

# Supplementary Material

## - storyboard –

Timestamp & Duration M:S:MS	NARRATION	ADDITIONAL SOUNDS & REACTION SOUNDS
	<b>Traversal</b>	
00:00:00 00:10:43	1 At New Sharon University, the strawberry spring began on 16 March 1968. The coldest winter in twenty years broke on that day.	Classroom Ambience
00:10:00 00:04:42	2 It rained and you could smell the sea twenty miles west of the beaches.	Beach
00:16:00 00:06:89	3 The snow, which had been thirty-five inches deep in places, began to melt and the campus walks ran with slush.	Snow melt
00:23:00 00:08:54	4 And when night came the fog came with it, moving silent and white along the narrow college avenues.	
00:33:00 00:04:85	5 It made things seem out of joint, strange, magical.	Nighttime
00:38:00 00:10:87	6 The unwary traveller stepping out of the bar expecting crisp clear air, would instead suddenly find himself in a silent, muffled world of white drifting fog,	Footsteps in gravel
00:57:00 00:06:55	7 the only sound his own footsteps and the soft drip of water from the gutters.	Water drops Monster
01:03:00 00:10:82	8 You half expected to see Gollum or Frodo go hurrying past, or to turn and see that the bar was gone, vanished, replaced by a foggy panorama.	
01:14:00 00:03:57	9 The jukebox played Scarborough Fair endlessly that year.	Scarborough fair
	<b>Static</b>	

01:18:00 00:17:61	10 And at ten minutes after eleven on that night a junior named John Dancey on his way back to his dormitory began screaming into the fog, dropping books on and between the sprawled legs of the dead girl lying in a shadowy corner of the parking lot	Male scream Books falling Girl laugh
01:37:00 00:14:57	10a her throat cut from ear to ear but her eyes open and almost seeming to sparkle as if she had just successfully pulled off the funniest joke of her young life - Dancey screamed and screamed and screamed.	
	<b>Traversal</b>	
01:55:00 00:15:22	11 The next day was overcast and sullen, and we went to classes with questions eager in our mouths - 11.1 who? 11.2 why? 11.3 And always the final thrilled question: 11.4 Did you know her? Did you know her?	Whispering gossip Classroom ambience
02:11:00 00:21:60	12 We all knew her. Her name was Gale Cerman, and she was an art major. She was well liked but her room-mates had hated her. She had never gone out much even though she was one of the most promiscuous girls on campus. It was strawberry spring, and on the morning of 17 March we all knew Gale Cerman.	
02:32:00 00:09:59	13 Half a dozen Police cars crawled on to the campus. On my way past there to my ten o clock class I was asked to show my student ID.	Car on gravel
	<b>Static</b>	
02:44:00 00:12:62	14 'Do you carry a knife?' the policeman asked. 14.1 'No...' i answered He looked me up and down 'Is it about Gale Cerman?' I asked,  14.2 'What makes you ask?' He pounced. 14.3 I was five minutes late to class.	Classroom Ambience Walking in hallway

	<b>Static</b>	
02:55:00 00:10:76	15 It was strawberry spring and no one walked by themselves through the campus that night. The fog had come again, smelling of the sea, quiet and deep.	3xFootsteps Wind/fog
03:10:00 00:36:58	16 Around nine o'clock my room-mate burst into our room. 16.1 'They caught him,' he said. 'I heard it over at the radio, Her boyfriend did it. His name is Carl Amalara.' 16.2I settled back, relieved and disappointed. With a name like that it had to be true. A lethal and sordid little crime of passion. 'Okay,' I said. 'That's good.'	Music Door open
03:33:00 00:02:90	17 He left the room to spread the news down the hall.	Footsteps
	<b>Traversal</b>	
03:36:00 00:12:18	18 It was in the papers the next day. The boy had not confessed yet, but the evidence against him was strong. He and Gale Cerman had argued a great deal in the last month or so, and had broken up the week before	Newspaper Argument M1, M2, F1, F2
03:54:00 00:20:79	19 The fog came again that night. I went for a walk, I had a headache and needed some air. As I walked, I could smell the wet, misty scent of spring that was slowly wiping away the heavy snow, leaving lifeless patches of last year's grass bare and uncovered.  19a For me, that was one of the most beautiful nights I can remember.	2x Wind/fog 2x Footsteps in gravel
04:17:00 00:14:79	20 The people I passed under the streetlights were murmuring shadows, and all of them seemed to be lovers, walking with hands and eyes linked. The melting snow dripped and ran, dripped and ran, from every drain.	Shadow Couple talk 2x Water drops
04:33:00 00:04:35	21 The next morning the clamour in the hall woke me.	Classroom ambience Footsteps

04:39:00 00:19:40	22 'He got another one,' someone said to me, his face pallid with excitement. 'They had to let him go.' 22.1 'Who go?' 22.2 'Amalara!' someone else said gleefully. 22.3 'He was sitting in jail when it happened. 'The guy killed somebody else last night. And now they're hunting all over for it.' 22.4 'For what?' 22.5 'Her head. Whoever killed her took her head with him.'	2x Walking in hallway Classroom Ambience Lecture ambience
04:59:00 00:13:10	23 New Sharon University isn't a big school now, and was even smaller back then. It really was like a small community. Gale Cerman had been the type of girl you just nodded to, thinking vaguely that you had seen her around.	2x Footsteps in gravel
05:13:00 00:09:19	24 We all knew Ann Bray. She had been the first runner-up in the Miss New England pageant. And now she was dead. . . worse than dead.	Canteen Ambience
05:28:00 01:14:55	25 I walked to my afternoon classes like everyone else. There was someone dark among us, as dark as the paths which twisted across the campus at night.	Walking in hallway Classroom Ambience Door open/close
05:36:00	26 We looked into each other's faces and tried to read the darkness behind one of them.	Whispering gossip
05:40:00	27 This time the police arrested no one. The police men patrolled the campus endlessly on the foggy spring nights of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth. The administration imposed a mandatory nine o'clock curfew.	2x Nighttime Footsteps in gravel Pendulum clock
05:55:00	28 The days continued warm and overcast. People clustered in small groups. Looking at the same set of faces for too long gave you funny ideas about some of them.	2x Group talking
06:06:00	29 And the speed with which rumours swept from one end of the campus to the other began to approach the speed of light.	Whispering gossip
06:12:00	30 On the twenty-first it rained again.	Rain

06:17:00	31 Twilight came and the fog with it, drifting up the tree-lined avenues slowly, blotting out the buildings one by one. It was soft, insubstantial stuff, but somehow implacable and frightening.	Wolfhowl 3xWind/fog
06:32:00	32 The murderer was a man, no one seemed to doubt that, but the fog was his female accomplice. . . or so it seemed to me.	Walking in hallway Female laughter
	<b>Static</b>	
06:44:00 00:10:42	33 I sat and smoked and watched the lights come on in the growing darkness and wondered if it was all over. My room-mate came in and shut the door quietly behind him.	Light cig Inhale Door open
06:55:00 00:15:91	34 He smiled benevolently and stole one of my cigarettes from the open pack on the window ledge. 34.1 'I suspect everyone but me. and you,' he said, and then the smile faded a little. 'And sometimes I wonder about you. Want to go over to the Union and shoot some eight-ball?' 34.2 'Can't, need to study.'	
07:16:00 00:11:78	35 For a long time after he was gone, I could only look out the window. And even after I had opened my book and started reading, part of me was still out there, walking in the shadows where something dark was now in charge.	Wind
07:27:00 00:15:13	36 That night Adelle Parkins was killed. He killed her and left her propped behind the wheel of her 1964 Dodge, only to be found the next morning. they found part of her in the back seat and part of her in the trunk.	Cutting Horror ambience Trunk
07:43:00 00:08:27	37 And written in blood on the windshield - this time, instead of rumours, were two words: HA! HA!	
	<b>Traversal</b>	
07:53:00 00:25:23	38 The campus went slightly mad after that; all of us and none of us had known Adelle Parkins.	Whispers Girl begging Man laugh

	<p>Why she had been out and alone is forever beyond knowing. She had slipped on campus as silently and as easily as the murderer himself. What brought her? Maybe a need for one desperate and passionate romance with the warm night, the warm fog, the smell of the sea, and the cold knife.</p>	
08:19:00 00:15:30	<p>39 Spring break came. I had my own car on campus, and I took six people downstate with me, their luggage crammed in the back. It wasn't a pleasant ride. For all any of us knew, the murderer might have been in the car with us.</p>	Spring Car drive Horror buildup
08:36:00 00:16:44	<p>40 That night the thermometer dropped fifteen degrees, and the whole northern New England area was belted by a shrieking storm that began in sleet and ended in a foot of snow - and then, like magic, it was April. Clean showers and starry nights.</p>	Freezing Storm
08:54:00 00:17:92	<p>41 They called it strawberry spring, God knows why, and it's an evil, lying time that only comes once every eight or ten years. The murderer left with the fog, and by early June, the subject of the murders was almost unanimously avoided - at least out loud.</p>	Night Church bells Wind/fog
09:13:00 00:12:25	<p>42 That was the year I graduated, and the next year was the year I married. In 1971 we had a child, and now he's almost ready to start school.</p>	Woo Newborn School bell
09:26:00 00:14:21	<p>43 Then, today's paper. Of course I knew it was here. I knew it yesterday morning when I got up and heard the mysterious sound of snowmelt running down the gutters, and smelled the salt tang of the ocean from our front porch.</p>	Newspaper Beach Snowmelt
09:40:00 00:12:74	<p>44 I knew strawberry spring had come again when I started home from work last night and had to turn on my headlights against the mist that was already beginning to creep out of the fields and hollows, blurring the lines of the buildings.</p>	Car ignition wind/fog
09:53:00 00:11:11	<p>45 This morning's paper says a girl was killed on the University campus. She was killed last night</p>	Newspaper Scream Melting snow

	and found in a melting snowbank. She was not all there.	
	<b>Static</b>	
10:05:00 00:16:95	46 My wife is upset. She wants to know where I was last night. I can't tell her because I don't remember. I remember starting home from work, and I remember putting my headlights on to search my way through the lovely creeping fog, but that's all I remember.	Woman whimpering Car driving Wind/fog
	<b>Traversal</b>	
10:22:00 00:20:14	47 I've been thinking about that foggy night when I had a headache and walked for air and passed all the lovely shadows without shape or substance. And I've been thinking about the trunk of my car - such an ugly word, <i>trunk</i> -and wondering why in the world I should be afraid to open it.	Walking in hallway Trunk
10:58:00 00:14:25 End 11:27:00	48 I can hear my wife as I write this, in the next room, crying. She thinks I was with another woman last night. And oh dear God, I think so too	Crying woman Outro

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## Shortened narrative

At New Sharon University, the strawberry spring began on 16 March 1968. The coldest winter in twenty years broke on that day. It rained and you could smell the sea twenty miles west of the beaches. The snow, which had been thirty-five cm deep in places, began to melt and the campus walks ran with slush.

And when night came the fog came with it, moving silent and white along the narrow university avenues. It drifted, slow as cigarette smoke. It made things seem out of joint, strange, magical. The unwary traveller stepping out of the bar expecting crisp clear air, would instead suddenly find himself in a silent, muffled world of white drifting fog, the only sound his own footsteps and the soft drip of water from the gutters. You half expected to see

Gollum or Frodo go hurrying past, or to turn and see that the bar was gone, vanished, replaced by a foggy panorama.

The jukebox played Scarborough Fair endlessly that year.

And at ten minutes after eleven on that night a junior named John Dancey on his way back to his dormitory began screaming into the fog, dropping books on and between the sprawled legs of the dead girl lying in a shadowy corner of the parking lot, her throat cut from ear to ear but her eyes open and almost seeming to sparkle as if she had just successfully pulled off the funniest joke of her young life - Dancey screamed and screamed and screamed.

The next day was overcast and sullen, and we went to classes with questions eager in our mouths - who? why? And always the final thrilled question: Did you know her? Did you know her?

We all knew her. Her name was Gale Cerman, and she was an art major. She was well liked but her room-mates had hated her. She had never gone out much even though she was one of the most promiscuous girls on campus. It was strawberry spring, and on the morning of 17 March we all knew Gale Cerman.

Half a dozen State Police cars crawled on to the campus. On my way past there to my ten o'clock class I was asked to show my student ID.

'Do you carry a knife?' the policeman asked.

'Is it about Gale Cerman?' I asked, after I told him

'What makes you ask?' He pounced.

I was five minutes late to class.

It was strawberry spring and no one walked by themselves through the campus that night.

The fog had come again, smelling of the sea, quiet and deep.

Around nine o'clock my room-mate burst into our room. 'They caught him,' he said. 'I heard it over at the radio, Her boyfriend did it. His name is Carl Amalara.'

I settled back, relieved and disappointed. With a name like that it had to be true. A lethal and sordid little crime of passion.

'Okay,' I said. 'That's good.'

He left the room to spread the news down the hall.

It was in the papers the next day. The boy had not confessed yet, but the evidence against him was strong. He and Gale Cerman had argued a great deal in the last month or so, and had broken up the week before

The fog came again that night. I walked that night. I had a headache and I walked for air, smelling the wet, misty smell of the spring that was slowly wiping away the heavy snow, leaving lifeless patches of last year's grass bare and uncovered.

For me, that was one of the most beautiful nights I can remember. The people I passed under the streetlights were murmuring shadows, and all of them seemed to be lovers, walking with hands and eyes linked. The melting snow dripped and ran, dripped and ran, and from every drain.

The next morning the clamour in the hall woke me.



'He got another one,' someone said to me, his face pallid with excitement. 'They had to let him go.'

'Who go?'

'Amalara!' someone else said gleefully. 'He was sitting in jail when it happened.'

'The guy killed somebody else last night. And now they're hunting all over for it.'

'For what?'

The pallid face wavered in front of me again. 'Her head. Whoever killed her took her head with him.'

New Sharon Univeristy isn't a big school now, and was even smaller then. It really was like a small community. Gale Cerman had been the type of girl you just nodded to, thinking vaguely that you had seen her around.

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They called it strawberry spring, God knows why, and it's an evil, lying time that only comes once every eight or ten years. The murderer left with the fog, and by early June, the subject of Springheel Jack was almost unanimously avoided - at least aloud.

That was the year I graduated, and the next year was the year I married. In 1971 we had a child, and now he's almost school age.

Then, today's paper.

Of course I knew it was here. I knew it yesterday morning when I got up and heard the mysterious sound of snowmelt running down the gutters, and smelled the salt tang of the ocean from our front porch. I knew strawberry spring had come again when I started home from work last night and had to turn on my headlights against the mist that was already beginning to creep out of the fields and hollows, blurring the lines of the buildings.

This morning's paper says a girl was killed on the University campus. She was killed last night and found in a melting snowbank. She was not all there.

My wife is upset. She wants to know where I was last night. I can't tell her because I don't remember. I remember starting home from work, and I remember putting my headlights on to search my way through the lovely creeping fog, but that's all I remember.

I've been thinking about that foggy night when I had a headache and walked for air and passed all the lovely shadows without shape or substance. And I've been thinking about the trunk of my car - such an ugly word, *trunk* -and wondering why in the world I should be afraid to open it.

I can hear my wife as I write this, in the next room, crying. She thinks I was with another woman last night.

And oh dear God, I think so too

## Sound object

The ambient clips are mapped based on this storyboard. The timestamps provided by the storyboard is intended to localize specific event of the story. The following figure depicts all the involved sound objects:



Color coded tags

Each sound category has their own colored tag for quick access.