[Snap Judgment]

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Okay, I grew up, not much of a fighter guy, more of a flee the hostilities, go with the comic book type of guy. But if they make you do something often enough, you get better. And growing up, as the only black kid in rural Michigan, I get plenty of practice. And the first rule that you learn about street fighting, I'm not talking about boxing, MMA cage fights or any of that stuff. The first rule is never, never fight a twin. Never, under any circumstances. Why? Because they grow up with their own personal sparring partner from the womb. That's why. Forget 10,000 hours of practice, they have a whole lifetime. And if you do manage somehow, some way to beat up a twin brother, 90% of the time, do you know who's standing right there? The other twin brother. So, now you've got to pull two miracles. No, no, avoid.

The second thing you learn is that 90% of the time, whoever throws the first punch wins, right? So, when you know the fight is coming, when there's absolutely no way to avoid it, when the evil bully is telling you to meet him down by the Cascade Farm following such and such a time. No. For what? So, he can gather up his buddies? So, he can find something hard to hit you with? No, the time is now, right now. Buck up, lean in, smile, and then swing as hard as you can. And you swing again and again. Pow, pow, pow, pow, pow. Like a dance, the dance, and if you're lucky, you catch that surprise.

If you quit, you might even get three strikes in, before his confused behind start swinging back, like he's flailing, wild. Not you, you surgical pow. Pow surgical as you can be in the middle of the madness and make no mistake, every single fight is madness. It's primal. It's raw. And knowing all of this, anything can still occur. There are no guarantees, but if it is going to happen as a public service, today on Snap Judgment, we proudly present The Roughhouse.

[upbeat music]

My name is Glynn Washington. One last tip. Always remember and never forget, triplets are even worse than twins, when you're listening to Snap Judgment.

[upbeat music]

Our story today, on The Roughhouse episode, has some violence, and maybe a little bit of language to go with it. Of course, it does. And we begin in the summer of 2002 with Jaed Coffin, a recent college graduate from Maine. After saving up some money, working on a lobster boat, Jaed takes off on a solo road trip across the country before winding up in the Pacific Northwest wondering what to do next. Snap Judgment.

[upbeat music]

**Jaed:** I had been driving around for about six months. I still really didn't know where I was headed. I just knew that I had this nervous energy to keep searching for a place to be. And I wasn't going to go home. By then, had realized I couldn't go home again. And really in a matter of a day or two, bought a sea kayak for about thousand bucks, and I just decided that I would follow the map north. And so, off I went.

[paddling sounds]

For the next several weeks, I just paddled along the coast and sometimes camped out in city parks or next to roads. I know I was losing some weight, but I was also getting really strong and really comfortable in my boat. And very happy spending every evening by my little fires, cooking fish, and just watching the sunset, and paddling all day. But at the same time, I was definitely going a little crazy in my head. I was clearly at odds with something. Some days, I would be paddling in really rough water, maybe against a current or some tides. And I just found myself digging my paddle blades into the water with an almost violent level of aggression, like the waves were trying to hold me back from something that I was meant to understand.

Toward the end of the summer, I finally paddled across the US-Canada border into Alaska. The rains of the fall had started, and it wasn't really paddling weather anymore. And so, I think by necessity, I just felt like it was time to stop. And sometime toward the end of August, washed up in the town of Sitka.

After I'd been living in Sitka for about a month, I'd heard that there was a college, Sheldon Jackson College, on campus. There was a weight room and a gymnasium. So, I started going there every night to lift weights.

[weights clanging]

One night, while I was lifting, I just heard this sound coming from down the hallway, just like whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, over and over and over again in these different tempos. And I didn't think much of it at first, and I just started with the weights. And then suddenly, I just started hearing it all the time, like whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, almost like music. after I had heard it for a while, I just followed it down the hallway to this door of a little utility room at the end of the hall. And inside, I saw kind of a boxy square shoulder guy. And it occurred to me that he was a boxing trainer, and that he was training fighters in a little boxing club.

There was a focus and a seriousness to what was going on in that room. So, I stayed at the door, and watched until the training session ended, while I watched the trainer stuffing boxing equipment into a duffel bag. And then, without really thinking about it, I just said, “Do you ever take new guys on?” And he seemed very hesitant. He looked around the room and said, “It's a small room, and I just don't have any time to take any new guys on.”

And I thought, “Okay, fine.” It was kind of felt a little bit precarious to invite myself into the room in the first place. So, I was glad to have an out. So, I turned around to leave. And then, with my back turned to him, I heard him call out, “You ever done any fighting before?” And I said, “Yeah, I have in fact." When I told Victor that I had some fighting background, I was full of shit. And he said, “All right, cool. Well, why don't you put a sparring helmet and some gloves on and we'll give it a shot. See what you got.” I thought, “Yeah, let's do it.” I'll just walk into this gym, out of nowhere and fight a man who I would later find out had been given the title, “The toughest man in Southeast Alaska.”

[beeper beeping]

Beeper went off and we just kind of circled for a moment. Somehow, I just started putting punches together and trying to hit him. And I couldn't hit him. Every time I jabbed or threw a left hand, he would just slide away. And then, he just started hitting me. I had no idea where the punches were coming from. They just seem to get harder and harder. Some jabs would land on my nose, snap my head back. He was hitting with all sorts of interesting punches from different angles. Disappearing, popping up, landing hooks, right hands, uppercuts. At certain point, I just felt totally defenseless.

The weird thing was as vicious as the impact was, I kind of liked it. It was scratching some itch that nothing else in my life had ever scratched. My nose was bleeding. My teeth had kind of bit through a part of my lip. I remember there was a lot of blood running down the front of my shirt. I think the man looked at me and was like, “All right. This will kind of convince this guy that boxing is not for him.” And he said, “We're done, right? That's it, right?” I just kind of was like, “No, let's keep going. I want more. Whatever it is that this is, I want more of it.”

I just felt like this guy, who I'd met 10 minutes ago, had allowed me to reach down and grab hold of something inside of me that was waiting to come out. There's always something inside of me, a feeling, a condition, some sense of loneliness or melancholy mixed with anger that I never really had the words for and I never really knew what to do with the feeling, and I never really knew the place that it should or shouldn't have in my life. I felt like for the first time, that feeling was finally in conversation with something. As we parted ways that night, he said, “Most guys come into my gym and I beat the shit out of them, and they never come back. I've just got to find some way to figure out who's serious. What I'm doing in here is training fighters. But we're in here Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 6 o'clock if you want to come back.”

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Don't go anywhere. That's just one round, Snappers. Will Jaed make it to the final bell? Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

Welcome back to Snap Judgment, The Roughhouse episode, with the strong language and the violence because of the punching and the kicking and the shoving. When last we left, Jaed was initiated into a local boxing club, the founder-trainer that just might make him a contender. Snap Judgment.

**Jaed:** After that first night, I went back every night. While Victor gave most of his attention to the fighters that he was preparing, every once in a while, he’d give me a chance to step in and mostly act as a sparring partner.

There were a couple other men who he was training for what he called The Roughhouse Friday Boxing Show. It was a fight show in an out-of-town bar, where people off the street with very little fighting experience got paid to punch each other in front of about 500 fans. I thought of it as this kind of backwoods brawling situation where, based on my experience, I really had no place.

[upbeat music]

Even though I was getting my ass beat every night, I was inflicting some of the pain on a heavy bag or a sparring partner that I had absorbed over the last 20 years of my life. I think it's fair to say at the heart of that anger was family history. I grew up in a house with my mother, and my father lived five hours away in Northern Vermont. My parents met in Thailand in 1969 while my father was stationed at a base during the Vietnam War. They got married and then came back to the US. Shortly after I was born, my father left our family to live with another woman and her five kids, and leave my mother to raise my sister and me in America alone. I don't know how well I understood the complexity of race, marriage, and war, what it meant to be a kid from two different cultures growing up in Maine. That my dad, as a white man in America, was going to live a really different life than the life that my mother had lived and that I would probably live. And my dad's departure from our family, that decision would go on to affect so many other things about my life, and he’d never really had to answer for any of it.

About the time I headed up to Alaska, I was starting to put those things together. I was 23 years old, and I felt really aware that I was not by any means a man. And I don't really know what idea of manhood I was holding myself against, but I'd always seen my dad as this masculine hero. Sometimes, he'd be off doing push-ups or karate sequences, Taekwondo forms on the sidelines on my soccer games. Really performed kind of toughness. I think in my mind, I really thought he might be a Green Beret or something. When in fact, he had been a therapist for soldiers coming home from war.

After two or three more weeks of training, Victor came up to me and said, “I talked to the promoter of The Roughhouse Friday Boxing Show,” who was the same promoter who had made Victor a roughhouse champion. "And he's got a show coming up in November. And he asked me if I had any new fighters. And I told him about you. I said you were green, but that you are pretty tough. And I told him the story of the first night that you walked into the gym where I kind of beat the shit out of you. He wants to know if you want to fight.” And then, Victor told me the deal. He said that I'd be going into a bar, and if I won, I’d get paid 150 bucks. And then, he warned me, he said, “But it's no ballroom. Basically, you walk into a bar, take your shirt off, get into a ring, and show everyone how much of a man you are.”

And as serious as I’d been about learning to fight for the last couple of weeks, and as eager as I'd been to be in that violent moment with another person, the thought of doing that, of walking into a bar, taking my shirt off, getting in the ring, and showing everyone how much of a man I was, was totally horrifying. And I told Victor that I wasn't ready, and that this isn't something that I was really prepared to do.

A couple of weeks went by, and I just kind of sat with the invitation. I just remember waking up one morning and feeling kind of mopey, and flat, and feeling like, “No, I actually do need to go fight in a bar.” In most cases, when faced with confrontation, I had chosen to walk away. That's how I operated. That’s how I was taught to operate. Theoretically, there were better things on the other side of walking away from a fight. It is one thing to walk away from violence, but it's another thing to walk away from a confrontation with a part of yourself that needs to be addressed. So, I went back to the gym that Monday night, and I just told Victor, I said, “Sign me up. I'm in.” And Victor was really pumped.

[upbeat music]

That night after training, he said, “Now, you've got to pick a nickname for yourself.” He said, “What about the Stone?” I said, “What do you mean, it's like, I don't get it, stone? He said, “The first night you came in here, I beat the shit out of you, you act like it didn't hurt. You were just kind of stone cold. What about the Stone?” And I said, “All right, Jaed “Stone” Coffin. Let's do it.” And I remember running home that night feeling like I'd been knighted with a new name. If I couldn't figure out who I was, at least I could be this version of who I was as a fighter, as the Stone.

By then, it was late November, and Victor came into the club and said that the promoter had an opponent for me. This young man was from the village of Hoonah. He was a high school basketball star who had gone on to be a wrestler in college, an exceptional athlete who'd won a couple fights already. Victor looked at me and said, “You don't have to fight him. You've been training for what, five weeks?” And I asked Victor, “What do you think? What would you do?” And Victor paused and just kind of looked me in the eyes and said, “Well, if you want to be the fucking man, then you've got to fight this guy.”

I remember the morning we left for that fight. We had to leave really early in the morning at like 5:00 AM to catch the 6:00 AM service from Sitka to Juneau on a little plane. The Rough House Friday Show had been around since the late 90s. It took place in this bar called Marlintini's in the capital city of Juneau, about 90 miles east from Sitka. It's one Friday a month throughout the winter season, when it was kind of lonely and quiet in town, when all the cruise ships had gone south, the tourists were all gone and it was just locals. It was a place to gather to watch some stuff go down and had drawn a big following in southeast Alaska, because it drew on all the old rivalries between villages and fishing communities along the Inside Passage. Some of these rivalries were really old or they went back, in some cases, hundreds, thousands of years to tribal differences. Sometimes, it went to old high school sports rivalries.

People liked to see local people kind of come out of the woodwork and go from being ordinary people walking around to fighters. You've got a schoolteacher fighting a bus driver, or a fisherman fighting a cop. Sometimes, it was your next-door neighbor. These were ordinary people doing somewhat radical things in front of an audience.

[upbeat music]

We walked into Marlintini's that night, and the bar room was packed. And I was 23, but I hadn't spent that much time in bars in my life. So, they're still pretty intimidating places where I felt kind of like a child walking into a bar. It was a Friday night in Alaska in the early winter, and people been drinking pretty heavy. And I followed Victor through the crowd. And Victor seemed to know a lot of people and people were like patting him on the shoulder, like, “What's up, Champ?” Recognize him as a former champion. I felt really good following him. Then for the next hour or so, I watched the first six or seven flights of the evening. And they were kind of horrifying. The bell would ring and guys would just go nuts for like 30 seconds, hit each other as much as they could. Typically gas out. It was kind of a street fight that just happened to be in a boxing ring.

I remember I heard the promoter call me into the ring, and he just in that perfect growling promoter's voice, he said, “Ladies and gentlemen, it's Roughhouse Friday.” And the crowd just went wild. They loved it. And he said, “You know this next fighter, he paddled a sea kayak all the way from Washington State up to Sitka, Alaska.” There was a mix of cheers and bullshit and whistles and booze because no one liked Sitka. And he said, “Jaed “The Stone” Coffin.” I remember raising my fist and just realizing that no one really cared who I was or was paying attention to who I was. Then, it was time to fight the Hoonah Hooligan. He looked like a badass, and he carried himself with a swagger that I didn't have. He showed up with an entourage.

Seeing a kid coming from his own community, I think the Hooligan really understood what it meant to be a fighter, and a lot was riding on his prominence as a Roughhouse fighter. I remember this chant started picking up, the name of his village, “Hoonah, Hoonah, Hoonah,” and no one was chanting for me. So, the bell rings. [bell dings] And within the first minute, he just lit me up. He hit me probably seven or eight times without even me being able to get my hands on him and clinch. He was fast, and I just chased him around the ring while he hit. And the second round went kind of the same way. And then, I remember looking at Victor before the third round, and he just didn't have any answers. He was like, “This kid's a badass. He's fast.”

In the third round, things got pretty ugly. And at one point, we wrestled each other out of the ring onto the scores table, and the crowd loved it. Everyone was going crazy. It's just a raucous scene. Somehow, I slipped an uppercut in between his elbows, but it landed super flush right on his chin, popped his head back, and I was able to drive him back to the ropes with three or four punches. And the crowd loved it. Suddenly, after the bell rang, the crowd, they weren't just chanting for the Hooligan anymore. They were starting to get behind me. The judges read their scorecards, and in the end, the first round went to the Hooligan, the second round went to me, and then in the third round, because I had snuck in, in the last 10 seconds, that uppercut sequence, two of the three judges gave me the fight, and I was the winner.

[cheers]

I felt ashamed of myself, because I felt like I kind of knew that I'd lost the fight, and I went over to Victor's corner. And he knew that I lost the fight. The crowd was just booing the decision and not happy. The Hooligan was pissed. His entourage was pissed. And Victor was like, “Let's get the fuck out of here. We don't need to be hanging around with this crowd.” That was the beginning of what would become a rivalry between me and the Hooligan.

Victor had put in the local paper that I'd won my fight in a small column. I remember someone from town just came up to me on the street and was like, “Hey, The Stone. You're the fighter, The Stone, right?” And I remember thinking like, “Yeah, I guess, yes, that is me. I am the Roughhouse fighter that fights for Sitka.”

[dramatic music]

**Glynn:** Coming up, Jaed comes to understand what he's really fighting for, when Snap Judgment continues. Stay tuned.

[upbeat music]

Welcome back to Snap Judgment. I'm noted lover and nonfighter, Glynn Washington and you're listening to our Roughhouse episode. When last we heard from Jaed, he had just discovered a new home in a squared circle underground barroom boxing. And as I've said, this story, of course, contains the fighting and violence and language and all of the good stuff because that is the point of the ring, but Jaed, Jaed still had to confront his past outside of the ring. Snap Judgment.

**Jaed:** My dad was someone that I had always talked to on the phone. In some ways, I was more comfortable talking to him on the phone than when I was hanging out with him in person. And so, my dad would call, and I'd get him caught up on what was going on in the gym. He'd get me caught up on stuff that was happening back east. During that time, I also knew that every time I hung up the phone, there was something really big that we weren't talking about, that we never talked about. It was easy to talk about punching someone. But what was really difficult was learning how to explain what I was feeling. But when I tried to talk to my dad about that, I found that my words were gone.

My next fight was going to be another fight against the Hooligan because people wanted to see it. The Roughhouse crowd fucking loved the fight we put on. Like, "We put on a show. So, let's do it again." For the next couple of weeks, we doubled down on training. I was waking up in the middle of the night, kind of crazy in my head doing push-ups and sit-ups, shadowboxing incessantly, and just working out long rounds on the mitts and sparring with Victor. My second fight with the Hooligan was happening in mid-January. And we flew over, and the Hooligan, he just kind of showed up alone this time. I remember watching him walk into the bar, and it just seemed like his heart wasn't in it.

We get in, the bell rings, and Hooligan just comes out and hits me like four or five, six times pretty hard, right on the chin, and drives me back into the ropes and the crowd's going wild. And then, I don't know, I guess I just had more confidence, like the fright of being in with a fighter who was faster than I was and more probably talented than I was, it was kind of gone. So, I sort of knew what I was in for. And I was ready to go, and I just kept pounding him, and was just kind of chasing around the ring. And almost to the point where in the third round, I felt like I didn't really need to even keep hitting him. I just had the fight in the bag. It was so obvious to me that I was running the ring at that point. The final bell rang. We came to the middle of the ring. They called out the judge’s cards and the decision went to the Hooligan. And the same thing happened. People started booing the decision. And I was pissed. And I was like, “What kind of game are we in where you win a fight and you lose, and you lose a fight and you win?”

I'd been talking to my dad over the winter, and there was this weird tension that existed between us that kind of haunted our conversations. Sometimes, I would hear my dad say stuff on the phone, either about how he understood what it meant to be a man. Maybe he'd like to offer some wisdom and more some values that he felt were important to pass down. Every time he'd do that, I just felt this sting of hypocrisy running through me, like he was just so full of shit.

[somber music]

The feeling of hearing him talk started to drive me crazy. I remember hanging up the phone and just feeling like I need to go run into the woods or hit something. I spent the rest of the winter and spring really just fighting whoever the promoter could throw at me. Old Roughhouse veterans, a mine worker, a guy from Fairbanks. At that point, I was so charged up on becoming a Roughhouse Champ, that none of them really stood a chance against me in the ring. I felt like I became a low-level celebrity at Marlintini's, and it felt great. It felt like I was being known for something that I was proud of. A lot of times, people would buy me drinks or people would come up to me while I was getting a drink at the bar, and just shake my hand.

By midseason of the Roughhouse Show, I'd passed through a certain threshold where anger was doing something good for my fighting, where there was no fear about getting in the ring, very little nervousness about being in a fight.

[upbeat music]

The Southeast Showdown is the big tournament at the end of the Roughhouse season where fighters from across Southeast Alaska, all congregate in Juneau for a weekend of Roughhouse fights. The winner of the Southeast Showdown historically was called the toughest guy in Southeast Alaska, and was given a belt. I remember Victor showing me one night, the belts that he had won and saying that, “You win one of these belts and you'll never forget it. You will forever be a Southeast Showdown Champion.”

My dad called me a couple days before the Southeast Showdown and said, “I'm meeting soldiers somewhere in the Midwest. But I'm looking into rerouting my flight through Juneau so that I can catch your fight.” So, I show up in Juneau, and get off the plane and my dad's standing there. I think he wanted to really be a part of this highly masculine journey that I was on. So, we're getting ready to go over and fight. I just felt like I was warming up in front of the mirror and while I was warming up in front of the mirror, I could feel him watching me, and I could feel myself kind of performing this new version of me, that frankly, I just wanted him to be afraid of, that I wanted him not to be able to understand. My dad likes to talk about being a warrior, but he's not a fighter.

[upbeat music]

We go over to Marlintini's, and I want to warm up for my fight. I asked my dad to hold the mitts for me. So, he's holding up the pads and I start lightly hitting them. And as I go, I start putting a little more power into my punches, and my dad's not really able to keep pace with my punches, but I wanted to get ready for my fight. At one point, I started throwing left hands kind of hard, and one of the mitts bounced back and hit him in the face and knocked his glasses off. He looked kind of pathetic to me. I remember looking behind the mitts, which were the only thing that separated us, at my dad and he seemed kind of afraid of me. So, he was like, “No, I can keep going. I'll just put my glasses on, and you can keep warming up.” I just looked away and I was like, “I'm all good. This is not for us. This is for me.”

The Southeast Showdown, it's a couple fights. You fight two or three times in a weekend. But my division had basically thinned out at that point, because there weren't many middleweights that would really give me a fight at that point. It was a tournament, so you had to fight a first round to get to the final round. I walked right through my first opponent, and the Hooligan walked right through his. I have a feeling the promoter figured we'd both end up facing each other anyway, and he was right. For the title, it was the Hooligan and me.

The next morning, we had some time to kill. We're sitting there at breakfast, and at the forefront of my mind, hanging in the air between us, is this swirl of emotion that had been building up for the last nine months that I've been living in Sitka. And somehow, we stumbled on to our past, my childhood. And that's when I just felt overcome with this necessary desire to just crack the vault wide open, and we couldn’t dance around the center anymore. I began asking my father all the questions I'd never known how to ask. I wanted to know why he left. I wanted to know why he went to war. I wanted to know why he thought falling in love with a Thai woman as a white man, essentially occupying a country during a war that I would learn to hate, why he thought that was okay. After bringing this woman to his world and having a child with her, why he felt that that child should honor him in any way after leaving us.

After I'd just kind of pummeled my dad with questions, I remember my dad just kind of looked down at his hands. And my father just had no answers. That's kind of where we left off before I went in that night, to fight The Hooligan.

[upbeat music]

When I got in the ring for the Southeast Showdown, title fight, it was like the most neutral I felt that season. Almost as if I'd expended all the anger I should have held up in the fight, I'd expelled it all in the diner that morning. I came out of the gates pretty fast, but things felt different that night than they ever had in Marlintini's. And then in the third round, I had this really out-of-body experience, where I swear I could like see myself fighting. And whatever images of masculinity had been swirling around my brain that my dad had put in there were all kind of just in a big scrap with one another. I think in a weird way, I understood that the experience of fighting someone, in most cases, at least for me, had very little to do with my opponent, and everything to do with what was going on inside of me as a person. And then, you stepped into a ring with another person just to understand something about yourself. I don't think I had the answer. I just knew that I had a shot at figuring it out.

[cheers]

At the decision, this woman came into the ring with the belt over her shoulder and asked me to hold my hands up and wrap the belt around my waist. It was the Southeast Showdown belt given to the toughest guy in Southeast Alaska. And walking out of the ring, I knew that as my dad watched me, I don't know, I don't think it was that he was impressed that I’d won the fight. I don't think he was proud of me in that weird, voyeuristic way that some fathers seem to take great satisfaction in watching their children become great athletes. I think my dad was just really aware that there was something that I was going through that was fundamentally going to separate us in a way and that the belt was maybe an emblem of that.

The morning after my fight, my father was flying home. I remember we were in the airport together and I had my backpack, and I had the belt in it. And he had his suitcase or whatever. And he was heading back east. I just watched him walk away to board his plane. And it struck me that I'd seen that happen so many times in my life, that feeling of having a weekend with my dad and then seeing him walk away.

[upbeat music]

**Glynn:** Raise his hands up high, the champ is here. A huge Snap Judgment thank you to Jaed “The Stone” Coffin. Thank you very much. Thank you very much, Jaed. For more about this story, check out Jaed's memoir, *Roughhouse Friday*. You'll find links to it on our website, *snapjudgment.org.* The original score for this piece was by Doug Stuart. It was produced by Bo Walsh.

[upbeat music]

See what I mean? I say it all the time. If you're going to get punched in the face in an underground boxing match, it's best to do so vicariously. Save your pretty smile. Follow Snap Judgment on any podcast platform for more incredible stories from all over the world. That's right, more Snap Judgment journeys on your phone, device, podcast thingy. Snap was brought to you by the team that always, straps on some gloves to step into the ring, except, of course, for the uber producer Mr. Mark Ristich. He just straps on Crocs.

[upbeat music]

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.

[upbeat music]

And this is not the news, no way is this the news. In fact, you can talk a big game about who's about to kiss these hands before you see who your opponent actually is, and then get real quiet once he shows up. And you’d still, still, even then, not be as far away from the news as this is, but this is PRX.

[upbeat music]

*[Transcript provided by SpeechDocs Podcast Transcription]*