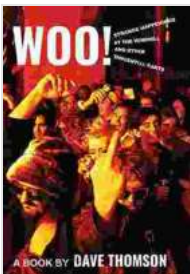


Strange Happenings At The Windmill And Other Tangential Rants

The Windmill

I've been meaning to write about this for a while now, but I've been putting it off because it's a bit of a strange story. But here goes...



WOO!: Strange Happenings at the Windmill and Other Tangential Rants by M. Henderson Ellis

★★★★☆ 4.5 out of 5

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Screen Reader : Supported
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A few months ago, I was driving home from work when I saw something out of the corner of my eye. It was a windmill, standing tall and proud in the middle of a field. I'd never seen it before, and I was immediately curious. I pulled over to the side of the road and got out of my car to take a closer look.

The windmill was old and weathered, and it looked like it hadn't been used in years. The sails were torn and the paint was peeling. But there was something about it that drew me in. I couldn't help but feel that there was more to this windmill than met the eye.

I walked around the windmill, examining it from all sides. I couldn't find any way to get inside, but I did find a small door on the side of the mill. I tried to open the door, but it was locked.

I was about to give up and go back to my car when I heard a noise. It was a faint creaking sound, like someone was walking on the stairs inside the windmill. I froze and listened. The creaking sound got louder and louder, and then suddenly, the door opened.

I took a step back, my heart pounding in my chest. I didn't know what to expect. Then, a figure emerged from the doorway. It was a tall, thin man with long white hair and a long white beard. He was wearing a long white robe, and he had a staff in his hand.

The man looked at me with piercing blue eyes. He didn't say anything, but I could feel his gaze burning into my soul. I felt like he could see right through me. I was terrified, but I couldn't look away.

After a moment, the man spoke. His voice was deep and resonant, like the sound of a bell. "Who are you?" he asked.

I swallowed hard and said, "My name is John."

"What are you ng here?" he asked.

"I was just passing by," I said. "I saw the windmill and I was curious."

"Why are you curious?" he asked.

I didn't know how to answer that question. I just shrugged.

The man sighed. "You are not being truthful," he said. "I can see it in your eyes."

I looked away, ashamed. I couldn't lie to him.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm just a little nervous."

The man smiled. "There is no need to be nervous," he said. "I am not here to harm you. I am here to help you."

I looked at him skeptically. "How can you help me?" I asked.

"I can help you find what you are looking for," he said.

"What am I looking for?" I asked.

The man smiled again. "That is for you to discover," he said.

I didn't know what to say. I just stood there, looking at him.

After a moment, the man turned and walked back into the windmill. He closed the door behind him, and I was left alone in the field.

I stood there for a long time, thinking about what had just happened. I didn't know what to make of it. Was it real? Or was it just a dream?

I still don't know the answer to that question. But I do know that I'll never forget the strange happenings at the windmill.

Other Tangential Rants

In addition to the strange happenings at the windmill, I've also had a few other strange experiences in my life. I'm not sure if they're related, but I thought I'd share them with you anyway.

One time, I was driving home from work when I saw a UFO. It was a large, silver disc, and it was hovering in the sky. I watched it for a few minutes, but then it suddenly disappeared.

Another time, I was hiking in the woods when I came across a group of Bigfoot tracks. They were huge, and they were fresh. I followed the tracks for a while, but I never saw the Bigfoot that made them.

And then there was the time when I was sleeping in my bed when I was suddenly woken up by a loud noise. I got out of bed and went to the window, and I saw a strange creature standing in my backyard. It was tall and thin, with long arms and legs. It had no face, and its skin was a sickly green color. I watched it for a few minutes, but then it suddenly disappeared.

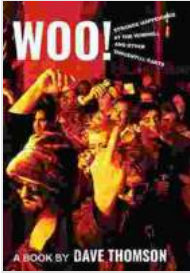
I don't know what to make of these experiences. I don't know if they're real or if they're just figments of my imagination. But I do know that they've made me question everything I thought I knew about the world.

I'm not sure what the future holds. But I'm sure that I'll continue to have strange experiences. And I'm sure that I'll never stop wondering about the mysteries of the universe.

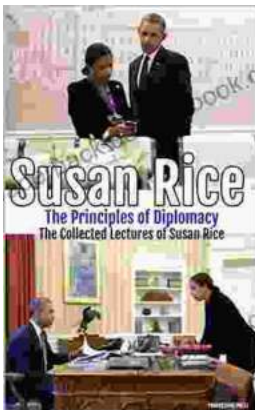
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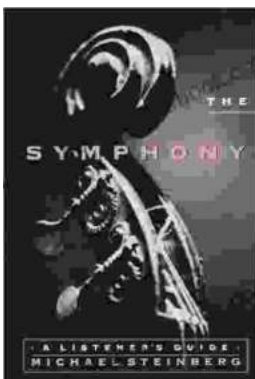


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