

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

You're listening to a Morbid Network podcast.

Audible is the home of storytelling.

You'll discover thousands of podcasts from popular favourites to exclusive new series, guided wellness programs, theatrical performances, dev ad, comedy, and exclusive Audible originals from top celebrities, renowned experts, and exciting new voices and audio.

The Audible app makes it easy to listen anytime, anywhere, while travelling, working out, walking, doing chores, you decide.

Right now, I'm listening to the seven husbands of Evelyn Hugo.

The woman who does the performance of the voice is so good.

It makes you feel like you're even more inside of the story.

It's so much fun.

I am loving Audible, and I think you will too.

New members can try Audible free for 30 days.

Visit [Audible.com slash Morbid](https://www.audible.com/slash/Morbid) or text Morbid to 500-500.

That's [Audible.com slash Morbid](https://www.audible.com/slash/Morbid) or text Morbid to 500-500 to try Audible free for 30 days.

[Audible.com slash Morbid](https://www.audible.com/slash/Morbid).

Reboot your credit card with Apple Card.

It gives you unlimited daily cash back that can earn 4.15% annual percentage yield when you open a savings account.

A high yield, low effort way to grow your money with no fees.

Apply for Apple Card now in the Wallet app on iPhone to start earning and growing your daily cash with savings today.

Apple Card subject to credit approval.

Savings is available to Apple Card owners subject to eligibility.

Savings account by Goldman Sachs Bank USA, member FDIC, Terms Apply.

The Angie's List you know and trust is now Angie, and we're so much more than just a list.

We still connect you with top local pros and show you ratings and reviews, but now we also let you compare upfront prices on hundreds of projects and book a service instantly.

We can even handle the rest of your project from start to finish.

So remember, Angie's List is now Angie, and we're here to get your job done right.

Start it at [Angie.com](https://www.angie.com), that's A-N-G-I, or download the app today.

Your hair looks really good.

Oh, thank you.

Hey, weirdos, I'm Ash, and I'm Elena, and yes, yes, more red.

I feel like we should leave in the part where you said my hair looked really good because that was a very nice moment.

I was going to say it before, or I was going to say it again, I mean.

It should be before the episode starts, like that should just be the thing.

Yeah, it's how the recording started.

Let's keep it in.

Let's keep it in.

Keep it in.

Take it out.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

Do we burp before we started?

No, we did.

I know, you never know.

None of this one, at least.

Yeah.

Oh, did you burp?

I keep it.

Leave it in.

Leave it in.

Mention it all.

Oh, sorry, P. Also, quick update, in one of my last cases, Jack Tupper, I mentioned a fucking horse owner named Bill Frankel and one of our horse horse, right?

Wasn't it?

Or he was a horse owner.

Oh, okay.

He hired Jack Tupper to be the trainer and his name was Bill Frankel and one of our listeners said that that's Bethany Frankel's late father.

I myself need to do some digging to make sure that's true, but it could be.

When you said the name, I almost was like, is she any relation to Bethany?

When I wrote it, I thought it, but I was too involved in the case that I forgot to go back and look at that little part.

We all thought it.

None of us said it.

But like, is that him?

He looked for real.

Bill Frankel.

I mean, he's a very quick Google search that we could do.

It's her dad.

That's her dad?

Shit.

Look at that.

He was called Bobby, though.

So I'm like, Bill Bobby.

I mean, I don't know.

People call people all kinds of things.

That's a wild little.

That's cray cray.

Tid bie.

That is cray cray.

It's wild tid bie.

Wild tid bid.

Well, sorry, I just got lost in a headline.

I was like, ah, you were like, hey, we're doing something here.

All right.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

So it's listener tales.

And you know what that means?

It's brought to you by you, for you, from you and all about you.

Yay.

We're Lucy Goosey.

It's listener tales.

Listener tales.

Listener tales.

This one I don't think has a theme.

It's just an episode with crazy tales in it.

Can I start?

Yeah.

Awesome.

My tale is called the time I was accused of being an international spy for taking a picture of a mountain that looked like a butt.

So that's why I wanted to start because they took a picture of a mountain that looked like a butt.

I already love this.

And it does look like a butt.

They sent a photo.

All right.

It says, hi, Ash, Elena and Deb Deb.

Just wanted to start off by saying how much I love the podcast.

I'm so glad that my coworker recommended it to me because it's really kept me sane over the past few weeks as I've been dealing with a severe concussion.

Oh my gosh.

And I haven't been able to do pretty much anything other than listen to podcasts.

According to your episodes have kept me entertained and saved me from overwhelming boredom.

So thank you.

You're welcome.

You're welcome.

I'm not sure if this story is something you'd want to share on listener tales.

It is.

But I figured you might get a kick out of it either way.

I attached a double space puttapha and some pictures to this email.

I've also changed the names for privacy purposes.

Thank you for reading.

So this happened while I was on a language immersion internship program into a country, Nopah County, Nopah country, a country.

I got to go a country in East Africa.

I've changed all the names for privacy reasons.

Stop laughing at me.

On this particular day, I had gone on a site visit to approach.

Shut up.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

It's not just me laughing.

Mikey is too.

I know everybody's laughing.

It's not just me being mean.

Everybody's mean to me all the time.

Please rescue me.

Rescuer.

Rescue me.

Just harmonizing.

On this particular day, I had gone out to a site visit to a rural woman's banking collective with some employees of the nonprofit I was interning with and a woman from the UN who funded the nonprofit.

That's pretty fucking cool.

The day had already been longer than expected because we had to stop for about an hour on the way to the village for a road to be built.

Oh, you know, just got to pause.

This road is being built.

Now, I still have a lot of questions about the road being built because if it wasn't there in the first place, why were we going that way?

That's what I was going to ask.

Maybe it had been built then destroyed and they were rebuilding it.

I don't know.

Who knows?

We'll never know.

Anyway, we were running late because of the road situation and I was extremely hungry because I hadn't eaten anything all day after the woman from the UN had regaled.

Regaled?

Regaled.

Regaled.

Me with stories about getting typhoid from food she ate in a similar context.

Oh, that'll get you hungry.

That will make you not want to eat anything ever.

I felt bad for not accepting the food from the generous woman who offered it to me, but I have already had enough stomach issues as it is and I really didn't feel like I could take the risk.

I was also starting to get nervous because the sun was starting to go down and I had been warned many times about the dangers of being out after dark.

Ah, so you can imagine my delight when my co-worker pulled the car over for no apparent reason and pointed exactly, excuse me, excitedly out the window saying, look Anna, what does that mountain look like?

Seeing the annoyed wet blanket I was feeling like in that moment I replied in a monotone, a butt jama, it looks like a butt.

Do you want to take a picture?

I did not.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

I just wanted to get home before dark and eat something so I sat grumpily in my seat as everyone else in the car took pictures.

In hindsight, the mountain really did look a lot like a butt and it was pretty funny, but I was not feeling it in that moment and it turns out that was probably a good thing for me.

Oh man.

My annoyance quickly turned to panic though when a man in a dirty t-shirt and cargo pants stuck his arm into the driver's side window, reached over to Juma and pulled our keys out of the ignition.

The way my entire body would shut down in that moment.

I would just cease to exist.

The fight-or-flight response that I am currently feeling just thinking being in that position is outrageous right now.

Gotta go.

Naturally, Juma, who was in the driver's seat, asked the man what he was doing and demanded the keys back.

The man responded that he was a police officer.

Doubt it.

The man couldn't give the keys back because we were a threat to national security since we were taking pictures of the landscape close to the border and foreigners were in the car. Now this was clearly bullshit because the village we had been at earlier was much closer to the border and we hadn't been taking a buttload of pictures there without issue.

No pun intended.

I'm also not even sure he was a police officer since he didn't give us any form of ID and was definitely not dressed like a police officer.

I wouldn't count on it.

Yeah, no.

I explained to him that I was not in fact a spy but rather a student and offered multiple times to show him my passport and visa.

He was uninterested.

After a few minutes of back and forth, he demanded that Juma get out of the car to quote unquote settle this.

I hate this.

I feel like are we gonna have a cage match with the fuck?

This is where I started to get really worried, I bet.

The police in this country did not have the best reputation and while I knew he probably just wanted a bribe, I was scared he might beat Juma up if he didn't want to pay.

And Juma was a stubborn but not very large guy.

After a few minutes of me craning my neck to try and see what was going on next to the car unsuccessfully, the next thing I knew, Juma was getting back into the driver's seat and the police officer quote unquote was hopping into the back seat of our car getting real cozy with my coworkers who are now sitting four people in the back row of seats.

What?

We're all going to the police station to get this figured out, he announced.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

What?

What?

No.

I was actually pretty shocked by this development.

Oh, were you?

Because up to that point, I was fully convinced that he was not a police officer but rather a random guy trying to make a quick buck.

To be honest, me too.

I'm still not convinced that he's not.

Per this guy's insistence, Juma drove the now very crowded car to the local police station where we went in one by one for questioning.

I began to feel very glad that I did not take any pictures of Butt Mountain because they demanded to see my camera roll and had the pleasure of seeing my progress pictures from my workout plan and a few shots of monkey steel and stuff from trash cans.

The rest of my coworkers frantically tried to delete their Butt Mountain pictures before their interrogation.

Much to my chagrin, the woman from the UN decided to use this moment to take a moral stance and refused to show them her phone because of diplomatic immunity while being that my main goal was getting home before dark and getting something to eat, I tried to convince her to just let it go and show them her phone.

She had already deleted the pictures of Butt Mountain so I didn't get the big deal.

Because she didn't speak the local language and the police officer didn't really speak English, I got the pleasure of being her interpreter.

The police officer repeatedly demanded to know if she thought he would steal her phone and insisted that he had no reason to because he had his own iPhone.

He's like, betcha I have my own phone.

He's like, I don't need your fucking phone.

He also clearly did not know much or care about the UN or the idea of diplomatic immunity.

The whole situation was just ridiculous to me, and I had no interest in being the middleman, but there I was.

In total, we were probably at the police station for about three hours before the quote-unquote supervisor.

Again, I have no idea if any of these people were actually police officers, but I think the police we were at was a police station unclear.

Oh, what?

I'm so confused.

Came to see what was going on.

This supervisor did have a healthy respect or fear of the UN, and when the UN woman told him she needed his name and badge number to report to the UN why she was checking in late, he insisted that we leave as soon as possible with a deluge of apologies.

Wow.

Unfortunately, I did not make it back before dark, but did get home safe despite having to jump into some underbrush filled with rats to avoid getting hit by a car.

There were no street lights on my road, so cars generally couldn't see pedestrians after

dark.

At this point, I still have a lot of questions about what happened that day, but I'm just happy to be able to look back at the story and laugh.

Thanks for reading if you made it this far, and keep it weird, but not so weird that you pretend to be a police officer and steal non-profit workers' keys and drag them to a baby police station for hours when they're really just tired and hungry.

For obvious reasons, I can't attach any pictures of Butt Mountain, but I've attached some pictures of the road being built here.

I have no idea how to react to that one.

That's funny because I thought the picture that you did attach looked like a butt.

I was going to say I didn't see the Butt Mountain, so I thought I was just missing it.

Yeah, it's not a mountain really now that I look at it.

It's just a tree and some brush.

But now I really want to see.

What a wild story.

That's insane.

Truly a wild story.

Wow.

Dang, Anna.

Imagine.

That's not your real name.

I know that.

Don't worry.

We're not using real names, but.

Never.

I just like that.

Butt Mountain was the thing that almost got you guys.

Butt in the clunk, you know.

That's not what I meant to say.

Oh, man.

Hey, weirdos.

We want to thank you for keeping it weird with us.

Traveling back in time with us and journeying through the strange and very unusual with us.

I have a question.

What is it?

You love getting it early?

I love getting it early.

Well, good, because Prime members can listen to new episodes of Morbid one week early and all episodes are ad-free on Amazon Music.

And it doesn't even stop there.

You can listen to all the Morbid podcast network shows, including Colt Leader, That's Spooky, Alone at Lunch, and that was pretty scary, early and ad-free on Amazon Music.

Do you know why you get all that early?

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

Why?

Because Prime members get access to the largest catalog of ad-free top podcasts, included with Prime.

So download the Amazon Music app and sign in with your Prime account to listen to Morbid early and ad-free today.

Do it.

No, seriously, do it.

Do it.

The weather is cooling down a bit.

The leaves are starting to fall.

Yes, it's that time of year again, football season.

And we all know the best part of any game day traditions are the ones that involve food.

There's nothing like having everyone in your game day crew coming together to bring their best bites and argue over whose family makes the best chili.

And while there's no need to mess with the perfection of game day classics, like a freshly grilled Oscar Mayer hot dog topped with Heinz ketchup and mustard, it's always fun to step out of your comfort zone and get creative with your recipes, because there's nothing more fun than adding to your list of game day traditions, like making a creamy and delectable queso dip with Velveeta cheese that can be eaten with so much more than just chips.

Now is the chance for people across the nation to find out whose game day eats reign supreme.

It's your turn to show off your tasty game day food traditions.

Go to www.gamedayfoodtraditions.com to share a photo of your game day food tradition to enter to win \$10,000.

Once again, that's www.gamedayfoodtraditions.com to enter to win \$10,000.

All right, well, I'm going to move on to Listener Tale.

My husband was kidnapped as an infant by child traffickers.

What?

What?

Oh, let's see what this is about.

It says, thank you so much for the opportunity, Deb.

Hey, Deb, Deb, shut up.

Hello, weirdos.

First of all, my husband is alive and well and was unharmed in his kidnapping.

Good.

I put the subject line as a question because this was my reaction when my mother-in-law told me the story.

You can call me by my by a name.

I have always loved for a little girl, Siggy, short for a Norwegian name, Sigrid.

Oh, I like that.

I was originally planning on using my real name and coming up with an attempted witty and humorous introduction, considering my name is androgynous and is often mistaken for a man's.

I am not a man and unfortunately have the postpartum bodily scarring to prove it.

However, for the purposes of this story and to bend to the will of my catastrophe.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

I can never say that word.

Catastrophize.

There you go.

Right?

Anxiety sounds good.

I'll be using aliases.

That's totally fine with us.

A few things before we get into it.

Number one, I feel I should be shunned from the podcast universe for not having heard of your show prior to my book club picking *The Butcher and the Wren* for the month of October last year.

Hey, that's awesome.

Elena, your novel was amazing and I loved every bit of that book.

Thank you.

In my defense, I tend to stay within my comfort zone when it comes to books, podcasts and movies and my particular podcast love is true crime, but one story seasons, such as *Up and Vanished* and *Serial*.

Really?

That's harsh.

Yeah.

However, that has all changed now because I cannot stop listening to your podcast.

Thank you.

Shout out to my fellow morbid weirdo listeners, Lauren, Aaron, Andrea and Katie.

They all gave me permission to use their real names.

Hell yeah, you guys.

Hell yeah.

Number two, since listening to the show, I've literally laughed out loudly hearing Ash's unique vernacular term, including terms such as mans, the Gums McGee and God's. And God's.

Congrats, by the way.

Also being that I am a sixth generation Appalachian or Appalachian, I always say it wrong.

Okay, Appalachian Mountain Woman.

I can confirm you just told me how it's pronounced.

It's pronounced Appalachian.

Thank you.

I will hold on to that now.

I firmly believe that any time Appalachian is mispronounced, an ancestor of mine rolls over in their graves saying bless their heart, dripping in old Southern Lady condescension. So for the sake of my gone, but not forgotten family members with cool ass names like Icy and Zeta, just say it correctly, folks.

Appalachian from your own out.

It feels right.

It feels better.

Finally, this story is not mine to tell.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

I take pride in sharing it because my husband was kidnapped is a great addition to two truths and a lie, but ultimately the only morbid worthy happenings in my life have involved my father in a ski mask, trying to scare me in a local criminal, trying to escape the law by entering my house.

Those are pretty good.

The second one in particular.

And though both experiences were equally traumatizing, the story is much more entertaining and just
freaking insane.

I myself even found it hard to believe when I first heard it, but it says true as a dog's love for its human.

I do have a few what I've called Siggi side notes scattered throughout the story to clarify things or to add interesting tidbits.

Those are from me, but the bulk of the story is from my mother-in-law's perspective.

So without further ado, here is my mother-in-law Drew's story of her five month old baby, T, kidnapped in Hawaii.

Oh my God.

She chose the name and it made me laugh, considering the podcast we are submitting this to.

Hey, Ashes fiance, it is long.

So if it doesn't get played on the podcast, I completely understand, but I felt y'all would appreciate the read given the story.

I've attached the double space puttapha, another term I'm now obsessed with for your viewing ease, as well as the newspaper article about the story.

So you know it's real and some picture of my mother-in-law, my husband and I and my own little guy for reference.

Oh my God, the most beautiful child.

Adorable.

So beautiful.

By the way, Ash, she is a Libra and I'm a Virgo.

Okay.

Oh, we got, there we go.

We got a Libra in here.

Oh, one more side note.

My dad has some creepy stories like my aunt waking up in a cemetery across the street from their house as a kid and my Nana pronounced Nana being temporarily paralyzed by other worldly beings.

So if you'd like me to share those, let me know.

Please do.

We would like that.

Keep on keeping it weird, my gals.

Siggy.

Oh, your family's so beautiful.

Truly a gorgeous family.

Oh my God, you're a little bipey.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

All right.

Many of us have had moments in life that we can look back on and realize how extremely brave and lucky we are for having gotten through them.

For me, the kidnapping of my child was such an event.

I would think.

I'm already, I just got full chills down my body.

My body warmed.

I remember the day clearly, October 10th, 1989.

My son was just one day shy of five months and was very much still an infant.

We had just relocated to Waikiki, Waikiki, Waikiki, thank you, from Cupertino, California.

He had been living with my mom and my unhinged stepfather and wanted a new living environment for the health and safety of my son and I.

I was a radio DJ by trade and had decided to go to Hawaii to work for my friend, who was a new program director at KPOI, Honolulu's rock station.

A few weeks prior to this incident, I had managed to secure a small studio apartment in Waikiki for tea and myself.

I recall being shocked at the extremely high cost of rent.

I was on the hunt for a babysitter so that I could work in the evening hours.

My general shift was going to be from about 10pm to 2am.

After failed attempts at finding care through the people I had met and after scouring the newspaper ads without success, I decided to place an ad myself.

Several people responded to the ad, and in Hawaii a lot of ladies take on childcare from their homes.

Surely I'd be able to spot someone who was not a legitimate caretaker, right?

This area is known for being very welcoming and family oriented.

One person in particular responded and left multiple messages.

I was going through a few others and had not called her back yet.

However, she called me again, sounding almost pushy about the job.

I should have seen that as a red flag, as none of the other applicants had that same approach.

But I really needed to find a sitter and I honestly didn't think much of it.

I finally spoke with her and we talked for about 30 minutes.

She sounded nice, she had kids of her own, she was a retired nurse, etc. etc.

All the normal sounding stuff, so we set up a time to meet in person.

This initial contact was right around the time of my birthday, October 7th.

So it's easy to recall the events in the timeline.

I remember going into her apartment, which was very close to my own.

It was a tall high-rise building sitting in the Alawai Canal in the middle of Waikiki.

This is important to the story as being familiar with this building was one of the main factors in knowing what happened to tea.

Since it was close to my birthday, we agreed that this woman, who we will call Stella for the purpose of the story, would try out now or two with my son and see if it was a good fit for us all.

I was super overprotective of him, being that I was a 25-year-old single mother living 2,400

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

miles from home.

Holy cow.

Therefore, I always had anxiety when anyone else watched him aside from my mother.

I'm that way anyway, so don't worry.

Except it's me that gets to watch them.

I decided to go out for a few hours to the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino.

It had recently opened and was supposed to be an amazing experience.

We decided on a date and time and I really looked forward to a few hours on my own.

When I arrived at her apartment the initial time, Stella watched tea, she was wearing a house dress, was about my height of 5'8", was thin with bleach blonde hair and wore wire-rimmed glasses.

She literally looked like a younger grandma type and appeared to stay home most of the time.

That night, for me, was everything I wanted it to be and the check-in calls with Stella went equally as well, with her giving me frequent updates on how tea was doing.

I felt very excited to be moving on with my life and away from living with my abusive stepfather.

After a few hours of dinner and drinks, I called the cab and headed back to the apartment complex.

When I got back to her 21st floor apartment, Stella quickly opened the door and invited me in.

The baby was sleeping soundly in a bed we had made on the floor and he looked peaceful and happy.

We talked about how she was feeling, how I was feeling and confirmed that we both wanted to do this again in the future.

I scooped the baby up, went down to the awaiting cab and back to our new apartment.

Stella and I continued to talk on the phone in the coming days and she always asked how tea was doing and what he was up to on any given day.

Nothing seemed out of the ordinary, conversations were normal, she listened to my request and she seemed like a genuinely nice person.

I never once felt any weird vibes or feelings when we spoke.

Isn't that so scary?

That's terrifying.

Some people just don't give off the vibe that they're a fucking monster.

The next opportunity for her to watch him was on the night of October 10th.

I had to go to the radio station to train before I could go on air, so I was scheduled to be there in the early evening late afternoon for this purpose.

I thought it would be a great time for Stella to watch the baby again and do another trial run before I had to work full time.

As I had done this, as I had done before, I bundled the baby up, filled his large diaper bag with all the things he could possibly need and caught a taxi back to Stella's apartment.

Everything once again seemed normal when we arrived and she answered the door inviting us in, however, I distinctly remember two things.

One, she was wearing a house dress like before, but this time she had regular clothes laying

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

out on her bed, which I could see from the living room.

That struck me as a little odd, but I said nothing.

Two, she had placed two very large suitcases directly adjacent to the front door.

Those suitcases had not been present during the previous visit.

I asked her about them and she said she was taking them downstairs in the morning to her storage unit in the garage.

This didn't seem unusual as many of these buildings had subterranean parking with private storage units for tenants' items for an additional fee.

The baby was sleepy, so after sticking around for a few minutes chatting, I handed him over to get ready to leave.

I recall saying something like, you don't have plans to go anywhere, right?

And she laughed as though the idea was preposterous.

She was drinking a Coca-Cola from a glass with ice, and I watched her swig and refill it several times while I sat there.

I stood up to leave and as I left, I remembered that the lobby of her building had a large bank of phones.

I'd been meaning to call my best friend Bill for several days and had not gotten around to it, so I decided I would use the phone in the lobby to update him on my new job and our life in Hawaii before going to work.

This proved to be a very critical decision in all of this because had I not stopped to call him in the lobby, Stella would have likely gotten away with kidnapping my five month old.

Oh, I just got full chills all over again.

I walked to the bank of phones.

That is some like mama power in there that you were just like, you know what, I'm going to stop right now.

Yeah.

I'm not going to wait till I get to the station.

I'm going to stop right now.

I walked to the bank of phones and remember getting him on the line immediately.

Sounded relieved to hear from me and was asking all about the baby.

I told him about the job and the new apartment that I was excited about finding a babysitter and that I was in a really decent place mentally.

The phones were situated in the lobby so that when you use them, your back was turned away from the front door.

Therefore, if anyone were to exit the building and walk by you, you would most likely not see them.

Just before Bill and I said goodbye, he said, please take care of tea.

And if I were you, I would go back up there one more time to check on him.

What?

Fucking Bill.

Why would you say that to like that's kind of like you wouldn't think your friend would just say that randomly.

He's just like, you know what, he's got a feeling.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

This was the best piece of advice I've ever received.
I hung up the phone and jumped in the elevator heading back upstairs to Stella's apartment.
I remember walking up to the door.
I had just left 15 minutes earlier and seeing that it was slightly ajar.
It caught me off guard and I pushed on it immediately calling out her name.
No one answered.
I ventured further into the apartment and realized Stella's house dress was thrown on the bed.
The clothes she had laid out earlier were gone.
The lights were off.
The TV was off.
And more importantly, my son, Stella, and those two suitcases had vanished.
Oh my God.
My heart just dropped for you.
Truly.
I began to freak out and I can literally feel the fear and adrenaline pumping so hard in my heart this could not be happening.
I must have been seeing things wrong.
She had to be here.
Where was my baby?
My thoughts were racing and I started hyperventilating.
I was completely overwhelmed.
My first thought was that perhaps she had just gone to take the garbage out.
They had a separate garbage room in these buildings requiring you to walk down the hall to throw your trash away.
I ran as fast as I could down the hall shrieking her name because I was just so scared.
Where had this lady gone with my baby?
Oh my God.
I jumped back on the elevator thinking I would ride down to the security desk to the lobby and ask them if they had seen her or the baby.
When I approached the desk, I asked the two men sitting there if they had seen Stella come down the elevator or leave the building in any way.
They both nodded their heads and pointed to the door.
I asked, did she leave?
They both nodded again.
And one said she was carrying a baby and almost slipped on the floor, nearly dropping him on her way out of the building.
I could not believe what I was hearing.
Why?
Why did she leave?
I asked the officer at the desk to call 911 and report a missing child.
I talked to the police and gave them a brief account of what happened, all in between sobbing and hyperventilating.
The police assured me they were on their way.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

After I hung up with the police, I asked the security people to begin calling all taxi services in the area so they could determine which taxi may have possibly picked her up.

They called at least six or seven cab companies and each time they were told that no one had anyone that sounded like Stella or a baby in their car.

By the time I had, by this time I had gone out to the front lawn in front of the apartment building and was sitting on the grass, bawling my eyes out.

I'd been through so much bringing this baby into the world alone just a few months before and thought, after everything we've been through, this is how it's going to end.

Oh my God.

Over along several police vehicles pulled up.

I recall there being a large police presence with an ambulance in tow as well.

It was during this period that I kept trying to figure out a way to make it back into the apartment building and up to the very top to jump off the roof.

Oh my God.

I know it sounds scary, but I really thought that if my baby was gone that I really did not want to be on this earth anymore.

The police asked me questions, mountains of questions.

How did I meet Stella?

What did she do for work?

What does she look like?

What phone numbers did I have for her?

How many times did you watch them before today and on and on?

I was completely overwhelmed and to this day have never cried so hard in my life.

After sitting outside with the police, I could hear the radio traffic on their police scanners as the situation progressed.

I couldn't understand everything as they were using codes, but evidently they were pursuing some leads in the case and we were on stand, we were to stand by.

I cannot recall exactly how long we sat there waiting for any type of news, but it seemed like two hours at least.

Probably more.

I remember one of the officers, a large Samoan man sitting next to me on the grass reassuring me everything would turn out okay.

I really didn't believe him, but I kept nodding my head.

Just then an officer on the radio said the words my entire body had been aching to hear.

We got him.

We got him.

We found the missing baby.

Oh my God.

My whole body is covered.

Like literally, I was just going to say chills.

Like I had goosebumps on my legs right now.

Everyone around me cheered and high-fived, we were all so excited, but this was still very much a police investigation.

Even though they had somehow managed to find him in Stella, things still needed to be sorted

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

out and the place to do that was the police station.

I was in a squad car and driven downtown to the Honolulu police department.

It was a low slung building on a side street with yet another subterranean parking structure beneath it.

I was led into a fairly large room that was dark inside with windows covered by dark drapes.

I was asked to sit at a large rectangular table in the center of the room with a very large reel-to-reel tape recorder in the center.

It was the classic, we just need to ask you a few questions, mantra being said to me.

I agreed, but kept asking where my son was and when I would be able to see him.

They asked me numerous questions over and over again, framing it in different ways.

Why did I give my child to Stella?

Wasn't it true that I no longer wanted him?

My God.

So she must have said she sold her.

Had I called to check on him while I was gone, either tonight or on the previous occasion she had watched him?

I simply tried to calm myself down and answer all their questions clearly and honestly to the best of my ability.

I understood they had a job to do, but it was an interrogation style interview.

I felt confident in my heart that everything would work out and that I would be getting my baby back soon.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the door of the interview room, and we learned that they had arrested Stella and were bringing her downstairs to the jail.

They wanted me to go down there and see if I could identify her.

I recall feeling so much anger that she had done this and was really looking forward to seeing her face to face.

As the patrol car rolled in, I could clearly see a set of legs kicking at the glass of the rear door of the squad car.

No face, no torso, just legs.

That's so creepy.

When the car came to a stop, an officer got out and walked around to let Stella out of the car.

They grabbed her by each arm and walked in my direction.

Immediately her eyes met mine and she began cursing at me, saying I had given her my baby, that I was a liar, and that she was taking care of him because I wasn't in so much other utter bullshit.

She is disturbed.

I screamed back and I think I called her every name in the book.

I was feeling homicidal at that point and really did not care about anything else aside from getting to her.

The police had to repeatedly hold me back as she passed by and went into the jail.

By this time it was dark outside and the officers escorted me back inside the building to wait.

They informed me that T had been taken to the hospital as a precaution.

She'd be checked out for any injuries or sign of abuse from Stella.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

I remember sitting in that police station for another four or five hours.

Oh my God.

It felt surreal and very out of body.

I had a hard time thinking about what had just happened because I was in shock and I was not responding to things as I usually would have.

Seeking the truth never gets old.

Join June's Journey, the free to play mobile game that will immerse you in a thrilling murder mystery.

Join June Parker as she uncovers hidden objects and clues to solve her sister's death in a beautifully illustrated world set in the roaring 20s.

With new chapters added every week, the excitement never ends.

Join June's Journey now on your Android or iOS device or play on PC through Facebook games.

What do millions of Americans and three U.S. presidents have in common?

They all get a better night's sleep in bull and branch sheets.

Their best-selling signature sheets are made with the finest, most luxurious 100% organic cotton and get softer with every wash.

Right now get 15% off your first order at B-O-L-L-A-M-D branch.com.

Get promo code Luxurious with free shipping, free returns, and their 30-night worry-free guarantee.

Exclusions apply.

See site for details.

After about five hours, an officer came to get me to walk into a different area of the police department.

When I rounded the corner, I saw tea wrapped in a sheet with nothing on but a diaper.

He saw me and started crying.

I walked over grabbed him and gave him my biggest, longest hug I could imagine.

He immediately relaxed, and he appeared to be very tired.

I asked the police if I could leave and go home, and they said yes.

They stated Stella would be in jail for a while as they were charging her with pheloneal ... pheloneal.

Pheloneal.

Pheloneal custodial interference in the first degree.

A major felony.

There were additional charges as well, but that was the main charge.

I was contacted the next day I put police and they told me the story of how she was caught. I was chomping at the bit to learn the story of her capture and her motive for kidnapping my child. According to police, she had gotten into the cab with the baby.

She had directed the cab driver to drive her to downtown Honolulu to Bishop Street. The taxi driver immediately felt weird vibes from her as she was too old to have such a young baby. She was who was only clothed in a diaper and a sheet. He asked her whose baby he was, how old he was, and whatever information he could glean from her. Wow, this guy's like great. Seriously? She told him she was caring for a friend's child because the mom needed a break and could no longer care for him. Her response to his questions and her vague answers

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

really grabbed his attention. Good for this guy. While the taxi driver was driving to the destination, he told her he needed to make a stop for gas. She agreed and he pulled over to a gas station. When he got out, he called into the taxi stand explaining that he was driving an older lady with a baby and that he was concerned for the baby's welfare. It was then that the taxi company realized their driver was driving around with the missing child everyone was looking for. The driver was instructed to act normally and take Stella to wherever she wanted to go, but to stay with her to find out her actual destination. They pulled in front of a large high rise in downtown Honolulu. Since she had two full suitcases and a baby, the taxi driver brilliantly offered to help her take her luggage upstairs. Smart.

To be able to see the apartment, she was entering and provide valuable information to the police. When he got to the apartment with her, he saw an older man and the baby was taken into another room. The driver immediately contacted police with all the information he had on Stella, including her exact location. They waited several minutes for other officers to arrive before going upstairs to confront Stella and her parent boyfriend, who was part of the entire plan. When they knocked, no one answered at first. I'm certain they were wondering who could be at the door. After several tries, they opened the door and were confronted by the police. At first, Stella denied knowing anything about a baby and denied knowing me.

Like they're not going to find the baby in the apartment girlfriend?

Yeah.

The police asked to come and talk or to come in and talk and go over the information that they had with Stella. While they were in the apartment, they heard a baby crying and immediately knew the gig was up. One of the officers walked to a closed back bedroom door and opened it up. Inside, they found tea laying in a sheet and nothing more than a diaper. No bottles, no diaper bag, nothing. I'm not sure what happened to the diaper bag I left with her, but it was gone.

What?

Both she and her boyfriend were handcuffed and searched. It was during this time that the police discovered passports, other identification, and over \$30,000 in cash.

What the fuck?

It was clear that something nefarious was going on and both parties were immediately arrested and taken into custody.

This is so bizarre.

The key to this whole story was the taxi driver. If he had not been alert and aware when talking to Stella, he would have never stopped and called in to report what he was dealing with in the taxi. Since it was already a major response by the police in looking for a baby and we knew Stella was in a cab at some point, the driver's call was the one we were all waiting for. I was able to get my baby back at the police station, so T and I went home to our new apartment and called my father, who was an experienced police officer for the Sacramento Police Department, and explained what happened.

My husband's grandpa was not only a Sacramento PD officer, but one who had worked the Golden State Killer case and retired as a captain.

Are you trying to kill me out here?

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

The story is just the twist and turn.

Seriously, all of it was very hard to believe and he asked me many questions and for many details. After speaking, he decided the best thing for me was to gather my stuff and hop on the next available plane back to the mainland. I must say I was very disappointing as I had high hopes for my time with T in our new state. But ultimately, our island time had run its course and wasn't meant to be.

I do not blame you.

We flew back to Sacramento, not Cupertino. There was no way I was going to put myself and my child back into that unhealthy situation. My father was very well connected and was able to find an apartment for me within a few days.

He helped us furnish it and I began looking for work. We were contacted by the Honolulu District Attorney's Office, letting us know a victim slash witness cocoa services.

I'm not positive. That sounds right, though, who could assist me with the resources I may need as well as to help me through the criminal justice system in Hawaii. They also told me that it might take some time for the case to go to trial and that Stella had been released on bail with restrictions.

The fuck?

She was not allowed to leave the state for any reason and she had to check in regularly with the probation officer to stay free until trial. She agreed to this. It took approximately two years for the case to wind its way through the court system. And I was surprised when I received the call that we had a trial date. The advocate told me they would be needing me to travel back to Hawaii to be a witness for the prosecution.

Oh, man.

I was excited that I might see some justice for it had been the scariest, harrowing and most traumatizing event in my life. It was a warm summer day as I flew out to Hawaii to attend the trial. My mom stayed behind to take care of tea as I had no intention of ever having him step foot in Hawaii again. Immediately upon arrival, I was called down to the victim witness offices. There I met with both prosecutors and their staff. I was asked to repeat the story of what happened from my perspective and they held me to recall certain parts of their kidnapping. My mind was unsteady as I felt I had mentally blocked out much of the incident. It was not something I wanted to talk or think about, but I did my best in recalling the events. For about three days, we met every day and went over the questions they were going to ask me. It made certain I responded truthfully, but with an emphasis on certain things that had happened. It was like going to school. The biggest pointer they gave me was to look directly at the jury when answering and to express any emotions I might be having after recalling the events of that day. The following day was the start of the trial. I remember walking into the courtroom and the entire jury box was full of jurors. It was strange seeing Stella sitting at the defense table as I had not seen her a long time. I was placed on the witness stand and my testimony began. It soon came to feel like I, not the defendant, was on trial. It's sad how often that happens. The defense attorney painted a picture of me that said I was a bad mom and had let Stella take the baby because I wanted to go out and party. I mean, while you were going to your job. He also stressed that I'd willingly given tea to Stella and that the only thing she was guilty of was being concerned for the welfare of my child. It was the \$30,000 in cash about that. Yeah. Once it came

time and why was it that when you came to, when the police came to the door and asked for the baby,

they said there was no baby in the apartment. Exactly. Once it came time for the prosecution to question me, I immediately began crying on the stand. It was super emotional recalling the events one by one and having to explain my thoughts and my actions at every step. I made it clear that in no way had I given my baby to Stella or anyone and that she never had permission to leave the apartment at any time with my child. I ended up being on the witness stand for three days. I gave honest testimony and told the facts as I remembered them. On the third day, I was released

as a witness and sent back to my hotel to wait the next step. I felt completely spent and cried several more times recalling the events that I had tried to push down for so long. I was never allowed in the courtroom while others testified. So I had no idea what about what other other things had been said other than my own testimony. On day four, we were told the verdict had been reached.

Siggie side note, I became a Susie Sleuth as my mother-in-law calls it and I ended up finding the basic docket information on the case. Hell yeah, Susie Sleuth. Jerry debated for less than two hours. This spineless bottom feeder was done. Hell yeah. I was asked if I wanted to return to the courthouse

and I declined as I was scared and nervous and just wanted it to be over so I could get back to California and my baby. The verdict came in that afternoon and Stella and her boyfriend were found guilty on all counts against them. Good. Her boyfriend was convicted of lesser charges because his involvement had been significantly less than Stella. Now remember, she was out on bail waiting for the trial, so her attorney asked that she be allowed to remain on bail until sentencing. Like she's a literal kidnapper. The judge agreed against the protestation of the prosecution. Oh fuck. They set a sentencing date for about two months away to allow Stella to prepare for prison. I don't know about that. I left Hawaii and flew back home and I continued my life in Sacramento and was working and going to school. T was two and a half by this time and his only concern was teenage mutant Ninja Turtles. The story does not end here though. I was contacted by the prosecutor's office about two months after the trial and told that Stella had jumped bail and was on the run. She had somehow managed to get off the island and was on to an unknown destination. The way my stomach is in knots for you. The prosecutor assured me that T and I were safe and they had hard leads indicating that she'd escaped to England. Oh the fuck did she get to England? They had Interpol and the Scotland Yards searching down leads trying to locate her to bring

her back to the United States for sentencing as a bench warrant had been ordered by the judge in the case. Several more months went by and they continued to search for her. I was not in the loop in any of this and just assumed they would find her and bring her back. After a few more months had passed I called down to the victim witness program to inquire about the sentencing status. I really did want to know the outcome of everything. It was during this call that I learned from the advocate that Stella had been located but when they arrived to arrest her at a location in London she was found dead, strangled to death. Wow. I was shocked and felt so many emotions about this. I was not given all the details of what happened only that she had been found dead by someone else. It was a sad and scary conclusion to a case that would eclipse my life for several years. From my recollection I was told that she had intended on selling my baby. She had

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

been found with a passport, 30k in cash and plane tickets upon her arrest. It was clear this was a trafficking case and she had no intention of keeping tea but was using him as a pawn to make money.

That's so scary. I have often wondered if she had done this to any other people to take full advantage of a young single mom living in a different state than her family with little money and resources and literally kidnap her baby to try to sell him. It was the stuff of television dramas and crime shows. I will never forget the look on my baby voice face when they turned him back over to me from the hospital. He was so scared. I remember that his photo was taken before we left the police station and he was turned into a news story in the Honolulu star and advertiser.

Oh my god. Seagy side note. My mother-in-law says that she remembers seeing a front page news story

with tea's picture on it. However, neither of us were able to locate it when we searched online.

I found the articles pertaining to tea's kidnapping but both were small little snippets in the crime section of the main Honolulu newspapers. I've attached them to my email.

And FYI, they report that Stella was Drew's roommate, which was solely untrue.

The fuck?

They did not interview Drew for the story for reasons unknown to her so some of the details are reported in an error. Nice. My true thanks and gratefulness go out to the Honolulu police department for finding tea so quickly and for really pursuing a case against Stella.

I'm just so thankful they believed me. I also want to thank the Honolulu's prosecutor's office for getting the conviction in court and for taking such good care of me through the process.

Tea is now 33 years old, happily married with a toddler son. I often think of this experience and cannot fathom my life if he was not found and brought back to me. I'm like gonna cry.

It is sad that all too many cases like mine do not conclude with positive results. I'm a very lucky girl and I thank God every day for getting me through this experience going on to live a happy, successful life and for making me a Grammy to the sweetest little boy on the planet.

Ruin me. Holy hell. What a fucking story. Holy shit. I am without words. It's crazy that we're just like looking at a picture of tea 33 and happy and he's the little boy at the center of this story.

I'm like, I'm feel tearing up here. Can you imagine being his wife and being like,

there's no way like I ever would have known you. I would have never known you. We wouldn't have our

baby. It was like so beautiful baby. I know. Like this little baby. I know their baby is so perfect.

Oh, I just want to smush your baby, but you guys are so beautiful together and your mother-in-law is so beautiful. And it's just like, holy shit. That is on another level. Thank you for, thank

your mother-in-law, Drew, for writing that down. That was incredibly written by the way. What an incredibly told story. Holy shit. And thank you for sharing it with us. And thank goodness tea is here.

And that's awesome. Wow. And you guys are beautiful. And I'm just, my whole body is like on fight or flight mode right now. I'm just so stressed out for your mother-in-law. That is one

of the craziest tales that we've ever gotten. It's so scary that you have to be worried about that stuff. It is. And it's sad that you can't trust someone to babysit your child. And it's even

worse that a lot of people, because it takes a village. Absolutely. You know, and it's really, I always feel really fortunate that I have so many people around me that I trust and that I,

you know, my kids are comfortable with and that are willing to help and able to help.

And a lot of people don't have that. No, especially single mothers. Oh, we think about it constantly.

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

Like John and I are constantly like, how do people do this without their village near them? Seriously. And I should say single fathers too. Yeah. Crazy. Wow. Thank you for that. I feel like we need something haunted after that. Yeah. Bring me a haunted shit. All right. Thank you for sharing that. Yes, Ziggy. That was incredible. All right. We've got Listener Tale. Does a demon come with everyone's college tuition or just mine? I'm obsessed already. I'm obsessed. It says, hello, beautiful spooky listeners. My name is Addison. Yes, you can use my name. Of course, I have to start my Listener Tale off by saying how amazing and inspiring y'all are. Thank you. Y'all have such an amazing bond with each other and never fail to brighten my day. Enough with all this mushy stuff, though. Let's go down to the nitty gritty of the scariest fucking night of my life that I still think about to this day. So hang on to your tits. It's going to be a wild ride. Remix. Remix. So I'm from Greenville, South Carolina, and attended college at the good old University of Southern Carolina. I remember pulling up to my assigned dorm building with my dad's car packed to the brim of an absurd amount of unnecessary dorm stuff that I plan to decorate my room with. But hey, a girl can't have too much decor. Am I right? No, you are right. You are absolutely right. My short commute to the, no, no, no, on the short commute from Greenville to Columbia, I was picturing my dorm to be super cute and homey. But boy, I was wrong. I stepped one foot into that apartment style dorm and took one look around thinking to myself that there is no amount of home decor in the world to fix this place up. I mean, the place literally looked like Satan himself lived in that very dorm. Was it Goth? Maybe. My roommate Elena, maybe it was Goth, came in after me and we looked at each other as if we were thinking the same thing. What the actual fuck? My dad, of course, started to do the typical dad inspection of the apartment and my mom kept assuring me and Elena that the place wasn't that bad. Mom, be fucking for real. We hugged our parents goodbye and started to make our little hellhole our own. In the first few months, there were very little strange things that would occur. Cabinet doors would be open when we knew we'd left them shut and the TV would turn on in the middle of the night by itself. These little things didn't particularly scare us because we just thought we were carelessly leaving cabinet doors open or leaving lights on. Valen. A few months later, we both found ourselves a boyfriend. They are now our piece of shit exes. Oh, shit. I'm sorry. We both started to basically spend every night with our boyfriends because the apartment was just flat out eerie and scary to be in. I always felt like I was being watched and I had the feeling we weren't alone in that nasty ass dorm. As the holidays rolled around, everyone started to pack up and head home for Christmas break, including our boyfriends. So we had to tough it out and stay a few nights in the hellhole. I had to stay an extra few days because I had a job at a stupid ass pizza place and was scheduled to work for the rest of the week. I made Elena stay with me that whole week because I would rather sleep on a park bench than sleep alone in that piece of shit apartment. I like that I'm part of this. I do too. I feel good being part of this with you. I like it a lot. She begrudgingly agreed, but broke the news to me that she was leaving a day early. Fuck her. I'm just kidding, but still. She gave me a hug, grabbed her things and walked out the door. I wanted to break down crying, but it's only one night alone. How bad can it be? Luckily, I had to work a double shift that day, so I wasn't in the apartment most of the day. I got back around 10pm that night. I made myself some dinner, sat on the couch to watch my comfort show. Hell yeah. Rick and Morty. As I was eating my canned soup, dinner, and goldfish, that sounds

awesome. We call it girl dinner. I heard one sounded like a cabinet door opening in the kitchen. The place was old as dirt, so literally everything creaked and made noises. I've seen way too many horror films in my life to get up and investigate, so I quickly ran to our room and locked the door. Hey weirdos. Before we get back to our regularly scheduled programming, I wanted to let you know that Wondery's shocking true crime podcast over my dead body is back for a fourth season that will literally give you literal goosebumps. The newest season covers the story of Mike Williams. It was Mike's sixth wedding anniversary when he set off on a hunting trip into the gator infested swamps of North Florida. He figured he'd be back in time to take his wife Denise out to celebrate, but he didn't come back. Friends and loved ones feared he met his fate through bad luck in a group of hungry alligators, leaving his young family behind. Except that's not what happened at all. And after 17 years, a kidnapping and the uncovering of a secret love triangle, the truth would finally be revealed. Enjoy Over My Dead Body, Gun Hunting, on the Wondery app or wherever you get your podcasts. You can listen to Over My Dead Body early and ad free on Wondery Plus. Get started with your free trial at Wondery.com slash plus. The apartment is set up where me and Elena share a big room with two twin beds and the bedroom door has a big latch lock that you could not get into without a key that me and Elena tied around our wrists. I got in bed and listened out for any more noises and didn't hear anything. So I basically gas lit myself and to think me that I was being absolutely ridiculous and there was nothing there. We've all done that. Yeah. I turned the lights off and got into bed. My bad thoughts went away quickly as I lost as I got lost scrolling through Instagram, which was part of my nightly routine. About 30 minutes passed by when I heard the fucking latch lock on my bedroom door unlock itself. Oh, that's horrible. I was frozen in fear and laid in my bed paralyzed staring at my bedroom door. We had blackout curtains in our room. So the room was literally pitch black except the light coming from my phone that barely illuminated the room. The door slowly started to creak open and I shot under my covers because I wanted to become invisible to whatever was on the other side of that door. I started to cry and even pissed myself a little. I'm such a pussy. I feel you man. I would have done the same thing. I knew for a fact that I locked the front door to my apartment and the door to my bedroom door and the only key to get in was literally still tied around my wrist. All I could hear was heavy breathing and a slow shuffle like someone was dragging their feet coming into the room. I literally mustered up or excuse me, I finally mustered up the courage to call out Elena. No answer. Elena's like it's not me, it wasn't me. The breathing and the shuffling got louder and louder. There was absolutely no way in hell that I was going to look at what or who entered my room. I could hear things being thrown around on the floor and I knew that it was the pillows being tossed on the ground from Elena's bed. Then I heard the creaking from her bed as if someone was getting in bed to go to sleep. What the fuck? The breathing continued and I just sat there and silent cried. I am a religious person so I silently repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over again until somehow I fell asleep. I can't believe you fell asleep. Just holy shit there's a literal daemon in the other room. You're just like nighty night. I woke up in the morning and looked over at Elena's bed and what the fuck do I see? All of the pillows were on the ground and the comforter looked as if someone had slept on top of it. No. Chills flooded my body because I watched Elena flawlessly make her bed before she left. I went to check the front door which was still locked. I called my mom crying and told

her what happened and without hesitation she said, Addison we need to bless that apartment and get that thing the fuck out of there. I told her that I was just going to come home for now because I could not spend another minute in that place alone. I called Elena to tell her what happened and she completely believed me and apologized for not staying with me. Apology not accepted. Shit I don't blame you. Elena's like god damn it. After we came back from our month break we walked into the apartment to find all the cabinet and closet doors open even our refrigerator. Hate that. We dropped our stuff in the doorway and ran out of there. I called my mom and I told her that we will not be staying another night there and my mom said yes you are we are paying good money for you to be there. Thanks mom for the guilt trip but fuck no. I love that she's like we're gonna bless that place and then she's like you're gonna stay the fuck in there. We paid your tuition. We paid your tuition. We had a deposit on that place that we won't get back. Stay with that diamond. Damn. My angel of a mom drove up to Columbia that day and made me and Elena walk to the room with her. She walked through the room with her. She yelled get out of this house you are not welcome here and read scriptures from the Bible. I'll tell you what the people on our floor probably thought we were crazy as hell but fuck it. My mom took us to lunch and dropped us back. I love that she was like you guys want to get some lunch after that. Let's get some appies. Let's go to Applebee's and dropped us back off when we walked in the place. It felt lighter and not as eerie. Thank the Lord. We didn't have any more activity since that day but we quickly learned from other students who resided in the building had quickly learned from students who resided in the building had strange things going on in their rooms too. Move out day did not come soon enough but we survived. Me and Elena continued to be roommates all throughout college and are still sisters to this day. I love that. That's beautiful. As for the building, that fucker got torn down this year as it should. Thank you so much for listening to my tale. It literally gave me chills to write this five years later as it is still the scariest thing that has ever happened to me. I love you both and I hope you have the best day. Much love, Addison. Aw, Addison. Addison, we hope you have the best day and thank goodness you were out of that fucking dorm. For real because holy hell, no pun intended. Maybe a little pun intended. That was totally intended. A lot of the girl. A lot of the girl. That was intended. Wow, Addison. That was a lot. Should we do one more? All right, let's do listener tale of a haunted Airbnb told by an east coaster playing the character of a midwesterner. Upset. Sorry if I'm like slipping over my words. I had like a dental procedure done yesterday and you know, it should happen. You better get it together. Sorry. Hey, Ash and Elena, I finally found the courage to write it my listener tale so I hope it makes it onto the pod. It did. As the phrase goes, I've attached a double space pot of fun, some pictures as well for your enjoyment. I look forward to more morbid episodes. Yours truly. Chelsea, the New Yorker who ended up in Wisconsin by Wave, Oregon. Also, I know Massachusetts pretty well and was never a fan of mass holes, but somehow you two make me want to visit more. The BKLYN, Italian and me makes it hard to like Boston though. You don't like Boston? We'll forgive you. Can we read this? I'm forgetting because you know what, we'll forgive you. You have a really cute cat. Airbnb host that was a ghost and you know what that rhymed. It does. So there we go. It says, Hey Ash and Elena, I'm Chelsea. You can use my name because I'm a 37 year old Aquarius with Leo Rising who still thinks they're 27. I love it. So I love me some recognition, flips hair. I recently discovered morbid in May of 2022,

but thankfully my life is uneventful. So I was able to catch up to the present day pretty quickly. I first started listening to you when I had a month off from work. So I was painting my home and doing odd jobs around my house. Now every time I'm in a certain room or staring at my porch, I think I painted that to be TK or the exterior door frames. I painted that to John Wayne Gacy. So you're forever stuck in my home and brain now. I'll never forget painting my kitchen to Albert Fish and laughing my ass off at the two of you trying to explain why they used to, why they, why they used to use the Boy Scouts and the fact that no matter what, there's always an issue with managing paperwork. Truly. Boy Scouts doing police work. Who knew? Cops dropping the ball. Who knew?

Who knew? For the last few months, I've been wanting to write in because I have little moments in my 100 year old bungalow with my old man ghost who watches me when I've had too much to drink or

with the old Polish lady who insists on playing with Ivan my cat after 2 a.m. I'm obsessed with your cat by the way. I'm obsessed with all of that. And Ivan, I love that name for a cat. I know. If you yell at her that it's bedtime, she stops. But this one is about my Airbnb experience in Grand Rapids. Please give us the other ones too later. Please do. I live in Milwaukee. Please note, I was not born in Wisconsin or Wisconsin. I am a New Yorker, Brooklyn bread badass. I would just want to clarify I live here because it's cheap. Also, now I understand why you don't like Boston.

It makes sense. You honestly think the dime, this dime piece lesbian would live here at a free will and not inflation? Back to it. Most every Halloween weekend, I drive over to Michigan for Saga Tuck. Saga Tuck. I got it. Saga Tuck Douglas, adult only Halloween parade.

That's a must for your bucket list. If you love the arts, the gays and damn fun weekend.

I do. That sounds amazing. Love all of those things. I always try to get one night in Grand Rapids since it's a little less than an hour drive from the parade. This one weekend I booked an Airbnb instead of my usual bougie Marriott suite. This house was built in the 1800s, so it was freezing even though the heat was on and it was overall creaky and creepy, but so adorable. I got in, didn't unpack, threw my food in the fridge and went out exploring. When I came home to cook and unwind, I opened the fridge and found my chicken breasts wrapped in very nice linens that had chickens embroidered on them like they were hand sewn. What? I stood there confused and triple

checked my brain that I didn't do that. I drank a lot at this time and smoked a lot too. I could have done it, but I know I didn't. Why would I cover my breasts? I ignored it, made dinner, and went to the living room where I proceeded to pass out. However, many hours later, I woke up freezing, so I got up to hit the bedroom and I passed the bathroom where I noticed all the bathroom products were on the floor. Like someone went in and had a hissy fit over the fact that Tressame was the shampoo provided. It was me. I knew that I didn't do that, so I took note and headed into the bedroom. I love that you're just like, I didn't do that. In the bedroom, my stuff was neatly placed at the foot of the bed and one side of the comforters was folded down as a way of inviting me into bed. What the fuck? I also knew I didn't neatly place anything and the bed originally did not look like this. So now I'm spooked and I creep into bed, totally wiggled out of my brain thinking, is my Airbnb host a ghost? Yes. And as I'm laying there trying to fall asleep trying not to wig out, I hear pacing in the kitchen. As if someone is preparing a meal, pots moving, someone walking around the island, the fridge opening, opening. So suffice to say, I did not fall asleep. I also did not go out and investigate. Nope. Fuck that. It can't be a mean

ghost if they're trying to meal prep, right? I don't think so. My ex-girlfriend joined me the next day because that's what lesbians do. We break up and then take a mini-vacay together just to make sure we know the reasons why we broke up. Wow, if that's not the truth. I love you. I told her about my exhaustion and experience, but she doesn't believe in that stuff and said I was drunk. Well, guess who heard the meal parking after 2 a.m.? Who's the drunk now? Still me at this time. The morning of checkout, I messaged the host and simply said, your place is haunted. To which she simply said, I love that you're like, hey, by the way, your fucking house is haunted. To which she simply said, yes, we know, and she's very nice. To which I simply said, yes, she felt motherly to me trying to take care of me. I rated her five stars. She rated me five stars and I left. That's incredible. I live in a spooky house, but I'm very cordial with my ghosts. They do nice things for me, like fix my lights or play with Ivan. That's awesome. I'm also an Airbnb host and have only been told some folks here footsteps. My medium, yes, I have a medium, came to my home and told me all about the folks who live with me and how they watch me when

I renovate, paint, and they love Ivan. Sometimes Ivan and I hear walking around downstairs or we smell cologne, but meh, it's just the ghosts. But that Airbnb stay was perhaps the creepiest experience I've had. I'm sure that Tequila did not help the situation. Never does. If you're ever in Milwaukee and need an Airbnb in a classic 1920s bungalow, look me up. If you end up going to Saga Talk, I hope that's how you say it. I think it is. For the dope-ass Halloween parade, make time for Graham Rapids. The old houses are off the charts there. Google Heritage Hill. And thank you. If you ended up reading this on the pod, I told my homies, if you did, I would make them listen to it daily for a month straight because again, Aquarius, Leo flips hair. Well, homies, get ready. Attach is a picture of Ivan and a picture of the front of my home that Zillow took clearly during the month of October because I had it all decorated, peep that handmade life size Michael Myers. Oh, handmade. I got to see it. Out of all the things I've accomplished in my life, this is in the top three. Let me see it. Let me see it right now. Let me see this. Let me see this. Oh my God, look at that. Holy shit. I didn't spot it at first, but then I did.

Damn. That's terrifying. You should put that in the top three. Also, Ivan is beautiful. I love Ivan. And I love it all, Greg. You are beautiful. You are. You are a dime piece lesbian. A dime piece lesbian. You correctly described yourself. I'm obsessed with this entire story. Chelsea, those are all amazing story. Also, I like the color of your bathroom. Good call. I just love that your ghosts take care of you and play with your cat. I know. That's nice. That's awesome. I really like that. Sometimes you're tired and like you love your cat, but you don't want to play with them and you wish somebody else would. Well, I like that your medium came and confirmed

that. Which is like, you know what? They like you and they're going to take care of you and play with your cat. Yeah, I also like that you have a medium. I like a medium that I just have. I would also love that. Let's look into that. I feel like we can make that happen. Let's get a medium. Let's get a fucking medium. Chelsea, that was great. Chelsea, Siggy, fucking, who else do we read from? I don't know if we're supposed to say the first person's name. No, Anna. Anna, okay. And Addison. Yep. Yep. You're all of you. Fucking fantastic. He killed it. I love it. That was a fun one. That was a good one. We needed those haunting ones to like, you know, be the bread. Yeah, those last two were the fun ones. I didn't mean all of them. All of them were not fun. Yeah, crazy. Whoa. Well, I guess it's time for me to go now. So we hope you keep listening. Keep sending those

[Transcript] Morbid / Episode 498: Listener Tales 78

listening to tales. And we hope that you keep it weird. But that's so weird that you live in a haunted house or you try to steal somebody's baby or you haunt a fucking dorm room because that's really terrifying. And I mean, I think you should keep it so weird that your mountain that looks like a butt. Definitely be that weird. Yay. Mountains that look like butts, butts, butts, butts, butts. Amazon Music App today. Or you can listen ad free with Wondery Plus and Apple Podcasts. Before you go, tell us about yourself by completing a short survey at wondery.com/survey. career. How was this physician who was trusted with the lives of so many able to get away with this for so long? When the powerful institution he worked for was confronted with these accusations, did it choose to protect its own reputation? Exposed cover up at Columbia University. The new podcast from Wondery and Dr. Death's Laura Beale is a story about people who are supposed to protect us, physicians, prosecutors, and the people around them. And it asks, did these institutions provide cover for a known creditor? Listen to exposed cover up at Columbia University on the Wondery app or wherever you get your podcasts. You can listen to exposed ad free on Wondery Plus. Get started with your free trial at [Wondery.com/plus](https://wondery.com/plus).