

## [Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian

You're listening to a morbid network podcast.

Mike Williams set off on a hunting trip into the swamps of North Florida where it was thought he met a gruesome fate in the jaws of hungry alligators, except that's not what happened at all.

And after the uncovering of a secret love triangle, the truth would finally be revealed.

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Hey weirdos, I'm Alina.

I'm Ash.

And I'm Bailey Sarian.

And this is Morbid.

Woohoo!

Woohoo!

It's a special episode.

Guys, we have Bailey back on the show.

You remember Bailey.

Yay!

I'm so happy to be here.

We are so happy to have you back.

I'm so excited.

And Bailey's like here.

I'm here.

I'm in your home.

In the flesh.

In the pod lob.

Yes.

It's wild.

It's so cool to meet you guys in person.

I know.

This feels so crazy.

I know.

I feel like we should have like a screen separating us.

I know.

Well, we kind of do.

I'm behind this mic.

I can't really see you.

That's true.

That's true.

We can just peek out every now and again.

I know.

I thank you for inviting me back.

Of course.

You're always welcome.

I love you guys so much.

I love your podcast.

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You guys are killing it.  
Thank you.  
Don't ever give up.  
Believe in yourselves.  
Oh my god.  
Thanks.  
You're shut already.  
And we're done.  
Bye.  
That's it.  
See you later.  
Thanks for tuning in.  
This was our episode.  
More bed, but positivity.  
I love that.  
You know, and it's so weird because I feel like we've already met in person.  
I know.  
So this is like that strange feeling of like, well, I know you.  
Right?  
Yeah.  
It does feel about right.  
I was coming over here.  
I was like, we've met.  
We've met.  
You're like, I'm just going over your house.  
Yeah.  
Of course.  
But we haven't.  
We haven't.  
Thank you.  
There we are.  
We're always welcome in my place.  
Thanks.  
Nice space.  
And your space.  
You need to throw a huge Halloween rager here.  
Oh yeah.  
It's so spooky.  
Yes.  
It's so spooky.  
Oh yeah.  
Across the street from a cemetery.  
Hello.  
Yeah.

Party.

Dream.

That's the dream.

Party in the cemetery after.

That's what sold me on this place.

I was like, well, there's a cemetery.

That's actually very true.

She texted me and was like, there's a cemetery.

I think we should get it.

Is it, is you feel like it's kind of haunted?

It is.

It's super old.

Like not that.

Well, the house isn't like crazy old.

Not as old.

But it's an old town with like a lot of.

Yeah.

Actually, oh no, I can't tell that statistic because it will give us away.

Exactly.

You know what?

Don't triangulate her.

No, no.

I'm sorry.

I'm like, yeah, I love the street.

I'm like making everything.

The street that you are off of.

No, you said cemetery.

You're good.

I was going to give a fact that would literally give us complete way.

I'll tell you after.

Got it.

Got it.

No facts.

Noted.

Noted.

But you know what?

Today we're going to do, we're going to do something fun.

We're going to do some listener tales.

Yeah.

You know, because listener tales are.

Brought to you by you for you from you and all about you.

Snaps.

Snaps for that.

You always do it right.

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I try.  
Every time.  
Every time.  
You know, it's easy to remember.  
I made it.  
You know, I make a lot of things up though and I still fuck them up.  
That's true.  
But you know what?  
That relatable.  
We had to start this episode like three times because I couldn't get the idea that there were three of us in the room and not two.  
It happens.  
To be fair, it's kind of hard.  
It's just you two forever.  
That's true.  
And now I'm just here like, Hey, remember, I'm here.  
Hello.  
Hi.  
Yeah.  
So I'm like, you're not.  
You know, it's okay.  
All right.  
Thank you.  
I appreciate that.  
But you know, we're going to start this off with an intense one.  
Yay.  
Because this one includes Jerry Brutus.  
That's a lot.  
Which we haven't covered Jerry Brutus yet.  
You haven't?  
No.  
He's like one of those that I've been waiting to cover.  
Yeah.  
Because you got to be in the right frame of mind to cover that cut.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
He's a real weirdo.  
Yeah.  
He's a real weirdo.  
But this one's called OG listener tale.  
My mom dated a serial killer.

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Someone on your future topic agenda.  
They knew.  
They knew it's on my future topic agenda.  
It says, Hey chicas, where do I start?  
You can use my name, which is Meredith.  
And yes, I love my name too.  
I was never one of those kids that decided to use my middle name or something.  
It's attached as a double space, 13 point PDF attached for the story I've teased.  
It's not super long.  
Did you just say PDF?  
They didn't write Pudafa.  
Pudafa.  
It says PDF.  
It's always Pudafa.  
Terrible.  
I'm sorry.  
It's not super long, so I won't apologize for the length.  
It comes in around eight minutes of reading time.  
That's the new thing that our listeners are doing for us.  
Is there being like, this is about 14 minutes of reading time.  
They're beautiful people.  
They really are.  
Wow.  
That's very kind.  
So kind.  
It's a double space PDF like for us because I can't see anything.  
That's how I am.  
Right?  
It's pretty great.  
Yeah.  
So they work with us.  
That's so sweet.  
They put in the work.  
That's nice.  
What a great community.  
Yeah.  
They're part of these episodes.  
They also gave us a pronunciation guide.  
Wow.  
What?  
My subscribers are scaring me.  
Oh my God.  
They want me to mispronounce it with everything.  
I say everything wrong.

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90% of the time.

I think that's why we got here.

Exactly.

I'm going to help you out with this.

Oh, you're right.

They're like, we feel bad.

You guys can't say time.

They just want me to struggle for some reason.

Yeah.

But this one, apparently the town is called Corvallis.

Thank you for that.

To be extra clear, that is a hard Oregon R.

Oregon.

Oregon.

Oregon.

It's Oregon Trail.

It's Oregon Trail.

That's why.

I know.

It's Oregon, but it's Oregon Trail.

Exactly.

Remember when they read me to filth for how I said Oregon before?

Oregon Trail actually read us to filth.

On Twitter.

The actual Oregon Trail game.

It was like, it's Oregon.

And I was like, get out of here, Oregon Trail.

Oh, wait.

You really say Oregon?

Yeah.

For the place.

Well, I used to.

Oh.

It's Oregon.

But when I refer to the game, it's Oregon Trail.

How come?

Because I grew up saying Oregon Trail.

Okay, that's fair.

And I think we grew up saying Oregon.

I was going to say, I always said Oregon because my dad used to live in Oregon.

My dad moved to Oregon.

He moved to Oregon.

It just sounds like a nice shape.

It does, right?

It does, actually.

It does, actually.

Everyone from there is like, it's Oregon.

Yeah.

Yeah.

It's rough.

How funny.

Okay.

I like that, though.

But you know what, Massachusetts has terrible pronounced names, too.

So, yeah.

St. Lemonster.

St. Peabody.

There you go.

So Oregon Trail, the game came after you?

They did.

And the game was like.

Oh, that was cool.

Jokesies, of course.

Yeah.

I would screenshot and frame that.

No beef with Oregon Trail.

But yeah, they were like, it's no.

It says my choir teacher in high school came from Boston and had so much disdain for the Oregon R. We hit that consonant hard.

Hard.

Also, the Oregonian appears in the story.

And Ash, you've gotten it right before.

So I know you got this for your mental health.

Oregonian equals Oregonian.

See, I said it right.

You do.

So regional dialects are a real thing.

So you do you.

See, thank you for ending me.

There you go.

Because we're always like regional dialects.

We say things different.

Oh, my ever-loving whatever.

It has taken me so long to get this out.

Please be gentle.

Lots of feels involved here.

Keep it real, my lovelies.

And they attached a bunch of photos, but we're going to get to the listener, too.

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It says, dear wonderful weirdos.

I've listened to you since your first episode.

And while you've come a long, long way, I think you've stayed true to your vision.

Thank you.

I'm glad Ash no longer calls herself a trash person.

I still do.

Whether or not she's drinking questionable slurpees.

But I'm secretly really glad she didn't cut the cussing.

Like Papa suggested, suggested you got to keep it real, am I right?

Condolences on last year's losses and this year's early struggles.

Congratulations on the many, many successes.

You're really sweet.

Oh, thanks.

Specific to Ash and Drew.

You're doing the damn thing.

Much love to you.

Thank you.

Specific to Elena.

You're an inspiration to want to be writers everywhere, including me.

I wanted to write from the time I was nine years old, but I was discouraged because my neurodivergent brain could never decide between first person and third person narrative.

That took me.

Didn't you struggle with that?

Yes.

I was just going to say.

It's hard.

Don't feel bad about that at all because I struggled with that.

Still struggle with that.

I feel like I would, too.

I gave up with it.

It's hard.

It's so hard.

To this day, I don't know why we can't just call it second person and call it a day, but that was the late 80s.

I'm an old broad and I was called weird daydreamer, et cetera.

Those things are not untrue, but I was also struggling with an undiagnosed learning disability.

My husband still thinks I should write one of my personal tales into a book, but the convicted, the convicted creepo is out and walking around.

There is possible libel defamation she's to consider.

Damn.

That sucks.

You can make it like fictional though.

There you go.

Take some artistic license with it and then you can write it down.

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Boom.

I say do it.

I actually have several stories to share.

Accidental amputation comedy of errors, stalkers, serial rapist encounters.

See above the guy who is out and about now.

Oh no.

Damn.

And I'm not sure how to begin really, even after years of considering a submittal.

Several of the best stories, this being one, are actually my mom's, but she passed away almost five years ago.

Sad face.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

So some details might be a tad inaccurate or fuzzy.

I started writing this the day before what would have been her 80th birthday in October of 2022.

We didn't know 75 would be her last.

I'm sorry.

So hug your loved ones, kids, because grief and regret is the shits.

Grief being complicated stuff is why it's taken months on top of months to get this sent, but good for you for sending it.

I know.

It's taken me yet another five months to get this sent.

And since I've just finished listening to Harvey Glapman, part one, oof.

I think perhaps the time is at hand.

Hint, you mentioned one of the main characters on that episode.

Oh yeah, because I brought up.

You did.

This man's this man's.

In any case, let's get to the case.

When I was in my mid twenties, I found out that my mom had dated a serial killer.

Imagine just finding that out.

No.

In your mid twenties, your mom's like, you know what's funny about my life?

One time I dated a serial killer.

All right.

I'd be so mad.

Right?

Yeah.

Why wouldn't you tell me that day one?

Yeah.

You got like right away.

I mean, I came out the womb, mom.

Yeah.

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Teaching me my ABCs, be like, by the way.

You know that guy?

Kill all the people?

Put this way.

He's in love with him.

I liked it.

You should have found it.

It came up one day in casual conversation.

Super cash, right?

I have no idea why she told me she chose to tell me the day that she did.

Mom was a night owl.

Always had been.

Growing up, if I called to be picked up from school with a tummy ache, it typically took a couple calls to get her on the phone because she was reliably lying down napping.

Relatable.

Years later, treatment for a previously undiagnosed thyroid problem resolved the majority of the excessive napping, but she was still always up late, really late, like sunrise late.

I guess this habit started in her youth, probably high school if she could get away with it.

Grandpa was a stickler for proper behavior.

But for certain, as a freshman in college, she told me she would sit up at night listening to the radio and smoking cigarettes.

Scandalous.

So as a freshman at Oregon State University in Corvallis, she would sit up at night listening to the radio.

Boom.

She would sit up late and listen to a local radio station.

And for whatever reason, she called the station late one night and spoke to the engineer working the station.

From what I recall, after several late nights conversations, he and my mom decided to meet.

I love that this is like the meet cute in the meeting.

Yeah.

It's like they were chatting on AIM before.

Yeah.

Early AIM.

Given that it was 1960-ish, it was probably a very cute conversation where this guy bashfully asked mom out on a proper date.

Mom told me Jerry had a kind, gentle, pleasant demeanor and a pleasant voice.

Not Jerry.

Can I just take a minute right here to mention how terrifying it is that this individual presented as kind and gentle?

Yeah, you sure can.

Yeah.

Wait, did she say how old she was this time?

She was a freshman in college.

Okay, okay.  
So she was young.  
Sorry, I'm just trying to get the mental image.  
I know.  
That's not good.  
Because you're like, where was this when this was happening?  
But not a picture at all.  
Freshman in college while she's sitting up late night listening to the radio.  
Smoking cigs.  
Someone in the radio station.  
It's giving me like um, now and then vibes.  
Yeah.  
Have you ever seen that movie?  
No, but I love the candy.  
Alright, so it works out.  
Yes, I must say.  
You love the movie.  
Yes.  
That's such a great movie.  
You gotta watch it.  
Yeah, you should watch it.  
It's a nostalgia fest.  
God, I think I've seen it, but it's, I can't remember right now.  
It's great, but yeah.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
It's also making me think of an urban legend.  
Terry being like the radio operator.  
Yep.  
Like late at night people calling in and asking like really raunchy questions.  
I love that movie.  
Yeah.  
And I love her in that movie.  
I'm gonna watch it.  
She's underrated in that movie.  
Yeah, big time.  
Yeah, she's fucking phenomenal in that.  
That was like the height of terror read.  
Oh yeah, big time.  
That was like American pie terror read.  
But we digress.  
This is where details get really fuzzy.  
Mom and Jerry went out at least twice.  
I don't know what the order was and what they did on one

of what I believe was only two dates,  
but on the date I know about,  
they drove to the coast together.  
They drove to the coast together.  
Because Corvallis is only 53 miles  
of winding rural highway away,  
incidentally Highway 20 is the longest highway  
in the United States,  
starting in Newport and ending 3,151.3 miles later  
in Boston.

Whoa, look at that.

But I digress.

I'm only guessing that this is the beach they ended up at  
because it was the shortest route to the coast.

The point being that they spent an extended period of time  
alone in a car with him as he drove on rural highways.

So that is really scary.

Rural highways that to this day have long solitary stretches  
that outside of busy holiday weekends  
when everyone and their cousin and their cousin's best friends  
decide to escape to the coast  
are relatively solitary places.

So here's my sweet little mama,  
all five foot two of her alone on a road trip in a car  
with someone who someday will be arrested as a serial killer.

And here I am today to tell you about it  
because he evidently hadn't started killing yet.

Oh, that's crazy.

So imagine she like realizes it later  
and she's like, he hadn't even killed anybody yet,  
but he was like, that might have been like working  
in his mind.

Was he thinking about it on that car ride?

Was he like practicing something?

Like was she an almost victim?

Oh, that's freaky.

That's terrifying.

That would keep me up.

Oh, that's the big, yeah.

Maybe that's why she's a late night owl.

Oh, yeah.

Maybe.

Full circle.

He's keeping her up.

I always think about that with these kind of stories is like, you must be constantly thinking that every second that you were with that person, you got away with your life.

Oh, totally.

Totally.

It could have been totally different.

Because my thought too is like these serial killers and stuff, they don't just randomly one day decide to kill.

It's something that they built up to.

So most likely like he was, something was marinating up there.

That's the thing.

You know, like he was probably, yeah.

He was thinking about it.

Probably, yeah.

Why not?

Come on.

You know that thought entered his mind.

Being alone with a woman in a car.

Driving along the coast.

Isn't that where he usually would like carry things out?

That's the thing, like he was,

he would like bring them back to his house.

Yeah, he's a rough one.

I wonder what the conversation was like.

I know.

You know?

And at that point, he was definitely going through it because he's the one that has all these like issues from childhood that he brought into adulthood.

So he was like smacked out in the middle of his like traumatic issues here.

Yeah.

Like shoe thing.

I was just going to say, imagine if he had complimented her shoes.

I know, I wonder.

Maybe she was wearing ugly shoes and that's why he didn't.

Maybe that could be the thing that saved her, you know?

Because she was very, yeah.

She's wearing like clogs.

That was important.

That was important.

So it could have been it.

Yeah.

Damn.

All comes down to the shoe choice.

It does.

Thank goodness she got away with this.

That's scary.

Right.

Mom told me that they didn't go out more than a couple of times and that while he seemed nice enough, he was a little soft and homely.

Definitely homely.

You know what?

I agree with her.

He was definitely homely.

Not a cute guy.

And so she just wasn't attracted to him.

Makes sense since she ended up with my dad who was movie star handsome with broad muscular shoulders and abs before abs were cool.

Get it?

You're dead.

Yeah, pour it out for your dad.

Pour it out for your dad.

Seriously though, go look later at images of this guy.

And you can, but I don't recommend it.

Yeah.

And then compare him to say, oh my God, I was picturing Paul Newman when she said her dad.

I don't know who that is.

You don't know who Paul Newman is.

No.

Who is that?

Oh man.

What's he from?

Look up Paul Newman.

Okay.

Have you ever had his salad dressing this baby?

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Newman's own.

Yeah, yeah.

I know that guy.  
Yeah, he's like very handsome old movie star.  
Let's see.  
Paul Newman from Cool Hand Luke  
with golden blonde curly hair with crystal blue eyes.  
That's about what my dad looked like.  
He's cute.  
Just saying.  
So when I say she thought Jerry was homely,  
she knew she could do better.  
Keep your tits and standards high ladies.  
I love great advice.  
There are pictures for you attached to the email  
of my teeny mama and my handsome dad.  
There are puppers too for funsies.  
I love that people just send us pictures of their pets.  
It's the best.  
I love that.  
Like they'll tell us a horrific story  
and they'll be like, but here's a picture of my puppy.  
And it's like.  
Oh look at my dog.  
Better.  
Thank you.  
Keep doing it.  
Some of the listeners may have already figured out  
that I am referring to the one, the only drum roll please,  
Jerome Brutus of such hits as Lust Killer by Ann Rule  
and episodes 281 and 282 of last podcast on the left  
where Henry specifically says that Jerry couldn't get a date.  
So when he met his wife, he married her ASAP.  
But I know and now you do too.  
That wasn't entirely true.  
Welcome to my mom's secret.  
My mom's smart, pretty and from a good family  
went away to college and went out with this nut bag  
and what I believe was autumn of 1960.  
Stories indicate he married Darcy in 1961.  
So it was likely within a year after he and my mom went out  
into the best of our true crime buff community's knowledge.  
And we know quite a bit about this guy,  
but also starting startlingly little.  
He didn't start killing until several years later,  
but we also know that he'd been a sexual sadist

from a very, very young age.

And somehow there, but for the grace, I guess,  
my mom was left completely untouched and happily ignorant  
until she got up to get the paper one morning  
in the spring of 1969.

And this is how she described that.

Oh my God.

She and my dad had been married about three and a half years.

They lived on a semi-rural piece of property.

Rural is so hard to say.

I hate that word.

Every time I say it, I have to like, I'm like,

Rural.

Rural.

And you like see it coming in the sentence too.

Yeah, and I'm like, is you anxiety?

Yes.

I have to like jog in place for a second to get it right.

On the edge of what one day would be a flourishing,  
affluent suburb just a few miles from downtown Portland,  
Oregon.

My dad had gone to work that morning

and mom slept in as was her routine.

But when she got up and wandered down the driveway  
to get the Oregonian, Oregonian, Oregonian.

Oregonian.

Oregonian?

Yeah.

Well, now I don't know.

Shit.

Oregon people.

Oregonian.

Wait, she gave us nothing, didn't she?

Because Oregonian would mean we're saying it all the way.

Oregonian.

Yeah, it's Oregonian.

Yes, you're pronouncing it right, she said.

Thank you.

Out of the paper box, she unfolded it  
to find what she described as a six inch high,  
lettered headline, screaming about a killer being caught.

And below that was a picture of the man

she'd been alone with a time or two.

She said she immediately fell apart.

I don't blame her.  
And with no one else home, she ran across the street  
to the nearest neighbor who confronted her  
as she trauma cried.  
Or comforted her.  
Comforted her.  
He confronted her.  
Why are you crying?  
Why are you crying?  
They're still crying.  
Stop it.  
It's the 60s.  
They're still crying in baseball.  
That's really all I know.  
And mom made it clear that she'd ever  
wanted to discuss this at length.  
Clearly the very idea that she had been in such close contact  
with a man that could have ended her life,  
or at least have changed it dramatically,  
was she just more than what she,  
was just more than what she wanted to dwell on.  
It may also be that because of the era  
in which mom was raised, she carried some shame  
from the very fact that she went out with this monster,  
which is pretty fucked up.  
A very victim, blamey kind of vibe, super gross.  
Or maybe it was even survivor's guilt  
because she made it out alive  
of the casual relationship they had.  
Part of me feels like I'm betraying mom by sharing this,  
and part of me feels like I'm freeing her from the burden.  
I think it's the latter, I would say.  
Either way, if she were still with us,  
it would be her story to share, but she's not.  
So let us all release her from these misplaced emotions  
that she carried.  
You are released, mama.  
Totally released.  
Happy belated birthday, mom.  
I love and miss you forever.  
So keep it weird, my friends,  
but not so weird that you innocently accept a date  
with a total monster and then carry a secret shame  
for 48 years.

Never, ever, ever keep it that weird.  
Never.  
Damn.  
Wow, that was wild.  
Meredith.  
That was wild.  
What a story.  
That was really sweet.  
Yeah, Meredith was so sweet.  
Your parents were so cute.  
And he does look like Paul.  
And your dad is a handsome movie star.  
He is.  
He's a tall handsome man.  
A tall drink of water.  
Oh, same wave.  
There you go.  
So thank you for that, Meredith.  
I know.  
And happy belated birthday to your mama.  
Yeah.  
And I'm glad she survived that.  
Seriously.  
Because, my God.  
Yeah, that was wild.  
I wonder if she had a gut.  
There's so many questions, you know?  
I know, because you wonder, like,  
did she get a gut feeling?  
Was there any feeling that she was ignoring?  
She was being weird.  
Like, what?  
Why didn't she go out with him again?  
That's what I wonder.  
Like, the last date they went on,  
like, did something happen that left a weird taste  
in her mouth?  
Because he was homely.  
And if you look at, like,  
if you look at the man she married,  
like, yeah, she knew she could do better there.  
But it's like, was there also something that just told her?  
Yeah.  
Or maybe he just had a shitty personality.

Yeah.  
Which honestly.  
Maybe like all of it.  
All of the above, yeah.  
It's true.  
Like, he was a charmer at first,  
like they usually are.  
And then when you find out who they really are,  
you're like, wow, you suck.  
Yeah, because he definitely was not cute.  
No.  
Wolf.  
Yeah, no.  
It's not a good situation.  
I think your mom made the best choice she could have there.  
I think she did.  
She came out on top.  
She did.  
Yeah.  
All right.  
That's so scary.  
That was.  
I wonder, like, how you would feel afterwards.  
I never really thought about that too much, like.  
Reading that headline.  
Yeah.  
You know?  
Like, I would probably do what she did,  
which was just like burst into tears.  
But also, you probably would have survivor's guilt.  
Yeah, because you're like, why did I get out of that?  
Yeah, and I did not see that.  
Yeah, yeah.  
I could have saved people if I would have said something.  
Yeah.  
Even though you have to take that off of you.  
Of course.  
That's what survivor's guilt is at its core,  
is something that you should never feel,  
because you did nothing wrong, but you inherently feel.  
Because you're like, did I ignore a feeling?  
I feel like it would just be very confusing.  
Like, I just feel like I don't know how to feel.  
Yeah.

Or you probably talk yourself out of it, like, no.  
That wasn't the same guy.  
Like, that could not be.  
Right?  
That's just the same name.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Same look and everything, but not the same guy.  
But you know that.  
You know that face.  
Yeah, that face will stay.  
I forget that face with you.  
Yeah, yeah.  
He was, yeah, different looking.  
He was not a looker.  
Definitely not.  
I didn't even have a good personality.  
No, no, it doesn't sound like he did at all.  
So many questions.  
But apparently he was good on the phone.  
All right.  
That's the thing.  
I feel like that happens a lot.  
I feel like then people get in front of you and you're like,  
wait, was that the same person that I was talking to  
in this whole time?  
That's what it is.  
You know, like back when I was on the apps and stuff,  
and I would talk to people, and then you're like.  
When I was on the apps.  
What is this?  
You know, when you meet him in person,  
it's just like nothing, nothing there.  
Yeah.  
You're like, was I talking to like your talented cousin  
or something?  
Your talented cousin.  
You're good with words, cousin.  
Oh my God, this makes me so happy  
that I never had to do the.  
Yeah, consider yourself online dating.  
Yeah, I would not recommend.  
No.  
I do not recommend.  
Hearing the horror stories, I'm like, my God.

Yeah.

You're a warrior.

I'm very glad that I went back with Drew  
and figured that all out because it worked out.

And no, I don't have to do that.

For you guys.

Yeah.

Thanks.

I'm not here on the dating app.

Struggling.

You're a warrior.

Yeah.

You're a warrior over here.

It's bad.

It's real bad.

I could only imagine.

Seriously.

Everyone's creepy too.

Yeah.

Like I'm paranoid.

Everyone's a killer in my eyes.

Oh, absolutely.

Yeah.

I can't even pick someone.

That's the thing.

I know.

Right?

It's hard.

You just have to go out with them and just hope for this.

And just hope.

Yeah.

It's a very, very public place.

I know.

And then there's that fear of like, do they know who I am?

Yeah, especially like in your position, I'm sure.

It's scary.

Yeah.

I know.

That's a much stranger.

Yeah.

Like Avenue with all that.

Yeah.

Tating.

Whatever.

Tating.

Ugh.

That is.

Have you ever wondered why laundry detergent comes in a massive plastic jug?

Like who wants that?

91% of those inconvenient, awkward, heavy jugs actually end up in landfills and oceans, harming our planet and our marine life.

And I say to that.

That's terrible.

There's got to be a better way.

And it's not like you can just stop doing laundry, even though I wish I could do that.

So here's what I did do.

I switched to Earth Breeze.

My new Earth Breeze laundry detergent eco sheets look like dryer sheets.

At first I was like, wait, is this a dryer sheet?

No, it's not.

It's a revolutionary liquidless laundry detergent that dissolves 100% in any wash cycle, hot or cold.

And I go back and forth on both.

So I was glad to hear that.

Earth Breeze has really made the whole concept of detergent way better.

The packaging is lightweight, biodegradable, and it's plastic free.

It's super great for all laundry lifestyles, even sensitive skin, which I have and I'm a true test.

It did not bother my skin at all

because their eco sheets are hypoallergenic and dermatologists tested.

Most importantly, you'll still get a powerful clean.

Earth Breeze is tough on stains, fights odors and your clothes come out clean every time.

I actually did a little testy test because I'm crazy.

You know, when you leave your wash and they'll wash like overnight and it's stinky and then you have to wash it again,

I was like, let me try my Earth Breeze this time.

And guess what?

Smelled fresher coming out than it did the first time I washed it.

But don't just take my word for it.  
You can try for yourself  
with their risk-free 100% satisfaction guarantee.  
If you don't like it,  
Earth Breeze will give you a full refund.  
No questions asked and no return necessary.  
Switch from the old fashioned goo to something new.  
Right now my listeners can subscribe to Earth Breeze  
and say 40% go to earthbreeze.com slash morbid  
to get started.  
That's earthbreeze.com slash morbid for 40% off  
earthbreeze.com slash morbid.  
This show is sponsored by BetterHelp.  
Getting to know yourself can be a lifelong process,  
especially because we're always growing and changing.  
I feel like this year especially for me  
has come with so much growth, so much change.  
And every now and then it can get a little exhausting.  
I'm like, what do I expect next?  
Now listen, therapy is all about deepening  
your self-awareness and understanding  
because sometimes we don't know what we want  
or why we react to things the way we do  
until we talk through things.  
BetterHelp connects you with a licensed therapist  
who can take you on that journey of self-discovery  
from wherever you are.  
That's my favorite thing about BetterHelp  
and about therapy in general  
is there is somebody out there that can listen to you,  
eat up all your problems and give you a bit of a solution  
to figure out, I love therapy,  
I've benefited from it for years  
and I would recommend it to literally anybody.  
Now if you're thinking of starting therapy,  
give BetterHelp a try.  
It's entirely online, designed to be convenient,  
flexible and suited to your schedule.  
Just fill out a brief questionnaire  
to get matched with a licensed therapist  
and switch therapists anytime for no additional charge.  
Discover your potential with BetterHelp.  
Visit betterhelp.com slash morbid today  
to get 10% off your first month.

That's betterhelp, H-E-L-P, dot com slash morbid.  
All right, are we ready for the next one?  
Heck yeah.  
I can't finish my best, I need glasses  
but I'm like regretting.  
No, it's not that I'm regretting,  
I'm putting off getting glasses.  
I don't know if I'm ready for that yet.  
I think you look great with glasses.  
No.  
No.  
I wear too much makeup.  
That's true.  
Anyways, but let's quit and try my best.  
My grandmother was taking grad school classes at BU,  
Educational Slay, back in the 60s.  
Okay, back in the 60s.  
And she was temporarily staying with a friend  
and her roommate in the back bay area.  
One night after a long evening of jazz  
or whatever they did in the 60s.  
Jazz, just jazz.  
Just jazz, that's all they did.  
Just jazz, that's all they did.  
And bell bottoms.  
Jazz and bell bottoms, a good mix.  
She was opening the main door into the apartment  
and some guy tried following her in.  
He said he was there to meet a friend  
and was hoping that she would let him upstairs.  
Now, my grandmother is nice,  
but she's also an Aries, Italian, and from New England.  
A trifecta.  
Oh damn, my husband has two out of the three of those  
and I can tell you.  
What can you tell us?  
Cause to me I'm like, what does that mean?  
Aries, they're not gonna,  
they don't take shit.  
No.  
Oh really?  
They don't take any kind of shit.  
And they're not gonna just trust you.  
I need those around me.

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

Yeah, they're not just gonna trust you right off the bat.

Okay.

Yeah, you gotta earn it.

They got their walls up.

And New England?

And New England?

New Englanders, noble shit.

Basically, it's just like if we don't like you,  
we don't like you.

So her grandmother is a no shit woman.

Oh yeah.

We love that through and through.

It's a very go fuck yourself.

Oh, I love that.

Okay, good for her.

So she's actually not that nice.

Yeah, there you go.

Finish the sentence first.

And they said that, not Bailey.

Yeah, oh yeah.

Side note, I felt like you guys would appreciate  
everyone in my family is a fire sign.

Oh wow.

Three generations, grandparents, parents,  
my brother and me.

Damn.

I'm telling you because when I tell them,  
they say they don't believe in astrology  
and resume yelling, quote, passionately,  
across the table.

They're fire signs, man.

So she gets behind the door  
and she makes sure it's locked.

Through it, she starts grilling him with questions  
about who he's here to see  
and what floor do they live on.

Eventually, she gets a bad vibe.

She tells him to fuck off and runs upstairs.

I call him legend.

I didn't mean to do England dinner.

Her remains stewing on the sidewalk.

Unfortunately, this wouldn't be the last time  
at the apartment.

Shortly after, my grandmother leaves grad school

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

to start her career and moves back home to CT.  
Connect it.  
Got that.  
While she was home, she got the news  
that her friend's roommate had been murdered  
in the apartment.  
Oh damn.  
Oh my God.  
Like the actual apartment.  
Yeah.  
She got the news that her friend's roommate had been...  
Oh my God.  
She had been strangled with nylons  
as many of his victims were.  
I'm not going to share her name out of respect  
from the family, but most of the info is online.  
I'm not sure if my grandmother put two and two together  
when the murder happened,  
but when they caught him years later  
and released his picture, her blood went cold.  
It was without a doubt the guy  
who tried to follow her inside.  
Oh my God.  
Oh my God.  
And then you wonder was he going in there to find her?  
Of course he was.  
Of course he was.  
He didn't let him in.  
Probably.  
I would literally just move.  
I wouldn't even grab my stuff.  
I would just leave.  
You can have it.  
Oh my God.  
That stuff has bad Boston strangler energy on it.  
The scenes were horrific.  
He left to those places just a nightmare.  
Oh my God.  
How terrifying.  
She goes on to say, always trust your gut.  
And maybe don't be nice to everyone.  
Definitely don't be nice.  
Honestly, facts.  
I know I'm rude about the facts.

Me too.

And it's something I've learned at such a young age  
to just be kind and nice and show respect to everybody.

And sometimes, unfortunately,  
that means you let people walk all over you  
in a way because you just don't want to like,  
it's just what we're taught, manners.

Yeah, we were all taught that.

Yeah.

When you're like, you need to be kind,  
you need to be nice.

And now I can't.

It's like my Achilles heel, I feel like.

Yeah.

Because it's like, it just can't be a blanket statement  
anymore to kids.

It can't be like you always have to be kind,  
you always have to be polite.

It's like, no, like when somebody earns it,  
you be kind.

Like don't be outwardly mean right out of the gate.

But you assess the situation.

Be an Aries Italian New Englander.

Exactly.

That's what we need to teach these kids.

We all have to channel that.

Yeah.

Yeah.

I've noticed since dating, it's been like,  
I just, even though like someone will say something rude,  
I just give them time to like keep going  
because I'm being polite.

And I'm like, why am I still being polite?

Like I should just leave.

Yeah, like fuck that.

It's something I have to completely unlearn.

I want to channel this lady right now.

It's hard.

I'm going to channel my New England.

Hell yeah.

Italian, what was the other one?

Aries.

There you go.

Anyways, maybe don't be nice to everyone.

No.  
I'm going to put that on a shirt.  
Especially if you don't feel safe  
and you're not causing them harm.  
It's better to just,  
it's better to just have them think you're a bitch.  
Yeah.  
You might even find that deep down,  
hey, you were a bitch all along.  
A smiley face.  
I love that.  
Thank you both for reading.  
Love you and your podcast so much.  
This is from Quinn.  
Thanks Quinn.  
Quinn, what a story.  
You have the nicest little subscribers, listeners.  
Oh, they're the best.  
Oh, they're so sweet.  
They really are.  
They are like these listener tales, like feed our souls.  
Totally.  
Because they write the nicest things.  
Wait, we got to get grandma on the line here.  
I need some more info.  
Oh yeah, I got it here.  
Oh my God, poor thing.  
Because that's another thing where it's like  
you would feel this survivor guilt  
or you'd feel this like, how did I get out of that?  
Like how did I get out of that apartment?  
Or just like imagining that you were there.  
Like, yeah.  
She probably would have done it to her.  
Like what would have happened?  
If she was, if she went with that whole  
be nice to everyone, be polite, don't be a bitch.  
She would have let them in the building.  
See, that part is what keeps me up at night.  
It's like, I got to learn to like step my,  
put my foot down because I don't, I'm scared of that shit.  
Yeah, right?  
Because it really is better.  
Like what she said, it's better.

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

People can think you're a bitch.  
You know what you are.  
Yeah.  
That's what I always say.  
You want to think I'm a bitch, so that's fine.  
I know what I am.  
You're safe at that point.  
And I'm safe.  
Yeah, I guess that's all that matters.  
Exactly, that's all I need.  
You're safe and you know who you are.  
So that's all that matters.  
Facts.  
Love facts.  
I'm putting this next one into a PDF because I can't read.  
So we'll just wait for a second.  
This happens every once in a while.  
We're like vamp until I put it in a PDF.  
Okay, we are good.  
Woo.  
All right, so our next tale is called Listener Tales.  
I also met a murderer.  
I love that it's like I also did that.  
Which is crazy because that's the theme here today.  
I don't even know if we said that at the beginning actually.  
Oh yeah.  
So the theme today is probably the title of the episode.  
So maybe you guys got it.  
Yeah, you knew what you're in for.  
We're doing another installment of how I met a murderer.  
I don't know why I said how like it was how I met your mother.  
How I met a murderer.  
That's what we should go with.  
I think the show actually, yeah.  
There you go.  
I'd watch how I met a murderer.  
How I met a murderer.  
Yeah.  
And at the end, they should make it.  
TM Twitter.  
Don't wait out there.  
Yeah.  
Take that and write it.  
That's what we discovered where like that's legal, right?

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

When we say TM, you can't take it.

Yeah.

We really know.

We'll find out.

All right.

So it says that time I stole the Taco Bell name tag from the guy I sat behind in high school government class to pin on my backpack and he ended up robbing and murdering someone.

Wow.

That's like a series of events

I never would have put together.

I hate that Taco Bell had to make its way into that.

Cause I love Taco Bell.

Taco Bell so good.

We got Taco Bell last Friday.

It was the best decision we ever made.

I was having a bad day and I was like,

I was sitting like he's dying cause I was like,

was it Friday when I was like, I am a goblin.

Like I just felt like a goblin that day.

You know, you just wake up and you're like, I'm a goblin.

Like nothing's going to be right.

I'm a troll.

I'm a troll.

But that's okay.

You're a goblin.

I'm a troll.

What about you?

What are you?

Probably just a bitch.

Okay.

Me?

I'm just a bitch.

And I literally was like, it's Taco Bell today.

Like I'm full goblin.

Let's go.

Yeah.

Let's get 85 tacos.

Oh, a quesarito and two soft tacos.

You got it in the crunchy Dorito taco.

That's what you got.

Love the Dorito.

I love the crunch.

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

I'm a Crunchwrap Supremar.  
Oh yes.  
I love a crunch.  
Mm-hmm.  
I love that like chemical cheese.  
A crunchy taco.  
Chemical cheese.  
Yeah.  
And then, oh those, sorry, not sponsored by Taco Bell,  
but like they're sponsored by us.  
I know, those cinnamon.  
Oh my God.  
Those are so good.  
If you order those like late night  
and then you wake up in like the middle of the night  
at like 3 a.m.  
And you just like pop a couple of those  
and you're like, that's pure happiness.  
Yeah, they do.  
That's what life is all about.  
I want those now specifically.  
Actually, forget this.  
I'm going to Taco Bell.  
I'm like, so we're doing the episode.  
Bye.  
Taco Bell time.  
Let's go.  
But this person stole somebody's Taco Bell name tag,  
not their delicious treats.  
It says, hey weirdos,  
I'll start with the obligatory gushing  
about how much I love your podcast.  
Thank you.  
I found you in the last year  
and love listening to you girls  
as I get ready in the morning  
while doing laundry, driving by myself,  
and really any other time I can get far enough away  
from my seven and 10 year old  
so that I won't traumatize them just yet.  
Just yet.  
Just yet, love that.  
I'm an elementary music teacher in rural Missouri.  
Rural.

I know, rural's making its way.  
Rural's the secondary theme today.  
It says, despite what you see in the news, don't worry.  
We are not all close-minded people  
who would hunt other humans down with a hunting rifle  
just because they don't agree with us.  
That's really good to hear.  
That's like a great sponsor for Missouri.  
And it's been my experience that true crime,  
sorry, that true crime type shows and podcasts  
are a stress relief for educators.  
Not sure what that says about our psyche, but I go with it.  
Well, you guys are going through it.  
You got to contend with a lot as an educator today.  
For real, like literal heroes in my opinion.  
Pay them more, God damn it.  
Pay them all the money.  
We all want them to make more.  
I want them to make so much money.  
I say it all the time.  
Yeah, they should.  
They absolutely should.  
Because I can't, we tried, we can't do it.  
No, well, in everything they deal with now, especially,  
but also I was an asshole when I was little.  
Even just like teaching kids.  
I'm like, you deserve way more money.  
Oh, we tried to like do because we held our kids out  
during like the height of COVID.  
So we were like, OK, well, we got to keep them.  
They were only in like preschool,  
but we're like, we're going to keep the curriculum going.  
Even that, John and I were like, I  
don't know how teachers do this.  
Like, I don't know how to do this.  
Like teaching them to read, I don't know how to,  
because I'm just like, I just know how to do this.  
Yeah, you're like, see that word?  
Like, say it, that's OK.  
I'm like, that just says that.  
You read.  
It just says should, or they'll ask me,  
like, why does that say should?  
Like, that doesn't look like there's an L in it.

And I'm like, I don't know, to be honest.  
Yeah, yeah.  
The English language is weird.  
Growing up when my parents would be like, I don't know,  
it just is.  
Yes, it just is.  
And I couldn't accept that as a kid.  
I'm like, why?  
But why, though?  
But it's like in reality, you're like, I literally don't know.  
You're like, it should because it should, OK?  
Just accept it.  
Just the way it is, just memorize that one.  
There's no convention with it.  
The amount of times we're just like, I don't know.  
That's what it says.  
Yeah, sorry.  
That's it.  
I love you so much.  
Love you.  
Ask your, and then I'm like, ask your teacher.  
And then I'm like, pay her more.  
Yeah.  
Jesus.  
Exactly.  
Life happening right there.  
But this person says, I'm also one of those weirdos  
who listens to morbid two-fall asleep at night.  
So there you go.  
I love hearing that.  
Same Z.  
It's so funny.  
It's so funny.  
I also feel a kinship to you girls, especially Elena.  
Hey.  
As we fall squarely in the same age group,  
and I understand all of your cultural references  
and giggle when Ash misses some of them.  
Elders.  
You're next.  
I'm always like, wait, what?  
Like Paul Newman.  
Yeah, like Paul Newman.  
It just happened.

Yeah.

Love you anyway, girl.

Thanks.

Love you too.

OK, on to this story.

It's the fun of it.

I just got done listening to your listener tales

that time I met a murderer and realized

I too have met a murderer.

When I was in high school and, excuse me,

when I was in high school, I hung out with some rather,

shall we say, sketchy people.

We've all been there.

It was one of those my high school boyfriend

was kind of on the edge and hung out

with people who pretty much off the edge.

So I hung out with them by proxy sort of thing.

You know that thing.

Yeah, that.

My boyfriend ended up, ended up a great guy

and is now a contributing member to society.

Woo.

But for context, his high school best friend

was murdered a few years ago in a sketchy situation.

But that's actually another story.

Damn.

We need that one too.

I know.

Sad, right?

I sort of had two personas.

One me that got almost straight A's was first chair,

saxophone, and band.

Rarely broke curfew and was a Girl Scout for real.

Whoa.

I love that it was like for real.

I really was not lying.

I'm not lying to you.

I had the badges.

I got the cookies.

How many badges, I wonder.

I want to know.

Do you still have any Thin Mints left?

And then there was the other me that hung out

in a back parking lot on the weekend,

smoked behind my parents' back.  
I later found out that they knew all along.  
Parents, am I right?  
They always know.  
They always know.  
And they always tell you later, I do that whole time.  
Oh, yeah.  
I've gotten a lot of those.  
Oh, yeah.  
Yep.  
Drank out parties and apparently hung out  
with future murderers.  
I don't really know much about astrology, but I'm a sage.  
Don't know if that says something about me here, Ash.  
Oh, are you?  
I am a sage.  
Oh, so you're a fire sign.  
Am I?  
Yeah.  
Oh, cool.  
I'm a sage rising.  
I don't know what that really says.  
I don't know a lot about sages in general.  
We're right before my sign, that's all I know.  
Yeah, we're fiery, and we want to run away  
and start new things a lot.  
We want to run and be free.  
We don't give any rules.  
No rules.  
Yeah.  
Oh, there you go.  
So maybe that was a different part of your sign,  
like your birth chart, like arguing with the sage side,  
you know?  
That makes sense.  
Yeah.  
Because it's like I was out.  
I was like rebelling against everything.  
That makes sense.  
I like it.  
Yeah.  
So anyways, one of my boyfriend's best friends,  
aforementioned guy who got murdered,  
his friend sat by me in my government class.

This was after my high school boyfriend and I broke up,  
but we were all still friends.  
So a friend of a friend would flirt with me some.  
And even though I really didn't like him that way,  
he did always strike me as a bit creepy.  
I would sort of flirt back because high school girl,  
out of all the guys in this group,  
he was always the one that gave me the weirdest feeling.  
Trust your gut people.  
It's true.  
He'd just started working at Taco Bell  
and would wear his name tag to school sometimes,  
just to be weird, I guess.  
Oh, a couple of kids did that in my school.  
Did they really?  
Yeah, it was like, I got a job.  
I was like, what?  
Look at my job face.  
Maybe like jack in the box or Target.  
That's hilarious.  
I never got a name tag at any of my jobs.  
I got one at Hollywood Video.  
There you go.  
That was my favorite.  
I worked at a video store.  
I worked at a video store.  
It was my favorite job.  
That's like the coolest.  
I always wanted to.  
I would still work at a video store if there was a video store.  
I would love to be like the rewind girl.  
Oh, yeah.  
Apparently Blockbuster's making some kind of comeback.  
Did you hear that?  
No.  
All of your heads just turned.  
We were like, their website just like reactivated  
for the first time in like years.  
Are we bringing VHSs back?  
Let's go.  
I don't know.  
Be kind, rewind.  
I'm ready.  
Be kind, rewind.

Let's go.  
Who knows?  
Yeah, I want to go on a Friday night.  
I want to see if that box is there.  
Like it's like the risk.  
Anticipation.  
Is it going to be there?  
Am I going to have to wait another week  
for someone to return it?  
I had to wait so long for Titanic.  
Yes.  
Oh my God.  
Really?  
Was it the two VHSs?  
Yeah.  
I remember that.  
I remember the two.  
I don't remember much about video stores.  
Oh.  
It was such a time.  
Yeah.  
I missed a really good era.  
Yeah.  
I did.  
It's bad for you.  
All right.  
So he was wearing his name tag to school.  
Very strange.  
Lottie.do.  
Blah, blah, blah.  
Sorry, I lost my place.  
Lottie.do.  
That's what it says.  
Yeah, that's exactly what it says.  
Shoe, but up off.  
Well, his name tag was in the shape  
of a jalapeno pepper.  
And I just thought that was funny.  
So we made some kind of trade.  
I now don't remember at all the actual circumstances,  
but I ended up with the actual name tag  
pinned to my backpack.  
We were juniors at the time.  
And even though he didn't end up graduating,

I left the name tag on my backpack  
for the rest of high school.  
As a matter of fact, my mom keeps literally everything.  
And I was up in her attic not too long ago  
and came across that backpack  
and the name tag is still on there.  
Oh, damn.  
That's crazy.  
Now, fast forward about a year from graduation.  
I'm a freshman in college doing my own thing  
and have pretty much forgotten about  
Taco Bell name tag guy.  
I get a phone call from my mom and she's like,  
do you remember Taco Bell name tag guy?  
She obviously said his actual name, of course.  
I was hoping she said Taco Bell name tag guy.  
Me too.  
I liked that better.  
I was like, yeah, why?  
Well, apparently he and this couple,  
they were using some kind of drugs,  
broke into an older gentleman's house to rob him.  
They thought he wasn't home or something,  
but it turned out he totally was home.  
So Taco Bell name tag guy stabbed him to death  
before they all ran out to the getaway car,  
driven by a guy I also went to high school with  
that was actually a pretty good kid.  
He apparently got in too deep with these jerks.  
The couple that was with him were quite a bit older than us  
and I did not know them.  
I always knew he was a little bit creepy,  
but I never thought murder or type creepy,  
but as my mother would attest to,  
I have no intuition and would definitely be  
the first one to die in a horror movie  
because I would be the one that didn't heed any warnings  
and explained everything away like an ostrich  
with its head right down in the ground.  
But you know what, you know that about yourself  
and that's good.  
I think she's aware.  
Awareness is the first key.  
It's the survival, you know?

If you didn't know that, I'd be worried.  
I also think I would die first in a horror movie.  
100%.  
But you wouldn't because you know that  
and because I know that.  
So I'd be in that movie with you and I'd make sure.  
Okay, thanks.  
Don't worry.  
That's so sweet.  
I'd be the dumb ass who's like, what is that?  
Let me go check.  
Hello?  
And then I'll-  
I wouldn't say no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.  
So needless to say, when I came across my backpack  
with his name tag on it, I got some serious goosebumps  
and the more I listened to your podcast,  
the more I'm thinking, should I burn that backpack  
and sage my parents' attic, you know?  
Anyway, that's my, I also met a murderer story.  
I'm also going to put a couple of links  
to true crime stories that happened in  
or are related to my hometown  
in case you ever wanted to do an episode on any of them.  
Wow, thanks.  
Because even in rural Missouri,  
crazy stuff like this happens.  
Thanks if you made it this far in my story  
and keep it weird, but not somewhere  
that you break into a guy's house and stab him to death,  
okay?  
Yeah.  
PS, I have attached adorable pics of my kids and fur babies.  
Oh my goodness, the cutest of all babies everywhere.  
Yeah, really cute.  
You know what she should do?  
She should find what prison he's in,  
the Taco Bell guy, and mail the name tag back to him.  
Oh my God, that's a good idea.  
Oh my God.  
Can you imagine?  
Can you imagine?  
Yeah, they could just take the like,  
the sharp part off of it and give it back to him.

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

Yeah.

Give him the jalapeno pepper.

Okay, probably need this in jail.

Something to look at.

Yeah, you know.

Something to look at.

Something to do.

Always looking for something new.

I love it.

I think that's a great idea.

Bishops Gray Academy, the most prestigious boarding school in the country, and the most cutthroat.

Bishop Gray is like no other school on the planet.

The best fencing team in the country, elaborate black type.

Runch enough drugs to sustain a blue whale.

More money, status, and privilege than God.

I'm not supposed to be here, but I'm here now.

And I'm not going to settle for mediocrity.

These secret society people, they prey on scholarship kids.

Eva Richards, you are called.

So you're the Bishop Gray Illuminati.

Do what you have to do to survive, Eva.

That's what I would do.

You're in the night of the wolf?

I want to take the next step.

Get away from me.

Oh my God.

You have a bright future ahead of you.

Don't fall in with this crowd.

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All right, so my next one is, listener tales.

Wanted murderer bought me a bikini.

But why, though?

But why, though?

That's what we're all asking.

Let's see.

And can I use your name?

Yes, Hillary, I can.

Thank you for telling me that.

What's good, my spooky beaches?

I've attached my listener tale in the form of a puddafa, which is about the time I helped the police

catch a murder in my hotel in the creepy shit  
that led up to that fateful day.  
This is where I tell you to cut it down if it's too long  
and it's where you say you won't.  
Never.  
Also in this email is the security footage.  
Oh my God.  
News clippings and mug shots.  
Oh, my lord.  
I love security footage.  
She came through.  
All right, so this says the time I assisted a SWAT team  
in taking down a wanted murderer.  
Wow.  
Imagine just being able to say that.  
I know, that's a sentence.  
You could really win two truths and a lie with that.  
Absolutely.  
It says, oh my God, if you're reading this,  
it means you're reading this.  
We're reading this.  
Give me a second.  
They are reading this.  
We are reading this.  
I am watching it happen.  
It's true.  
It's happening.  
I am currently sitting on my couch at 11.30 PM.  
Both my toddlers are sleeping and I am not.  
I feel that.  
Why you ask?  
Because I have crippling ADHD  
that has made it literally impossible to turn my brain off.  
In between researching how cuttlefish camouflage themselves  
while also being colorblind,  
I've got Ms. Rachel songs playing randomly in my head.  
If you know, you know.  
Dev dev knows because she loves Ms. Rachel.  
And I know.  
That's the thing with when you have kids all day,  
you're like, I can't wait to sleep.  
But then when they go to sleep, you're like,  
I just need to be alone for a minute  
and like shut everything off.

So you end up staying up until like 11.30 or 12.  
Just being like, I just need this alone time.  
That's why we're there in my three to five year plan.  
There you go.  
Not the right now plan.  
Yeah, totally.  
I have no plan.  
I like my time in sleep.  
Love it.  
So researching cuttlefish, you know,  
I feel that because I go on like crazy little.  
I love doing that.  
Right.  
One little thing.  
And then I'm off.  
I went down a rabbit hole about sloths.  
I learned so much about sloths.  
Do you know they can attack people like very quickly?  
Oh, I did not know that.  
Oh, I was watching sloths snatch people.  
Are you serious?  
Yes.  
Yes.  
They're coming for us.  
They're coming for us.  
In a slow mo.  
And don't they have like really long like sharp fingers?  
And so they can, I know why.  
It's so when they hold the thing,  
the claw wraps around the branch, not their hand.  
Wow.  
Isn't that interesting?  
And they also swim really far.  
Ooh.  
Thank you.  
I use sloth knowledge all day.  
I have it.  
Do you know what?  
Sloths always look like these little cutie pies  
and you don't mind that they have those giant acrylic nails  
because you're like, will you hurt anyone?  
But when you first like, you're like,  
you're not going to hurt anyone because you're a sloth.  
You just have pretty nails.

I'm going to be like resending a sloth attacking people video.

Yes.

I need to be aware of this.

I would just walk up to one and be like, what's up, sloth?

But now.

Not anymore.

Now I will not.

Ooh. All right.

I was first introduced to your podcast  
while I was pregnant with my daughter.

I was an avid listener of a different true crime podcast,  
but was getting tired of how polite they were.

Oh no.

And now they left out a lot of the details  
because, well, I'm fucked up.

I listened to one of their episodes  
and was not satisfied with the information.

So I went to the interwebs to find out  
if any other podcasts had covered it.

Yours was the first one that popped up.

So I scrolled back and found the episode.

Within five minutes of pressing play,  
you had called one of the players a fucking dingus  
and I knew I had found my people.

Sounds like us.

Yes, it does.

I've since listened to almost every episode  
and love how the podcast is evolving.

Thanks.

I just listened to the plane crash survivor episode  
and absolutely loved it.

Thank you.

I pre-ordered Elena's book, The Day It Was Available.

Thank you.

And I listened to the entire thing in two days  
of The Day It Was Released.

It was amazing and I'll definitely sign  
whatever petition gets you to write a sequel  
because Jeremy needs to get his come up.

Well, don't worry.

You don't need to sign a petition.

I was going to say by the time this is out,  
you'll hear the news.

There will be another one.

And thank you.  
That's really cool to hear.  
My name is Hillary and please use my name.  
After birthing two kids,  
I'd love to have a non-embarrassing reason to pee my pants.  
Feel that so hard.  
It just takes a sneeze.  
So this story starts back in 2015  
while I was working in a hotel at the front desk.  
As customer facing jobs go,  
hotel front desk is by far the worst I've ever experienced  
as far as customer abuse goes.  
I can imagine.  
I hear that a lot.  
People, because you also have to deal  
with the late night people.  
Yeah.  
People who stay in hotels are entitled as fuck  
and I hate most of them.  
Oh no.  
I was used to weirdos.  
I was used to people cussing at me.  
I dealt with a dude high on LSD  
who decided that my housekeeping manager  
was in grave danger and cornered her in a room.  
It was literally body slamming the door  
to try and get in to save her.  
Oh my God.  
I had a woman call me a cunt at an ungodly decibel  
because our outdoor pool was closed for innovations  
in the middle of the fucking winter.  
Well, that's your fault.  
The whole thing started on a Monday evening.  
Two men came into the lobby and asked  
if we had availability.  
We had a few rooms open, so I booked them a room.  
He mentioned that he didn't know  
how long he was gonna need to stay.  
I let him know that we had availability that whole week  
and to let me know before checkout time  
whether he wanted to extend for another day or two.  
Totally typical walk-in.  
Checked in with a legit credit card  
and legit ID using the name Paul Cunningham.

He was very charming.  
We carried on our conversation easily.  
I handed him his keys and he and his companion  
who had been completely silent this whole time  
walked up the stairs and went to his room.  
The next morning, yes, I was working the next morning.  
My GM was a literal nightmare  
and had me scheduled to work from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m.  
and then 6.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. the next day.  
The globin, chef.  
The globin.  
Not a globin.  
I hate the globin.  
She also once sent me home for coming to work  
with no makeup on, bitch.  
I didn't say that, but I agree.  
No.  
He came to the, I would be sent home like every day.  
He came to the front desk and made conversation  
while he drank his coffee.  
It was a little friendlier than I was comfortable with  
but it wasn't any different than the other weirdos  
I dealt with.  
Just smiled and continued to talk.  
A little background on me.  
I was raised in an extremely oppressive religion  
which now I've been deconstructing for the past three years.  
It was definitely a cult.  
My place in the world was ingrained in me.  
Men were superior and women were to follow behind them.  
They led, we submitted, no matter what.  
That's awful.  
This led me into abusive relationships,  
one ending with a broken jaw and no will to live.  
Oh my God.  
I learned to give men what they wanted  
because if I didn't, I'd either be yelled at or beaten up.  
Oh my gosh.  
That's awful.  
It was easier to acquiesce.  
I love that word.  
Thank you for using that.  
That's a really good word.  
I haven't heard that word in a long time and oof.

Can I get a definition, please?  
That just felt like, I know, right?  
What's that?  
It's basically like, acquiesce, like I'm just going to,  
it was easier just to like submit almost.  
Just to like put it out of your brain  
and just go with the flow.  
Okay.  
Acquiesce.  
Place of origin?  
It just, pirates of the Caribbean.  
You have to Google that one.  
Just want to pretend I'm on the spelling bee.  
Well, she did say, am I the only one who can't use that word  
without thinking of pirates of the Caribbean?  
How funny.  
Also, do you say pirates of the Caribbean  
or pirates of the Caribbean?  
People say this different.  
I think I say it like both ways, like interchangeably.  
See, when I'm, this is another weird word.  
When I'm talking about the Caribbean,  
I talk about it as the Caribbean.  
Sure.  
But pirates of the Caribbean, it's funny.  
It's like Oregon and Oregon Trail.  
Yeah.  
I don't know why.  
I do the same thing.  
I never really thought about it.  
Right?  
Like pirates of the Caribbean.  
Like, oh, you're going to the Caribbean?  
Mm-hmm.  
But then I'm like, did you see pirates of the Caribbean?  
See, I just said Caribbean when I went to say it  
without thinking.  
See, pirates of the Caribbean sounds insane to me.  
That's funny.  
Also, acquiesce means to accept something reluctantly  
without protest, and it is a verb.  
Submit, basically.  
Oh.  
Yeah, it's exactly what you said.

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

Okay, challenge.  
Try and use that word today.  
There you go.  
That's the word of the word, Danically.  
I will not acquiesce to that.  
Sporadically.  
Sporadically.  
Help not sporadically.  
He and his friend came to the front desk  
and asked where the mall was.  
After I told him, he asked me what bra size I was.  
Wow, that escalated quickly.  
I know.  
Damn.  
No last name?  
Or what, right?  
I laughed because what?  
And he kept on, you're so skinny.  
I bet they don't even make them that tiny.  
I'd be like, I quit.  
I quit.  
Ew.  
I quit.  
Then why ask?  
Which was super gross because he seemed  
to really be happy about that.  
After awkward laughs, he left.  
A couple hours later, he came back with a bikini  
from Victoria's Secret.  
Oh my god.  
Oh fuck.  
I gotta go.  
Like, I gotta go.  
I'd be calling someone.  
You did not have to deal with this.  
I would say return it and just give me the money, sir.  
Yeah.  
I hate that you had to stay at your shift  
and like work after dealing with this too.  
For real.  
It really freaked me out.  
But again,  
Ugh.  
But again, he's a man and Victoria's Secret is expensive,

so I accepted his very generous gift  
and he went up to his room.  
Oh no.  
I'm really glad that you like deconstructed  
that way of thinking.  
Yes, me too.  
Because that's really sad that that was like drilled into you.  
He extended his stay again the next morning  
and asked if I had tried on the bikini he gave me.  
Ew.  
I said that I hadn't, but quickly let him know  
that I was working basically back to back shifts  
and hadn't had time.  
God forbid I should offend him.  
He said I needed to take pictures for him when I put it on.  
I'm leaving.  
That's so funny.  
We were literally just talking about this.  
Being polite.  
Yeah.  
Same thing.  
Just talking about this.  
Yep.  
And these are the times when it's even sadder  
when it's been like really drilled into you as a kid.  
Totally.  
Like part of like the tenements of your moral code  
kind of thing.  
Instead of just like a blanket, you need to be nice.  
It's like, not only that, this is part of your entire being.  
Yeah.  
Like, oof.  
That's loaded.  
Very loaded.  
So he said he needed to take pictures  
and she said, oh for sure.  
I said with an extremely convincing customer service  
smile, he left the desk and I didn't see him  
until the next day.  
I was working an afternoon shift and when I got into work,  
I saw that he had extended again.  
Great.  
What am I gonna say when he asked to see the pictures  
I didn't take of the bikini I didn't try on?

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

After a couple hours of normal hotel stuff, check-ins,  
room changes, housekeeping requests, et cetera,  
I hear pssst.

No.

From around the corner of the desk.

I couldn't see who it was but I looked  
in the big convex mirror we had in the corner of the lobby  
and saw that creeps McGee was trying to get my attention  
in the mirror.

He was motioning for me to come to him.

My body was screaming fuck no but my traumatized  
by religion brain could only obey.

So I walked around the corner.

I know I'm an idiot.

No you're not.

You are not an idiot.

You were traumatized.

Yeah.

That is not being an idiot.

It's also one of those things where like,  
what are you gonna do in that situation?

Yeah, that's the other thing.

Like you're just gonna react like right away.

You are by no means an idiot for doing that.

He looked over my shoulder a couple of times.

Like he wanted to make sure Noam was watching  
from inside his boxers.

He pulled out makeup.

What?

What?

Well at least it was makeup.

Okay that's how you get me.

You're serious.

You're like what?

I know.

You're like uh-oh.

You're creepy.

He pulls out makeup from his boxers.

All right I'm in.

Oh you're right.

What is that?

Pat McGrath?

I know.

I'm like Sephora?

Okay.  
I'll take some of that.  
Well he pulled out three random brushes,  
an eyeshadow palette,  
mascara and foundation  
and a Ziploc baggie.  
Wow.  
This is bizarre.  
Oh makeup.  
Make a bet.  
Bizarre behavior.  
He pulled out a whole face out of his boxers  
and he said go.  
Yeah.  
Go forth.  
This is weird.  
What the actual fuck?  
I saw these and thought you would like them.  
He said.  
What?  
Omoshiplashly.  
I gotta go.  
He didn't say he bought them.  
They weren't in a shopping bag  
and they didn't have any plastic on them  
or wrapping to indicate that  
they hadn't been opened before.  
Again, this really weirded me out  
but I accepted.  
Oh poor scene.  
I was just glad he didn't ask me  
about the bikini pics.  
The rest of the night went by without incident.  
Wait, you know what I'm thinking?  
He's a wanted murderer.  
Is that his previous victims makeup?  
Oh my.  
Plot twist.  
Right?  
Oh my.  
Honestly, probably.  
And saying I thought you would like these.  
Like what?  
Right, cause they don't have plastic on them.

Like they've clearly maybe been used before.  
Yeah.  
Oh no.  
And even if they were like lightly used or something.  
And they're just like in a Ziploc bag.  
In his pants.  
I think that's where we're headed.  
I gotta know.  
Why'd they have to be in your pants?  
Couldn't you just hold it  
and bring it down to that thing?  
No, cause that's weird.  
Yeah.  
That's weird.  
That's a little much.  
You're just putting it in your pants  
and walking up and being like,  
well, I have a present for you.  
We'll see a magic trick.  
Like close up magic.  
Oh no.  
I don't love that.  
Poor girl.  
I feel really bad.  
Yeah, stuck in this.  
No way.  
On my next shift, which was the morning shift,  
I started my day with him extending his stay again.  
But he changed the credit card on file  
and went back up to his room.  
Interesting.  
At around 10 a.m. on a very slow Thursday,  
a man wearing a white billabong T-shirt  
and cargo shorts.  
Wow, what a vibe.  
Walked briskly up to the desk.  
He pulled a detective's badge out from under his shirt  
and put it very discreetly on the desk.  
I was too stunned to say anything.  
So I just looked at him wide eyed.  
He pulled out his phone with a mug shot,  
pulled up on the screen.  
It was creeps McGee.  
I knew it.

He had long hair in the photo,  
but it was definitely him.  
The detective asked if he was here,  
and I just nodded.  
With his index finger,  
he scrolled up on the screen to reveal something  
that made my stomach fall out of my butt.  
Do you see what that says?  
The detective asked quietly.  
There in big, bold, black letters was wanted for murder.  
Can you imagine having a detective  
be like, you see that right there?  
Wanted for murder?  
I'd also be like, are we on law and order, sir?  
I'd be like, can you just see that?  
Yeah, I know.  
I'd be like, you could also just tell me.  
Yeah.  
I believe, sir, it's okay.  
Listen, blah, blah, blah.  
You're just waiting for the like,  
doom, doom, doom, doom.  
And it's like, is everything all right?  
I felt all the blood drain from my face,  
and it must have been obvious,  
because all the detective said was, which Ramizee has?  
I love that.  
I love this guy.  
This guy's living for this.  
Do you know he put that outfit together?  
He was like, I need to look like a beach goer.  
Absolutely.  
That's the vibe.  
We'll do it for him.  
I want to keep everybody off their game.  
I quickly told him, and he walked out the door,  
returning moments later with six other  
plain clothed agents.  
Holy shit.  
He asked if the rooms on either side of the suspect  
were occupied, and I let him know that they were.  
His first initial plan was to breach the door,  
but decided it was too risky with civilians  
in the neighboring rooms.

He then decided that they would set up  
a sting operation in the hotel lobby.  
Oh my god.  
The other officers cleared out the lobby of other guests,  
instructing them to go up to their rooms  
or to leave the premises.  
I would have been so pissed.  
I'd be like, can I please stay?  
I'd be like, I'm gonna leave the premises.  
See you later.  
They do stay.  
Yeah, I would stay.  
I would stay.  
I'll leave the premises.  
I'll leave the premises.  
I was gonna say, I'll just peek through the windows.  
And a little continental breakfast.  
Yeah.  
I'll grab a muffin on my way out, crappy coffee.  
They took spots all over the lobby.  
One pretended to read the paper.  
Oh, I would stay at this point.  
This is incredible.  
They're setting up in like,  
that's what I mean.  
A full tableau, then I'm gonna be,  
I'm gonna be like, let me read the paper.  
Let me be one of these people.  
So one of them pretended to read the paper  
at a table in the lounge.  
Another pretended to peruse the gift shop.  
Amazing.  
I noticed in particular the one reading the paper  
because he was fine AF.  
I wouldn't have minded being arrested by him, I don't think.  
I love you, Hilary.  
At this point, the lead detective told me  
I needed to call him down to the front desk.  
I was like, excuse me?  
If you don't get that reference,  
you need to watch Pitch Perfect immediately.  
He said that I just read it as it was thing.  
I have not seen Pitch Perfect.  
I think Aka, excuse me,

**[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 454: That Time I Met A Murderer II ft. Bailey Sarian**

cause like Aka Pella maybe.  
I thought it was, excuse me, which I,  
I've never seen Pitch Perfect.  
I like better, so it's a guess.  
I saw it, but I don't know.  
I don't know.  
Aka, Aka Pella, you're right.  
We'll circle back.  
Yeah, you know what?  
We'll come back to that.  
We'll come back to that later.  
We'll watch.  
No, and then on the dock at first.  
Yup, yup.  
He said that all I needed to do was get down,  
get him down here and that said  
I could use his credit card as an excuse.  
So with all the poise I could muster,  
I was about to call up to room 209 when the phone rang.  
No.  
I looked at the display and it said Cunningham Paul 209.  
No.  
I looked at the detective and said,  
he's literally calling me right now.  
What do I do?  
He just motioned for me to answer it.  
And so I did.  
I had no idea what I was gonna say,  
but thankfully Creeps McGee asked  
if we had a business center with a computer he could use.  
I let him know that we had one in the lobby  
and he said he'd see me in a second and hung up.  
Sure enough, he came downstairs  
and crossed the lobby into the business center.  
I just smiled at him and pretended  
to click away on my computer.  
Only moments later, he came back out  
to ask for printer paper  
and the officer swarmed with guns drawn.  
The lead detective's voice boomed,  
don't move or I will shoot you.  
Oh my God.  
That is the closest I've ever been  
to the business end of a handgun

and I don't ever wanna be any closer.  
I backed up against the wall  
and he was taken into custody without incident.  
I found out his name was actually Angelo Dohing.  
Is that it?  
Yeah, Dohing, 31 years old.  
And he was wanted for a group assault  
in which the 24 year old victim was beaten to death.  
Oh my God.  
He had been on the run for four months at that point  
and was apprehended  
because someone called in an anonymous tip.  
After searching his room, heroin, a box cutter,  
a hunting knife and two guns were recovered.  
Holy shit.  
He asked the detective  
if they needed the things he had given me  
and they said that they didn't,  
which was almost disappointing  
because I felt like throwing away the things he gave me  
would be rude and that made me feel really guilty.  
Really, throw them out.  
Religious trauma is so real.  
Thankfully, my coworker recognized how insane  
that sounded and took them from me.  
We love it.  
I don't know what she did with them,  
but I'm sure they ended up in a parking lot dumpster.  
I've attached a couple news articles  
along with his mugshot  
and the security footage of the actual takedown.  
Which we will be watching.  
Hell yeah.  
Thanks so much for taking the time to tell my story.  
Keep being awesome and always keep it weird,  
but not so weird that you allow a religious cult  
to mentally beat you down so much  
that you let a murderer buy creepy things for you  
and then feel guilty for being part of a sting operation  
that takes him down.  
To be clear, I now think of that day with pride  
and no longer feel guilty.  
Fuck his feelings.  
There you go, Hillary.

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Much love, Hillary.  
Oh my god.  
I'm so relate to that.  
Damn.  
Feeling guilty for taking him down.  
Right, yeah.  
I'm part of the sting operation for him.  
As he's being let away and cussed.  
Yeah, I'm so sorry about that.  
My bad.  
But now Hillary says,  
How do you enjoy your stay?  
Fuck your feelings, though.  
Do you want to have a mint?  
Just throw one at him.  
I'm sorry.  
Wow, she came through with the receipts.  
She did.  
I totally did.  
She gave you security footage.  
I love that.  
Whenever we get a video.  
I love a good video.  
Me too.  
Me too.  
Killing it.  
Wow, that was scary.  
Damn, bonkers.  
That really delivered.  
So, next story, ready?  
Well, I'm ready.  
Hey weirdos, my name is Sage and you can totally use it.  
I will literally explode from excitement.  
Oh, don't do that.  
No, I hope you're okay.  
And I'm a huge fan of the show.  
I feel connected to you guys in a way  
that I just don't with any other podcast.  
And you do a great job at doing what you do.  
Thank you.  
Thanks, Sage.  
I'm sorry this can't be in a PDF.  
I have the computer skills of a worm with brain damage.  
We were just trying to figure out

how to airdrop something that's fine.  
Essentially same, so.  
You know, I apologize for how long this may be.  
I am autistic and a chronic rambler.  
Never apologize.  
Never.  
Longer the better, baby.  
Hell yeah.  
So onto the story.  
I'm from a small town in Southwest England,  
which is very historically significant and very haunted.  
Can I live there?  
I know.  
I have tons of my own stories I could send in,  
but this one is my boyfriend's.  
I will be calling him F because the area he lives in  
is small and close to knit and he could easily be identified.  
I recently listened to your episode  
on the murder of Sophie Tuscan du Plentier.  
That was perfect.  
Damn.  
Really good.  
That snaps, truly.  
And I lost my place.  
And immediately called F when I heard  
that it happened in West Cork.  
He has lived there all his life.  
Yes, he has an Irish accent and yes, it's absolutely gorgeous.  
Cool, because that was my question.  
Yeah, I did too.  
I was like, do you swoon daily?  
You swoon all the way.  
Because I would.  
And I wondered if he had heard of the case  
or of Ian Bailey.  
God damn it.  
Damn it.  
Wrapping your name up and something all.  
I wasn't expecting anything too interesting.  
He's not really into true crime.  
Finds a little spooky how obsessed I am.  
Right?  
Guys always find it weird.  
I'm like, why?

Yeah, I do.

But in true Irish fashion, he gave me a casual,

oh yeah, I know the guy.

To be right in an Irish accent.

I was going to say, I was going to try to do it, but I.

Can any of you do Irish?

I'm bad at Irish.

It usually just goes English.

Oh yeah, I know the guy.

There you go.

I know the guy.

Yeah, you can do that.

Hey, that's good.

Irish.

And he proceeded to recount the wildest events

I could have expected.

Ah, for F first met Ian Bailey when he was seven at a market.

He was running a stall selling wooden trays and bowls.

And he sold F a small vintage toy car.

The car became F's favorites.

And oh, sorry.

The car became F's favorite.

And he played with it for years,

not knowing it had been handled by an alleged murderer.

This was only the first of multiple encounters

he had with Ian Bailey, which is absolutely wild to me.

But unsurprising, considering the low population of rural, rural.

Rural.

I told you it's the stop there.

Rural.

Rural.

We need to abolish this word.

F recalls teachers and parents warning children

not to talk to Ian and calling him a, quote, bad guy.

But no one talked about the murder specifically.

And he only introduced himself as Ian.

So when F met him again, selling food at a market

in town of clonality.

Perfect.

Shut up.

I have no idea.

I thought you were like, nailed it.

Clonality.

He only saw him as a regular old man.

This part of the story disturbs me, especially because he bought the guy's cake. He bought and ate a piece of cake, which had been made by a potential murderer. Eek. This shit is wild. I literally cannot. He claims the cake was very nice. He's like, you know what, it tastes like a good cake. Yeah, he's like, it's very moist. Yeah, there you go. He describes Ian as a friendly and charismatic. And compared him to Ted Bundy. But it should also be noted that he could be absolutely terrifying to young women. He would often flirt with them, only to become angry when they rejected his advances. And he would often change emotions quickly. A family friend of F's best friend once went to a party at a pub in Skoll and spotted him standing on a bridge. She waved at him and smiled. And he turned to look at her with a cold expression on his face. He then smiled and waved back before switching his expression back to a blank stare. I know. He'd been spotted on this bridge many times by numerous adults close to F, including his former camp leader, who was Ian Bailey's neighbor, and his friend's parents. He often acts suspicious. And F claims that, well, everyone knows he's guilty, but no one can prove it. The most recent encounter F had with Ian was at the age 15 when buying a book from him at a market. He showed me the book and flicked through the pages exclaiming, he touched this. They talked for a while, and he gave F a bookmark for the book. F says he speaks like a pretty normal guy, but he still felt uncomfortable knowing what he could have done. F has also visited Skoll on numerous occasions. He says that the house is in the hills slightly away

from the main town, and that it is very quiet and secluded.

He claims that there's very strange feeling there that he can't really put into words.

He said, quote, maybe a presence, a ghost, or a banshee, a very heavy, morbid presence.

We are very heavily present there.

It's us.

No, when you walk into a place, it's like, it does feel like that, but no one is the creepiest feeling.

The Lizzie Borden House.

Oh my God, have you ever been there?

The Lizzie Borden House, especially the Abbey's room.

Yup, Abbey's room was crazy.

And our phone started going like crazy in there.

We were taking live video, and it just stopped working.

It kept glitching.

And it was this weird, like, heavy feeling in there that you were just like, I don't know what's going on, and I've always questioned that on ghost shows when they're like, our equipment's not working.

They're like, I feel this heaviness, and it's like.

Oh, because then you sound like those TV shows, it's stopped working.

Yeah, literally.

And we're like, no seriously.

We're like, no make it work again.

You're like, seriously, though, it's not.

But that was like, you were feeling sick.

Yeah, I got super nauseous.

She had to literally back out of bed.

That's happened to me before.

Yeah, that's a weird thing, huh?

It was heavy. It was inexplicable.

Yeah.

I thought that this was all absolutely wild and had to share it with you.

FS had many experiences separate from this, concerning aliens and the supernatural.

Will persuade him to let me share them.

He seems to be followed by everything dark and morbid, including me, which I would never expect from anyone so outwardly joyful and colorful.

I will try to attach the only photo I have of my boyfriend,

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age seven at the time, was Ian.

Yeah.

If my poor technological skills allow it.

I will also attach a photo of my most recent painting,  
which is completely unrelated,

but I feel you will both appreciate the weirdness of it  
in a way which most people don't.

Oh my God, it's fantastic.

Oh, beautiful.

I love that.

If you've made it to the end, thank you for reading.

Keep being amazing.

Love, Sage.

Sage.

Thanks, Sage.

I love it in Sage, first of all.

I know that's such a good name.

Damn.

Let's see this painting.

This painting's so cool.

Let me see.

Let me see this.

Share with Bailey.

Look at that.

Oh, wow.

I love that.

That's rad.

Oh, that's so cool.

Isn't it cool though?

It's good for you, Sage.

Don't worry.

Just showing it to the room.

And look at the seven-year-old with Ian Bailey.

Alleged murderer.

Wow.

Alleged.

I've actually never heard of Ian Bailey.

What do you do?

Do you know?

So allegedly, some people believe  
that he murdered Sophie Toscan Duplantier.

It's like a very, how would you describe that case?

It's very controversial.

Really?

Yeah.

It was the French government basically convicted or did convict him of the murder.

But Ireland will not send him over to France.

Like they won't extradite him

because I think they don't think he did it.

Why?

So there's these very like big camps of like,

he did it, he didn't do it or like, you know.

I've really got, yeah, I have no idea.

I did an episode about it like a couple of months ago.

Only it was like a one part.

And then I think there was like a Netflix documentary about it at one point.

Really?

It's really interesting.

It's an interesting case.

I'll have to listen to your guys' episode.

And a very sad case.

The murder was very horrific.

It was like the day after Christmas, I want to say.

Or like the day before Christmas.

And she was like this beautiful, just like, go get her kind of girl, like, you know.

Well, it's a motive, do you know?

That was the thing, like, it didn't seem like there was one.

But whoever killed her, she was brutally, brutally attacked.

And that bridge played a big part in the case too because people said they saw him on the bridge.

And his alibi was the bridge.

So that bridge that he just mentioned is an interesting thing.

Cause he would just be standing on that bridge and people either saw them and then pull back the confession saying they didn't see him on the bridge.

So that's the thing, like you're getting all these.

But then people said that they were like scared out of confessing or like they did confess and then they were intimidated.

Of course, yeah.

It's crazy.

So it's one of those that's like really convoluted.

Oh, wow.

Yeah.

It's an interesting one.

I would feel bad, like let's just say in a perfect world,  
like he is a hundred percent innocent.

Could you imagine how shitty that would be?

That's the thing.

I think that constantly.

But then again, why won't he move?

That's the thing.

But maybe that's why.

Maybe he thinks that, and it's like either he's innocent  
and he's scared that like, cause as we know,  
I mean, look at the West Memphis three,  
you can be completely innocent  
and still almost be put to death.

Yeah, I know.

So it's like, maybe he's like,

I don't know if I can prove this or he's not.

And he knows that they'll be able to prove.

He can't go anywhere.

Yeah.

Or he's just being an asshole, like, ha, ha.

I'm not leaving.

That's the thing.

I can see it.

You can see it either way.

That's fucked.

But I do.

You can see it going both ways.

Yeah, and I do always think though,  
when these people, I'm like,

if they are innocent, can you imagine?

Well, we always say that going back to Lizzie Borden  
about her and the rest of her life,  
people would just like sing a song  
about her brutally murdering her parents.

And if she didn't do it,  
which there is a lot of evidence  
to support that she didn't.

And it was a catchy song.

It is.

It was such a catchy song.

We used to jump into it when we were little.

Yeah, I know.

And people would go up to like her new home there  
and like sing it.  
And she's like this old lady.  
And these kids are like throwing rocks at her door  
and singing that she killed her parents.  
And it's like, what if she didn't?  
What if she just came home on,  
like what if she just found them that way?  
She just seems to lean into it and be like,  
I sure did, kid.  
Well, that's the thing.  
At that point, I would just be like,  
then you probably shouldn't be throwing rocks at my door.  
I would just have a murder.  
I would just have a murder at all times.  
That's the thing.  
Just be the character.  
Yeah, into it.  
Like, was it Maplecroft?  
Yeah.  
It was the name of her second home.  
Wow, poor thing.  
I know.  
Do you want to, should we do one last small one?  
Yeah.  
Well, that's not small.  
Hold on.  
Vamp for a second.  
Oh, that's something.  
So you have a second book coming out.  
I do.  
Congratulations.  
Thank you.  
That's incredible.  
Are you proud?  
Thank you.  
It's like so much fun.  
I love that.  
Like I just want to write books like all day every day.  
Amazing.  
It's so much fun.  
Is this something that you would like to continue doing?  
Yeah.  
I have so many ideas for future ones, too.

That's so cool.  
That I'm just, like, eager to dive into.  
For you.  
Thank you.  
Found your passion.  
It's very, like, cathartic.  
It's a really big catharsis.  
And you're so good at it.  
Oh, thank you.  
You're welcome.  
Once I started doing murder mystery makeup  
is when I realized, like, oh, writing is fun.  
It's so fun and so therapeutic.  
And the researching and all that, like,  
I love all that part.  
And it's, like, having it when you're done, like,  
all this, like, thing that you're like, I did that.  
Like, that's the.  
I did that shit, girl.  
Yeah, it feels good.  
It's like your little diary.  
Yeah.  
I know.  
It's scary.  
When you put, like, the book went out,  
so you have this weird dichotomy of feelings  
where you're like, I want everyone to read it,  
but I also am terrified for one person to read it.  
Like, it's literally like, ugh, no one read it,  
but everyone read it.  
I know, I can't imagine that.  
Yeah, it's really.  
It's a weird feeling.  
It is.  
It is. It's like a diary.  
Wow.  
Because even, like, when I write a case  
and then I present it, I'm like, oh, god,  
everybody's going to hate it.  
I can imagine it being, like, a book.  
Yeah.  
It's crazy.  
Amazing.  
Thank you.

Congratulations.  
Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
I wish nothing but success for you.  
Aw.  
Same right back to you.  
Oh, thank you.  
I love this.  
Nothing but love.  
Nothing but love here.  
Just to support you guys.  
I want you guys to do amazing, okay?  
Oh my god.  
Thank you.  
I love it so much.  
So much love.  
All right, I found one and it's pretty small.  
Okay, cool.  
Okay, we're back, guys.  
We're back.  
That time I met a murderer.  
It says, okay, so I was just listening to  
the That Time I Met a Murderer episode  
and it completely unlocked my experience  
from deep within the vault.  
More of an, oh, ha ha, that happened kind of thing.  
Picture it.  
Defiance, Ohio, summer 2004.  
I was freshly graduated from high school  
and desperate for that first tattoo.  
So I popped into a shop town  
with not a stitch of research done, mind you.  
It was a different time.  
We didn't have the internet in our hands  
with reviews and all that jazz.  
Anywho, dude man says he can do it  
and come back at blank time.  
So I go around up my best friend for support.  
Her sweet, sweet mom tried hard to talk me out of it.  
Something we would joke about four years after.  
Anywho, we got there and the guy kind of gets me all set up.  
But you can't ever in a million years  
guess what 18-year-old Courtney got.  
Fly, yes, a butterfly on my lower back.

Love.

Love, damn.

Yes, perfect.

Love, very, very early aughts tattoo.

Uh-huh, uh-huh.

So we get going on this beaut  
and the guy was not gentle or kind.

I kept flinching and that made him yell at me.

At one point he stopped and said he was done  
and not gonna finish.

Ah.

He did keep going and did finish  
and I was the proud owner of a new tramp stamp.

Woo-hoo.

Fast forward six months, my support friend called me  
and said to check out the Toledo blade.

Toledo, thank you.

Wow, that was dumb.

Toledo, Toledo blade, the front page.

So I hop on my good old desktop  
and found an article about the guy  
who did my tattoo and his girlfriend  
and how they were wanted for murder.

Oh.

Can you imagine like having-  
You have a tattoo by him now.

Yeah, that's a lot.

That's true.

Ooh.

Girlfriend lured a guy into a sketchy motel  
with the promise of sexy time  
and tattoo guy was waiting there  
where he proceeded to rob and shoot him.

Oh.

And poor guy just wanted some nookie.

Oh, that's really sad.

That's horrible.

And also they wrote the thing, not me.

Um, I had to do some digging  
to find any articles about this  
because it's been almost two decades.

Oof, that hurts to say.

But I found where they fled to Kentucky  
and he ended up killing the girlfriend.

Oh my God.

He then fled to Nashville where he was captured and brought back to Ohio.

He was convicted and sentenced to 32 years.

Four years later, he was talking with his parole officer and confessed to killing the girlfriend and said where her body could be found.

So now he's in for life.

Damn.

And then they attach the link for us.

It says, um, so yeah, fucking wild.

But it does make the story of my first tattoo a good party story.

Wow.

That's true.

That's true.

I would bring that one up.

Silver linings, I suppose, for real.

Yeah, for sure.

They said, thank you for reminding me of it.

But please share the next time you, please share the next time you do a metamurder episode.

I would lose what cool is left in my 36 year old self.

You gals are awesome

and I've grown to love and depend on your podcast.

I always listen while I'm opening up my bar at work and it helps me get past the ugh, I'm at work feeling.

Aw, aw, thank you.

Oh my God.

That is bonkers.

I can't believe how many people have encountered just murders on the street like this, you know.

Right, so many.

We have so many that are not even like in this folder.

Yeah.

Just like lingering in the email.

Oh yeah.

It's so wild.

It's crazy, we could do so many of these installments.

Yeah, I know.

Right.

Do you have anything you want to plug?

I'm sure you do.

Yeah.

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Because you're always working on all cool stuff.  
Plug, plug, plug.  
Murder mystery and makeup, as usual.  
Hell yes.  
Continuing on.  
My favorite, I love it.  
I love your murder mystery makeups.  
Me too.  
Also dark history, we're ending season two  
and we're starting season three in the summer.  
I love dark history.  
Me too, it's so, it's so, I love it.  
Highly recommend.  
Thank you.  
Go check it out.  
You can find me anywhere you listen to podcasts.  
Yeah.  
Social media, whatever, you know.  
I'm here, I'm around.  
I'm just here.  
You know, you can find me if you want,  
if not, that's okay too.  
Yes, whatever.  
You can find me floating in the streets or somewhere.  
I think you guys are having me on here.  
I'm still very honored.  
I appreciate you guys.  
Thank you.  
You guys need to come out to California  
so I can show you LA.  
So I can show you my place.  
Yeah.  
On my show.  
We would love that.  
I know.  
We still have to do something.  
I've never been to California.  
You haven't?  
Only when I was like a little baby and I don't remember it.  
Okay.  
I've been there but I was visiting an ex-boyfriend  
who was like the worst ever.  
Yeah, so we need to give you a different view.  
So I would love to have a better view of California.

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Yeah, so we need a different experience.  
I need to start that one over.  
We'll come here.  
We'll redo it.  
Yeah, for sure.  
That'd be fun.  
And we can go on those Hollywood,  
they have their own little murder tours.  
We can see the Manson House.  
Like the Black Dahlia.  
That would be cool.  
It's pretty fascinating.  
Not really, but...  
But you know, it's a nice, updated house now.  
It's great.  
You know what I mean?  
Cool.  
Nice people.  
Sunshine.  
What a fence in.  
I love it.  
No, seriously, thank you so much for coming on  
and thank you guys for listening.  
We hope you keep listening.  
And we hope you keep it weird.  
But not so weird that you met a murderer  
because, holy cow, that's crazy.  
And listen to your instincts.  
Yeah, keep it somewhere that you listen to those.  
And keep it so weird that you keep telling us  
about when you do meet murders.  
Yes, yes.  
And don't be afraid to say no.  
Yeah, be a bitch.  
We have lots of advice for you.  
Don't keep it so weird that you're not a raging bitch.  
Yes, just channel your inner New England,  
Aries Italian woman.  
Yes.  
Yep, that one listeners grandma.  
Do it.  
All right, bye, bye.  
Bye, thank you for having me.  
Anytime.

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