Lizard Man of Scape Orr Swamp

\*intro plays\*

**Edmonia:** Ah, there you go, it seems you have found the right frequency. Congrats on finding the secret flap and decoding our signal.

You’re listening to ZBTR 606AM. My name is Edmonia Rivers, and I’m a junior researcher here at the Bermuda Triangle Research Repository, home of Academics Anonymous. 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.

I hope you all had a Merry Christmas, if you celebrate it, and Happy Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, Festivus, or Yule if that’s more to your taste.

\*caw\*

I already gave you your present, Lenore.

\*caw caw\*

Oh, you just wanted to let me know you love it? Okay.

\*caw\*

Good bird.

Since this week is an off week for everyone except us here at AAS, I thought we’d take it easy and share more from Cook’s Compendium. I read an entry this morning from the spring of 2019 that I think you’d like.

**Excerpt:** Last week as I was travelling through the southern Carolinas I was recognized over breakfast by one of you, one Elias Orr.

**Aside:** Of course he was recognized by a fan. Agent Cook is a rockstar amongst most of us.

**Excerpt:** We got to talking about our favorite mysterious creatures and Elias mentioned their local Lizard Man. I hadn’t yet heard of this creature, so he was kind enough to give me a tour around town and of the locations where this lizard man is most likely to be spotted.

I went to bed that night delighted by the new discovery, but also with the undying urge to see this creature for myself. Finally, around 1am, I hopped into my rental car and headed for Scape Ore Swamp, the most likely place to spot the creature. I pulled the vehicle over just before a bend in the road and waited. Four hours later I hadn’t seen or heard anything aside from frogs, and the early morning mist was fogging my windshield. I started the engine and turned on the wipers, and what do you know? But standing in front of my car, staring me down in the predawn light was the Lizard Man of Scape Ore Swamp himself! He looked to be close to 7ft tall, very nearly like the native alligators but standing on two feet. His arms were human-like except for the fact that he only had three fingers just as Elias had described. His head was somewhere between those of a fish and a dragon. His eyes flashed red as my headlights hit them, and he covered them with a three-fingered hand before darting off the road and into the swamp.

**Aside:** This sounds like one of the slimy monsters in an old-timey movie. They always give me the heebie jeebies. Being trapped in my car with it just in front of me...no thanks.

**Excerpt:** I knew better than to get out of my car. Elias had told me much of the local lore and I knew about both a group of Muskhogean *[Musk-ho-jean]* being chased down by the lizard man in 1929 and the various sheriffs who had become bogged down in quicksand in the area. As he left, I gave him a little salute, then headed back to my hotel, where I jotted down as much as I could remember and then let sleep finally take me.

**Aside:** Yeah he probably needed a shot or two of whiskey to help him with that one my gods…

**Excerpt:** When I left my room for some lunch at the local cafe around noon, I suddenly became very grateful that everything in town was so walkable. My rental car, where I had parked it in the corner of the hotel lot, had been shredded. Any chrome, such as my tire rims, even the little label the car companies put on the car to identify it, had been stripped, simply disappeared. And around their locations were precise scratch marks, just as if something with three fingers had ripped them from their moorings.

**Aside:** Wow so the lizard man is a thief? Or did he eat it….?

**Excerpt:** I finally left the town three days later after procuring a new rental car with minimal chrome accents. Thank goodness my AAS company car insurance policy protects me against random creature encounters! I spent my extra time interviewing the locals about every bit of Lizard Man theory they knew, even visiting the local museum, which features a Lizard Man exhibit. I was a month too late to attend their Lizard Man festival, but I’ve added next year’s dates to my calendar and will definitely be returning.

**Edmonia:** I did some additional research on my own into this “lizard man” and found that the first sighting of him was reported in 1987, at the peak of what I like to call The Cryptid Crazies: When horror films were on the rise and everyone wanted in on the folklore fanaticism.

(muttering) I’m experiencing the third round of modern folklore fanaticism right now.

In 1988, a 17-year-old man who was supposedly changing a flat tire while heading home from work at 2am was attacked on the road by the Lizard Man, and he submitted the scratches along the back and top of his car as evidence.

Even today the town of Bishopville celebrates the creature that haunts its local swamp. I guess that’s one way to appease a cryptid who likes chrome—-trick tourists into coming to town in their chrome-ified vehicles so the creature can tear them up.

\*DING\*

**[AIRS DECEMBER 27TH]**

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

* New Year’s Eve is approaching, so break out those noise makers! You can never be too sure what evil spirits might be lurking in the dark, but noise is a proven way to scare off most things.
* Just before midnight, be sure to open your doors and windows to let the old year out and the new year in.

**Edmonia:** Thanks for tuning in. Find our next frequency in your local diner or tavern under the dirtiest mug you can see.

\*knocking on door\*

**Edmonia:** That’s my cue to go!

**Dorothea:** Edmonia, I have a question about page 27. Do you have a moment?

\*outro plays\*