

# **DISTURBING THINGS**

[FROM AROUND THE INTERNET]

VOLUME 14, FOURTH EDITION

**N E X P O**

[slow-mo ramp up sound, then cut into TV static: I. DAYBREAK CATASTROPHE]

## DAYBREAK CATASTROPHE

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The day is – Tuesday. 1989.

*-cut into spacecraft launch-*

The [Galileo spacecraft](#) – launches into the great unknown. The [Nintendo Gameboy](#) – makes it's worldwide debut. And over in the city of San Francisco, California, the nation is prepping for the biggest baseball game of the year.

*-play intro segment over BG music-*

It's a homeland rivalry – The Oakland Athletics are visiting the San Francisco Giants for game three of the World Series, and the crowd is, understandably fired up. At the helm of the ABC Sports broadcast that day are sports commentators Al Michaels and Tim McCarver, and the pair open the day by going through stats and predictions for the upcoming game. And, up to this point, everything seemed to be business as usual...

*-slight pause-*

At least, until – they're met with an unexpected surprise.

*-play past quake to silence-*

At this moment, a magnitude 6.9 earthquake tears through San Francisco, causing this broadcast to go off-air, and sending millions – into panic.

*-cut to static, then to alternative panic footage of quake, then static-*

*-melancholic music fade-in, then fade in damage footage-*

It seemed to come out of nowhere. No warning. No signs. Not even a single indication that the lives of millions would be changed in an instant.

That day, the San Andreas fault ruptured – causing a catastrophic earthquake named *Loma Prieta*. It was evoked by the Pacific Plate pushing vertically up and northwestward for a length of six entire feet at the epicenter, and while, on paper, it doesn't sound like a massive value, the damage it left behind spanned in the range of billions. The Nimitz freeway encountered a total collapse. The San Francisco Bay Bridge, split before drivers' eyes. And shopping malls and housing complexes - crumbled to ruin.

*-play short snippet of coverage or damage-*

On the Nimitz Freeway, there once stood a section of road called the *Cypress Street Viaduct*. It was a multi-level concourse, and when it was built, over *160,000* vehicles were rumored to pass over it *every single day*. Because of this, this section of highway resulted in the *most severe casualties in the city – 42 out of 63 Loma Prieta* deaths happened here, seemingly in an instant. Out of nowhere, the upper deck collapsed downward, crushing the cars on the lower level, and causing a myriad of crashes above them, and the scene it left behind, with *people – with lives, families, children*, being helplessly trapped in a predicament like this - is absolutely heartbreaking.

*-show scene footage-*

That day, nearly 4,000 landslides, a tsunami, 3,757 injuries and 63 deaths were caused by this sudden catastrophe, and the most haunting part is – that number, paradoxically could've been so much higher were the World Series not happening. Reportedly, rush hour traffic was not nearly as high normal, since thousands showed up early to that game. Had they been out on the roads instead, like they *otherwise would've been*, then the outcome of Loma Prieta may have been even *more* dire than it turned out to be.

To this day, Loma Prieta stands as the 3rd costliest earthquake in US history, and in its wake are families that were uprooted forever. While the city has since banded together and rebuilt reinforced structures in preparation for the inevitable next one, the harrowing events that took place back then will undoubtedly, never be forgotten.

The broadcast, home videos, and damage reports from the incident are haunting, and really drive home just how powerful mother nature can really be. Whether it's hurricanes, tornados, earthquakes, blizzards, what have you, humanity is and forever always will be at the painful mercy – of nature.

**[Nexpo presents]**

**[Disturbing Things from Around the Internet]**

**-cut to static, then to TNBS / ad-**

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## WHEN IT'S GOT YOU

*-play Delta P video to 3:07-*

*-drop brooding music, cut to ocean-*

In February, we discussed the interminable horrors of the ocean. Earth's greatest enigma – an entire biosphere – not made for us. One of humanity's greatest mysteries has always been exploring the far reaches of the deep sea, and in a way, much of what's in it is completely alien to us.

*-cut to alternate shot of deep sea with SFX-*

The peculiar thing about the ocean – is that it makes up the vast majority of the planet we live on, yet stands so painstakingly inaccessible to humanity. The potential for death, freak accidents, and disappearances are so exponentially high, spawned entirely by the mere nature of the ocean's environmental medium.

*-slight pause-*

In February of 2022, five divers are commissioned by the Paria Fuel Trading Company to perform routine maintenance on an oil pipeline. Located at Pointe-a-Pierre, the 30-inch wide pipe stretches from an oil riser named Berth 6, 60 feet down into the ocean, 1200 feet away from it, and 50 feet back up to the open sea under another oil riser, designated "Berth 5". It

was meant to allow ships to transport their reserves to Paria's facilities on land for processing, however by this point, this particular pipeline hadn't been used since mid-2018.

For four years, it was plugged up to prevent any fluids from passing through it, and the job the men were tasked with was, on paper, relatively straightforward. The five divers involved were Fyzal Kurban, Kazim Ali Jr, Rishi Nagassar, Yusuf Henry, and Christopher Boodram, and they were tasked with heading into an underwater air-filled habitat at Berth 5, removing a steel cover from the pipe, removing a plug from inside of it, and installing a connector from the exposed section of pipe, up to the main platform at the Berth 5 riser.

Initially, everything seems to be going to plan. First into the air-filled chamber are Fyzal, Christopher, Yusuf, and Rishi, and when inside, they remove their scuba gear to allow themselves to effectively perform their work. While doing so, though, they notice that the plug sealing the pipe off - isn't coming loose. No matter what they try, it appears to be stuck in place, and so Kazim volunteers to head back to shore to retrieve a wrench to help with dislodging it.

*-play snippet of grabbing it-*

Upon heading back down to Berth 5's chamber, he hands the wrench off to one of his coworkers, who then attempts to dislodge this plug. But, what they're unaware of, is that by doing this, they're unknowingly opening the door to a gargantuan difference in pressure – *in Delta P* – and would, *very soon*, find themselves in a dire – predicament.

*-play video to suction-*

Right here, in but a fraction of a second, all five men and their equipment are sucked into the pipe, 50 feet down, and over 120 feet horizontally through it.

And, without even a second to process what just happened, they are effectively trapped in a pitch-black cell – underwater.

*-silent, then boom to ocean, then J-cut to voices and back to camera-*

Immediately, they scream for help. They have no idea what the hell just happened, but they're in excruciating pain – and they need to get out of there.

In the next few moments, they begin to collect their thoughts and orient themselves inside the pipe. They explain to each other their injuries, who's behind who, and attempt to deduce which side of the pipe they're even facing. With all hope fading, Christopher begins motivating the crew to try their hardest to get out of there, *out of that hell they're stuck in*, because it's likely that nobody can hear them. He devises a plan – to form a human chain, linking hands with ankles, and inching their way out of there. It was a 50/50 shot that they were heading in the right direction, but it was a shot they were willing to take. With no light source, no breathing equipment, no sense of direction, they begin to shuffle their way forward. In the beginning, it seems to be working, however they quickly realize that sections of this pipe head down to a lower elevation, thus collecting pools of water and oil. Were they to continue their plan, they'd be making their way through fully submerged sections of pipe, a proposition that, with no knowledge of how long it would go on for, was undoubtedly horrifying.

With this revelation, Kazim, Rishi, and Yusuf decide that they can no longer continue. It's a risk that they're unfortunately not willing to take, and so Christopher reassures them that he'll return with help, and embarks onward with Fyzal by his side. On their trek, the pair encounter two scuba tanks lying in an air pocket, and so they equip them and proceed through fully submerged, extended portions of pipe. Unfortunately, though, further on, Fyzal comes to a revelation. He is excruciatingly exhausted – and he simply can't continue. He notifies Chris, pleading for him to *keep going*, and so he assures him that he's going to make it, before continuing his effort out alone.

He proceeds, onward and onward, not even sure he's heading back to the correct opening. Nevertheless, he holds out hope – until he finally encounters the pipe's bend, heading vertically up. He begins banging on the pipe, pleading for *anyone* to hear him, and miraculously, outside the its opening were two rescue divers who open it up, extend a chain down to Chris, and save his life.

*-zoom out of image-*

But, it wasn't – over.

*-boom back to go-pro footage-*

Four men are still down there, still *alive*, and still need help.

To his dismay, Chris is told that there's nothing that can be done about them. It's too dangerous to send someone in there to get them, and essentially, all hope to rescue them - is lost. In utter disbelief, Chris even attempts to head back in there himself, however, is ultimately prevented from doing so.

*-boom to ocean-*

For three excruciating days, the remaining four divers are trapped in that pipe, begging and pleading for *someone* to help them. And holding out hope – that was never fulfilled.

And by February 27<sup>th</sup>, *three entire days* after they were sucked into that pipeline, the four remaining divers were pronounced dead.

*-fade-*

To this day, there's an ongoing legal battle between Paria, the coast guard, the contract company LMCS Limited, that assigned them to the job, and the victims families. Each of them passing off blame and responsibility for their inaction – to the other party. No matter what happens, I can only hope that the victims' families are given justice, as, according to every report available, it seems that little to no effort was made by the companies or coast guard, to save them – at all.

*-slight pause-*

The incident that occurred on that otherwise ordinary day is one of the most haunting freak accidents one could ever find themselves in. What began as just another job had, out of nowhere, morphed into three days of absolute hell. I cannot even begin to fathom the feeling

of being stuck in the dark, inside of a claustrophobic chamber *60 feet below sea-level*, and even more so the apprehensive hope they held out – *for help that never came*.

*-fade-*

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## ON THE OTHER SIDE

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The year is 2020.

A couple moves into a duplex, sharing the home with two other tenants, an elderly woman and her adult daughter. For the first few months, nothing seems out of the ordinary. In fact, they never see them, and not once do they interact –

At least, until.

*-cut to black, then to wall shot, bang on it with riser and cut to black, dark music-*

This begins seemingly out of nowhere, and appears to have no end in sight. Every *single* time they do this, their dog freaks out, causing their newborn to cry, causing the banging to only become worse. It's a *constant* back and forth dynamic, and things are quickly spiraling out of control. The cops aren't doing anything, the landlord is no help, and so, at their wits-end, they take to Reddit.com to air out their grievances and to seek advice.

At 11:09PM on September 13, of 2020, a Redditor named u/peachesnglitter ventures to r/legaladvice to make a post, titled: *Delusional neighbor bangs on the shared wall when our baby cries, and nothing can be done about it?*

It reads the following:

*I live in a duplex in Washington state with my husband and my son, who is only a few months old. My FIL owns half of the duplex and is renting it to us, and the other half is owned by an older woman and her adult daughter. My FIL has known the women for over fifteen years, and told us before we moved in that the daughter was mentally ill and had strong delusions on occasion that caused trouble with the previous tenants.*

*The last tenants apparently had to get a civil anti-harassment order placed against the daughter, but eventually moved out when the behaviors never stopped. Apparently the neighbor accused them of kidnapping and abusing their children, and abusing their dogs.*

*My husband and I brought our son home a few months ago, and we didn't have any issues with the neighbor until about two weeks ago. She has begun banging on and throwing things at the walls when our son cries. She screams at us as well, but I usually can't hear what she's actually saying. You know. Over the screaming baby. And the two dogs going absolutely ballistic because of the banging. It's absolute chaos and it has made my postpartum anxiety so much worse. Every time the baby cries I experience intense panic, waiting for the screaming and banging to start.*

*We have called the non-emergency police line twice when I can't handle it anymore and feel close to a meltdown, and the first time they talked to her and she stopped doing it as often. Maybe once every two days. Tonight she is back at it and worse than ever. The air quality is so*

*bad right now from the fires that I can't let the dogs out for long to stop them from barking, and the barking makes the baby cry harder, which makes the neighbor scream and pound on the walls harder... the officer I spoke with says we can try to get a civil anti-harassment order placed, but he knew for a fact that her behaviors never stopped after the last tenants tried that and he said his unofficial advice would be to live somewhere else.*

*Is that seriously my only option? We can't afford to move but I can't keep living like this.*

Unfortunately, this post went largely unseen by anyone online, merely generating 40 upvotes and just ten comments. One user named *u/Lifeguard\_III* suggested that the neighbor was merely banging on their wall because they were sick of the noise *she* was making.

*She is an owner so you can't do anything.*

*Your best solution is to properly insulate the wall against sound. From the other point of view, having a newborn baby in a shared dwelling is really shitty to your neighbors from the noise. Just as much as you don't like the pounding, your neighbors hate your crying noises and dogs barking. Maybe your neighbors cannot handle the crying anymore???*

*You really need to look into sound proofing, or your neighbor could start calling animal control and CPS for all the noise you make. Stop blaming the neighbor when you are the making all the noise.*

It's an interesting thought process, however the perspective is entirely valid. They *are* responsible for half of this duplex, and there's *really* not much they can do about their distaste for a neighbor. As a matter of fact, that was largely the sentiment of those who *did* see her post.

In essence, there was nothing she could do. And the matter was left at that.

*-fade-*

*-banging on wall skit, screams, etc, then cut to black, then notification sound-*

**[MAY 12, 2021]**

*-camera macro shot of "Update", then username, then full post-*

*My first post never got much attention but the outcome was pretty wild.*

*Short version: In October 2020, my husband and I were renting in a duplex where my FIL owned the half we lived in, and a separate family owned the other half. We brought our son home from the NICU in August, and towards the end of September the neighbor started to pound on the shared wall if she could hear him cry. The pounding escalated over the next two months. The neighbor bought a megaphone to yell through the wall and threatened to "rip us apart", she called us child predators, and she'd yell obscenities and threats until 3 or 4 in the morning.*

*The police were called multiple times, yet nothing could be done about it. One officer told us "I'm going to kill you. See, it doesn't mean anything if I don't actually do it." The elderly mother hadn't been seen in several months, but requests for wellness checks were brushed off*

*The general advice I got was that as renters, we couldn't do anything. It was also suggested that this was reasonable behavior, since the crying baby was probably really annoying.*

*Since my first post, we moved in with my grandmother for our safety. The neighbor ended up busting a softball sized hole through the shared wall to scream at us, and occasionally just stare at us. The smell that came out of the hole was indescribably bad. Our security cameras recorded her coming to my son's nursery window at around 2am almost daily, just staring and holding her cat.*

*It took until the end of January for the police to be able to enter her property. The elderly mother had been deceased since at least June, and the daughter had the corpse dressed in her Sunday best, rotting in a dead bolted bedroom. The news article said the mother died from natural causes. The daughter was taken to an inpatient psychiatric facility.*

*-silence, then cut to nature footage-*

I would be remiss if I didn't state the obvious – that fabricating stories online happens all the time and is remarkably simple to pull off. In the current online landscape, it almost seems like fake stories outweigh real ones by a large margin, incentivized by online notoriety and the pursuit of upvotes. There was something about this one, though, that seemed eerily – specific. The premise was haunting, yet it seemed entirely *legitimate*.

*-cut to black-*

In January of 2021, authorities in the city of Richland, Washington made their way to the home of u/peachesnglitter in response to their 911 call. While there, they encounter a disgruntled, 45-year-old woman named *Angela Greiner* through the hole she carved in their shared wall, and immediately notice an overwhelming odor. Because of this, they request to be let in to ensure everything there is okay, yet Greiner staunchly refused.

For over a week, she wouldn't let a single soul in, no matter how hard law enforcement tried; however what she was unaware of, was that they were in the process of obtaining a warrant – essentially permitting them access regardless of her consent.

*-slight pause-*

By February 4th, their warrant is granted, and so Richland PD returns, and forces their way inside. And as expected from the revolting odor, the corpse of Greiner's mother, a 67-year old named Claudia Kinney – was rotting inside their locked bedroom. She reportedly died from pulmonary emphysema, and was believed to have been decomposing inside that home – for nearly seven months.

*-cut to silent wall-*

As stated by the OP, Greiner was taken to an inpatient psychiatric facility, and since then, there have been no further updates on her status or whereabouts. And, the duplex, to this day, still stands, yet now bears a reputation forever stained by the grim events that took place there.

*-slight pause-*

This story, in its entirety, drives home the fact that you *truly never know* who it is that lives beside you. Who it is that lives across from you. Who it is on the other side of the wall by which you sleep. For months, this family was unknowingly going about their daily lives with a human



corpse just feet away from them, *completely* unaware that their neighbor was living alongside it that entire time.

At the end of it all, u/peachesnglitter just wanted a home for their family. A place their newborn could grow up happily. Yet, little did they know what they were getting into, and what was waiting for them – *on the other side*.

## THE FIRE IN POLK COUNTY

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-Nov. 23, 2018-

It's evening - in Polk County, FL.

A 76-year-old woman named Loretta Pickard is home alone, asleep on her couch. She had just undergone hip surgery so she was unable to move, however, her evening was just like any other. It's dark, it's - cold out; and her home rests in a tenacious state of tranquility.

-show TV playing, make it super homey-

At 7pm, Loretta notices that something is wrong. A smell of smoke awakes her, however because she's disabled, she's unable to check what's causing it. During this, her husband was away with their grandchildren, so she was, effectively, helpless in place. Meanwhile, the smell persists – *something is on fire*, and so, she reaches for her phone, dials 911, and explains to dispatch – the following:

-play beginning of audio to 3:00-

-pause at 3:00-

This back and forth continues for fifteen entire minutes, yet for this entire duration, help never seemed to come. Nevertheless, the fire seems to be growing – where is everyone?

-play 18:40-

-pause at 20:40-

This sound – the sound of flames engulfing the Pickard home continues for nine entire minutes – with the dispatcher reassuring her that help is on the way. Little did they know, though, that on the other end of the line, there was no longer anyone there to hear it.

Loretta Pickard, in this moment and contrary to *all* assurances by dispatch – had perished in the fire.

-fade to black, then fade in news report-

You wouldn't believe it, but for over half of this phone call, help was just a few feet away. *Firefighters were outside when she was alive*, and had every opportunity to save her, however - didn't.

According to Polk County officials, the standard policy for a house fire, is to send two firefighters inside the home, while two stay back and combat the blaze externally. If there is no

fire hydrant available, like in this case, the truck’s fluid reserves are to be used, while they call for backup.

The captain on duty, James Williams, contrary to the oath he took to follow, utilized the entirety of the reserves to combat, *not the house fire with the potential for someone to be inside of it*, but rather what he later called “*a forest fire*” behind the home. This, by default, nullified any potential of combatting the blaze’s origin within the Pickard home, thus diminishing any possibility to save Loretta – at all. On top of this, it seemed that there was little effort to make it inside to begin with, further exemplified by Williams remarks to his fire chief, Anthony Stravino. According to public record, Stravino asked if there was entrapment – if anyone was *stuck within this home*, yet Williams retorted stating that there weren’t any vehicles around, thus nobody was inside. An assumption that, as we know, was devastatingly incorrect. On top of this, when asked if there was *any* attempt to make an entrance into the residence, he explained that the house fire was so bad, that he and his crew suffered burns even attempting to enter it.

*-slight pause-*

But – he wasn’t exactly being truthful. You see, James Williams had an interesting pattern of behavior. On numerous occasions, he’s been known to, *of all things*, take *Snapchat videos* while on the scene of housefires. And the evening of Loretta Pickard’s death was no different. Contrary to Williams claims, bystanders have stated that there was a more than ample opportunity to save Loretta, however due to their own inaction, her life perished just *feet* in front of them.

*-fade-*

Since the incident, the Pickard family, after a grueling legal battle, has been given a \$200,000 settlement from Polk County in response to their inaction. On top of this, James Williams has since been fired, and a void of heartbreak, loss, and despair has been eternally left in their wake.

*-fade in drone footage of fire-*

No matter how much money, how much action is and has been taken after this incident, nothing in the world can bring back a family member who lost their life during a moment of desperation. It was the day after Thanksgiving – a time engulfed in positivity, however for the Pickard family, this day will forever be remembered as the last that they would ever spend with her. That fateful night, Loretta’s husband, James, lost the love of his life. Their grandchildren left a loving home that they would never return to. And their entire family had unknowingly said their final goodbyes to their beloved grandmother – that they would never see again.

*-fade to black-*

## WOMAN IN THE ROOM

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How would you feel if millions of people around the world knew what you looked like, yet not a single soul on this earth knew who you were?

*-semi truck sound, then slight boom into highway footage at night-*

**[ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO / JUNE 3, 1991]**

It's late at night.

*-alternative shot of semi, or interior-*

A truck driver named Eduardo Colon is wrapping up his day, on the hunt for a place to stay.

*-pull into Super 8-*

He pulls into a Super 8 motel off the highway, and contrary to the fact that he worked alone, he requests a room for *two* people. A few moments later, he's given the key to unit 233, without so much of a hint that things were at all, out of the ordinary. And so, he grabs his things, makes his way to his room, and brings his night to a close –

*-eye close effect-*

Well, that's what *should've* happened.

*-camera cut to outdoors, then timelapse, then morning-*

It's been two days. And Eduardo – has not checked out.

A security guard on duty is sent to check on him, however a Do Not Disturb placard adorns the handle, and the room is locked from the inside.

*-knocking-*

No answer.

*-call for Eduardo-*

Still nothing.

*-knock more-*

He's not there – but it's locked.

Suspecting that something is off, the guard manages to unlock the door and make his way in, and at first glance, the room is oddly ordinary. On the floor – the blankets lie haphazard. On the table – a handbag, a bracelet, a scale adorned with the name "George Martinez", and a polaroid appear left behind. Yet, once he makes his way to the room's rear and towards the bathroom, what awaits him -

*-fade out and into shower-*

Is completely unexpected.

Hanging by a suitcase strap, a badly decomposed woman stares down upon him. And Eduardo – is nowhere to be found.

*-outside shot of room with door open, then downward shot of desk, place polaroid and sketch-*  
*-slight pause, new song drop-*

You would think that this photograph would make this woman's identification a breeze. However, reality has been quite the contrary. Police have since connected her with the one in the bathroom, however, to this day, her identity remains exactly how it has been from the day she died – She is unknown. Unidentified. A Jane Doe.

After an autopsy, it was revealed that she had heroin in her system, and had passed away by taking her own life. The evidence from the motel room, including the scale with *George Martinez* written on it, were their only real leads in tracking down her identity, however frustratingly nothing ever came from it. No witnesses, no footage – not even Eduardo.

*-fade-*

**[1998]**

Seven entire years later, Eduardo Colon's family is finally contacted. They claim that he had passed away not long beforehand, yet assert that the man in this photograph, contrary to all prior assumptions *and motel clerk testimonies* – is not him at all. They've never seen this man in their life.

*-cut to motel-*

That day an entirely new mystery was born. Not only was there ambiguity around the actions of Eduardo, *and* this woman's identity, but now an unnamed male has entered the picture. As the years went on, leads on him were all but non-existent – and all they really had to go on was the connection to that scale. *George Martinez* was believed to be his identity, however given how many *George Martinez*'s are out there, tracking him down in the 1990s was all but impossible.

To this day, this mystery remains completely unsolved, barring one credible tip that authorities received in March of 2021. It's rumored that her name was Becca, and that she flew there from Los Angeles, California. Why she did this, who she came with, and how she ended up in the bathroom of Eduardo Colon is still unclear, however with the rise of the internet and breakthroughs in technology, perhaps someday her identity can come to light.

*-slight pause-*

It is hauntingly mind-boggling that not a single soul on this Earth has been able to identify this woman for over thirty years. Much like the case with Joanna Lopez, having such hard photographic evidence of someone, yet knowing absolutely nothing about who they actually are and what happened to them is eerily perplexing.

What took place on that fateful night may never be known – and to be honest a lot of it doesn't even make sense. Eduardo was merely stopping for a place to stay, so how did he become wrapped up with such a tangled web of mystery? Perhaps there was more to this story – something that he wasn't letting on, however given that he has since passed away, that question will, painfully, remain unanswered.

*-hard cut to monitor showing her image-*

If you know of or recognize anything about this woman, I implore you to reach out to the Albuquerque PD with information. This is an absolute hail Mary, however *someone on this Earth* has to know *something* about her.

For all I know, this case might not go *anywhere, anytime* soon – but keeping stories like this relevant and in the public eye – in my opinion, *that* is the key to closure.

*-fade-*

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## CLOSING REMARKS

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Calamity – out of nowhere. A claustrophobic nightmare. A neighbor with a grim secret. A life lost through inaction. And a mind-bending mystery lasting for over thirty years.

It goes without saying that the world is a grim, depressing, and disturbing place. It seems that each and every day, new and disturbing events are documented, driving home the fact that this thing we call life – is a bit more fragile than we imagine. Tonight, you and I dove into five Disturbing Things from Around the Internet. I hope you all enjoyed this, and if you have any further submissions for this series, feel free to submit them to the show's Dropbox at [dtfaisubmissions@gmail.com](mailto:dtfaisubmissions@gmail.com).

*-pause-*

Thank you all for watching. I'll see you next year, I love you all, and goodnight.

*-silently roll credits after skit / song: Marshes of Harmony – Cora Zea-*