

TEMAGAMI POST

est. 1903

Tuesday, October 28, 1941

Price - 5 cents

Harrowing Circus Mishap Unleashes Curse Upon Town

By Walter J. Harrington

Just a year ago, during a rollicking finale of a travelling circus, our town bore witness to a lamentable tragedy that continues to cast a long, ominous shadow. In the waning days of October 1940, an unfortunate incident unfolded under the big top, an incident that still mystifies and terrifies our tight-knit community.

The regrettable spectacle occurred during the grand finale of the circus—a performance that promised thrills and astonishment. A town official, perhaps under the influence of his own hubris, insisted upon a greenhorn understudy, none other than a mere lad, being thrust into the limelight. This unsuspecting youth was coerced into performing a perilous fire-breathing act, a feat that should have been left in the capable hands of seasoned professionals.

In the midst of the performance, tragedy reared its sorrowful head. The fledgling performer, struggling with the flames, met a most agonizing and fiery end. His death unfolded before the eyes of a horrified audience, a sight that should have been marked by gasps of disbelief and tears of compassion.

Instead, dear readers, we must reckon with an even more unsettling twist in this dark tale. To the shock and chagrin of all, the audience, as if ensnared by a sinister enchantment, erupted into applause and cheers as the flames consumed the young boy. The eerie collective indifference displayed that fateful night remains a haunting memory for all who were present.

Yet, the tragedy's darkest chapter was yet to come. In a furious outburst of rage and betrayal, the circus's ringleader invoked a curse upon our town—a curse that has brought an unending series of misfortunes to our doorstep. Unexplained accidents have multiplied, economic prosperity has waned, and a pall of mysterious illnesses has descended upon our community, casting a gloomy pall over our once-thriving town.

In the aftermath of this grim occurrence, the circus, once a source of jubilation and jubilant merriment, departed from our town, leaving only a legacy of sorrow and dread. The dark curse, as if a baleful specter, has since wrapped its eerie tendrils around the very soul of our town, a presence that refuses to be exorcised from our collective memory.

As we mark the first anniversary of this lamentable incident, we are reminded of the profound and chilling impact it has had on our beloved community. The curse, born of that night of despair, remains a potent and ominous presence in our

lives—a stark reminder of the dire consequences that can arise from heedless decisions, the dangers of callous indifference, and the enduring grip of curses that will not be so easily dispelled.

The history of our town is forever intertwined with this somber narrative, and it serves as a stark lesson in the perils of overconfidence and the chilling legacy of curses that refuse to be forgotten.

