

Craig's List

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

Intro/Edmonia: "[Static: Hello can you hear me? Helloooo](#)" Ah, hopefully the secret escape puzzle wasn't too difficult for ya. [OOOf](#)" "[crashing sounds](#)" oh... that was the lamp from my grandmother before she passed away. It's fine. ([Glass being picked up](#)) Ok that's alright, hopefully that can be glued together... 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.

["Glass crashing"](#)

Edmonia: And now my abuelita is going to haunt me forever. Fantastic. If you are a new guest to the Academic Anonymous broadcast, welcome.

["Monster noise"](#)

Edmonia: Lenore, stop eating the glass! "[Sad Squawk](#)" Ahem, the Society's official name is Academics Anonymous, or AAS for short. Not to be confused with Alcoholics Anonymous, haha...ha.

["Crickets"](#)

Edmonia: Ahem. Okay, unfortunately today we do not have an interview scheduled but instead we have notes from a field agent, Carl because it's always Carl who would like advice on his current situation. *static, buttons, phone*

Edmonia: So I'm reading from the code he sent over as he did not want the head of council to figure out who he was as it could

potentially get him into a bit of trouble. As this is being sent to us from our emergency line.

Creepy music

Edmonia: Unlike our other stories and observations of field agents discovering cryptids...it seems this cryptid discovered Carl.

So we have some texts here

"Hey Edmonia, please don't read this live to the station I may be in deep trouble..."

Obviously we are going to ignore that as it's Carl and he is always in trouble" It continues-

"I have recently received my certification to do field work within the world. My time specialty is that of the modern era, I was unsure what to begin my research on as the older legends held no interest for me after my exhaustive thesis and testing. Just when I was about to have a mental breakdown on my indecisiveness I discovered an ad on Craigslist in Point Pleasant, West Virginia. The ad seemed innocuous enough, "if you would like to learn more about insect cryptids please respond, bring chocolate."

I thought that this was someone reaching out for supplies for field research. As I know that in our line of work we a) hate to divulge too much information as that could be damaging to the society and b) Bigfoot has an obsession with honey and fish. So, I went to the local dollar store and after a few glances from the cashiers, honestly two carts full of chocolate candy is not that bad, I don't understand why I was getting so many weird looks from parents and cashiers in the store. Especially when I was throwing the candy in my white van. It is a perfect vehicle for the woods and carries a lot of equipment to catch cryptids! People these days are so judgemental. Anyways! I was excited as I was preparing to help a researcher out in the field and should their efforts be of high quality, possibly bring a new fellow into Academics Anonymous.

Looking back as I type this in the bathroom of the person who I thought was a researcher, there were a few warning signs that all was not what it seemed. Who even uses Craigslist anymore? Why were there pictures attached to the ad?

What were the pictures you ask? Well they were of the male anatomy...I should have been able to put two and two together. But alas my finer society days are behind me.

So I answered the ad in question, bringing the large chocolates the advertiser had listed to their home address, another warning now that I think about it... The apartment complex was nondescript, but clean. Something that can be found on any side highway or in the middle of town. As I walked up the stairs to the landing, the curtains in the windows quickly swooshed back into place.

The door opened and I was grabbed and whisked inside quickly but not unkindly. A few boxes of chocolates dropped a bit behind me and I came to find myself face to face not with a tall skinny man with glasses but what can be only described as a moth-like man. His cryptid name is of course mothman. One of the cryptids I had been fascinated with when I first was inducted into Academics Anonymous.

He says he read my thesis as he is always reaching out to AAS for the latest gossip within the Cryptid world and wants to be called Charles...and he cooks a wonderful lasagna. I am hiding in the bathroom now and am wondering if there are any guidelines on cryptid relations please let me know quickly.

Edmonia: Ah Carl you dog! Well as far as I know as long as both parties are sentient consensual beings it should be fine.

Ding

Edmonia: Ah, that sounds means we're at the end of our show! Time for some quick announcements and news updates:
-Please remember to clean your horseshoes above your bed and keep them tightly fastened.

-Reanimated Pennies have been biting holes into people's pockets. Please keep pennies in a jar or bag to avoid your clothes getting holes.

Edmonia Rivers: Thanks for tuning in. Find our next frequency in your local bowling alley, for our older listeners in a field, the present day listeners at an arcade.

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?

"static sounds"