

[Snap Judgment intro]

Glynn: Hey, Snappers. We know you enjoy your storytelling in the bright light of day, but if you also like your storytelling crafted in the dark of night, this is for you. Because right now, we're hiring two freelance story scouts for our incredible sister show, Spooked. In our efforts to bring you more supernatural stories from around the globe, Spooked is searching for someone who has lived in or has deep cultural knowledge of the Caribbean or the indigenous peoples of the Americas, the American South, Southeast Asia, or West Africa. This amazing story scout will find and pitch original first-person stories, and work closely with the Spooked team and work closely with me. Is this person you? Do you know someone who might be interested? For more information, go to snapjudgment.org/careers.

[music]

Glynn: Okay, I want to just be real. I'm just going to put it out there, all right? Because at Snap, we like to pretend that we live in a separate universe, completely unaffected by the gravity well that is Ira Glass and *This American Life*. I'll be on interviews like, "How dare you compare us to TAL? What's the meaning of this?" But the truth is, none of this happens without that, right? Let's just be honest. And there is no bigger Ira Glass fan in all the world than me, for real. Which makes it ironic the story I'm about to tell you right now, because one day, I actually get a call from my hero, Ira Glass. And normally, *This American Life*, they're busy trying something out at the time no one had really done before. A simulcast film in New York to be broadcast to people and theaters in seats around the country, around the world. And Ira asked me to join him for this show, the biggest public radio storytelling show ever in New York.

Now, first, I lose my mind. Then, I go to New York City, the Skirball theater. And there's David Sedaris, who for some reason is wearing clown makeup. I don't know why. And David Rakoff. The amazing, kind, generous, David Rakoff, and probably his final performance. Tigna Taro, Mike Birbiglia. Storyteller heaven. Some of my people have flown in to witness the big event in person, family and friends, watching back home, rooting me on. It has been crazy. Getting to this stage crazy, but I've got a story I know it's going to kill it. I'm ready.

If I remember correctly, Tigna Taro goes on before me. She's awesome, hilarious, amazing. And I don't know what Sedaris is doing, kind of mumble something, but he's David Sedaris. You know. I'm waiting in the back, and finally, it's my turn. Ira introduces me, and I walk out on stage, look at this glorious audience, the lights, the cameras. And then, I have no idea what it is I'm here to say, not a clue. Something about being a farm or something maybe. But what are my lines? Nothing. Not that I've got to bring it home, it's the Ira Glass show. I've got to do something. Say some words. Then, it's over.

Polite applause, I'm ushered backstage, and everyone's telling me, "Uh, great job." But I know, I know it was horrible. I know this. I know it. And I have to put on this brave face, go to the after party. People either look away from me, like I've got the rona, or they tell me, "Hey, you. You were fantastic. What a performance." No one will tell me the truth. I'm not talking about laypeople. They're not supposed to know. I'm talking about my peers. Other storytellers, comedians, poets, the people who truly understand

how catastrophically I just bombed. They won't say it. And basically, in tears, I start talking to a producer at *This American Life*, Starlee Kine.

"Starlee. Starlee, I sucked." And she's like, "Yeah, you were horrible." And we both knocked back one of the free cocktails. "Starlee, it was so bad." "Hey, I saw what you did up there. And I'll say this for you. If it's going to go down, at least go down big." [chuckles] I stop another waiter holding the tray, grab some more drinks. "Starlee, I screwed up Ira Glass' show. I'm the weak link." Starlee's like, "Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, listen to me. Listen to me. I promise you, whatever you did, Ira Glass is going to be fine. You messed up. So, don't mess up like that anymore." Drink more cocktails, then Starlee starts detailing a blow-by-blow, second-by-second, excruciating detail, exactly how horrible I really was on that stage. And by the end, I'm howling. We're both howling in laughter. And if you go on to *This American Life* website, and look for "The Invisible Made Visible Live Storytelling Spectacular Show," Ira has graciously cut me out. And for this, I'm grateful. For Starlee, for that night, I am grateful. I'm ever so grateful. I'm grateful. Despite bombing like nobody's bombed before, I'm grateful for second chances. I'm so grateful to you for listening.

Today, we present the Snap Stage Gratitude Special. My name is Glynn Washington. Someday, may someone be as kind to you as Starlee was to me. You're listening to Snap Judgment.

[upbeat music]

Glynn: Now, may I direct you to your VIP reservations for the best seat in the house, because we begin and we begin hard, with the guy who has never bombed, ever. Master wordsmith, Shane Koyczan. Snap Judgment Live.

Now, this story does contain explicit language. Sensitive listeners are advised.

[applause]

Shane: I was raised by my grandparents. Now, the three things you need to know about my granddad, number one, and probably most important, he had an intense love for beef jerky.

[laughter]

Shane: Two, he had the kind of temper that could be likened to a levee bursting apart on a hot, dry day. A cache of anger stored away for any given moment on any given day. My grandmother used to say he was one-half volcano and one-half hurricane. A handful of excuses and a gut full of pain. And because of this, we come the number three. My granddad had a way with monsters. As a child, I slept in a bedroom full of them. A closet stuffed with long-legged demons who could make it from one end of the room to the other in a single step. My strep throat silence was born from night terrors. When screaming was not enough, so I instead kick the wall, through my first remembered breath the moment I heard thunder, stormed down the hall, then burst through my door like a war on its way to a peace protest. My granddad would rest his hands on his hips, let his fingertips grip his boxers and lift them up past his

waist. Standing like a superhero in the doorway, he would split the night with a whisper and say, "Alright, you [bleep]."

[laughter]

Shane: "I swear to Christ. I will turn on [bleep] damn light." Never has any monster ever heard a battle cry more terrifying than, "I will turn on a light." And every night for more than four years, my granddad took boogeymen by the ears and threw them out on their asses. Dragged the carcasses of dead monsters out of my room, grabbed a broom, and swept what was left of my nightmares into a dustpan, emptied them into a trash can, then turned around to say, "Sweet dreams, my boy. I'll be down the hall if you need me."

[laughter]

Shane: We were sidekicks. I'd sound the alerts, and my granddad would put the hurt on whatever was hiding under my bed or lurking in my closet. He'd deposit his foot so deep into the asses of gargoyles that when they finally turned back into stone, he could wear them as platform boots to a KISS concert.

[laughter and applause]

Shane: My granddad used to wear a red Polo shirt to bed. He said it used to be white.

[laughter]

Shane: But one night when I was four, he busted down my bedroom door and had to kick some ass because I was screaming. Now, he wears it as a warning, teaching nighttime, there are something far worse than morning. A night terror differs from a nightmare in that the dreamer will awake and take terror with them back into consciousness. Add to this the fact that the dreamer rarely recalls what they dreamt, and that any attempt to wake them usually ends unsuccessfully. I know this now, but think constantly how my granddad had to just stand there, wait for it to end and believe everything was going to be okay or the following day, he'd pretend not to be tired. An alarm clock wired into fears that I could not recall, he'd wake and thunder down the hall doing the very best he could, he'd be there. An anchor, pulling me back from the somewhere I could not escape. As a child, I learned not every hero wears a cape. Not everyone gets a tickertape parade just for having patience. Not everyone has the strength needed to stand there, wait for it to end and believe everything's going to be okay. Not everyone has the courage to say or do nothing when a child is screaming, dreaming of eternity in a room with no doors, no floors to keep you from falling further into panic. Each one small fear suddenly titanic in its implications, situations so far beyond grotesque, I would have amputated my own imagination just to make them stop.

But at the end of each one, he'd be there. He'd say, "Close your eyes. I'm going to turn on the light." He'd invite me back to consciousness with a tired smile. The next day, he would sit on the sofa before dinner and say, "I just need to rest my eyes." My quest and night terrors was born from the night he

ended up falling asleep at the wheel and driving full speed into a snowbank. My one-man thinktank kicked into overdrive. For five nights in a row, my granddad slept soundly. Free from worry, we watched the light returned to his eyes, as if it had just come back from some long vacation. But on night number six, the kicks against the bedroom wall made thunderstorm down the hall once more. He stood in the doorway ready to wage war, ready to restore light to darkness, to dismiss shadows, to land heavy-handed blows, Muhammad Ali combos that will give monsters pause to reconsider the options. Get up or stay down. Stay down.

That night, he was hungry for a first-round knockout. He was about to go through his usual checklist of monster hiding spots when I said, "No. It's okay. Go back to bed." With renewed enthusiasm, he looked at me and said, "Nonsense. These [bleep] have to pay."

[laughter]

Shane: I remember the way he dropped to his knees, stuck his head under my bed, and said, "What the [bleep] is all of my beef jerky doing under here?"

[laughter]

[cheers and applause]

Shane: I explained to him my not-so-brilliant plan. I said, "I thought if I kept them fed, they'd leave me alone and you could get a good night's sleep." Slow but deep, his lips crept across his face, then cracked open into laughter. After a childhood of expecting only anger, he laid down on the ground, his lungs kicking at his chest. Every suppressed joy is suddenly brought to the surface. This is the first time I can recall hearing my granddad laugh.

Some thoughts are kept in closets, hanging next to skeletons and boogeymen. Sometimes when we believe in monsters, they take up residence under our beds. Our heads fill with the dread, needed keep them fed. We tread our own fear because we somehow thought it was better off being kept secret. Which comes as no surprise, that some hearts are like dark bedroom. Tombs that we allowed ourselves to shut, because we thought that way, everything will be all right. I think about my granddad's laugh. I think often about that night, about how some people are waiting for people like us to slide our hands against their walls and say, "Close your eyes. I'm going to turn on a light."

[applause]

[music]

Glynn: Canada's gift to the world, the Almighty Shane Koyczan. Original music written by Alex Mandel, performed by the Snap Judgment players, Alex Mandel, David Brandt, and Tim Frick. Nothing but hits the Snap Judgment lights, camera, action Gratitude Special. For our next story on the Snap stage, 15-year-old Noah St. John proves that age ain't nothing but a number.

[applause]

Noah: When my mamas fight, they go on long car rides, come back, and I hear our car stay still. They come in, and Robin goes directly to the bedroom angry. Maria will sometimes make toast, pour water. I sit in my room quiet, listening like a radio antenna. My mamas drive a CRV. They bought it brand new. The car is big boned, practical. It is our car. I have been one with this CRV for so long now. We used to drive for miles out on the highway until I fell asleep. It has taken me to martial arts practice and school plays. This is the car that drove me to the gay pride parade where I skipped through the crowd throwing many Oreos. This is the car I learned to drive in, the car I'll remember.

Last Tuesday night, my mother, Maria, comes into the house with a weathered smile. My other mother, Robin, and I are sitting in the room. Maria asks us if we'll take a drive with her. So, we all get in the car, our hearts thudding in off-beat unison. As we drive, silence settles in. I wonder, and then I know, this is it. And I didn't imagine it would end like this. I didn't imagine an ending at all, but if they were going to tell me about the divorce, what a way to do it.

I sit in the back seat. I wonder when they'll say it, how they'll say it. I think about how my time will be split between them. I wonder what will happen when they see each other afterwards. Will it feel like collisions? I don't want to meet a new girlfriend. I can't imagine anything but this. It's ending is unthinkable. My heart hurts at the thought of our last miles, these miles, who will take the CRV?

In the back seat, I think about how lucky we were to have had this family. Their 20 years of marriage, my 15 with them. I remember when Maria drove away one night without saying where. I remember when I came to them crying at the idea of separation. I remember when Robin came out sobbing. I remember when Maria whispers at Robin to be quiet, and Robin yells louder. I feel these walls crumbling. I don't want this life to end. Maria starts to talk.

I pinch my leg and look out the window. She tells me that our car, our CRV, is just 13 miles away from reaching 100,000 miles now. I wonder if this is part of the divorce speech or just a distraction. I feel angry. They should just say it. She tells me the reason we took this ride is so that we could all be there 100,000 miles together as the people who matter in her life.

Slowly, I come to the realization that this isn't a breakup ride. This is a stay-together ride. We're in the car and we're driving on a Tuesday night and we're 99,987 miles in. We stop for onion rings and sundaes, keep driving. 99,993 miles, Stevie Nicks. 99,996 miles, Elton John. When we get to 99,999 miles, we hold hands, blast Melissa Etheridge and sing *Lucky* at the top of our lungs. [audience cheering] There are too many reasons that my mamas found love in each other's presence. There are too many moments when we are unbreakable. And in this moment, we are one family, constructing road as we go, burning bridges behind us, adding mileage like graceful aging, driving in our CRV towards moonlight.

[applause and cheers]

Noah: What? What?

[laughter]

Noah: What just happened?

[laughter]

[music]

Glynn: Stay right there, Snappers, because after the break, we experience mad love, to go sit at the back of the bus. Stay tuned.

[music]

Glynn: Welcome back to Snap Judgment. You're listening to our Gratitude Special Snap Live Spectacular. And our next story deals with love, because there's love and there is mad love. I'll let Joyce Lee take it from here.

Joyce: Y'all so vain. You probably think this poem is about-- It is jive turkey, it is.

[laughter]

Joyce: My phone has rung five times in the last hour. I got 26 messages on my answering machine with you calling me crazy. I'm as sane as you let me be. You knew when you met me in a crowded bar full of poets, I was just as drunk as the Titanic, hollering cat calls at yo ass like you away across the room when you were less than two feet from me what I was. Sweetheart, I'm only as crazy as my love is. And my love checks your Facebook every single day.

[laughter]

Joyce: It looks at you out of the corner of my left eye when I got something on my mind, but I'm not going to admit how much stalking got the thought there in the first place. My love has the most sincere smile, smothering sociopathic thoughts.

[laughter]

Joyce: And it's glad I'm wrapped in an intimidating package, that way I'll be checking the mother [audio cut] that be looking at you without having to utter one word. My love starts fights just because he wants you to grab me by my throat and dominate me but I'm not going to ask because I'm too much of a lady. My love is rubbing alcohol [unintelligible 00:23:44] crazy when I think you got me twisted. It runs a straight razor across your chest when you're drunk in sleep so I can see your actual blood and sweat in

this relationship when I miss it. It's an angel to your family. It's a rebel to mine. It's a straightjacket for you're wondering eye to keep it in line from going crazy. The phone is ringing, "Hey, I'm sitting here, wearing your favorite t-shirt, soaking in my freaking green jello, eating cheese puffs and watching *Fraggle Rock*. You know what, sweetie? Everything happens for a reason. For instance, I busted the windows at your car so you can get that air I assumed you were talking about when you said I was suffocating you."

[laughter]

Joyce: "And no, sweetheart, I did not cut your brake lines to kill you. It's just that you take breaks your way, I take breaks mine. It's not my fault you fail to listen in between lines when someone you call crazy is speaking, 'I told you.' The second day we were together over vegetarian omelets and orange juice, don't hurt me, you said you wouldn't. You love me for a time [unintelligible 00:24:51] couldn't love anyone at any time. So, who is that skinny?" That's why she ain't got no windows on her car either. Hey, you brought her into our relationship. So, if I'm unhappy, then all three of us are unhappy, and unhappy is not the same as crazy. Crazy would cry and pick up the phone and discuss the issue until I looked crazy, crazy when expressing great girly details about how heartbroken I am until I felt crazy while unhappy just tends to do some crazy things. To remind your lying ass, who it is you were dealing with in the first place? Hello. I'm the same drunk [audio cut] you met in a crowded bar full of poets, enjoying driving your ass crazy."

[cheers and applause]

[upbeat music]

Glynn: Snap favorite, Joyce Lee, ladies and gentlemen. But I can't let Joyce have all the fun. That's right, this next story come from yours truly, Snap Judgment Live.

[cheers and applause]

[music]

Glynn: I was a young lad, living in Detroit, Michigan, enjoying myself. But my parents said, "No, no, no. We're taking y'all out to the country, middle of nowhere. We can be farmers." I didn't appreciate it. But they bribed me, and as a little kid, I got a Trapper Keeper. I had a Scooby Doo lunchbox, yo. I had one of those hats with the propeller on top of. I was ready to go this first day of school. "Go ahead, go on to school." I went down the driveway to wait for the school bus. This is a new thing for me, school bus. [unintelligible [00:27:48] and I saw it coming down the road. You could hear the kids screaming, hollering, and yelling, shouting. School bus pulls up, go on in here. I step in, and it goes silent.

See, there weren't any black families in rural Michigan for about 100 square miles, and no one had gotten the memo that one had arrived. So, I just want to go sit down in the first seat I saw. There's this little towheaded boy, and he spit in the seat. I kept walking. Spit, spit, and I'm getting near the end of

the bus. "Sit yourself down, ladies. We gotta go." Everyone's shouting, they're yelling now. You know what they're calling me. And I get all the way to the back of the bus, and I can't turn around, they're shouting or screaming or yelling. I can't turn around. There's a little girl, she has her backpack on the seat. She moves it and I sit down, and we ride.

I don't say a word to her. I don't say anything to her. We ride. Go to school. The next day, the shouting, screaming, the hollering, I go right back to the back of the bus, and Mary Jo-- I know her name is Mary Jo now. Mary Jo moves her backpack, and I sit down. We do not speak. We just ride and that's how it goes every single day until the middle of the school year, they switch things up. And instead of being the last one on the bus, now I'm the first. But force of habit, I go right back to my regular seat.

Now, in rural Michigan, nobody is rich, but some of us are really, really poor. Poor farm families where you don't have enough insulation on your water that your pipes freeze in the middle of the winter, but you still have to do your chores. You still have to clean the barn, you still have to get chicken filth all over you. And when that happens on a cold Michigan winter, you have one of two choices. You can either go to school covered in filth or you try to hide it with some cologne.

[mild laughs]

Glynn: This day, Mary Jo went the cologne route. And when she got on that bus, it smelled like a skunk wrapped in rotten flowers. And the kids screamed and shouted and hollered. Mary Jo, she looked right back at me, I looked away. I had enough. I had enough. I just hoped she'll find somewhere else to sit, but she walked back. She walked back. The hollering, the screaming, shouting, and yelling, she walked back, and there I was, with my backpack on the seat. I waited and I moved it. She sat down, and I was so ashamed, the hollering, the screaming, the shouting, I didn't care, I just wanted to tell her I was sorry. I said, "Hey, my name is Glynn." "I know your name. What are you talking about?" So, we talked. All the screaming, the hollering just went away. We talked, two little kids in the back of the bus.

[applause]

Glynn: Original music by Alex Mandel, performed by Alex Mandel, David Brandt, and Tim Frick. Do not touch that dial, because when we return, the funniest snap story of all time, Jen Kober is going to bring the house down, all the way down. What's her secret, you ask? Girl Scout cookies. Stay tuned.

[music]

Glynn: Welcome back to Snap Judgment. My name is Glynn Washington. You're listening to our Snap Gratitude Special, featuring some of our amazing Snap Live storytellers. Now, this story does contain explicit language. Sensitive listeners are advised. As a little girl, Jen Kober discovered the allure of being a Girl Scout, I'll let Jen tell you why.

[applause]

Jen: When I was 10 years old, more than anything in the world, I wanted to be a Girl Scout. But you have to be 12 to be a Girl Scout. So, I was a Brownie.

[laughter]

I didn't know such a thing existed. Imagine my fat kid delight when I found out I'd be gathering with other girls my age also called Brownies. This was the best [bleep] that had ever happened to me. It was beautiful. And then one day, my mom announces she's going to be our troop leader.

[laughter]

The best thing that ever happened to me was about to be taken over by Stephanie. That's her name, Stephanie. And she ruins everything good.

[laughter]

I was distraught. I didn't know what to do. And then a week later, Stephanie comes in and announces to the troop, "We're going to be selling Girl Scout cookies." [surprised chuckle] What? I didn't even know there were going to be cookies involved. It's now still the greatest thing that's ever happened to me.

[laughter]

When I was a kid, there were only four kinds of Girl Scout cookies. Today, there are 17. Four. There was the Lorna Doone cookie, Shortbread, Very Plain, Very Simple. I don't know who Lorna Doone was, but the [bleep] made a tasty cookie.

[laughter]

There was the Peanut Butter tagalong.

[cheering]

Same shortbread cookie, covered in peanut butter, dunked in chocolate. Thank you, Jesus.

[laughter]

Delicious. There is the Thin Mint.

[cheers and applause]

Which I think we can all agree should be eaten straight out of the freezer. Yes. What a lot of people don't realize is that habit was actually created by a skinny [bleep]. Yeah, she bought a box of Thin Mint

cookies and thought, [in a girly voice] “Oh, my God. I'm never going to be able to eat all of these at once.”

[laughter]

[in a girly voice] “What am I going to do? How will they stay fresh?” And then her mom told her to put them in the freezer. And then her fat friend came over, [audience laughing] and said, “Don't you have anything to eat in this damn house?” The skinny girl pulls cookie from the freezer. Fat girl eats them and is happy, “You're welcome.” That's how that happened.

[applause]

But the greatest penultimate, Champion Girl Scout Cookie of the World is the Samoa.

[applause]

It is a ring of shortbread cookie, covered in caramel, toasted coconut, striped with fudge. It is to be put on your finger like a ring and eaten into a smaller ring.

[applause]

I like to put one on each finger and eat them in rapid succession. And then whichever finger first, got another cookie.

[laughter]

Now, I don't know if you know this about Girl Scout cookies, but there is a release date. You don't just order the cookies and they show up. There's a day that all Girl Scout cookies across the globe, I imagine, [audience laughing] are released. All at the same time. Imagine there's one really old Girl Scout, who just screams, “Release the cookies.”

[laughter]

And here's where Stephanie being our troop leader is really going to pay off, because we had to hold on to the cookies until the release date. And my parents had an air-conditioned garage. My dad's a heart surgeon.

[laughter]

Inside my garage, for 17 days, there were four flats of Girl Scout cookies, stacked 12 boxes high. And inside each box were 10 more boxes high, six boxes wide, four boxes deep.

[laughter]

My whole life had been preparing me for this moment. [audience laughing] I had planned in my little head how I was going to eat as many cookies as I could, and I had 17 days to do it. I thought long and hard about this, people. We had an alarm system on our house. So, every time you opened a door or window, it would beep, letting you know [chuckles] a door or window had been opened. And my mother could hear that beep like a hawk. So, I had to figure out exactly when the beep happened so that I could somehow muffle it when I was going to sneak into the garage to eat the cookies. I'd spent the better part of that day opening and closing the garage door over and over again, my mother almost beat the shit out of me.

[laughter]

But I figured out that if you just opened the doorknob, the beep didn't happen until the seal was broken between the frame and the door. So, I would open the doorknob and then just [fake coughs twice]. You couldn't just cough once, no one coughs just once.

[laughter]

You have to remember to trail off the cough. [audience laughing] I would sneak down the stairs, very ninja like, while everyone was asleep. I would get down to that door [fake coughs twice] and then I would just rest the door against the latch, so it wouldn't beep again. I turned the lights in the garage on their dimmest setting. Romantic.

[laughter]

And I would make my way, past the cars, around the bicycles to where the cookies were. Armed with my library card, which I used to [makes a tearing sound] split open the box. [audience laughing] I pulled from the bottom, replaced at the top. I would get the box, again slitting it open with my library card. Pull it out, very gingerly opening the cellophane so as not to tear it. I would then eat every single cookie in the-box.

[laughter]

Lick my finger and get out the crumbs so that the package was completely empty. Then, I'd whip out my glue stick.

[laughter]

I was only 10, ma'am, but I was reading at a sixth-grade level. I glued the cellophane shut, put more glue on the flap of the package and put the empty box back into the bigger box, because you see my story was going to be, if I was caught, they sent us empty boxes.

[laughter]

Things go wrong at factories.

[laughter]

I snuck down and ate cookies every single night for 17 days.

[laughter]

It wasn't even enjoyable at the end.

[laughter]

You know how freakin' thirsty you get? Cookie after cookie after cookie and you couldn't just even feel. The whole box had to go.

[laughter]

One night, I couldn't take it anymore. On my way back up the stairs, I stopped in the kitchen and started chugging milk like it was my fucking job. [audience laughing] My dad came down and caught me chugging milk. "What's wrong?" he asked. "I had a coughing spell. I don't know if you heard me coughing, but I think I'm okay now." And I went to bed. On the 18th day, the day that the cookies are to be--

[laughter]

My mother calls me into the garage, and I can tell, this ain't the pep sales talk.

[laughter]

Stephanie is mad. She calls me by my full name. "Jennifer Lee Kober, get your fat little ass in here. Come here. Come here. I want you to stay right here. Come here. I want you to stay right here. Come here. I'm not going to hurt you. Come here. Come here."

[laughter]

"Child, did you eat 144 boxes of cookies? Did you? Is that what you did? Don't you lie to me."

[laughter]

"I don't know what you're talking about. What do you- what do you mean? The- the boxes are sealed." Ho- how could I have eaten 144 boxes of cookies?" And then, she held up my library card, that apparently in my cookie drunkenness [audience laughing] I had left inside the last box of cookies.

[applause]

I took a licking for every one of those cookies. I'll tell you what, I realized who the real victims were in this story. It's those 144 people in Memphis, Tennessee, who never got the cookies.

[laughter]

All they wanted was deliciousness. They waited and they waited and that's all they wanted. And I hope that one day, I'm rich and famous enough to put all those 144 people on a bus and drive them to that Girl Scout cookie factory in the sky. Salvation and Samoas for all.

[cheers and applause]

Glynn: Jen Kober. Jen Kober, ladies and gentleman.

[applause]

Glynn: What did I tell you? Didn't I speak the truth?

Audience: Yeah.

[upbeat music]

Glynn: With love, and thanks to Jen Kober and all of our amazing Snap Live storytellers. Most of all, thanks to you, Snap listeners. You keep the Snap train running. You're the reason we're able to tell stories week after week, year after year. Thank you.

[music]

Glynn: See, what did I tell you? *Fraggle Rock* and Girl Scout cookies in the same episode. Be the most interesting person you know, subscribe to the Snap Judgment podcast, because story adventures await. But you can better represent your crew with the Snap Judgment t-shirt and watch the bullies runaway in terror. And do you know who I'm especially, intensely, cosmically grateful for? I make fun of his haircut. It's true, but I'm thankful for the uber producer, Mark Ristich. And for Anna Sussman, for Nancy López, for Pat Mesiti-Miller, Renzo Gorrio, Shaina Shealy. So grateful for Teo Ducot, Flo Wiley, John Fecile, Marisa Dodge, and for Regina Bediako, David Exumé, Bo Walsh, and Annie Nguyen.

Now, you may have gleaned that this is not the news. No way is this the news. In fact, you could live through a year with government confirmation of UFOs flying around with unexplained technology through the air and the seas, and you know this is not even one of the top stories. Think about that. You could do all of that, and you would still not be as far away from the news as this is, but this is PRX.

[music]