

Good morning to the early birds and midnight oil burners! Its looking to be another beautiful spring day! This morning on [REDACTED] your leading news station for all of your local news: Disappearances are on the rise; Jane Doe was last seen leaving her home, she did not arrive where she was expected to and did not return home. If you have any information on the whereabouts of Jane Doe, or any of the following: John Doe, Jane Doe, John Doe, John Doe, John Doe, or Jane Doe then you wouldn't be hitting such a brick wall would you, Detective? This story and more within the hour. Up next, the weather.

Today starts cool, thanks to last night's cold front, intermittent showers throughout midday, moderate wind speeds will leave the sky clear and the night calm. Great news for all you beach-goers!

Here again, with the news, lots of new faces in town, some familiar, very familiar. Some unfamiliar. A town such as ours, you know the face of your neighbor. You might not be a real detective but like a detective, you step sneakily about into unseen corners, sticking your filthy fingers where they don't belong—leaving prints everywhere. It is the nature of a detective, but without a purpose, what separates you from an intruder; unwanted, probing, violating.

We pride ourselves in airing only ads that support local businesses, the next segment will be uninterrupted thanks to the Chamber of Commerce. If you'd care to lend them an ear, they're hoping to reach an audience with an appetite, local vendors have set up shop along the main street, a perfect place to stop and grab a bite to eat on a busy day. You would be supporting local agriculture as well as your neighbors.

You're trying to write all this down, cursing yourself for not having some way to record audio. A detective should have something like that, you're stopping in the middle of sentences, assuring yourself that you'll remember what came next. Is the quality of your penmanship under duress something you can look back at later? Or will half the mystery be decoding the illegible book that you have open in front of you. Yes, then how did this transcript get here? There is a man in our very town, who has dedicated his life to listening, recording, writing and typing. Printing and storing, archiving everything he hears on the radio. You should find him. He will be ready for you. And even if you know this ahead of time, it doesn't, didn't, change anything. It's a hell of a thing, to take another's life. The corner of the desk did most of the work, the iron shelving laden with a life's work finished the job. You thought this would feel different, both of you—the killing and the dying. No one talks about how it really feels.

Air today. Mostly breathable. Spore blooms up 15%, Unknown trace elements present but with the breeze today it shouldn't be cause for too much alarm.