Snipes

\*radio scratch\*

**Intro/Edmonia:** Ah there you go, it seems you have found the right frequency. Congrats on deciphering the message in the coffee rings!

\*electric crackle\*

You’re listening to ZBTR 606AM. My name is Edmonia Rivers, and I’m a junior researcher here at the Bermuda Research Repository, home of Academics Anonymous, or AAS for short. I am completing my thesis on cryptids and their impact on world cultures, and one of my requirements is using this antiquated network to inform our academics across time and space of any interesting information I dig up.

Happy New Year everyone! Hopefully you’ve survived the holiday travel chaos and are now at home for a cozy international introvert month, also known as January in some cultures. This week in my adventures in writing a thesis on Cryptids, because academia never takes a break, I have another entry from Cook’s Compendium!

\*caw\*

**Edmonia:** Lenore says Happy New Year as well.

So, anyway. Back to Cook’s Compendiums. There are so many letters in this volume. If our agents didn’t time travel I would wonder how someone had time to write this much - and money to pay for all the postage. This one in particular includes a note from Agent Cook’s niece, Beverly, and her own adventurers with Cryptids at scouting camp. Agent Cook writes:

**Excerpt:** One mild summer evening, the scouts gathered their flashlights and pillowcases and headed to a forest clearing for a bit of recreational snipe hunting. As you know, snipes are not only a type of flighty shore bird, but share a name with a more sinister creature that prefers to cluster along dark treelines. The older, more experienced snipe hunters worked as runners, infiltrating the forest and flushing the snipes toward the clearing as you would a quail or a duck. The younger scouts held the line, ready to pounce on the creatures when they got close enough.

Beverly reports that they were ultimately unsuccessful in capturing and subduing any snipes this season, but that as a runner she did see a number of them up close. It has been a long while since I encountered any snipes myself, but her description seems fairly accurate when compared to my memory. She writes:

*“Snipes, as you probably know Uncle, have thick black fur that helps them blend into the darkest of crevices. Their eyes betray them, however, with their two colors reflecting the rays of your flashlight differently. One eye shines red and the other green, unlike more common wildlife whose eyes simply glow golden. They are small and fast, so fast that I think sometimes they must have wings instead of four legs like a rabbit. Their ears are like bats, and I always believe they will hear us coming, but they must be very confident in their ability to hide, because they would rather sit unmoving at the base of a tree until I scare them up and chase them towards my fellows than run in the opposite direction on their own as they watch my approach.”* ~Beverly Gourney *(Grr-knee)*, age 15.

**Edmonia:** Wow, I, uh… I actually thought Snipes were one of the fake ones. Guess I’ll add that to the list of things my short-lived scouting troop actually wasn’t gaslighting me about. And maybe add them to my list of Cryptids to see one day too. They sound adorable.

In my further research, I’ve found information pertaining to a few different creatures that are known as snipes. First, of course, is the well known yet endangered species of bird that nests along shorelines and lays its eggs in the sand.

Then there’s the Arkansas Snipe, also known as the Skeeteroo, a gargantuan insect that eats cows and horses and have been known to carry off large men on their own. \*shudder\*

And finally the most adorable, a small, duck-like creature standing between 6 and 24 inches tall and covered in brightly colored feathers.

I’m pulling for the last one. Maybe Lenore needs a friend.

\*Caw\*

Or, maybe not.

\*Ding\*

**[AIRS JANUARY 3rd]**

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

* It may seem like the holidays have ended, but beware! La Befana doesn’t fly until January 5th, and Christians celebrate the 12 days of Christmas from December 25th through January 6th, when the three kings, or wise men, were said to have found the baby Jesus. The last of the holiday hooplah should subside on the the 7th, and the more obstinate holiday cryptids should get back to their normal, everyday shenanigans after that.
* Keep an eye on the sky as the new year begins. Thunderbirds have been spotted across the southern USA for the first time in centuries, and the Irish Augureys have been in a black mood since January 1st. Expect global warming to worsen this year.

**Edmonia:** Thanks for listening, and find our next frequency at your local campground.

\*knocking on door\*

**Edmonia:** Right on cue.

**Dorothea:** Edmonia, don’t forget that your rough draft is due next week.

\*static sounds\*