



## **Transmission Folklore**

### **Episode 01.1: Texas-- Check Engine Transcript**

ANNOUNCER

Hey there! My name is Orion and I am the editor and producer of Transmission Folklore. Charlie, our original actor for Carter, has undergone a very sudden move and is no longer able to record. We-- Uh, I will be taking over his role of Carter and he will still be doing fun behind the scenes stuff for the podcast. We will be keeping his episodes up, but marking them all as archived. In the meantime, we will also be posting the re-recorded first and second episodes as well as the new third and fourth episodes all within the first weeks of June 2020. Thank you all for your patience as we undergo this change, and we hope you all stick with us. You all have been wonderful. Thank you and speak soon!

This episode of Transmission Folklore has the following content warnings: mentions and descriptions of drowning and murder, and loud car horn noises. Please do what you need to to take care of yourself.

[car passing sounds in the background of the entire episode]

CARTER

Are you mad at me? I'm going to take the silence to mean you're mad at me. Look, just...Can I explain myself? Oh god, you're not talking. Okay, look, I guess, I'm going to have to. This is not a kidnapping. I mean, it's not... I didn't kidnap you. I mean, that's totally what this looks like right? God, that's totally what this looks like-- I'm so sorry. But I didn't kidnap you, because that's illegal and totally bad and um... God, this is gonna sound wild. You're like barely going to believe me, it's gonna sound so wild. But just, try to believe me?

["Pilot" by Lately Kind of Yeah fades in-- strangely nostalgic folk music, as though you are driving down a highway lined with tall green trees.]

ANNOUNCER

The Lavender Lemonade Collective presents Transmission Folklore.

[music fades out]

CARTER

I mean, I know it's a lot and I know it's so hard when someone says "try to believe me" but you barely know them.



I mean, heck my mom-- one of my moms-- Adelyn, she used to do that all time. Like she'd say something so goddamn wild; like, it would be totally out there and I'd trust her, because she was my mom, but in the back of my mind I was like, "whoa, this is so wild." I'm sure that's what you're thinking now. I mean, but worse. Because... You don't know me. I know my mom.

My name is Carter. I don't know if I ever told you that. Carter Corrin, but um most people just call me Carter. My other mama, Bianca and my sister, Clare and my mom call me "Cartwheel" sometimes. If that makes you more comfortable then Cartwheel is fine. Gosh, I just... what else, uhh-- Oh! I'm an anthropology major with a focus in folklore. Does that tell you anything about me? I don't really know what you majored in, but all the people in the College of Liberal Arts and Social Sciences know what an Anthro major means. I, uh, specifically focus on how a story can travel across the world like that's my main focus but I also just really like folklore. I mean, that's just fun stuff to know to know what a story is and how people shaped it. I mean, it's...Oh.

You do not care. I can see it. I mean your face is making this... This face. Oh god, god, god... Holy shit!

[car honking fading in and out very suddenly]

I promise I'm a good driver. I mean, I'm very good with cars. This is the-- uh-- same car that was my first car and I bought it myself: a 2006 PT Cruiser. This is the original chrome on the side, except for the uh... the driver's door.

I got in a crash once-- the only one I've ever been in and the door broke off. I'm okay though and uh, I was like sixteen and so like does it matter? No. It really doesn't. And I've had this car since I was sixteen and I'm twenty-two now like, I'm pretty good at taking care of cars. Not terrible at it at least. I'm decent. Like very decent. Good even. My mama, she used to be a mechanic and she taught me a lot, before she moved to New Orleans. Like a ton. And she taught me even more when I started going to college way closer to her than Adelyn and she like really wanted me to be good. To be like really be good. She's a cool mom. Like not like "If you're gonna drink do inside" cool but like "If you want to talk to me about your thoughts and feelings and fears I'll do my best to understand" cool. And she does, she does her best. I guess, like, that's good.

["Raise your hand if you think evil is increasing in the world" by Chris Zabriskie fades into the background-- soft ominous background music]

I'm just really nervous right now and not totally sure what to make of everything. Like I saw you. I mean, over by the bayou. That was so...



Why do you look like that? I guess, you might not remember? You seemed like you were in this trance, your eyes were so glazy for a long time, till we got a couple miles away. Whatever, like I said, I need to explain this. Nothing is going to make sense if I don't explain it.

About eight hours ago, you were standing on the edge of the bayou. The one by our dorm. You were talking to the most beautiful person who was inside the bayou. They had this like, ethereal quality. This water around them was dirty and mucky, the way it always is in Houston. The bayou still smelled like a bayou, all mold and gunk and must. This person though, he didn't look wet like you might imagine a person standing in a bayou would and they weren't covered in gunk and I think you guys were debating? Or maybe like... I don't know you looked really into them but also you were talking a lot, like you were trying to figure out if you were going to jump in or jump them or... I don't know. I wasn't close enough to hear but the person looked at you and motioned to come closer. They waved a hand and swam a little further in and I saw it. I saw that they had this slick tail. It didn't look wet either it looked smooth. It looked like a fish tail but also beautiful. It was long, longer than legs would be, and it shone so bright, scales that were blue and purple and just so beautiful I wanted to cry! And I thought that there was no way I was seeing what I was seeing, I must be imagining it but like, I wasn't. I don't have that vivid an imagination; all the stories in my mind I've read from somewhere else-- but back to the person-- the fish?-- in the bayou.

He motioned into the gunky dark brown water. And I was already confused because we're not supposed to get in the bayou! The notice says that there's fish or bacteria or something and we can't swim in it. I don't know why the person in the water had a tail. I watched you walk towards the water though. I saw you, going in. And then they took their small hand-- it was so tiny, like fragile looking, and he pushed you under the water. It--it happened so fast.

They took you by your green ponytail and he pushed you down into the water. I thought you were going to die and so I ran over there and I grabbed you by the hand. The person tried to talk to me but you know when you're, like, on the edge of anxiety and like you can't hear anything but static? That's where I was. I couldn't hear him, which is probably good.

This is the wild part, okay? I think he was a siren. Not like an ambulance "weewoo" siren. Like a mythic bitch siren. Like drown you in the water with his voice, siren. Like literally tried to kill you, siren.

I don't know this because I'm all powerful or whatever. I just think that's the only explanation. I mean, how else would there be someone trying to kill you by way of



bayou? Someone with a goddamn tail? Just-- [sighs] I'm really scared for you. I mean, I didn't know where to go.

I panicked. I just, threw my stuff in the car and I threw you in the car. I mean, you're not that heavy. You're really small, like 5'2"? Um, but yeah. So now we're here.

And here is... Still in Texas, definitely. I just... I got on I10 and kept driving. We're not in Winnie yet but we're close, I think. I saw a sign like ten miles ago. Just I know stories and no one else was around to help you. I didn't want this to be the story you died in.

I mean, I don't know you. But I know your name is Sorrel! Because I saw it on your door in the dorm! You're like my elevator buddy at the dorm and also that fish definitely saw me, so they know I saw them.

I don't want to die, do you?

[a pause]

You look unphased. Why are you so unphased? Did you know?

SORREL

Your check engine light is on.

[car passing sounds fade out]

["Pilot" by Lately Kind of Yeah fades in-- strangely nostalgic folk music, as though you are driving down a highway lined with tall green trees.]

ANNOUNCER

This episode of Transmission Folklore was written by Mik Koats. Carter is voiced by Orion Ibert. Sorrel is voiced by Mik Koats. This episode was edited by Orion Ibert.

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Make sure you check out our new website at [transmissionfolklore.com](https://transmissionfolklore.com)!

This episode's cryptid is the simple banshee; someone has to tell you when you're going to die.

[music fades out]