

THE HESSIAN HIKE: A JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN

Once a week during the summer, under the shroud of night, the bravest scouts at Camp Sequasson gather for a rite of passage: The Hessian Hike. It's more than just a walk through the woods. It's a step into history, mystery, and the whispering shadows of the past.

Deep in the forest surrounding West Hill Lake, legend speaks of a long-forgotten German encampment. In the 18th century, Hessian soldiers under General Burgoyne's command made this land their temporary home. But something went wrong. Horribly wrong. One by one, soldiers began to die—not by musket or blade, but by forces unknown. No wounds. No illness. Just silence. And death.

To this day, the woods remember.

Campers say the forest changes on the night of the hike. The darkness feels thicker. The trees seem to lean in closer. Strange noises carry on the wind—some say it's the shuffle of boots, or whispers in German, or even the soft beat of a military drum.

There are rules. Warnings. Omens.

If you hear or see an owl, you must turn back.

If the stream runs dry, you cannot continue.

These are not just superstitions—they are boundaries. Cross them, and you might find more than you were looking for.

Those who complete the hike return changed. Wiser. Quieter. They carry a story only a few will ever truly understand. And those who don't... well, some say they were lucky.

