

# Farts and Magic

\*Intro Plays\*

**Edmonia Rivers:** Ah there you go it seems you have found the right frequency. Congrats on decoding the riddle we hid in the bowling alley/arcade!

\*exclamation: argh!\*

I spilled my coffee next to the record player again... ugh Dorothea is going to hate that. \*electric crackle\* Ok, that's alright, hopefully that buffs out...Umm my name is Edmonia Rivers and I am a junior researcher here at ZBTR 606AM. 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 a pain.

\*Crash\*

**Edmonia:** That wasn't anything important...I hope... If you are a new guest to the Academics Anonymous broadcast, welcome.

\*Cawing\*

**Edmonia:** Lenore, this is important, I need to do this right for the board! I will feed you later.\*Sad Squawk\* The Society's official name is Academics Anonymous or AAS, for short. Neither sounds great I know, but academics (Shrug) what are you going to do? Either way, keep it hush hush for the need to know. Ya know?

**Edmonia:** So, okay. What was next? Oh, yes we have a live interview today. Right. Okay. Let me find my notes... No, those are my lecture notes.. Where are.. here they are! Okay, today we're speaking with The Professor and they are calling in from Iceland, circa 1655.

\*static, buttons, phone\*

\*Instant Messenger notification\*

**The Professor:** Hello? Why can't I call what is wrong with this thing??

**Edmonia:** Ah it seems we have some technical difficulties as the professor is one of our anti-technology staffers...

**The Professor:** Forget it, I'll just stick to the Instant Messenger Pigeon.

**Edmonia:** Yes, hi, this is Edmonia Rivers calling from the year 2021 from station ZBTR 606AM. We have heard you have new research notes to share that may be relevant to the field of cryptids?

\*Instant Messenger notification\*

**The Professor:** It is 2am in 1655 do you know some people get burned for waking others up this time? And I can't hear you! This thing is just reading everything out!!

**Edmonia:** So sorry agent, but the trans-time audio-terminal must have been set wrong.

\*Instant Messenger notification\*

**The Professor:** Useless piece of garbage I hate you people bothering me. What do you want?

**Edmonia:** Your ehem notes, of the new cryptid you found?

**The Professor:** It's not a cryptid, it's magic men. But I can tell you the story-

**Edmonia:** Not a cryptid? But agent-

\*Chair crashing sound\*

**The Professor:** So it all started--

**Edmonia:** Deep Sigh

**The Professor:** Right. So as I was saying, it all started/starts with Jón Jónsson.. The son of Jón Jónsson. The son asked the pastor Jón Magnússon if he could marry the step daughter, Rannveig.

**Edmonia:** Aw how sweet!

**The Professor:** You would think. But the pastor refused to allow the marriage.

**Edmonia:** Why is that?

**The Professor:** Who knows?

**Edmonia:** Um... aren't you supposed to...?

**The Professor:** I am here for the truth not mindless gossip! Anyways he's always had issues, especially after the pirate attack in the 1620s.

**Edmonia:** Pirate attack?

**The Professor:** That's another story. But anyways! The marriage did not go through and this last Autumn he has been seeing some spooky stuff.

**Edmonia:** Spooky how? Like a new cryptid?

**The Professor:** No, it's just crazy nonsense all in his head. Writers are crazy.

**Edmonia:** Wait, he's a writer and a pastor?

**The Professor:** Yes! Stop distracting me from the story. So, he's been seeing stuff and yelling in his home. It was pretty bad. Now he's getting it in his mind that the Jón Jónssons are the ones doing this to him.

**Edmonia:** How could they--

**The Professor:** I'm getting there, I'm getting there. So, he asks the authorities to come investigate the Jónssons'. But the authorities refuse to do it...at first. But a few months later they are going into the Jonssons' home and arresting the father and son.

**Edmonia:** Oh, how awful.

**The Professor:** It is/was. They have been torturing the two men day in and day out. I think they are going to crack soon... and when well it's not pretty.

**Edmonia:** What happens to the men in the future?

**The Professor:** In a few weeks there will be a trial where they will be found guilty of fart magic. If you can believe such a thing.

**Edmonia:** Fart magic?

**The Professor:** In Iceland most of the witch trials the men were found guilty. The curses usually center around runes that forced the victim to...quite frankly shit themselves to death.

**Edmonia:** Is that so?

**The Professor:** Yup.

**Edmonia:** Well were the Jónssons' atleast buried?

**The Professor:** For a while. But Jón Magnússon still was seeing crazy shit. So they unburied the corpses and burned them.

**Edmonia:** OOOOOOOOOOokay well thank you so much for your notes on the story.

**The Professor:** Yup. Don't call again. [\\*Click\\*](#)

**Edmonia:** Well, okay then. Fart Runes. Who knew?

[\\*Ding\\*](#)

**[BEFORE THANKSGIVING - AIRS NOVEMBER 21st]**

**Edmonia:** Ah, that sound means we're at the end of our show! Time for some quick announcements and news updates:

- Be careful when exploring swamps without boots or good jeans, swamp itch can occur, it's a real thing folks.
- Never be afraid of rejection, unless you wish to be a hermit then by all means.
- There have also been reports of a surprisingly high number of mummies escaping their crypts and sarcophagi, so please be sure to keep your white cats with you at all times.

**Edmonia:** Thanks for tuning in. Find our next frequency in your local apothecary for our older listeners in the medical hut, the present day listeners at a local pharmacy.

\*knocking on door\*

**Edmonia:** Ah, and there's my thesis advisor, that's my cue to go!

**Dorothea:** Do you have your draft yet Miss Rivers?

\*Outro Plays\*