

SkinWalker (Transcript)

(Intro sound: radio scratch interrupted by banging and cursing sounds.)

Intro/Edmonia: Ah, sorry about leaving the previous puzzle in the sewer. There just aren't many places that time leaves available to us. No! No! Lenore don't run into that"

"caw caw caw sounds"

oh....that was the third laptop this week!

"Soft caw"

Really what has gotten into you. (Glass being picked up) And this is why we can't have nice things. For those that don't know, my name is Edmonia Rivers and I am a junior researcher here at (ghost noise and crunching branches) 606AM ZBTR. I am completing my thesis on cryptids and their impact on world cultures, using the network to inform our academics. The Station is located in the Bermuda Triangle where of course nothing can be found and existence is pain.

"Static"

Edmonia: Ramen again this week then.

"Caw caw"

you lost your good seed privileges missy. If you are a new guest to the Academic Anonymous broadcast, welcome. If we cut out during the podcast I apologize Lenore hasn't gotten her flying time and is being mischievous lately...and will not stop destroying technology

"Monster noise"

Edmonia: Lenore, stop no pooping on the board! "Sad Squawk"
Ahem, the Society's official name is Academics Anonymous, or AAS

for short. Not to be confused with Alcoholics Anonymous,
haha...ha. "Caw"

Edmonia: Ahem. Okay, fortunately today we do have an interview
scheduled but today's interview is from our field agent Lucy.

Creepy music

Edmonia: Lucy, Lucy are you there?

Lucy: Yes! Hello, emergency services???

Edmonia: Um, no Lucy, it's Edmonia. Are you alright?

Lucy: Oh my cheese and crackers Edmonia! They have sent me on a
doozie pickle! I have kept a fire going every night and been
scrubbing my doors with white ash.

Slow Banging on doors and windows

Lucy: O sweet Jesus its getting closer!

Edmonia: What is it Lucy??

Lucy: I can't say what it is, it'll bring it closer, faster.

Edmonia: Start from the beginning Lucy! And while you are on the
line I'll see if one of the senior squad can come help you.

Lucy: I don't know the last junior agent they sent it ate him.
Before they got there.

Edmonia: Start from the beginning. Tell me what's going on.

Rumble intensifies

Lucy: For the past 6 months I have been traveling through
Eastern Utah and other arid regions of North America. Throughout
my travels I have been collecting information on certain
stories, I hesitate to say folklore and hogswatch because many

here sincerely believe in these legends. I myself am quickly becoming one of them.

Banging and barking begins to get loud

Lucy: Ok I am one of them! Happy?!

Banging lessens a little bit but the barking continues

Lucy: Quite a few people may already know about

hushed tone: skin walkers, and Skinwalker ranch. But for those that don't, Skinwalker ranch, aptly given the name in the 1990s, is in Eastern Utah. Within this state are 5 tribes; the Ute [yoot], Dine' [di nay] also called Navajo, Paiute [pai oot], Goshute [go shoot], and Shoshone [sho sho nay]. Each of these tribes also have their own legends involving the Skinwalker. Actually, Skinwalker is the english translation, and I can't give you the native translations because it will attract them. It roughly means "it goes on all fours".

While there are multiple tellings of how one becomes a skinwalker, from what I, an outsider, can understand, is that many agree that they are created by a medicine man or woman performing a deep taboo. Such as killing a close family member...*Whistling noises*

Oh gosh, I hope I have enough ash tonight. Ash is one of the few, if any, ways to protect yourself against these creatures. White ash from a fire. Anyways, I am here in 1995 to observe the Skinwalker farm. Which is owned by the Sherman family until they eventually sell it in October of 1996. The Sherman family, Terry and Gwen Sherman along with their two children, say that they experienced mysterious crop circles, UFOs, and the systematic and repeated mutilation of their cattle—in an oddly surgical and bloodless manner..

The Society wanted a deeper investigation into the ranch and everything was fine until last week when I was listening to the tapes of one of the family members in my cabin. I was whistling and going about my night. The fire in my cabin was roaring as it is late December.

My partner Antonio, a lovely black pit bull, began growling at the door and kept pushing me into one of the corners of the cabin. I have never seen him growl before, even when we were speaking with vampires. He has always been a professional business dog. But that Monday night he was growling so loudly I could feel it through the floor. A faint whistling sound that I hadn't been paying quite enough attention to began to get louder and louder just outside the kitchen window. As it grew louder it sounded just like the way I whistled. As if the creature were imitating me. Holy Hail Mary I was terrified. Never have I thrown ash as quickly as I did that night! The whistling went on for hours and Antonio was just at my feet growling and refusing to move.

The next day I found scratch marks all over the outside of my front door and along the windows. The whistling seems to go away as the sun rises but I still felt as if someone or something was watching me. I just chalked it up to a prank by one of the locals. I am a cryptozoologist after all, and while I do get scared I try to be one of the skeptics. I checked the local area for animal tracks and scat to make sure it wasn't some strange animal. But I did not find much. Actually, I found no scat around my cabin and the wildlife seemed unusually quiet.

Antonio, for the rest of the week, seemed to agree that we were feeling watched. His fur always had a few hairs sticking up and the usual smile was almost a tight frown as he whipped his head back and forth, clearly just as anxious as I have been.

Today, again a Monday night, the creature seemed to return right after I whistled and it repeated the sound and grew louder and louder. But this time it not only whistled but began calling my name in my mother's voice.

Spooky skinwalker voice: "Lucy, Lucy coooooome out and join me for DINNER. I'm making something special just for you."

Lucy normally: it called. I must have forgotten to put ash on the window, as while I was sitting in fascination at my name being called, a long furred hand slowly emerged out of the dark.

Antonio jumped in between me and the hand and I bolted for the fireplace and have been throwing white ash all over the cabin. The creature hissed, and it has been banging at the windows since. Looking perhaps for an area where I haven't thrown the white ash.

The front door opens with a loud bang, a dog whine, a coyote howl, and a crash of a chair, and the call cuts off

Edmonia: Lucy?! Lucy?! Are you there?

Trumpet noise

Edmonia: Hang on Lucy the senior squad will get there in a minute!

beat of tense quiet

Um quick news updates while we wait:

- Please remember to wear protective charms in the Midwest.
- Teeth given to the tooth fairy are actually invitations to let the fey into your home. Please consult with a lawyer before doing this.
- Do not follow any whistles into the night.

Oh, hold on Lucy, help is coming!

Edmonia Rivers: (*rushed, shaking*) Thanks for tuning in. Find our next frequency in your National Forest museum, for our older listeners in their backyard, the present day listeners at a national forest.

knocking on door

Dorothea: I'm going into the field for back up. They found Antonio but Lucy is missing.

static sounds