

(Uncharacteristically frantic)

Okay, *I (sigh)* Professor I cannot apologize enough for, like, everything. I--I'm sorry my mom called you, and then that whole thing with the time delay and the pausing and the talking over each other. I keep trying to explain to her how internet calls works, but she just doesn't listen to me. And--And you know at this point that she never has. But like... That's how she talks to her sister. She uses that same app. So like, she really needs to know better by now.

And I--I didn't give her your phone number. Really, I hate it when people give out mine, and I really hate being anything close to a hypocrite. So yeah, I didn't give her your number. I think she took it out of my stuff. Like she opened my phone and found it. Going through my phone is just something she does. Shouldn't but does. All the time. I don't typically don't put too many things there that I don't want her to see there because that's the only solution I've found, but when I was in your office, I didn't have my normal notebook of secrets as I call it. So I made do. I made do and then I didn't transfer it over because I didn't think you gave me your cell phone number. I didn't think you would do that, but lo and behold that's what I had.

And I didn't think I would.... Professor, I--I promise I didn't actually go missing. I don't know exactly what happened, but it wasn't that. And I'm sorry yet again that my mom made you think that I was, but I wasn't. Technically.

Did the recording seriously not go through? *(Sigh)* I--I thought I checked it before I sent it, but I must not have. Because when I pulled it up on my computer, it was also static. But the testing recording, that went through, right? When I went outside of the resort. There's a couple more testing tapes. Testing, 1 2 3. That sort of thing. Those

went through. I can attach them here, but the--but the tape on the mountain, not so much.

(Sigh) And I... And... And without it, I don't know how to explain what happened. I'm not freaking out about the assignment, okay? I never was. I knew what you were getting at. It was just an excuse to keep me busy when I was here, so you knew I was okay. I knew what you meant by it. But something happened, okay? Something happened on that mountain, and that was the only evidence I had. And I wanted someone I trust to have it.

So yeah, I--I guess I technically was missing for a bit. I was 'unaccounted for' when the thing that was happening on the mountain. And the police did call it a missing person case, in so many words. They went out to look for me because that sort of thing doesn't happen anymore. And it would be really bad if it started, especially if it started with an American tourist getting lost at a tourist destination. It's not a good look for anybody. Especially with my hip. That just makes me seem extra helpless.

And when they found me, they started saying it was a hip issue, among other things, and I let them think that. Because I don't--I don't know what... I don't know what happened. Entirely. I thought I could check the audio. But I--But I also didn't want to listen to the audio, so I asked you to do it. And I... *(Sigh)* I don't know. I think my cousin was right. I shouldn't have gone up there, but I think it was a self-fulfilling prophecy situation.

I know I promised you I wouldn't do anything ill-advised, and I think part of that was not wandering off. In fact, I think I explicitly told you I would not do that. But then I did. I wandered off, and that's when things got... *(inhale)* Well, there was a reason I did,

right? And... And I... Okay, I thought I heard my name. I thought I heard someone calling out to me, and I knew, even at the time, it wasn't a voice I recognized. I don't know. I just started walking.

And I swear I never had, like, a sound hallucinations after the accident. That's never happened to me. But I let the police think that maybe it was a possibility because it was easier. It was easier than explaining what I think actually happened.

But now, I need to talk to the embassy people who are coming by. And I know you shouldn't lie to people like this, especially when they are earnestly concerned that there is a not insignificant amount of time you were unaccounted for, but telling the truth to them is just too hard right now. I can't.

When we get that sorted, I'll--I'll make another recording, so you can hear my voice and you can know that I am fine-ish. Not hacked. Not somebody pretending to be me. I'm okay. I'll talk to you later. I promise.

(Pause. Music fades in)

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