confession out of them.

All they did was spew out warnings of apocalyptic disasters to come due to our interruption of their ritual. When questioned about the infant, they denied his presence or that of the dark Fiend that manifested.

Without any progress in interrogating them, they were brought back into their cells. According to officers on duty, these men entered into frenzied seizures around 4AM. They were babbling, foaming in their mouths and shrieking out queer gibberish.

One repeating name or phrase was heard, “Melek, Melek, Melek, Melek”

I remembered what Officer Burke, who witnessed this told me, “These men were howling, contorting their bodies in God only knows what angles and screeching all morning. I tried shouting at them to keep it down but it didn’t work. It was like these guys are high. All they would shriek out was “RED! MELEK WILL MAKE IT RED!”. We attempted sedation but that did nothing to ease them. They continued in their frenzy until sunrise when they suddenly stopped and slumped down. When they awake, they had no recollection of what had happened and even weird I say, they now tell us that there was nothing down there in those tunnels”

Indeed, when we questioned them again, they appeared unable to recount anything in those tunnels, simply insisting that only the ante chamber existed and that it was a move to extend space to accommodate more worshippers.

After we drafted and submitted our investigation report, we were given a long debrief by the Superintendent and Commissioner. Every detail relating to the ritual, Fiend and the queer characteristics of the tunnel depths were redacted. Even the maddened frenzy of those men that Officer Burke witnessed were blackened over.

None of us raised any questions or objections. We simply did as we were told. As compensation for omitting truth, we were given large sum of monetary rewards, additional paid leave which we can use at any time and free psychological check up. In spite of these, given the nature of what I had seen, it does no justice that the knowledge of such sinister malevolent things which should not exist be left hidden. As a public servant, my duty is to the public I sworn to protect.

No rounds on this earth would do any harm to such ethereal entities, but the more people know, the more we can at least preserve the veil that separate us from them. I know that what I just shared sound like a mad man's ravings. You might as well hear this from the insane schizophrenic in the sanatorium. But believe me, ask the colleagues I named and they will attest to the same. I don't name them for nothing. Their records are listed and they can be questioned.

I know any other journalist will reject what I have to say. I know if I go on Alex Jones, I would be seen as simply profiteering from the gullible. But you, you are a journalist who has gone deep to find a truth that went against the narrative of the mainstream press. So I know you will not simply discard what I have to say about this. Perhaps it is fate that I found you looking into this.

Let the world know of that there are things so blasphemous and beyond our comprehension that are better off left alone. God only knows what would happen if these intrude fully into our existence.

With that Detective Malone ended his account of the raid on the Synagogue tunnels. We shook hands and parted ways. As a parting 'gift', he provided me an envelope which contained photographs that were taken of the raid. While none of the dark ritual or the fiendish entity was present, there were the photographs of the rooms with toys, children's beddings and

cots. Several photographs of the writings on the walls were present.

I transcribed these writings to the best of my ability and sent them over to various Hebrew and Ancient Near East specialists for a translation. I emailed as many as I could find but unfortunately all came up empty. None were able to translate what I had transcribed. Most comments were simply that the characters appear Hebrew but were simply too different. No discernible links with other Akkadian or other Proto-Semitic languages could be made.

I have also tracked down the colleagues of Detective Malone that were named. The Sergeant James Martinez and Albertus Huxley based on available records of NYPD officers serving in Brooklyn. They appear rather confused over the account given by Detective Malone about the raid. These cumulatively would make me cast doubt on his testimony. However, the sense of unease and reluctance to speak of the Synagogue tunnels indicate to me, a fear of actually speaking out.

Sitting down at my desk, I collated all my notes and transcripts together and synthesized them into this account. While I prefer to allow the interviewees to speak and not impose my own views as much as I can, it is worth mentioning that currently, stock market prices are declining, sparking renewed fears of recession and a great crash. Every stock exchange have been reporting losses. “Red arrows everywhere” as one stock broker commented on the New York Times.

Make of that what you will. My role is simply to do the research, synthesize them into a coherent narrative flow and leave it to the readers to decide for themselves. Indeed IDs, photographs and documentation can be easily fabricated. Yet to me at least, the strange details surrounding this incident, direct police testimony and widespread rumours around the squalid neighbourhood of Crown Heights should also be considered. My research on this incident hence comes to a close here for now.