

Who When Wow, Season 2, Episode 13

The Man in the Fog

Carly. Hello, and welcome back to your favorite podcast! You know, the one that doesn't really exist. Today's episode is so cool, you're going to need a coat. Literally. We've got snowy mountains and we will be face to face with eerie monsters. Get ready. I'm Carly Q and this is Who, When, Wow! The Mystery Edition!

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite of voices in the office, printers whirring, phones ringing.)

Carly in the background. Good morning, Teresa!

Carly. As you know, I work at BUTTHED as a Junior Temporal Analyst during business hours.

Carly in the background. Wow! Where'd you get that sweater, Chuck?

Chuck. J-Mart, I think?

Carly. But I spend my lunch breaks doing my real work.

Carly in the background. J-Mart! I did not know that was a thing! Good to know!

Carly. Investigating history's mysteries to bring my findings to you, through this extremely important and highly top secret podcast.

Carly in the background. Oh nooooo.

Lewis. Oh Hiiiiii there, Carly Q! You know what today is, don't you?

Carly. It wasn't until this exact moment, when I saw Lewis cleaning his cubicle - that I remembered today... is Corporate Cleaning Day!

Carly in the background. (fake laughing). OF COURSE I know!

Carly. I ran down the stairs to the basement before Lewis could ask me any more questions.

(Soundbite of footsteps running down basement stairs.)

Carly. I don't dislike cleaning. In fact, spraying canned air on my keyboard is one of my all-time favorite things to do.

(Sounbite of canned air spraying keyboard.)

Carly. Yes! That's so satisfying! Maybe one more time. But, Corporate Cleaning Day at BUTTHED requires me to go into

(Soundbite of mysterious music)

Carly. The supply closet!

Carly in the background. NOPE!

Carly. The supply closet is a very scary place. I mean, I've never actually opened the door, but just listen to those sounds. (Soudbite of spooky scraping and squishing.) Oh I think not. Absolutely not. No thank you. YES, I know I'm a paranormal investigator, but I DO NOT like sounds like that and I do not like cramped spaces. And what's more cramped than a closet? They freak me out!

(Soundbite of thumb drive comes down the vacuum tube.)

Carly in the background. Saved by the thumb drive!

Carly. It was time to get to work. Cleaning day would have to wait.

Audio File. Event: (BLEEP) Scotland, 1891 (BLEEEP) Ben Macdui mountain (BLEEEEEEP) Fog

Carly in the background. Howdy, you beautiful time-sealed file!

Carly. You know what that means, international podcast listeners who are not listening to this podcast! That's right! It was time to use BUTTHED's secret time traveling elevator to go back in time and investigate what's being hidden from that file. But I had to wait until lunchtime.

(Soundbite of drawer opens.)

H-dad. Powering up!

Carly. I pulled H-dad from my drawer and entered my clues: Scotland in 1891, the Ben Macdui mountain, and fog.

Carly in the background. I love fog, it's like fluffy rain! It's like Cotton candy rain, if you will.

(Soundbite of clicking of computer mouse and keyboard keys.)

H-dad. Analyzing. Analyzing. Analyzing.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. Oh Hey, Nibbs! We've got another adventure today.

H-dad. Ben Macdui or Beinn MacDuibh in Scottish Gaelic translates to MacDuff's mountain.

Carly in the background. Who's MacDuff?

Lewis. MacDuff is a character from the play MacBeth by Shakespeare.

Carly. Lewis?

Lewis. I'm kind of disappointed that you don't know that, Carly Q.

Carly. (startled) What are you doing down here? Don't you have some cleaning to do?

Lewis. (clears throat, then horrible British accent) Tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee.

Carly. What are you doing?

Lewis. (takes the drama up a few notches) CONFUSION NOW HATH MADE HIS MASTERPIECE!

Carly. Lewis What? Lewis, what are you doing?

Lewis. It's Shakespeare..It still looks a little dingy down here. When are you going to start cleaning?

Carly. I, look I don't have any cleaning products.

(Soundbite of Lewis' footsteps.)

Lewis. HAHAAHA Don't be silly. Your cleaning stuff is in this supply closet.

Carly. Don't open that door!

Lewis. Why not?

Carly. There's something in there.

Lewis. Yes. Cleaning products. Perhaps you've heard of them?

Carly. No, no, no..No. There is something scary in there, in the closet. And it is also a tight space, and I am not a fan of tight spaces okay? I know that I usually run in the direction of the unknown, but in this case, I would prefer to sit one out.

Lewis. You're being dramatic, Carly. You have to get your cleaning done.

Carly. I am cleaning, look at me, I'm cleaning. I'm using my canned air to clean. Look at me, I am cleaning.

(Soundbite of canned air spraying.)

Lewis. Even if you had ten cans, it wouldn't be enough.

H-dad. Analyzing complete!

Lewis. Woah! Volume down, please!

H-dad. Sorry (quieter) Analyzing complete!

Carly. H-dad was the only thing that stopped Lewis from opening that door.

H-dad. Scotland, 1891. The Ben Macdui mountain. Fog. It is with 95.342% accuracy that the time-sealed events are The Big Grey Man sightings.

Carly. A Big Grey Man? Ooh, this is gonna be a goooood one! I've got to go, Lewis.

Lewis. A Big Grey Man? Yeah, I may need to come with you on this one. Much as I hate to miss Cleaning Day, this seems more important. Plus, gray is my favorite color. I look fabulous in shadowy tones!

Carly. Lewis no, you are not gonna like this one. From what I saw online, the Ben Macdui mountain is very cold.

Lewis. It's called a parka. I have three of them. I'm coming.

(Soundbite of Carly stomping her foot.)

Carly. No, Lewis. I'm putting my foot down. I don't need you to babysit me!

Lewis. It's called acting

Carly. No, it's not. That was not acting, I don't know what that was, but it wasn't acting.

Lewis. OK. Theeeen... I'll just stay here and tell the bosses in the HR Department that you aren't participating in Corporate Cleaning Day.

Carly. He had me there. OK, when you put it that way, you know, maybe another pair of hands wouldn't be so bad.... But this is MY mystery, ok? I am in charge!

P.A. Voice. A reminder that today is Corporate Cleaning Day. Inspections will begin after lunch. We will start on the top floor, visiting every level until we reach the basement. And remember...An organized office equals an organized mind.
Lunch bell.

Carly. Oh, There was nothing I could do about Lewis tagging along -- he'd been snooping around the basement a lot more since he busted me coming off the time-travel elevator. Plus it was lunchtime. So I grabbed H-dad

(Soundbite of rat squeaking, Backpack zips.)

Carly. And tucked Nibbles into my backpack before making my way to the time-travel elevator.

Lewis. Ugh! Must you always bring the rat?

Carly in the background. With Lewis

Carly. Hey, shush, she can hear you. Nibbles come with me. You sweet, sweet thing. Don't listen to anything he says.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking then elevator ding.)

Carly. Oh It's Odie, my favorite elevator operator!

Odie. I'm your only elevator operator.

Carly. Touché.

Lewis. We meet again, Odie.

Odie. Oh, it's you. Back for more, I see.

Lewis. Time traveling, as it turns out, has been fabulous for my skin. I think I'm getting younger with each trip. Good luck keeping me away now!

Odie. Younger? Doubtful. So where are we headed today?

Carly. We are going to Scotland to investigate The Big Grey Man in 1891.

Odie. Ah, I've heard about that. Isn't this going to be a scary adventure?

Carly. I laugh in the face of scary! HAHAHA!

Lewis. That sounded like a fake laugh, Carly Q.

Carly. Okay, well, it's true that I actually am kind of freaked out about the tiny supply closet in the basement with the weird noises. There is something in there like a tiny monster with maybe long, sharp nails. Could also be an inter-dimensional tesseract that could come and turn me into dust. Or perhaps a wormhole that brings in evil tardigrades from a completely different dimension.

Lewis. All very plausible

Carly. You don't know Lewis.

Odie. Oh, basement companion, didn't you know? Life shrinks or expands depending on your courage.

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

Carly. You hear those chimes, right Lewis?

Lewis. Heard what? Sorry, I was looking through my fanny pack for lip balm.

(Soundbite of rustling through a fanny pack.)

Odie. Let's get moving! Time's ticking on your lunch break. You know the rules, Carly, but I'll repeat them for your... guest. When you go to the past

Lewis. Yeah, Yeah, Yeah we can't change or stop anything, so don't try. We may observe and ask questions, but do not meddle. Understand?

Odie. Not bad. Understand?

Carly. Understood.

Lewis. I just recited them.

Odie. When you arrive back in time, a card reader will remain where you came in. Use your keycard and the elevator will reappear. You can also use it to fast forward to other time periods on the file. But you **MUST** be back here before the end of your lunch break. Ready?

Carly. Ready!

Lewis. Let's do this!

Carly. Uh, Lewis can I borrow your lip balm?

Lewis. Absolutely not!

Carly. Okay I will respect your wish

Lewis. Don't you kiss that rat?

(Soundbite of elevator ding and travel noises.)

Carly. Wait! Did Odie say this adventure would be sccaaaaaarrrrryyy?!

(Soundbite elevator landing.)

Carly. We made it! Oh, brrr... it's c-c-c-cold! It was so cold out there, I could barely speak! The elevator dropped us off in the small town at the base of the Ben Macdui mountain. The huge mountain was dark, almost black. There weren't very many trees. Probably because it was too nippy for them to even be able to grow.

(Soundbite of backpack unzips.)

Nibbles. Wow. This is a whole different kind of cold! This is Staten-Island Ferry-in-February cold! Maybe worse!

Carly. Hi Nibbles!

Nibbles. Heya Carly. And look. You brought the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man with you!

Lewis. You have a problem with my puffy parka, rat?

Nibbles. My name is Nibbles, not rat. And I have no problem with nibbling holes all through that parka, if that'll help you remember.

Lewis. First of all I'm actually wearing TWO parkas, because layerssss. And secondly I will not hesitate to time-travel you to Death Valley. It can get up to 135 degrees, you know. And there are no trash cans to dig through.

Carly. Shush, you two! Look, there's a little town here. The businesses all sell climbing supplies. This must be a popular hiking spot. We should be able to find someone to talk to about The Big Grey Man.
Feet crunching on snow as they walk.

Lewis. (teeth chattering) Why would anyone choose to spend their free time in a place like this. It's so...pale.

Nibbles. Humans really should consider growing fur.

(Soundbite of footsteps on snow, Man yelling.)

Carly. Is that man coming to talk to us?

J. Norman Collie. There's a monster on Ben Macdui!

Carly. I knew it!

Lewis. Hold on... let's just calm down, shall we? What's your name?

J. Norman Collie. I'm J. Norman Collie. I am a professor of organic chemistry and I've been climbing almost my whole life... and you must be with the Mountain Patrol, yes ?

Carly. Sure. We must be...Yes..Tell us what you saw, J. Norman.

J. Norman Collie. I was just at the cairn on the summit in a thick fog

Lewis. Okay, I'm gonna stop you right there, J. Norman. What is a cairn?

H-dad. A cairn is a man-made pile of stones.

J. Norman Collie. Who said that?

Carly. Oh No one. Please go on.

J. Norman Collie. Alright, I thought I heard something other than the noise of my own footsteps. I took a few steps and I heard a crunch, A few more steps, and another crunch.

Carly. Oh, my.

J. Norman Collie. It went on and on as if someone was walking after me, but each of their steps was three or four steps the length of my own.

Carly. Oh! It must have long legs! Or it's an evil elf walking on stilts!

Lewis. Oh, shush.

J. Norman Collie. I listened and heard it again. But I couldn't see anything in the fog.

Lewis. It was invisible!

Carly. Or camouflaged!

Lewis. Same thing.

J. Norman Collie. So I kept walking

Carly. Aaand...?

J. Norman Collie. And then there was an... eerie crunch, crunch, crunch sound behind me!

(Soundbite of crunching footsteps.)

Lewis. Oh, I hate random crunching sounds!

J. Norman Collie. So I took off and just ran all the way down the mountain!

Carly. What do you think was up there, J. Norman?

J. Norman Collie. I have no idea, but something is up there! I will never hike this mountain again! I think I need to go sit down. Maybe a drink of water. Or tea. Tea would be nice. Maybe an earl grey to soothe the nerves.

(Soundbite of footsteps as J. Norman Collie walks away.)

Lewis. He seemed odd.

Carly. Lewis, what if the gray man isn't a man at all? Maybe it's a human-sized spider! You know how long their legs are.

Lewis. A man-sized spider? That's almost as ridiculous as a talking rat.

Nibbles. Or someone who thinks time travel is improving their skin.

Carly. H-dad, has anyone else seen something up on this mountain?

H-dad. Analyzing. Analyzing..Affirmative! In 1904, a hiker named Hugh D. Welsh claimed to have a similar experience. Accessing audio file:

Audio File. (Scottish accent) I hiked the summit with my brother and throughout the day and night we heard slurring footsteps around us, as if someone was walking through water-saturated gravel.

Wet, muddy, gravelly footsteps.

Lewis. Interesting, both witnesses felt like they were being followed.

Carly. Anything else, H-dad?

H-dad. The continent of Australia is wider than the moon! The Unicorn is the National Animal of Scotland! Venus is the only planet to spin clockwise! A chef's hat has.

Carly. No. I meant anything else about the Big Grey Man sightings H-Dad!

H-dad. Aannnd... Additional Big Grey Man sightings occurred here in both 1945 and 1948.

Carly. Alright, We need to go back then and talk to those witnesses.

Lewis. Can't we just send the rat?

Nibbles. It's okay if you're too scared, Marshmallow... Carly and I can handle it. You and your puffy coat can wait here.

Lewis. Never mind. If you're going, I'm going.

(Soundbite of feet shuffle into elevator. Elevator door closes, ding.)

Carly. We stepped out of the elevator and everything looked exactly the same.

Lewis. OK, did we even go anywhere? This is where we just were!

H-dad. This is Scotland, 1945!

Nibbles. So we didn't go someWHERE. We went someWHEN. Same spot. Years later.

Lewis. Wow. They really need to update this place.

Carly. Look! There's a man over there? He looks ... kinda spooked. Maybe he saw our Big Grey Man Monster!

Lewis. Or maybe he's just lost.

(Soundbite of snowy footsteps.)

Carly. Uh Hi Excuse me? We were wondering if you need any help or were lost... orrr maybe if you had just seen anything unusual that you really want to talk to us about.

Lewis. Subtle.

Peter Densham. Uh I'm Peter Densham. I... um... don't know what I just experienced up on Ben Macdui.

Carly. Tell us exactly what happened, Peter.

Peter Densham. Okay. I was up there working. My job is to rescue hikers who've gotten lost. Before I knew it, the fog started closing in on me. And I heard a lot of strange noises, um like footsteps and breathing and echoes.

Lewis. Did you see anything?

Peter Densham. Yes, there was something behind the fog. But I ran out of there before whatever was there could come and get me!

Carly. Hmmm. Is it possible that what you saw was a creature from the Earth's core? Or did it have more of a Bigfoot kind of vibe?

Peter Densham. Excuse me?

Carly. Well, it's really hot at the center of the Earth, right? You know, with all the lava and everything... so maybe the thing you saw just wanted to cool off here in the snowy mountains!

Peter Densham. Uhh Riiiiight...You know,I... uh..I uhhh .have to go.

(Soundbite of Peter rushing off.)

Lewis. OK, you're freaking people out with your wild theories!

Carly. Well what do you think it is, then? I am the only one coming up with any ideas!

Lewis. I don't know yet. We need to get back in the elevator and travel ahead 3 more years. Then we can hear what the witness in 1948 has to say.

Carly. Hm, that is a very specific and good plan. But if it turns out to be long-legged aliens from a gray planet, I expect an apology.

Lewis. With pleasure. Now Let's get back in this elevator.

Nibbles. Uh not a pleasure for me, unless you were a real marshmallow, then I'd really have a party.

Lewis. Watch the coat

Carly. I'm trying.

Lewis. I hope it's warmer.

(Soundbite of feet shuffling into elevator. Elevator door closes.)

Carly. Again, it looked like we hadn't traveled anywhere.

Nibbles. I'm getting déjà vu.

Carly. Wait What's that?

H-dad. Déjà vu is a French word expressing the feeling that one has lived through the present situation before.

Carly. Oh, okay.

H-dad. Déjà vu is a French word expressing the feeling that one has lived through the present situation before.

Carly. You already said that.

H-dad. That was humor! (stilted laugh) Ha. Ha. Ha. Hahaha.

Lewis. Everybody thinks they're a comedian...

Carly. That's actually a pretty good one, H-dad.

Lewis. I don't see anyone around this time.

Carly. Uh... me either. Looks like we have no choice but to climb the mountain ourselves. Maybe everybody's on top?

Lewis. These are NOT hiking shoes, Carly.

Nibbles. Hey, no one told you to wear loafers. Who wears slip-on shoes with a parka, anyway?

Carly. Oh, c'mon... it'll be fun.

Lewis. Grrr.

(Soundbite of snowy footsteps.)

Carly. Oh,there's someone. Let's see if he's seen anything on the mountain.

(Soundbite of snowy footsteps.)

Carly. Hi,Hello! Were you hiking on Ben Macdui today?

Richard Frere. Yes! Are you here to take my statement?

Carly. Yes. Yes, Yes, I am. Sure. Taking statements is what I do. Both professionally AND personally. Now please hand me your statement.

Richard Frere. I'm sorry?

Lewis. She means, what did you see?

Carly. Was it an alien with long legs?Or Was it a Bigfooty kinda thing? Or maybe something from the earth's core?

Richard Frere. I don't know. I didn't really see anything.

Lewis. Here we go again.

Richard Frere. But I felt it! And heard it. There was a presence all around me and a high-pitch singing note.

Lewis.Carly.Nibbles. Ooooooh!

Carly. But you didn't see anything?

Richard Frere. No.

Lewis.Carly.Nibbles. (Disappointed) Ohhhhhh.

Richard Frere. But I have a friend who saw something!

Lewis.Carly.Nibbles. Tell us about it!

Richard Frere. He told me he woke up feeling an inescapable feeling of dread. He stepped out of his tent to see a large figure with dark hair standing in front of the moon in the fog.

Lewis. Again with the fog.

Carly. Where did your friend see the large figure?

Richard Frere. Just up the way.

Carly. Okay, thank you! On all my adventures, I'm never able to experience the mystery myself.

Lewis. What are you doing, Carly Q?

Carly. I'm always asking questions afterwards. So I decided to go up the mountain!

(Soundbite of snowy footsteps.)

Carly. That's it. I'm going up! (calling back). I wanna see this for myself.

Lewis. Can't we just send the rat? It's not fair. She's just sitting in your backpack doing nothing.

Nibbles. I knew you were scared.

Lewis. No... I'm just...FINE! Wait up!

(Soundbite of snowy footsteps, Wind increasing.)

Carly. I'll climb this mountain if it's the last thing I do. We arrived and were instantly surrounded by fog. We saw the cairn that J. Norman told us about. It was a lot older and more run-down, but still -- The energy there was kinda creepy... I had to find out what was out there.

Lewis. I don't see anyth--

Carly. Wait! What's that?

(Soundbite of wet footsteps, high-pitch singing note.)

Carly. And there it was. Or - more accurately - THERE THEY WERE... Standing on the other side of the fog were two huge figures. We couldn't see faces, but they had long legs and long arms. They were just standing there, staring at us!

Lewis. THERE'S TWO BIG GREY MEN!

(Soundbite of Carly, Lewis, and Nibbles run away screaming.)

Carly. Lewis. Nibbles. AAAAAAAAAA!

Carly. We ran as fast as we could all the way to the card reader, and made the time traveling elevator appear. I'm scared but I like it.

Lewis. Stop being so afraid

Carly. I'm not afraid. You areee.

(Soundbite of feet shuffle into elevator. Elevator door closes. Elevator lands.)

Odie. My goodness! What happened?

Carly. Odie We saw it!

Odie. Saw what?

Lewis. The Big Grey Man! I mean MEN! Carly was right! It's a long-legged alien. There's no other explanation.

Carly. It was behind the fog. And there were two of them! They just stood there looking at us.

Odie. Hmm...H-dad? Can you please give Carly and Lewis the definition of Brocken Spectre?

H-dad. Brocken Spectre is a meteorological phenomenon which occurs when gaps in the cloud allow the viewer to see their own shadow cast upon the cloud.

Carly. Huh?

Odie. I think what you saw were your own shadows reflected in the fog.
A beat as Carly and Lewis process this.

Lewis. Now that I think about it, my alien WAS strangely charismatic. I knew there was a logical answer to this!

Carly. What? 30 seconds ago you thought it was an alien.

Lewis. Well, when you know better, you do better.

Odie. And sounds on a mountaintop can echo in strange ways - especially in snow. I'm sure it was a very spooky experience for you both.

Carly. It was. And I'm proud of us for facing our fears and looking for ourselves.

Odie. Life shrinks or expands according to your courage, remember?

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

Lewis. OK, I heard that.

Carly. It's a gong, right?

Lewis. Does that happen all the time, Odie?

Odie. I hear no sound.

Carly. So... It's very possible that what scared all of our witnesses on the Ben Macdui mountains was just reflections and shadows and echoes of themselves. Not scary at all, but they let that fear stop them from doing something they loved... hiking.

Odie. Good point! Alright, lunch is over. Back to work you two. And basement companion, it's time you face your fears and look in that closet.

(Soundbite of Carly's feet shuffling slowly across the floor.)

Carly. When I got back to the basement, I slowly made my way to the storage closet with Lewis by my side. If I could face my fears on the mountain, I can definitely face whatever's in there!

(Soundbite of sounds behind the closed supply closet door; sloshing water, scratching sounds, shadowy voices.)

Lewis. C'mon, Carly Q. There's nothing to be afraid of. Just pull it open quick. Like ripping off a bandaid.

Carly. Okay... 1... 2... 3!!

(Soundbite of squeaky door is quickly pulled open.)

Carly. When I finally uncovered my eyes...Oh my goodness!

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Carly. Turns out all those scratching and sloshing sounds were just a new rat swimming laps around the mop bucket. And the whispers were the wind whistling through the vent.

(Soundbite of a splash.)

Carly in the background. (laughs)

Carly. Nibbles jumped in the bucket for a swim of her own. Get in on this Nibbles. They're like synchronized swimming. I guess Nibbles has a new friend! And maybe I did too. I think I'll name youuuuu Squibble.

(Soundbite of two mice squeaking.)

Lewis. ANOTHER rat?! [gags] OK. Ewww. I do not do rodentia. One rat was more than enough for me. I'm going back upstairs where it's safe.

Carly. Or not. Bye Lewis. See you tomorrow.

Lewis. Only if you get rid of that rat.

(Soundbite of Lewis's footsteps as he scurries upstairs.)

Carly. Investigating The Big Grey Man helped me overcome my fear of what might be in that storage closet. Turns out, it was a new friend all along! I can't wait to see what I'll learn on my next time-travel adventure. Until then, I'm Carly Q saying buh-bye from your favorite podcast that really doesn't exist! SEE YA!