



**CW: Foul Language, Homophobia, Violence against Transgender People, Child  
Abduction**



*Before we start this one, we want to warn you that this particular story hits a lot of our cast and crew where we live. Violence against gay and transgender people, especially people of color, is all to real. We understand if you need to skip this one, or wait until you think you can listen.*

*One of the charities we would like you to know about is Trans Women of Color Collective.*

*Learn more at [twocc.us](https://twocc.us).*

### **Witchever Path Narrator**

YOU've spoken to your lawyer and provided him with evidence linking two disappearances to the person stalking your family. Leaving his office, YOU are followed by what looked to be undercover cops. But with a lawyer on your side, and a commitment to stay proactive, YOU agreed to a meeting with the father of the missing Dylan Rye while your wife took Cole to see his new friend, Dina.

When YOU arrived to speak with Dylan's father, you learned that his last interaction with his child had ended with him slapping his child for identifying as a girl... named Dina. Frantically, you called your wife again and again, with no answer. What are YOU going to do next?

Witchever Path presents SENTRY: Part Six - No Time

**YOU**

[narrate]

You get into your truck and open up the Find My Phone App. Remembering Jaime's email password was simple. No matter how many times you told her to have different passwords, she still uses the same one. Cole's Birth Month and the word begins. Today's the first time you're happy she doesn't listen to you.

The map is taking forever to load. Through the glare of your windshield, you see Tasha walking away from Mr. Rye and toward her car. A squirrel catches your eye, sitting on the boulder you're





parked in front of. It's watching you and as your engine roars to life, it doesn't move, staring you straight in the face.

*The Fuck're you looking at?*

The map loads just as Tasha gets to her car door and tries to get your attention. You ignore her.

Jaime's last location was on South Street in Concord. You punch the nearest street number to her phone and you reverse so fast out of the lot, you nearly hit someone driving past the park.

You're on high alert as you weave in and out of two lanes, nearly scraping against cars that are going too fucking slow. Each red you run is compounding the risk you'll get pulled over, but you'll have to be shot if they think you're gonna stop before you get to Jaime.

You pull onto South street and pull over, checking your map again. The phone's moved. It's by the Target in Concord.

You try calling her.

**JAIME**

Hello?

**YOU**

Where are you?

**JAIME**

I dropped Cole off and went shopping for a bit.

**YOU**

JAIME, where did you drop him off?

**JAIME**

I dropped him off at Dina's house.

I stopped and talked to her mom outside for a bit.

Nice lady, She—

**YOU**



What house number?

I need to know. NOW.

**JAIME**

It's 41 South Street... Hey, what's going on?

**YOU**

CALL TOM, and then call the fucking Concord cops.

**JAIME**

You're scaring me.

**YOU**

Just do it.

**You**

[narrate]

You throw your phone into your jacket pocket and get out of your car. 41 South Street is an old Victorian, with orange vinyl siding. It's green lawn has a ring of ceramic toadstools near the curb. But at the center of that ring is a hole in the ground. Someone pulled something out of the ground. And then you find what was removed. Tossed into the shrub next to the front porch is a realtor sign. No. No No No No.

You pound on the door and no one answers, you twist the handle. The door opens. It's dead fucking silent. The living room is immaculate. The only things in it are a couch, a television mounted to the wall, and a coffee table. There are no pictures. You can smell freshly dried paint.

**YOU**

COLE! Where are you?!

**YOU**

[narrate]



There is no answer. The kitchen has the same antiseptic staging look. Nobody is living here. The refrigerator doesn't even have any magnets on it. There's a doorway that leads to a thin stairway. You get out your phone and call Cole.

The faint buzzing comes from upstairs.

**YOU**

[out loud, panicked]

COLE?!

**YOU**

[narrate]

You follow the vibration to the first door on the right. You take out your pistol, taking a breath to center yourself before kicking the door open.

[pause for kicking in the door]

The room stinks of patchouli and wet earth. The window is wide open. Poking your head outside, there's a fire ladder that leads to the backyard. You see a neighbor gardening right next door.

Swiping up your son's phone, you open it up.

His texts are up. He was writing one.

It reads:

"MOM, call D"

NO. No no no no no.

You call her immediately.

**Jaime**

[full of worry]

Is Cole okay?

[YOU hyperventilating slightly, saying nothing]



**JAIME**

[freaked out]

Baby.

BABY, what's going on?

Is something wrong with Cole?

**YOU**

[narrate]

The Concord Police are taking this more seriously than the cops did in your town. They take Jaime's report and statement, but when they ask you how you got in the house, you ask for your lawyer before you answer any questions. Jaime even pleads with you to just tell them how you got in, but you refuse. So they "let you" sit in an interrogation room to cool off, but put Jaime in another one. You try to keep it together, sitting at the table, looking up at the security camera that's watching your every move. You could just talk to them. Maybe they'd let you just get out of here, for Cole. That's what you need to do. You need to get out of here and find your son. Every minute will make him harder to find. But something tells you to keep quiet.

After an hour, you get up and slam on the door.

You listen for footsteps coming to let you out. All you hear is the buzz from the fluorescent lights.

You start to pace. Finally the door opens. It's Karl. He reaches out his hand to shake yours. He's

holding a thick folder.

**KARL**

[calm]

We're going to do everything to find Cole.

**YOU**

Where's my lawyer?



**KARL**

We're gonna get a hold of him. This is Concord's case at the moment, but I called in some favors to come in and talk to you while we wait for your attorney. I'm breaking my back to try to keep you out of trouble, man. It's getting to be hard to do. But you gotta help me out here. What were you doing at that house?

**YOU**

[holding in that panicked rage]

Am I being detained?

**KARL**

[trying again]

This is me talking to you, man. I'm not here to trick you. Jaime's waiting for you outside. She's been cooperating with Concord, they got an APB out on Cole, and the local troop is watching the highway. We'll find him. She's been helping, and she looks like she really needs you out there. But listen to me, you don't have a good position here. You're acting weird. Everybody out there, they're worried about a guy whose kid goes missing and doesn't want to say anything to the cops without a lawyer. I only heard you got picked up because one of my guys was here when it happened. Now if I'm gonna help you, I need to know we're on the same page. So, tell me, man to man, why aren't you talking to anybody?

**YOU**

[narrate]

Holt is talking to you like every cop trying to get a perp to tell on themselves. Nice and smooth. But he's talking slowly, letting the trail to find your boy get colder and colder while you sit here.

You want to strangle him. He opens the folder, and places a photo onto the table. There's a body on a hardwood floor, a pool of blood underneath it. Holt puts a second photo over the first.

Same scene from a different angle, the window from the room you found Cole's phone in unmistakable.



You look at the third photo he puts down. It's from the autopsy, the same person, badly cut up.

Holt is acting like he is showing you color swatches.

**HOLT**

[knowing he's fucking with YOU]

Twelve years ago, Jason Richman was found in that same home, butchered, genitals mutilated.

He was apparently waiting for a date. Someone showed up and then left him like that. Probably

because he was posing as a woman to meet someone online.

**YOU**

[narrate]

He's taking out another photo. You look up at the camera and try to melt it with your hate.

Holt looks up at it, too and then nods. The red light goes off.

**HOLT**

Did your Colleen meet someone online recently? Somebody who asked her to meet her at that

house? Because we initially thought whoever killed Jason here was some sort of gay panic. It

happens, it's sad, but what can we do? But then, you found that phone on your property. From

that girl who was investigating another kid going missing. One that lived pretty close to this

house you were at.

Another confused kid, not knowing what they were. And there's a pattern here, man. A really

scary pattern. And right now, your kid's out there. Somewhere. And we gotta find her. And I'm

worried. Worried that she might have been talking to someone who you - I got to tell you, you

are really clever to investigate - have connected to two disappearances. But on the outside, if

someone didn't know you, they'd think that maybe you're being too clever. Maybe there's a

reason you knew so much.

Saw you were talking to Myron Fells. You known him a long time? You know he and Kaylee,

they were into some weird shit. *Weird* shit. And when he came to me knowing so much about





the missing boy, it didn't sit right. I couldn't prove anything, but if I was a parent, I'd be worried about him near my kids. Unless you don't worry about that stuff. You did live in Massachusetts for a while after coming home from war. More liberal down there.

**YOU**

[narrate]

The accusation is implied and it hangs in the air. His blue, placid eyes are hunting for something in yours, like he's looking for a monster. You lean over the table and you say, quietly.

*Get me my lawyer right now, or let me go.*

**HOLT**

[calm]

No need, really. You're free to go.

**YOU**

[exasperated]

What the fuck?

**HOLT**

[cat with the canary in his mouth energy]

I can't keep you here, but I really urge you to stay in town, and trust me. We'll help look for your kid, but we're going to want to talk to you some more. I really suggest you listen to the side of you that's a dad more than the ACAB shit you're thinking.

And as for your lawyer, you may need another one.

He was rushed to CMC an hour ago after a hit and run on 93. Sorry, man.



**YOU**

[narrate]

Jaime hugs you in the station parking lot, and nearly collapses. You hold her up, but you're barely present. It's been too long. Whoever took Cole could be in Vermont by now. There's a lot of heavily wooded parks nearby. The cops are planning to go door to door.

Your phone screeches in alarm.

You read the Amber Alert for your own son.

With his old name.

His Dead Name.

It's what it's called, but that phrase causes you to squeeze Jaime so tight you hear her say that you're hurting her.

**JAIME**

[she just left her son with strangers who stole him]

What are we gonna do? My baby, they took my baby.

**YOU**

[feeling that numb sensation of losing your kid too]

We'll find him.

Jaime. What did they look like? Dina and her mom?

Did Dina... did she look like that kid?

**JAIME**

[confused for a second]

She looked femme, I guess. She was skinny, wore a leather motorcycle jacket. It had a big fucking moth painted on the back. No, not a moth.



**YOU**

[narrate]

You look around the parking lot. This is the worst place to talk about this. And you pull her close  
to whisper.

[whisper]

Like a locust?

**JAIME**

I don't know, maybe?

**YOU**

We got to call the family, neighbors.

Get everybody to look for Cole.

Can you drive?

**JAIME**

I think so. But I don't want to be alone.

**YOU**

There's a garage down the street. Follow me there, we'll park your car and we'll stick together.

We'll find him.

**[narrate]**

You get in your car and call Tasha.



**TASHA**

[concerned]

Everything, okay?

**YOU**

[suspicious]

You get a hold of Myron?

**TASHA**

No. What's going on with your family?

**YOU**

Someone took my son.

**TASHA**

*What?*

**YOU**

Who else would know where Myron is?

**TASHA**

Why?

**YOU**

Because the people who took him are wearing the same bullshit he and Kaylee had tattooed on  
their bodies. How's that?

**TASHA**

Oh my god, no.

No.

He wouldn't be -



**YOU**

I want to be clear with you. I trusted the two of you.

I want to believe you. But I will do anything to get Cole home.

I want to talk to Myron now. Don't make me look for him.

[transition of cop radios, new reports, knocking on doors]

**YOU**

[narrate]

You and Jaime join the cops concerned friends and family in the search.

It's hours of knocking on doors and searching the side roads and parks near Concord. It's colder than it should be this time of year, and the wind bites through your jacket. You've shouted Cole's

name over and over. It's eleven at night when people start calling it an evening. The temperature hits 32 degrees. If he's outside, Cole's not going to make it. He's not — you text

Tasha as you head home with Jaime.

*Addresses of who I can talk to, or I'll go looking myself.*

She doesn't write back. The headlights from each passing car are blinding. You don't know what to say to Jaime. It's not her fault that Cole was taken. You know it. But you would've seen that

FOR SALE sign the moment you walked up to the house. You would have stuck around.

*No. Don't do that.*

Jaime's your rock. You need each other.

[pause for transition to home]

It's after midnight, when you pull onto your street. The security lights above the garage come on as you pull in. Earlier, your cameras were offline. When you get into the kitchen, you see why.

All of the clock faces on your appliances are flashing the wrong time. The power had gone out.

Jaime goes to the bathroom while you grab a glass of water.





[phone rings]

**YOU**

[answered]

Who is this?

**HOLT**

[serious]

It's Karl. I know it's late, but you might want to hear this.

We think you might be in danger.

**YOU**

No shit.

**HOLT**

We've been keeping an eye on Myron Fells since you gave up the phone.

We stopped by his house tonight to ask him some questions, but he wasn't there.

His car was in the parking lot, and it's banged up. There's paint on the fender that matches your

lawyer's car. Are you home?

**YOU**

Why?

**HOLT**

Fells knows you filmed him that night. That you found the phone. He knows there's evidence

that ties him to all of this. I think he's coming for you. I want to come by tonight and see if he

shows up.

**YOU**

Don't come over here tonight.

**HOLT**

This is a real threat. And he's the only chance we have in finding your kid.



**YOU**

If he shows up then, I'll fucking let you know.

**HOLT**

I'm done playing around with you. Listen to me: you have a wife over there. You want to risk losing her if Fells comes for her, too?

**YOU**

[about to lose it]

You think I can't fucking handle someone coming through my fucking door?

You think anybody threatening my family will walk away?

I'll call if I need you. Don't come here.

[hang up]

**YOU**

Goddamn it!

[throws glass]

[narrate]

The glass shatters against the refrigerator. Jaime comes in and starts sweeping it up without saying anything to you. She's terrified. You walk over to the sliding door and look out at the back porch, at the hammock. It's swaying in the wind. Bringing up the app, you check to see when everything stopped recording. Then you notice the flashing disk icon on each of your camera feeds. All of your outside cameras' SD cards have been removed.

All of them.

And that's when you feel the breeze from the edges of your sliding door.

You turn and see Jaime looking at you, holding the dustpan. She can read you like an open book and freezes, aware that something is very wrong.



**YOU**

[calm]

Ana. Play some music.

**ANA**

[robotically]

Playing Punk Rocker by Crazy and the Brains.

[music starts]

**JAIME**

[quiet, panicked]

What's going on?

**YOU**

[quietly]

Do you have your phone?

[narrate]

You say this while flashing her your gun and then pointing at her hip. She nods.

**YOU**

[quietly]

Go to the bathroom and lock the door. Shoot anyone who tries to get in that isn't me.

**JAIME**

[quietly]

What are you going to do?



**YOU**

[narrate]

She doesn't have to ask that. She knows. All of your outside cameras were fucked with, but there are two you hid inside after that night you ran through the woods. You check the app. No one has been through the upstairs hallway all day. But there are two distinct entries on the basement camera you can now access. You click on the most recent one, from an hour before you got home. Someone wearing a black hoodie and a face mask walked down your basement steps and then hid underneath them among your Christmas decorations.

You put down your phone and place both hands on your gun.

Walking slowly toward the basement door, you reach out with your left hand and turn the knob. The lights flicker on downstairs. The unfinished steps are just thin particle board. And it makes you think about clearing buildings in Tikrit and the shot Mark took to the face.

Not tonight.

[shoots through the steps]

The bullet rips through the stairs and you hear a scream. Boxes and ornaments crash to the floor.

**Voice**

[terrified]

Don't shoot, I'm unarmed!

I came to help!



**YOU**

[not having it]

Walk to the foot of the stairs with your hands up.

I will fucking kill you otherwise.

**Voice**

[really afraid]

Okay, okay!

**YOU**

[narrate]

They walk into view. You can't see who it is through the mask and hood. You feel your trigger finger ready to curl into the guard. Cole. Cole. You have to find Cole.

[to Voice]

Who the fuck are you? Where the fuck is my son?

**Voice**

[afraid]

Please put your gun down.

I can show you what's happening.

You need to see. It's not at all what you think.





## YOU

[narrate]

They reach for something in their pocket. Their hood comes off and it exposes the messy brown hair you recognize from the night in the woods. Their ratty, oversized pants hang over their shoes. You're about to give another order when you get a whiff of their scent. Patchouli.

## WHAT DO YOU DO?

Shoot to wound.

Let them get what they are reaching for

Fire another warning shot and call Holt.

You have a week to vote. Go to [WitcheverPath.com/vote](https://WitcheverPath.com/vote).

The poll closes on February 23.

This episode featured:

Tyler Bell as YOU

Journee LaFond as Jaime

Melissa Croft as Tasha

Harlan Guthrie as Karl Holt

Steven LaFond as the Stalker

This episode was written by Steven and Journee and produced by Steven.



Foley by Witchever Path and Audio Hero.

The Witchever Path Theme is by Rydr.

The following appear courtesy of Epidemic Sound:

Impasse by Silver Maple

Sudden Fall by Wendel Scherer

Night Landing by Cobby Costa

Village Ruins by Experia

Zipper by Bill Ferngren.

Our special musical feature, Punk Rocker, is used with permission by Crazy and the Brains. Their unique form of punk rock fits this story perfectly, and we encourage you to check them out on Instagram, YouTube and wherever you stream music. For our patreon subscribers, we have even more Crazy. Their front man, Christoph Jesus sat down with us for an interview that will be released to the Squirrel Feed this weekend!

That's right, in addition to all the bonus content and behind the scenes details, our Patreon is letting us introduce you to artists and talents we sure you'll love. We also have storylines and alternative takes you can't hear anywhere else. Go to [Patreon.com/witcheverpath](https://Patreon.com/witcheverpath) and support us today. If you can't do a monthly subscription, you can also hit us up on Venmo or Paypal using our name, witcheverpath. Help us pay the people who contribute to our show. If money's tight, we want you to use yours to eat, too. So just like us on all social media and also give us high ratings wherever you stream podcasts.

We'll be back in a few weeks. Until next time, Sleep With a Clear Consequence. Choose the Path.