[Snap Judgment intro]

[somber music]

**Glynn:** Nine years old, terrified, scanning for exit doors. And not just me with the fearful, furtive eyes. All the righteous brethren, they act all happy, delighted. But I can see the big fake smiles, even the most pious, Bible-thumping, Jesus-loving elder, catch a, sneaking a deep, fortifying breath before taking a seat because this day, everybody knows Mr. Waterhouse is in the building. Oh, no, no. Mr. Waterhouse of the forever sermon, of the four hours, the five or six hours more, no breath, no pause, preaching in the no air condition Michigan summer heat, babbling, apocalyptic. My prayers unanswered as he takes the stage. "Brethren." [scoffs] No, no.

From this point on, if you dare move for a drink of water to go to the restroom, or to just jab toothpicks in your naked eyeballs, he will cast the game in biblical verse anyone who dares interrupt his rant, "You there. You there fidgeting your legs. Bible says, "I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brother. Do you mock Christ Jesus? And you will know that I am the LORD God, and I lay my finger upon you. That means you will stay in your seat unless you want to face divine retribution." Every cell of my body screams for rescue. My only solace, a window.

A window next to a field. A beautiful green glorious field. A field I can look out to and see kids playing baseball, soccer. Some of them even stopping for a moment to have something cold and delicious to drink. "I don't think I have your full attention. Deacon Wallace, will you pull down the shade of that window so we get more fully focused on the hell fire coming from these evil doors?" "Oh, no."

Today on Snap Judgment, Field of Dreams. My name is Glynn Washington, and my shades are always wide open when you're listening to Snap Judgment.

[upbeat music]

In 1979, the diplomatic standoff that captured the entire nation's attention. 52 people taken hostage at the United States Embassy in Iran. Barry Rosen is one of these people. And because of what happened, our story does mention extreme violence, so sensitive listeners should be advised. And there's one more thing you should know about today's story. Barry Rosen grew up in Brooklyn, watching Dodgers legends like Jackie Robinson and Sandy Koufax at the old Ebbets Field. Snap Judgment.

**Barry:** Baseball is a type of game where time is, I suppose, on your side. Between strikes, you can watch pigeons flying. You can go and get ice cream. You don't miss very much. And, of course, it was always pleasurable to go to the game with my father, and because he loved baseball, I loved baseball.

**Commentator:** Well, a fine baseball evening here tonight in Brooklyn at Ebbets Fields. And coming into see the ball game between the Cincinnati Reds and the Brooklyn Dodgers.

**Barry:** At the field was the supposed icon of baseball for all of us, for $1 or $1.25, you can sit in the grandstands. It was a place that was very intimate. It was always filled to capacity.

[film reel running]

**President Eisenhower:** In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military industrial complex.

[baseball commentary running in background]

[cheers in the stadium]

**President Kennedy:** It shall be the policy of this nation to regard any nuclear missile launched from Cuba against any nation in the Western Hemisphere as an attack by the Soviet Union on the United States.

[baseball commentary running in background]

[cheers in the stadium]

**President Nixon:** We today have concluded an agreement to end the war and bring peace with honor in Vietnam.

[baseball commentary running in background]

[cheers in the stadium]

**Commentator:** We will have a seventh game in this 1975 World Series--

**President Carter:** Iran, because of the great leadership of the Shah, is an island of stability in one of the more troubled areas of the world.

**Reporter:** The end of Iran's monarchy came early today when Khomeini his followers took control of the palace of the Shah, the imperial guards there gave up without a struggle.

[film reel running]

**Barry:** I was the press attaché at the US Embassy in Tehran. And as the press attaché, my purpose was to provide information to foreign press during the Revolutionary period. I was very familiar with Iran, not only because as a Peace Corps volunteer, but also because I had my graduate studies on Iran and in Central Asia. So, I was prepared to go to Iran during a very critical time in US-Iranian history.

February 14th 1979, a Marxist guerrilla group, they surrounded our Embassy on the main street in Tehran at that time, and our 26-acre embassy was under fire. Both the ambassador and myself fell to the floor. I moved behind the big oak doors. He hunkered down underneath the desk and there, he started to spout orders through his walkie-talkie to everybody in the embassy. [background radio chatter] All hell broke loose, and we were almost face to face with the guerrilla force.

I was ordered to open up safes within the embassy. If I didn't, they'd shoot me, they said. But I didn't. To be perfectly honest, I didn't even know the combinations to any of the safes. I thought they were about to shoot me, but they didn't. They dragged me all over the place until I think they got tired of that too. But then, I was brought downstairs and marched to a room where I was told to turn around, face the wall along with several others, put my hands up against the wall. And who knows it's fate or whatever, but just like a John Wayne movie, the cavalry came. And the cavalry was now dressed in the uniform of all people, the new regime of Ayatollah Khomeini. And they came just in time, they broke through the gates themselves, and they shot at these guerrillas, who then dispersed across the embassy and outside the embassy. I fell apart. I just couldn't believe that I was living through this.

After the storming of the embassy, I stayed in Tehran for about a week and then was ordered by the ambassador to leave. I spent two weeks at home with my family. We actually made up our mind not to think about anything that had to do with Iran. We got into our car, and we spent several glorious days on the seashore in Maryland, Ocean City. And it was as if nothing was on my mind at all. And then, I was asked to return to Washington to discuss what might be a return to the embassy by a small group of officers who might want to go back to Iran.

I was candid enough to say that, "I don't think we should go back to Iran at this time. I think we should lock the embassy up and not go any further and not submit ourselves to another dangerous situation." The decision was made to go back with a very small number of people. I was asked to go back. I could have said no. I think in deference to my family, to Barbara and the kids, I should have said no. Even to this day, I just don't understand exactly why I did it, but I do think it was because of some sort of notion of excitement or being a witness to history in one way, shape or form. Dealing with Iranians and talking to Iranians, they knew better than we did that we were in deep trouble.

As it happened, on November 4th, sitting in my office, a major procession was passing the street our embassy was facing. This was a memorial march in commemoration of the year before where Iranian students were shot at Tehran University and killed. But the memorial march also had a group of Iranian activists, students who had engineered the idea of invading the United States Embassy. They climbed over the walls of the embassy at about 10:00 AM in the morning, it was raining that day. Pictures of Ayatollah Khomeini plastered to their chest.

As the walls were breached, I did think about, "Why am I here? I should not have returned to Iran." I was facing a group of menacing young men and women who immediately grabbed me, as I was telling them, "You're in the US embassy, and you cannot enter here because this is United States property." That meant nothing to them, of course. And [scoffs] as I said that, they told me, "[unintelligible [00:13:14] shut up." And I didn't shut up, I kept arguing with them. Then they tied me up. And in front of everyone in my office, I said, "Goodbye." And I had no idea if I was going to be shot.

[suspenseful music]

I was physically dragged over to the ambassador's residence in the kitchen of all places, tied hand in foot and I went to my first interrogation. I gave him my name, but I didn't admit exactly what I was doing. I said, "I was a member of the US Embassy." They kept pushing me about that. I kept refusing to answer that question. And then the issue came up about, "Can you tell us who are the other people in the embassy and what did they do?" I said, "No, I refuse to answer anything." This went on in circles and then they just whacked me in the stomach several times. I was on the floor for a long while. And there, lying on the kitchen floor, I said to myself, "This is it." As I was saying that to myself, I happen to listen to a radio that these students following the Line of Imam that they had on and there, Ayatollah Khomeini said he supported their action. And I just closed my eyes and said, "Either I'll be dead, or else this will be a long, long time before I see Barbara and the kids."

[somber music]

**Glynn:** Find out what happens to Barry when Snap Judgment returns. Stay tuned.

[somber music]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to Snap Judgment, the Field of Dreams episode. Sensitive listeners should note that the following segment does include mentions of violence. When last we left off, Barry had just gone through interrogation with his captors, and he's wondering if his captors are going to come back. Snap Judgment.

**Reporter:** The US Embassy in Tehran has been invaded and occupied by Iranian students. The Americans inside have been taken prisoner. And according to a student spokesman will be held as hostages until the deposed Shah is returned from the United States where he's receiving medical treatment for cancer.

**Barry:** I spent the next few days in a chair, blindfolded, facing the wall, day in and day out. Then, we're put into these cells in the embassy where one of the guards became the orderly over our lives. We were not permitted to speak, only speak to him. They took our shoes off, checked whether we had Dick Tracy radios in our shoes. They wanted to make sure that we were isolated one from the other.

**Reporter:** Good evening on this ninth day of the occupation of the US Embassy in Tehran. The solution to the crisis remains as elusive as ever.

**Barry:** I think they saw that we were having psychological problems and that the better part of valor on their part was to permit us to speak with each other, because if they were responsible for the death or any impairment to the hostages, they would be in deep trouble.

**President Carter:** The government of Iran must recognize the gravity of a situation which it has itself created, and the grave consequences which will result if harm comes to any of the hostages.

**Barry:** The Iranians always had this feeling about the Americans that we had everything that could control what was going on in Iran. I was the American official in charge of that area of the embassy that was considered a nest of spies and they had a history that they could point to. And that was the 1953 overthrow by the CIA of Mohammad Mosaddegh, the most adored nationalist figure in Iranian history. They accused me of attempting to overthrow the Iranian government by setting up a ring of reporters who were working for the United States. They uncovered my cables in which I communicated with different reporters all over the country. And what they were saying was that Khomeini is no Gandhi. He is going to be a danger. And so, they read it as if I wrote that.

**Reporter:** Good evening. There's no encouraging news to report on the crisis in Iran. That assessment today from President Carter, who said the status of those 62 Americans being held hostage in the US Embassy in Tehran remains unchanged.

**Barry:** I was taken to a house with several other of my colleagues, blindfolded, thrown in a panel truck, one on top of the other, bound hand and foot. They rip off my blindfold, and there I am, facing a gauntlet of guards. This gauntlet of soldiers left and right around me have automatic weapons in their hands. I'm pushed to a seat, and I'm facing this man who's the interrogator. And he says to me directly, "You're going to sign your name and admit to your crimes in Iran. You're a spy and a plotter. You will sign this admission of guilt, or else you will be shot in the head." A gun is placed behind my head. And he said, "You have 10 seconds to sign, or you'll be murdered." And I couldn't do this, "Are they?"

Two or three seconds go by, and then I said, "Okay," in Farsi. "[Farsi language] I'll sign." So, I sign it, and then I am absolutely distraught with myself. I'm so upset. I'm so angry at myself. I am now a traitor. I felt that during that interrogation, and my signature, I gave away that sense of who I was as a diplomat and succumbed to the lowest common denominator to save my life. And it was a strong sense of shame that I carried with myself.

[engaging music]

Before we knew it, we were transferred to Evin Prison, the most notorious prison in all of Iran. And that's where I just felt, I felt I just couldn't go on any further. Knowing that we could be killed at any moment, that was my thought, that whenever the metal doors of the cells opened, [metal door opening] I'm so frightened, thunderstruck. I couldn't sleep. At any time anybody would move, I was absolutely unable to find any calm in life. These were very difficult days.

**Reporter:** And that’s just the way it is Tuesday, February 19th 1980, the 108th day of captivity.

**Barry:** All the windows were blacked-up, cement. There was only one little area which was a vent, and vented out. And by some law of physics, there was a tree on the outside exterior of the place we were in, and it reflected into the ceiling of our cell. In that reflection, I actually saw a bird, and then this bird would fly at almost every day at the same time, and he landed up on my ceiling. He was a very important bird in my life to me. And I then would think about him while I was in prison cell. One of the possibly, if you can call them best times and worst times were those of reminiscing about the Iran that I loved because that Iran was the Iran of a young man at 23, going into the Peace Corps, spending time, going to the bazaar, traveling to places like Kashan and seeing Bagh-e Fin, the Fin Garden. Just luxuriating that. Then, at the same time, I'm in this hovel and being treated like an outcast. And yet, as a Peace Corps volunteer, Iranians were the sweetest people in the world. They were out there all the time. Any time you need help, they'd invite you to their house, you'd have a good dinner with them, and have a great conversation. So, that was always a striking difference for me, between the beauty of my youth that was 10 years earlier, and then the horror of captivity.

**Reporter:** Good morning. On the 123rd day of captivity for the American hostages, the situation remains unchanged this morning, as the captors continue to resist--

**Barry:** I'm in my cell, and I'm tapped on the shoulder and told to walk out. I thought this was going to be another interrogation. Guards were behind me and ahead of me. And a door was opened, and there it was. A slate of green grass, surrounded by a fence. I was walking around this piece of grass that seemed to be well taken care of. I just didn't see anything for so many in so many months holed up in black dark cells, very little light coming through. And here, I was flooded with all this light and with green. The green of grass struck me like no other color. Skies were blue, but the grass was so green. And I'm conjuring up baseball in my mind. And this moment in time when I was a young boy with my father and my brother going to baseball games, and specifically, the old Dodgers of the 1950s, the Dodgers of my time.

[crowd cheering]

[peaceful music]

It just gave me a sense of relief and escapism. And I just tore some blades of grass, held it in my hand and then I put it in my pocket. And before I knew it, I had to go back into the cell. That was the only time I was ever permitted out. And it was only for 20 minutes, and never again. Those were the only moments that I had, where possibly freedom and baseball and green grass all came together in one traumatic moment. And I took the grass out of my pocket, and I put it on the cement floor when I was lying down and kind of just rubbed it until after several days, it became stiff, hard, and crinkly.

There was one important a catch that I would revisit while I was lying down and thinking about baseball. And that was the Sandy Amorós catch in the 1955 World Series. It looked like the Dodgers were going to lose it as usual. And Amorós made this amazing catch.

**Commentator:** There goes the drive down the left field line, and Sandy Amorós races for the ball. Picked on his glove just in time and makes the catch. Let's have another look at that spectacular play.

**Barry:** It saved the game, and I think saved the series for the Dodgers. Someone in America sent a subscription to Sporting News. Of all the US subscriptions to anything Sporting News seems to be so crazily incongruent to what we were doing, but it kept everybody busy in at least in my cell. We all read it. I read a lot of stats at the time. And it just kept encouraging this notion of being aware of baseball. For me, whenever I thought about baseball, especially during captivity, I was thinking about my father. And I think that because of the crazy insecurity of captivity, when you wouldn't know if a cell door would open up, and somebody would walk in with an automatic weapon, and you'd conjure up anything in your mind, it was so safe to think about my father and think about baseball at the same time.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** What is the endgame? When Snap Judgment, the Field of Dreams episode returns. Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Welcome back to Snap Judgment. My name is Glynn Washington, and you're listening to the Field of Dreams episode. The story of one survivor's experience of Iran Hostage Crisis. And last we left, Barry's leaning into his memories of baseball to carry him past the walls of his confinement. Snap Judgment.

**Reporter:** The 174th day of the Iran crisis has brought a startling and tragic turn of events. The United States mounted a military operation into Iran last night to rescue the American hostages. But it failed.

**Barry:** When the students following the Line of the Imam learned that the attempted rescue took place and failed, we were dispersed completely all over the country, only to return months later to prison. The Iranians realized that things were getting really rough for them. In September of 1980, Saddam Hussein had invaded Iran, and we actually learned about it in our own cells too. And then, I knew things change were going to change. They could not stand and keep holding us for many more months.

And then, on January 20th, a couple of guards came in and said to me, "You're leaving." We are then blindfolded once again, actually marched to these buses, and we have no idea where we are in Tehran. And finally, the bus stops. I stepped down. My blindfold is ripped off my face. And then, there is a gang of those students lined up left and right, as I walked through them, and they start spitting at me. I wipe off the spit from my face. And I look straight ahead, and there is a strange figure waving toward me in the light. And before I know it, there they are, other former embassy colleagues of mine in safety. I sat down. I couldn't believe it, we were all together. Then, the door to the airplane was shut, and we start taking off.

[airplane takes off]

And we're looking at each other, all 52 of us are there. Not one person is left in Iran. And as we passed the Iranian airspace into Turkey, champagne was broken out.

**Reporter:** Tuesday, January 20th 1981. Day that began as the 444th day of captivity and ended as the first day of freedom for the American hostages in Iraq.

**Barry:** I was very nervous about going home. I don't think I was totally ready for it. I felt very much alone for these 14 and a half months, that you're isolated with yourself so many hours of the day, that I felt just, it's hard to just accommodate to a whole new family situation that I was not at all used to. Getting to know my daughter was an important element of readjustment because she hardly knew me, and she was not willing to engage with me at all.

As we returned, there was a flurry of, I suppose, magnanimity on the part of organizations, manufacturers, and some others. I recall that all of us were offered a new suit from Wallachs Men's Clothing Store. We were also given the opportunity to go to Jamaica, for several days. The local McDonald's near my mother-in-law's house provided us with 444 days of free McDonald's, that was something that the children loved. But what has been, I suppose, the everlasting gift of all has been the gift by Major League Baseball of a lifetime pass. This lifetime pass was something that would provide me and the family with the opportunity to go to baseball games by just showing the pass. It sort of laid dormant for a while. I didn't know what to do with it in the beginning, so many other issues that I seem to be facing. But Barbara had made an important point to me. She said, "You know, Barry, I see that it's been somewhat difficult for you and Ariana, and even Alexander to sort of get together and be alone. And this pass might be a ticket to better relations with the kids."

[country music]

We'd get into that old '79 Ford station wagon, and drive to Shea Stadium, and go to games, and we went to many games. And that was the start of a period in our lives where baseball really made the family one again. I wanted to take them to the game and somehow give them the idea what I felt about baseball. For Alexander, he really wanted to watch the game. So, he was glued to the field and glued to what most of the players were doing. Ariana, on the other hand, she loved to go to the game because she wanted to go and have as much ice cream as she possibly could. All of us seem to bond more and more as time went on.

When I returned home, it was hard to find comfort in many things. And I think that baseball has been a savior in my life, giving me spirit while in captivity and also giving us as a family a sense that we're all together in this. And it also, most importantly, provided us with a way to heal all the issues that we faced as a family when I returned. When I go to a baseball game, I don't go just to go to the game. I go to the game because it has a profound meaning for me.

[crowd cheering]

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** A big, huge thank you to Barry Rosen for sharing your story with the Snap. We are happy to report that Barry and his family are still currently going to New York Mets Games, today with that lifetime pass. The original score is by Dirk Schwarzhoff with additional music by Bo Walsh. The story was produced by Bo Walsh. For our next story, Stephanie Foo drops us into another locale altogether. Louisiana. Stephanie, take it away.

[jovial music]

**Stephanie:** A couple of months ago, I found myself deep in the bayou of Louisiana, where the houses are on stilts and the gas stations have these big signs advertising 'Fresh Shrimp' and it was there I met Kirby Verret.

**Kirby:** My name is Kirby Verret.

**Stephanie:** I met Kirby in his church because he's a Methodist preacher. He's also a Houma Indian. And he comes from legit bayou stock. People like his grandpa, Matile.

**Kirby:** Grandfather, Matile Verret, he was very much of a hermit in the sense. We couldn't get to camp by car. You had to come there by boat. There was a little camp, I mean it might have been 10 feet by 12 feet. He was known for living by himself with his 17 dogs.

**Stephanie:** Whoa.

**Kirby:** Yeah, he loved dogs.

**Stephanie:** Each of those dogs had a purpose to help him hunt. He had spotters, retrievers. Living that far out in the bayou, Matile wasn't going to the Piggly Wiggly to get eggs.

**Kirby:** He was just one of those men that love living off the land and water and providing for himself. But unfortunately, the game warden always thought my deal was poaching deer.

**Stephanie:** And technically, Matile was doing that. But--

**Kirby:** I don't know why you'd call it poaching if you're killing it for food, but still it was considered illegal. And so, this game warden had made up his mind that he was going to catch Matile with a deer.

**Stephanie:** Fortunately, Grandpa Matile had a secret weapon. A dog named Brown.

**Kirby:** Brown, a black and white pound. Brown's main job was to listen for the game warden. And he had the skills of hearing when the game warden would launch his boat about a half mile down the intercoastal. The moment that boat would hit the water and the game warden would start that motor, Brown would give a little a warning, [woof-woof] letting him know that company is coming. And so, grandpa would start heating up the water, put on some coffee.

**Stephanie:** Hide any pelts he might have, look casual.

**Kirby:** And by the time the game warden would pull up my grandfather's dock, coffee was just being made.

**Stephanie:** And so, the game warden would eye Matile suspiciously, but he wouldn't ever find any deer. All thanks to Brown, the dog.

**Kirby:** Brown became my grandfather's favorite companion. My grandfather would go so far as to even have a special pair of sunglasses he had for him, state trooper glasses, big Aviator glasses. He had a white shirt he had only the front for, put on him with a tie.

**Stephanie:** He even folded a brown paper bag and made a round hat for Brown. And Grandfather Matile dressed an awful lot like Brown himself.

**Kirby:** And he put on a hat just like the dog would, but he didn't have two pair of sunglasses. [chuckles] So, he couldn't dress like him might say.

**Stephanie:** So, imagine this big dog, fully dressed and hat, glasses, shirt and tie sitting at the kitchen table for meals.

**Kirby:** He would actually climb on a chair, and he had a little white cup with a green ring around it, and he knew his cup. It was unbelievable to see how the dog would sit in a chair. I mean he was so honored. I mean he just said there, so respectful. He had that posture that just make you feel like, "Golly, this dog really-- he may not be a human being, but boy, he sure is pretty close to it."

**Stephanie:** So, one day, Brown barks a warning [Brown barks] and sure enough, the game warden floats up on his boat. But this time, he decides, "Hey, I'm actually going to come in and have some of that coffee, look around." So, he steps out of his boat, and--

**Kirby:** All the dogs are scattered, except for Brown. Brown would stand there like a guard, walk with him all the way through camp. The game warden will say, "What's wrong with Brown?" "Oh, don't worry about Brown. He's just the way he is."

**Stephanie:** The game warden took a seat at the tiny kitchen table upon and looked uneasily at Brown whose tie and paper bag hat were disconcerting to say the least.

**Kirby:** Brown would sit right next to him and staring them right in the face, not taking his eye off of him. Game warden just kind of-- it makes you feel uncomfortable when a big dog like that is just staring at you and giving you one of those low growls. Grandpa got all the coffee ready, puts a cup in front of the game warden, puts a cup in front of himself and he reaches over and pours the coffee in the cup, but the game warden sitting there just watching the dog. When game warden picks up that cup, the dog goes haywire. [dogs growling, barking] I mean the dog jumps up and started barking crazy, jumping at him with a big hound voice. Game warden, he's cornered.

**Stephanie:** Brown had the warden pinned against the wall, his teeth bared at his neck and the warden screams.

**Kirby:** "Matile, Matile, what's wrong with Brown?"

**Stephanie:** And Matile says--

**Kirby:** "Oh, you're sitting in his chair, drinking out of his cup."

**Stephanie:** Grandpa Matile had given the warden Brown's cup, and Brown didn't appreciate it.

**Kirby:** Game warden didn't know that the dog loved coffee. The dog knew his coffee and he knew his cup, and this game warden was drinking out of it. I mean it just got him very upset.

**Stephanie:** Well, legend has it, the game warden didn't come back after that. He didn't really know what all was happening out there with Matile and that dressed-up dog. But deer be damned, he didn't care to find out.

**Kirby:** That is a true bayou story.

[country music song playing]

**Glynn:** Really, Stephanie Foo, really? The dog dressed up like a person? He didn't like the officer drinking out of his cup, huh? All right, please note, that neither Snap Judgment Industries, NPR nor the Queen of Norway will vouch for the veracity of this piece, but we still thank Kirby Verret for sharing his story. I've got to say that song with the dog drinking coffee? Well played, Stephanie Foo. Well played.

[upbeat music]

Oh, yes. Better than sports ball, the Snap Judgment storytelling hour. It's so good spending time together. And if you've missed even a moment of today's episode, follow Snap Judgment on any podcast platform, instantly become the coolest person on the block. And better than a baseball jersey, more controversial than a Kanye jacket, you can sport the Snap Judgment t-shirt, allowed in less than 10% of all fine dining establishments, it's available right now at *snapjudgment.org*.

Snap is brought to you by the team that never strikes out. Except for the uber producer Mark Ristich. At the club, he used to strike out all the time. There's Nancy López, Pat Mesiti-Miller, Anna Sussman, Renzo Gorrio, Shaina Shealy, Teo Ducot, Flo Wiley, John Fecile, Marisa Dodge, Regina Bediako, Davey Kim, Bo Walsh, David Exumé, and Annie Nguyen.

And this is not the news. No way is this the news. In fact, you could slide in the home, get called out, argue with the umpire, then get objected to boos and shouts thrown out and fined from a game that you are only playing in your mind. M. Night Shyamalan twist. And you would still not be as far away from the news as this, but this is PRX.