

Odie & Zipper

and the Case of the **Mixed-Up Monsters**

Written and produced by Jim Bumgardner



An Eerie Entertainment production for AMP Multi Media LLC.

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Production credits

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Odie and Zipper are original characters from WDRL / Eerie Entertainment.

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Illustrations developed with AI-assisted image generation, using the supplied original character references.

The historical people, legends and reported creatures appear here as imagined storybook versions. Their adventures and conversations are fictional.



Before we open the book

This adventure mixes real people, old legends, reported creatures, and characters somebody invented. The versions you meet here live inside our storybook. Come along—and see where their stories began!



It was almost time for the evening broadcast at WDRL when a box on the studio table sneezed. “Achoo!” Odie stopped. Zipper stopped. The box did not. It sneezed again. “Do we say bless you,” asked Zipper, “or return to sender?”



Odie lifted the lid. Inside sat an enormous book, three loose scraps of paper, and enough dust to furnish a haunted house. The cover read: STORIES FOR A SPOOKY NIGHT. "Good timing," said Odie. The book opened by itself. "Possibly," said Zipper.



Out popped a vampire. Then a werewolf. Then a patchwork monster who landed sitting down. "Oh," he said. "There's the floor." The vampire brushed dust from his sleeve. The werewolf sneezed into his elbow. "Was that you in the box?" Zipper asked. The werewolf nodded. "Terrible place to keep a nose."



Behind them, the book's pages fluttered wildly. A castle appeared upside down. A ship sailed through a forest. Someone's washing hung over a lake. "That," said Odie, "looks like a problem."



The radio crackled. A small voice whispered, “Every story needs its beginning...” Then came splashing, clanking, bagpipes, and somebody shouting, “Who put a tree on my ship?”



The book shivered. Words slid down the pages like rain. The vampire caught one before it fell. It was his name. "I'd rather keep this," he said. Odie looked at the clock. Their broadcast was getting closer. "We can't read it like this." "And they can't stay like this," said Zipper.



The patchwork monster produced an envelope from the box. EMPTY, someone had written on it. “Accurate,” said Zipper, peeking inside. On the book’s first page, new words appeared: FIND WHERE THE STORIES BEGIN. BRING THE LOOSE PAGES HOME.



An illustrated doorway swung open. Warm lamplight spilled across the table. Odie looked through it. Zipper looked at Odie. “We’re going in, aren’t we?” “Looks that way.” “Fine. But if the furniture starts talking, you answer it.” Together, they stepped into the book.



They landed beneath a line of damp sheets. Zipper lifted one from his face. “Excellent. We’ve traveled all this way to do laundry.” A woman holding a linen cloth smiled. “Abigail Adams,” Odie read from a loose page caught on the line. “The White House.”



Nearby, Dolley Madison stood among roses. Abraham Lincoln waited beside a tall window. “These were real people,” Odie said, studying the page. “But the stories about their ghosts are something people have told.” Zipper glanced at their hosts. “And these are the book’s versions.”



Dolley pointed to the loose page. It described ghost stories about the White House: Abigail and her laundry, Dolley and the roses, Lincoln appearing in familiar rooms. “The people belong to history,” said Odie. “The hauntings belong to the stories told about them.”



The page settled neatly inside their envelope. One corner of the room straightened. The washing line stopped running through a rosebush. “Much better,” said Zipper. Lincoln opened another door. Beyond it stood a king, three queens, and a pirate trying very hard to look royal.



Henry VIII's crown glittered beneath a chandelier. Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, and Jane Seymour stood nearby. Blackbeard stood on the carpet. The carpet was wet. "This is not my ship," he announced. "No," said Zipper. "The curtains are a clue."



Odie found a page beneath the pirate's boot. It named the king and queens as people from England's past, with ghost traditions told about them afterward. Some parts of their lives were sad. Odie read those lines quietly. The room grew quiet, too.



“We’ll take care with this one,” Odie said. Anne lifted the edge of the page so it would not tear. Catherine pointed toward a door at the end of the gallery. Jane offered them a ribbon to tie around the envelope. Henry moved aside. Blackbeard followed. “You’re coming?” asked Zipper. “Until I find the sea.”



Beyond the door rose a magnificent staircase. At its foot waited a woman in brown. Blackbeard looked around.
“Still no sea.”



The Brown Lady held a photograph. Odie compared it with the page beside her. “The story connects you with Dorothy Walpole and Raynham Hall,” he said. “But people disagree about the photograph.” Zipper leaned closer. “I can see a shape. I can’t tell what made it.”



Something knocked three times inside the wall. Blackbeard knocked back. A voice snapped, "That's quite enough." The Bell Witch's story had arrived from Tennessee. It had brought its knocks with it.



In our book, the Bell Witch had a face and a plum-colored dress. On her loose page, the old tale described a mysterious presence, strange voices, and trouble for the Bell family. “The picture is how someone imagined you,” Odie said. The Bell Witch straightened her sleeves. “Someone could have imagined me a chair.”



Before Zipper could offer one, music drifted up through the floor. A piper appeared on the stairs. The Phantom Piper played a tune, then pointed toward a dark passage.



“Edinburgh,” Odie read. “A story about a piper and a tunnel.” “We’ll follow the music,” said Zipper. “At a sensible distance from the tunnel.”



The passage turned into a cellar. A Roman soldier marched past, shield held steady. Odie found his page: a reported ghostly procession at Treasurer's House in York. "People really lived here in Roman times," he said. "That doesn't tell us whether someone saw their ghosts." The soldier pointed down the passage. A salty breeze blew in. Blackbeard took a deep breath. "Finally."



They emerged on a ship beside another ship. One looked seaworthy. The other looked as though the fog had built it. The Flying Dutchman's captain stood on its deck. "Stories say his ship can never reach port," Odie read. Blackbeard climbed aboard his own vessel. "And you have pirate ghost stories attached to a real pirate's life," Odie told him.



Zipper watched the two captains unfold a map. “Please tell me one of you knows where we are.” Both maps were upside down.



A page flapped from the rigging. Zipper caught it before it reached the water. Blackbeard's history and ghost tales occupied one side. The Flying Dutchman's sea legend filled the other.



Then— CLOP. CLOP. CLOP. A horse galloped across the deck. Its rider had no head. He did have a pumpkin. Zipper stared. “Well. That explains why nobody asked him to read the map.” The Headless Horseman lifted the pumpkin and pointed toward a moonlit road appearing between the ships.



Odie read as they followed. "This famous version comes from Washington Irving's story, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." "So he came out of somebody's writing," said Zipper. "Like we've come into this book."



Above them, a figure sprang over a rooftop. Spring-heeled Jack landed on a chimney. Then sprang away again. His page told of frightening reports and tales that spread in Victorian England. Zipper looked from the road to the rooftops. "I'd like the next person we meet to use a door."



The next person used a curtain. Harry Houdini stepped onto a theater stage. Elvis Presley stood beside a microphone, one shoe tapping. “Now this,” said Zipper, “looks like somewhere with seats.”



Odie found a page about two real performers. Elvis's entry included ghost stories told about him. Houdini's described escapes, stage tricks, and his work exposing people who pretended they could deliver messages from the dead. Zipper looked at a locked trunk. "What's in that?" Houdini smiled. "Have a look."



Zipper lifted the lid. A toy frog sprang out. Zipper jumped. Odie jumped because Zipper jumped. Elvis stopped tapping.



Houdini showed them the spring inside the trunk. “Oh,” said Zipper. “I see how it works.” “Still made you jump,” said Odie. “Yes. Thank you for noticing.” They slipped the performers’ page into the envelope. The theater lights dimmed. At the back of the room stood a shadow wearing a hat. Beside it waited a very tall figure with no face.



“The Hat Man,” Odie read, “comes from accounts people give of frightening shadowy figures.” Zipper held up the next page. “Slender Man started as a made-up character shared on the internet.” Their pictures looked equally spooky. Their beginnings were different. Odie tucked the page safely away.



A huge wing brushed the curtain. Two red eyes blinked. Zipper sighed. "We've only just got the lights sorted." Mothman pointed toward an opening in the theater wall. Beyond it stretched a forest under the stars.



“Mothman’s story grew from reported sightings in West Virginia,” Odie read. A page dangled from a branch just beyond the opening. Mothman reached it easily. “Thank you,” said Odie.



In the forest, something big moved between the trees. Zipper held still. A shaggy figure stepped into the moonlight. Bigfoot. He looked down at the muddy ground. They looked down, too. There were enormous footprints. And small footprints. And one long mark where somebody had dragged a tail.



Odie checked the page beneath a stone. "People report seeing Bigfoot and finding tracks," he said. Zipper crouched by one print. "Does a footprint tell us who made it?" "Sometimes. We'd need to look carefully."



A gust of snow blew through the trees. The Yeti emerged from a mountain path that certainly had not been there a moment ago. Bigfoot stared at the snow. The Yeti stared at the mud. Neither looked pleased with the floor.



Odie found the Yeti's page caught in a snowbank. It led them to the Himalayas and mountain stories about a mysterious creature. Zipper tied the envelope shut before the wind could empty it. "Forest tracks. Mountain tracks. We're getting somewhere."



A splash landed on his foot. “Somewhere wet.” The snowbank had become the shore of Loch Ness. Nessie raised a long neck from the water. Across the lake, a white sheet fluttered. Zipper recognized it immediately. “Abigail’s laundry.”



Nessie nudged a floating page toward shore. Zipper collected it. Odie read about sightings and the famous mystery of what might live in the deep Scottish lake. “People haven’t established that Nessie exists,” he said. “But our storybook Nessie has excellent manners.” Nessie splashed him. “Mostly.”



A winged creature swooped between the trees at the water's edge. The Jersey Devil landed with a thump. A second creature scrambled out behind him. The Chupacabra had a page stuck to his back.



Odie carefully lifted it free. The Jersey Devil's tale came from New Jersey's Pine Barrens. The Chupacabra's modern legend began in Puerto Rico, with reports involving farm animals. Different places. Different stories. Zipper looked at the page collection. "Whoever mixed this up really went for it."



A bright streak crossed the illustrated sky. On the hillside stood the Flatwoods Monster. Its page told of a reported encounter after a light crossed the sky in West Virginia. "This one connects with UFO stories," Odie said.



Something rustled at their feet. “Please be a leaf,” whispered Zipper. It was not a leaf. The Loveland Frog blinked up at them, then hopped onto a rock. “Ohio,” Odie read from its page. “Reports of a frog-like figure.” The frog pointed toward the envelope. It was bulging. They had gathered every loose story page.



Odie spread them carefully on a dry patch of ground. The paper doorway back to WDRL appeared. But it would not open.



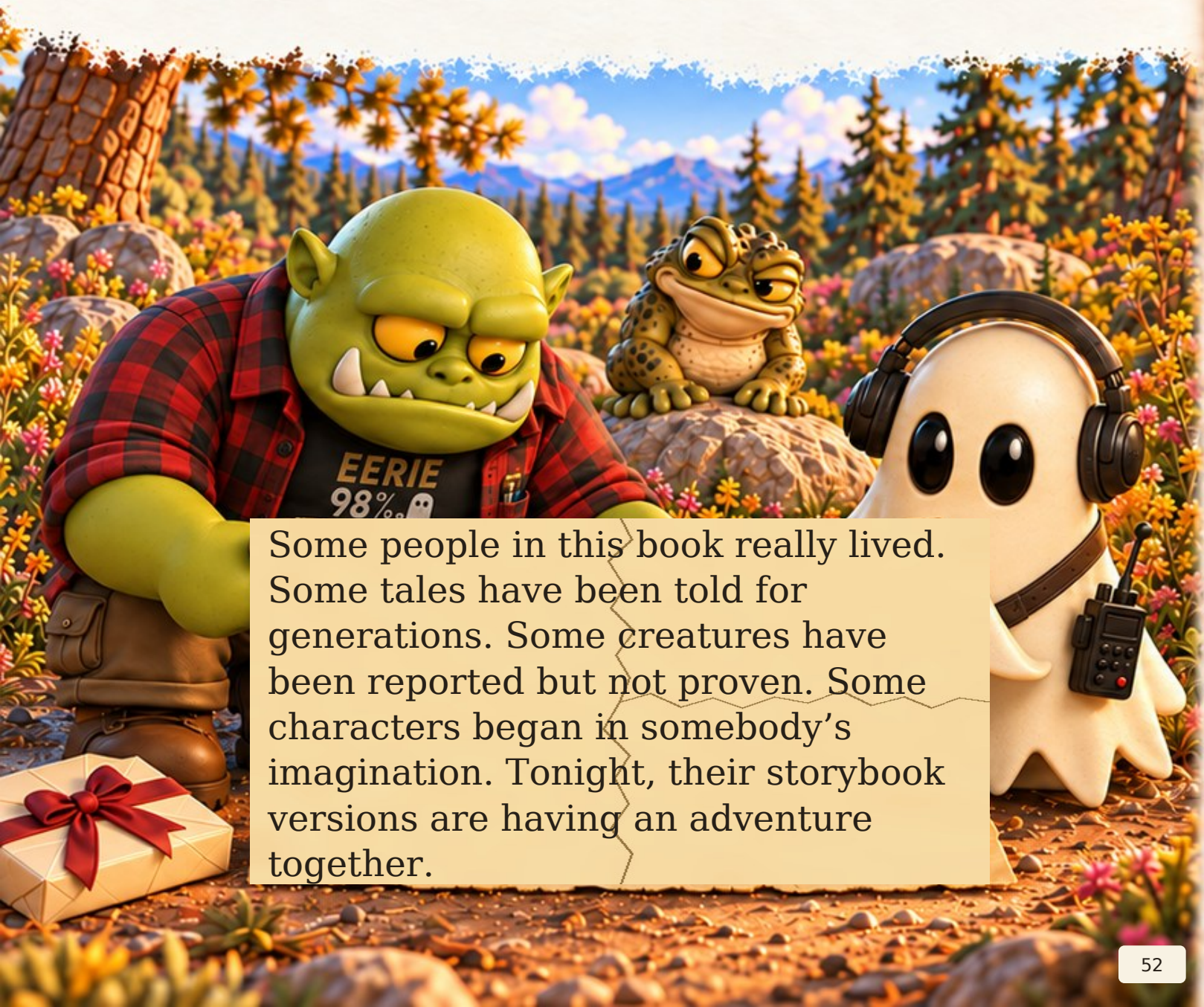
They checked the pages again. Real people. Ghost traditions. A sea legend. A character from a written story. Reported creatures. A modern internet invention. “We found their beginnings,” Odie said. “What have we missed?”



From far away came the werewolf's sneeze. Then the patchwork monster's voice. "Are these important?" Three scraps slid beneath the doorway. The scraps from the box. Odie fitted their torn edges together. They made the missing first page.



It read:



Some people in this book really lived. Some tales have been told for generations. Some creatures have been reported but not proven. Some characters began in somebody's imagination. Tonight, their storybook versions are having an adventure together.

Zipper read the last line twice. "So they can all be in one story." "They just need their own beginnings," said Odie. He placed the repaired page first. The others settled behind it. The doorway opened. On the other side, the studio clock ticked toward airtime.



They hurried through. The vampire caught the book. The werewolf steadied its cover. The patchwork monster lowered the studio fan. “Sorry,” he said. “It was stuffy in the box.” Behind them, the storybook characters helped their pages fall into place. Houdini caught a slipping ribbon. Mothman guided the last sheet down. The Loveland Frog sat on a corner until the paper stopped curling. The book gave one satisfied rustle.



Then its characters gathered across a great illustrated spread: palaces, woods, mountains, lake, stage, and sea.

Odie opened the microphone. “Good evening from WDRL. We’ve got a story for you.” Zipper pulled up a chair. “Several, actually. And one very busy book.” They told listeners where the stories began, what people had reported, and which parts remained a mystery. They remembered the wet carpet. The upside-down maps. The spring in Houdini’s trunk.



At that part, Zipper cleared his throat. “It was a very convincing frog.” Odie turned the final page. It was blank. Except for a small muddy footprint.



Odie stared. Zipper looked under the table. The vampire checked his shoes. The werewolf checked his paws. The patchwork monster quietly moved his feet off the carpet. From the radio came a tiny sound. “Ribbit.” Zipper leaned toward the microphone. “If anybody has misplaced a frog...” A second footprint appeared. “...you may want to call us.”



Odie reached for a pencil. They had a new story to write.
And this time, they knew exactly where to begin.
THE END.



Meet the cast

History and ghost traditions



Abraham Lincoln

U.S. president; later White House ghost stories.



Anne Boleyn

Tudor queen; later English ghost traditions.



Catherine Howard

Tudor queen; Hampton Court ghost tradition.



Jane Seymour

Tudor queen; Hampton Court ghost tradition.



Abigail Adams

First Lady; White House laundry ghost tradition.



Dolley Madison

First Lady; White House garden ghost tradition.



Brown Lady / Dorothy Walpole

Raynham Hall legend associated with Dorothy Walpole.



Bell Witch

Tennessee legend connected with the Bell family.



Phantom Piper

Scottish tales of a piper heard in hidden passages.



Roman Soldier

A storybook soldier from York's reported procession.

Meet the cast

Tales, performers and modern legends



Blackbeard

Historical pirate, also remembered in later legends.



Harry Houdini

Historical escape artist who investigated false spirit claims.



Elvis Presley

Historical singer; this book's stage scene is imagined.



Henry VIII

Historical English king; our palace gathering is imagined.



Headless Horseman

Fictional rider in Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow tale.



Flying Dutchman's Captain

A captain from the legendary ghost-ship story.



Mothman

Reported creature and modern Point Pleasant, West Virginia, legend.



Slender Man

Modern internet fiction, first created in 2009.



Hat Man

A shadow figure in reported experiences and modern folklore.



Spring-heeled Jack

Victorian English legend of a mysterious leaping figure.

Meet the cast

Creatures and our monster friends



Bigfoot

North American reported creature; existence unproven.



Yeti

Himalayan creature in traditions and reports; unproven.



Nessie

Loch Ness, Scotland's reported lake creature; unproven.



Jersey Devil

A creature of New Jersey's Pine Barrens folklore.



Chupacabra

Modern reported creature associated with Puerto Rico; unproven.



Flatwoods Monster

West Virginia's reported 1952 encounter and UFO folklore.



Loveland Frog

Ohio's local frogman legend; an unproven creature.



Vampire

Our fictional silver-haired studio friend.



Werewolf

Our fictional studio friend in blue overalls.



Patchwork Monster

Our fictional studio friend with blue patches.

For the grown-ups reading along

This adventure brings together storybook interpretations of people, legends, reported creatures and fictional characters. Its meetings, conversations and mixed-up pages are imagined.

A person's documented life and a later ghost story are different kinds of information. A reported sighting tells us what somebody described; it does not by itself establish what caused the experience.

Folklore changes as people retell it. A historical person can inspire a legend, and an invented character can become part of modern folklore. These categories sometimes overlap.

Invite readers to ask where a story began, who told it and what evidence would help us understand it. We can enjoy a mystery while staying curious.

What did we learn—and what do we still wonder?



Sources and closing credits

These resources document history, storytelling and reported experiences. A source recording a legend is not proof of a haunting or a creature.

White House Historical Association — White House Ghost Stories

Historic Royal Palaces — Tudor history and Hampton Court hauntings

Country Life — The Brown Lady photograph retrospective

Tennessee State Library and Archives — Tennessee Myths and Legends: Bell Witch

David Buchan, Scottish Studies — The Legend of the Lughnasa Musician

National Trust — Ghosts of Treasurer's House

Smithsonian National Museum of American History — Edward Teach: The Pirate Blackbeard

Library of Congress — Harry Houdini, Ghostbuster

Graceland — Elvis Presley biography

Library of Congress — Trending: A Hallowed Legend

Delaware Art Museum — The Flying Dutchman, Howard Pyle

USC Digital Folklore Archives — Mothman (Urban legend)

Jeffrey A. Tolbert, Semiotic Review (2013) — The Case of Slender Man

USC Digital Folklore Archives — Sleep Paralysis and The Hat Man

British Library — Spring heeled Jack: Add MS 53023 M

Arizona State Museum — Tracking the Legend of Bigfoot

M. Albedil, Kunstkamera (2025) — Himalayan Yeti: Real Creature or Folklore Character?

VisitScotland — The Loch Ness Monster: Is Nessie Real?

New Jersey Pinelands Commission — Jersey Devil

California State University, East Bay — Leyendas Monstruosas exhibition catalogue

Town of Flatwoods — History

City of Loveland, Ohio — City Mascot

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One very busy book.

It was almost time for the evening broadcast when the box on the studio table sneezed.

Inside was one very busy book. Soon Odie and Zipper were following mixed-up pages through palaces, woods, mountains, a lake, a stage and the sea.

Can they put the stories back where they belong before airtime?

A playful adventure with historical people, old legends, reported creatures and imagined friends.



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