Welcome To Spooktown – Tadiwa Mahlunge

[Spooky music]

ED EASTON: Oh, it’s a ghost.

[Cars passing, birds chirping]

ED: Kath?

KATH HUGHES: Yeah?

ED: Is it just a – a house?

KATH: I think so. It’s just on this, um, it’s a street just a bit further up. You know like the sort of like a – it’s that nice street?

ED: Yeah.

KATH: The nice – the nice street.

ED: Near the – near the racist ducks?

KATH: Yeah. Yeah, yes. It’s really near there. Yeah yeah yeah.

ED: Yeah, no, I remember that.

KATH: Yeah, so I think we’re just meeting him there. I’m assuming it’s his house.

ED: Uh, yeah, I didn’t ask. I don’t really ask them. I just say, ‘do you have any stories?’ And they say ‘yes, meet me at blank.’ Yeah. I say ‘I,’ there’s a big production team behind all of this, guys. What am I doing? ‘Don’t break the illusion.’

KATH: They know. Ed, they know.

ED: What?

KATH: They know.

ED: Um, it’s quite nice – it’s quite nice just being in, uh, a – in like a neighbourhood, you know? Rather than going all the way into town.

KATH: Hm, yeah.

ED: And like fucking going to all the places we know.

KATH: Yeah, like the –

ED: It’s just nice to go to a house.

KATH: Yeah, no, it is quite nice.

ED: It feels like going to a party.

KATH: Yeah. It does a little bit, doesn’t it? Yeah.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: Yeah. Oh, I hope – oh, I hope it’s –

ED: Oh, take a bottle of wine.

KATH: I wonder if it’s a surprise, actually. I wonder if it is a party.

ED: Don’t – don’t –

KATH: Oh, what if it is though, Ed? Oh my god.

ED: Don’t. Don’t.

KATH: What if it is?

ED: Don’t. Don’t.

KATH: I don’t think it’s a party.

ED: Don’t.

KATH: Just don’t say anything when we get there. Just don’t say anything when we get there.

ED: Don’t.

KATH: Just let it play out.

ED: Okay Kath, have you had any nightmares this week?

KATH: Nightmares? God, yeah. Yeah yeah yeah. I’m just – that hell noise that’s happening in the street is – is wild.

ED: Someone rearranging their, uh, office space.

KATH: [imitates furniture being pushed]

ED: At least – at least you were like, ‘ugh, fucking hell, these guys. Hurry up.’

KATH: Oh – so right, I went on, uh, on holiday, which is obviously lovely. I’ve not been on holiday for a long time.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: Mid – mid holiday, I go out for the day.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: I come back, someone has robbed my caravan.

ED: No.

KATH: Yeah. The whole thing gone. All my stuff gone.

ED: Wait, in your sleep – this is a dream.

KATH: This is a nightmare.

ED: You went –

KATH: I went on holiday.

ED: I was going to say, ‘when did you go on holiday? That’s so nice.’

KATH: I know. I know, right?

ED: Right.

KATH: I’ve literally not been on holiday for – for ten years, so this is why it was such like – it started out as like a – like a, ‘oh, this is so nice.’

ED: Go – go on holiday. Go – go on holiday, then.

KATH: Um, it’s not – it’s not that easy. It’s not that easy, though.

ED: Just go on holiday, Kath.

KATH: It’s not that easy though, is it?

ED: Why don’t you just go on holiday instead of fucking –

KATH: It’s – because it’s not that straightforward.

ED: ‘Hi – oh, hi. Can I have – is that the – you know, holiday? Can I have one?’

KATH: ‘I – oh, hi – hi, can you – can you fund my holiday and make sure that no important work drops in when I’m away? Hi, thank you.’ See, it’s not that easy, is it?

ED: ‘Yeah, no problem. See you in the island.

KATH: ‘Hi, who – who’s funding this? Who’s funding this? Excuse me, who’s funding this?’

ED: The police, I don’t fucking know. That’s your – that’s on you. I don’t know.

KATH: Well exactly. That’s why I’ve not been on holiday for ten years.

ED: Just go on holiday. Just go on holiday.

KATH: Anyway, in my dream – it started out as a dream. I was on my holidays, it was nice, and then it – it turned into a nightmare mid-way because I came back after a walk. Someone had robbed my caravan.

ED: All your stuff gone.

KATH: Yeah. And the –

ED: That’s a very realistic nightmare.

KATH: It’s – yeah, it was really real. Yeah.

ED: Was there like a ghost or like a – was the devil there, or?

KATH: No, I think someone just robbed my caravan. Yeah.

ED: Bog standard blasphemy.

KATH: Caravans are expensive as well, so –

ED: Yeah, they’re fucking – tell me about it.

KATH: It was a nice one.

ED: I was like, ‘oh, it’d be fun to get like a – a caravan that we could have like knocking about the place.’

KATH: Yeah, no.

ED: Uh uh uh.

KATH: No no no.

ED: Not for fucking 50 grand or whatever, I don’t know.

KATH: No, yeah. Not if you want a nice one.

ED: I didn’t properly look into it.

KATH: Yeah.

ED: I was like – in my head – in my head I budgeted like 70 pounds, so –

KATH: Yeah.

ED: And then I was like really shocked.

KATH: Yeah, they’re a smidge – smidge more than that. But yeah, no, I was gutted. Absolutely gutted. Because it obviously ruined the holiday.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: Obviously. Uh, how about you? Any nightmares?

ED: Yeah, I thought I’d lost – I went to – I went to – where’s the Vatican? Rome?

KATH: Mhm.

ED: Years and years ago. And we walked around the Vatican and I spent the whole time being like, ‘I can’t believe I’ve lost my passport, I’m not going to be able to get back.’ It was just in the hotel room. It was absolutely fine. But I thought I’d been pick pocketed.

KATH: Oh.

ED: By Italian scamp. I hadn’t.

KATH: Yeah, you hadn’t and that’s great. I’m glad.

ED: I got so many more stories that are like that if you want any. So many. Loads. Oh, yeah, no, I did have a nightmare. I was walking, lonely as a cloud, and I came up on what I thought – it was quite – very cold. It wasn’t icy. Um, it was very cold. Cold enough to be icy, but it – it wasn’t. And I saw these like fucking huge blocks of ice.

KATH: Huh.

ED: It was really weird, just in a field. And I was like, ‘this is fucking weird.’ So I went to pick it up because I – obviously I wanted to throw it.

KATH: Obviously.

ED: Um, and it was like gelatinous.

KATH: Oh!

ED: Yeah.

KATH: Well what was it?

ED: Well I don’t know because – I don’t know.

KATH: Or where’s – why did you –

ED: I didn’t lick it or anything, I’m not fucking insane.

KATH: Why did you touch it?

ED: Well because I wanted – I thought it was ice so I was going to lob it into like a lake or something.

KATH: Oh god, what was it?

ED: That’s – that by the way – that, by the way, that is what ‘boys will be boys’ means. Not like sexual fucking assault. ‘Boys will be boys’ means like, ‘oh, I’ll pick up a bit of ice and throw it.’

KATH: Throw it in a lake. Yeah yeah yeah.

ED: Just – just as an fyi.

KATH: Oh god. I hate that that’s not resolved. We don’t know what it was.

ED: I think – I think it has been resolved but I don’t think you’ll like the answer. There we are.

KATH: Okay.

ED: I think I do know the answer and I know that you would not like the answer.

KATH: Oh no. Did you have gloves on?

ED: You know – you know the answer to that, Kath.

KATH: What was it?

ED: Do you genuinely – do you genuinely want to know?

KATH: I think I need to know now.

ED: I think it’s basically frog cum.

KATH: Oh. Oh god.

ED: So like without the – without the black bit, you know? The tadpole bits. So it’s just all the stuff around it. So they just go and like fucking jizz out in a – in a field. And I was like, ‘ooh, I would like to pick that up.’

KATH: Oh no. You’re right, I do – I did hate it.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: I did hate it.

ED: Yeah yeah yeah.

KATH: You know me so well.

ED: Because I was googling, I was like, ‘maybe it’s from an alien or, you know, cool species.’ And then it was like, ‘it’s frog cum, idiot.’

KATH: ‘Hope you didn’t touch it.’

ED: The internet’s just calling you an idiot. ‘Hope you didn’t touch the frog cum, you fucking idiot.’ So –

KATH: Oh, yeah.

ED: Because obviously I – there’s like 10% of me that’s like, ‘I’m going to be – whatever this is is going to make me a millionaire.’ So to go from that high to it’s just fucking – tried to grab onto some frog cum.

KATH: Oh god. Okay. Oh. Oh, is that – is that Tad I can see?

ED: Oh yeah. Hello, Tadiwa.

KATH: Hey, Tad.

[Spooky music]

TADIWA MAHLUNGE: Hey, how are you guys doing?

ED: Yeah good, thank you. How are you?

KATH: Yeah, not bad, thank you.

TADIWA: I’m pretty good. I’m, uh, just chilling, you know? Out here.

ED: Nice.

TADIWA: Yeah, next to the house.

KATH: Yeah yeah. Just hanging out outside this house.

TADIWA: Yeah.

KATH: That’s pretty cool.

ED: It’s very – it’s very nice. Is this your – is this your house?

TADIWA: It’s not my house, actually.

ED: Yeah, yeah.

TADIWA: This house, um, belongs to a boy. Well, it doesn’t belong to the boy, otherwise he’d be a very wealthy boy.

ED: Wow.

KATH: He’s doing alright.

ED: That’s the scariest thing I’ve ever heard on this podcast.

TADIWA: No, but, uh, this house belongs to a – a woman whose name is, uh, Deborah. Deborah, okay?

KATH: Deborah and Billy, okay. And I’ll – I’m going to say it, it’s a little weird that you are just hanging outside this house, then. Now. Now that you’ve – now we’ve established it’s not yours. That is a little –

ED: True. It’s true. Blame – blame the victims, Kath.

KATH: Yeah, I guess if someone leaves their windows open you are allowed to stand outside and watch them. I guess that’s the rules, right?

ED: Okay great, well we’ve got some questions before we get into your story that we’d absolutely love to ask you, if we may. Um, I’ll – I’ll start. Very simple question, very easy question. Because I know you – you travelled through – as you say this isn’t your house. You travelled here. Have you done any sightseeing since you’ve been in Spooktown?

TADIWA: Any sightseeing?

ED: Yeah.

TADIWA: Uh, not a lot. I mean I did go on a little bit of a gander. I saw some ducks at a pond. They terrified me to my core.

ED: Yes.

TADIWA: They just looked at me and they – they quacked. I – I think it was, uh, they were slurs. They were slurs.

ED: Interesting.

TADIWA: I mean they were speaking in duck, but it was slurs.

KATH: But you could tell they were – yeah.

TADIWA: I mean it’s my fault for not learning their language, to be fair. I’m in, uh –

KATH: Yeah yeah yeah.

TADIWA: Right.

KATH: Yeah, you’re in their house, aren’t you? It’s their park, innit? Yeah.

TADIWA: In their house. What was weird was they – they were slurs about Chinese people. They made no sense, these ducks.

ED: That’s –

KATH: Oh yeah, they, um –

TADIWA: I guess they couldn’t see that I’m black.

KATH: Yeah, they’re not the nicest of ducks, it’s got to – it’s got to be said, yeah.

ED: Yeah, we’ve had some cunt ducks before, haven’t we?

KATH: Yeah yeah yeah.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: Yeah, we have had some – some cunt ducks, yeah yeah yeah.

ED: Uh, what – I’m going to go a bit harder now with my questioning. What’s the spookiest thing that’s ever happened to you?

TADIWA: The spookiest thing. Okay.

ED: That’s ever happened to you, mind.

TADIWA: I – I got into transcendental meditation for a while after I lost God, and then I got it to a point where I was able to see my body from above while I was meditating. It was really messed up. This is a fun one. One time, um, I meditated and then like I fell asleep. I – the barrier between finishing meditation and falling asleep was very, very – I don’t know where it is. And then, uh, I woke up – sorry, I was in a dream and, uh, it was all black and I was like trying to like move and everything, and like I couldn’t move. It was still – it was not – but it wasn’t sleep paralysis, I was moving but I couldn’t move and it was complete darkness and then I was screaming as loud as I could. And then I – the light turned on and I was in the corridor. And my grandfather was like, ‘what’s wrong? What’s wrong?’ I was like breathing and panting and sweating.

KATH: Oh man.

TADIWA: And, uh, evidently I must’ve like got out of bed and sleepwalked and then started screaming in the – but like I was – the barrier between the dream and the meditation and then waking up, it was all the same. It was mental.

KATH: Oh man.

TADIWA: It was like a – two years ago?

ED: Oh.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: That’s hellish.

TADIWA: Yeah, it was quite hellish, actually.

KATH: That’s – that’s awful, yeah. That’s horrible.

TADIWA: If I sleep on my back I get, uh, sleep paralysis every single time.

ED: See – wow.

KATH: Really? Me and Ed get sleep paralysis as well.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: It’s hellish, isn’t it?

TADIWA: It’s really, really bad, yeah.

ED: I haven’t had it in a long time. I don’t have like a trigger where it’s like if I sleep in any specific way.

KATH: Yeah, I don’t have that either. Yeah yeah.

ED: That’s, um –

KATH: Fuck, that’s awful, man. Oh my god.

ED: I had that once. I had that exact thing once where I – well, not the exact same. I didn’t meditate, fall asleep, and then wake up and never know whether I was actually awake ever again in my life. But I – I went down – I sleepwalked downstairs and then I was attacked by like loads of crockery and teapots, um, at the – at a window. And I was just like screaming and trying to fight them off, and then my dad came through and was like, ‘the fuck are you doing?’ And I was like – hey, hey, he didn’t say ‘fuck.’ He didn’t say ‘fuck.’ I’m trying to make him sound cooler than he is. Um, he said, ‘what’s up, dude?’ Uh, put his cigarette out. Um, it’s so weird what I panic think’s cool. Uh, popped his collar, jumped on his motorbike, and we never saw him again. Yeah, so it was really – I remember it being really horrible, so I can’t imagine what it’s like to – as an adult.

TADIWA: Yeah yeah, yeah. It’s – it’s some wild stuff, man. But like, uh, I don’t know. I – I don’t know if that’s why I don’t really meditate anymore. I still – I enjoy the out of body stuff. I really do enjoy that like, um, I don’t know.

KATH: Really?

TADIWA: Like yeah, because you – when you grow up, you know, religious, you inherently believe in the superstitious. You believe in all the –

ED: Right.

KATH: Got you, yeah, yeah.

TADIWA: Spook and the ‘wooh’ and the ‘wah wah wah.’ And so like when you lose God and it’s hard to –

ED: Is that the – the three? The trinity? The holy trinity?

TADIWA: The trinity. The ‘wooh’, the ‘ah,’ the ‘wah.’

KATH: Yeah. Yeah, the ‘wah.’ Yeah, no, that is fascinating. And then yeah – and like you say, if you grow up religious and then you lose God, that is quite a hard thing to – to deal with, that sort of thing. Yeah.

TADIWA: Yeah, to lose like the – the fantasy. But at the same time, you know, there’s – you, you know, we don’t know what the universe truly is, so you’ve got to keep your mind open every time new stuff reveals itself. And then the – the human mind is so fucking malleable and fragile, you don’t even know if what you’re seeing is truly real. It’s all a dream in a way, um, your entire existence is a fucking dream. You don’t even know who you are. Well anyway, that’s, um, that’s –

KATH: Jesus Christ.

ED: I’d say that’s – I’d say that’s scarier than sleep paralysis.

KATH: Yeah. Oh, everything is pointless and no one knows who they are. Yeah, that’s pretty spooky.

ED: I’d say – yeah, yelling – yelling, ‘you don’t know who you are,’ that’s pretty spooky.

KATH: Yeah.

ED: Okay, um, I’ve quizzed you – I’ve grilled you enough on your – your sinning. Um, Kath, have you got a question that you would like to ask?

KATH: Oh yes, I do have a question. Yeah, I’d love to ask this. Okay.

ED: It’s about religion.

KATH: So, Tad, Candyman, Boogeyman, Michelin Man. Shag marry kill.

TADIWA: Uh, is the Boogey – the Bogeyman from the American stuff? Like the –

KATH: Well it’s a sort of a nebulous being, right?

ED: I’d say Boogeyman.

KATH: Because he – he’s just a thing that is – was invented by adults to be like – to, ‘the Boogeyman will get you if you pick your nose,’ or whatever to kids.

TADIWA: Okay. Well who’s the Candyman?

KATH: Candyman is, uh, based in Chicago, made of bees, sort of.

TADIWA: Yeah.

KATH: Well, controls the bees.

ED: He – a friend of the bees.

TADIWA: A friend of the bees.

KATH: A friend of the bees, has a – has a hook for a hand.

ED: If you catch my drift.

KATH: He’s – he’s a ghost, uh –

ED: He is a ghost, isn’t he? But he’s a – he’s a tangible ghost.

KATH: Yeah.

ED: And he’s – his whole thing is that he – he lives because people believe in him.

KATH: Yeah, yeah. So if you say his name –

ED: And the when people start believing in him, he fucking comes back and he gets you.

KATH: Yeah.

ED: And then people believe in him again.

TADIWA: I’d kill Candyman because I don’t know him. Um –

KATH: Oh god. So every – everyone is in danger of you because anyone who doesn’t know you is just going to live in fear? Okay, so you’d – you’d murder the Candyman purely because you don’t know the lad, so yeah, so you can marry or – or shag the Boogeyman and the Michelin man.

TADIWA: Um, marry the Michelin man because you’d have Michelin star, uh, meals, and also infinite tires, which, um, I could supply to Lewis Hamilton because he needed them. Uh –

KATH: Ooh. Ooh.

TADIWA: Ooh, burn. Burn.

ED: I – I scan Twitter.

TADIWA: My hero.

ED: I scan Twitter so I get that. Yeah, that’s a – that’s a solid answer.

KATH: He looks very cuddly as well, actually, doesn’t he? Yeah, he’d be really, uh, cuddly.

ED: So you’d fuck, um, who’s the last one there?

KATH: Boogeyman. Boogeyman.

ED: You’d fuck the Boogeyman. My – my last question is – this is – this is just, um, admin really. Uh, if we don’t believe the story obviously it won’t go into Spooktown lore, uh, but the council have made us, um, kill whoever, uh, doesn’t make it into Spooktown, to sort of incentivise better and truthful – more importantly truthful stories.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: Um, so would you – how would you like to die? Would you like to die, um – we’re giving you a choice because we’re not assholes. Um –

KATH: Yeah, we’re not monsters. Yeah.

ED: Would you like to die by Byford dolphin or Kath’s crowbar?

TADIWA: Cat a grow bar? What’s a cat a grow bar?

ED: Byford dolphin –

KATH: Kath’s crowbar.

ED: Or Kath’s crowbar. Kath’s over there – there. That’s Kath there.

TADIWA: Kath’s crowbar, oh, sorry.

KATH: Yeah, which is a crowbar that I own. Um, I have it here. It’s always with me.

TADIWA: Byford the dolphin?

KATH: Yeah, Ed’s going to explain that one.

ED: Byford dolphin. It was a, um, it was a – a cataclysmic decompression event, uh, that happened in an oil rig.

TADIWA: Yeah. Yeah.

ED: Where one of the door – they were decompressing and one of the door latches broke and – and everyone got swept out the tiny hole. And exploded.

TADIWA: Uh, the – that one. Because that sounds quick.

ED: Uh, so, uh, thank you for answering all of our questions. We hear from you that you have a story about this house we’re stood in front of, owned by, uh, a mother.

TADIWA: A mother.

KATH: Billy and his mother.

TADIWA: Deborah.

ED: And –

KATH: Possibly called Deborah. We’re not sure, we named her very quickly.

ED: A child. Do you – would you –

TADIWA: The artist formerly known as Deborah.

ED: Would you care to tell us the story? And also does your story have a name? A title?

TADIWA: Um, yes.

ED: Great.

TADIWA: The – the title is ‘James’.

[Spooky music]

[Eerie piano music]

TADIWA: It was a warm and cosy Christmas Eve. The fireplace flickered, lighting an empty living room. [fire burning] The presents were under the tree, serving as a subconscious apology for a year of emotional distance. A year where a chasm grew between mother and son, despite the fact they were forbidden by law from ever being apart. The dying embers of the fire gradually flicker out.

‘Suck a nine, you pussy-o,’ Billy screamed down the microphone. It was now four nil in the 88th minute, and there was no winning this game of Fifa. Like a whale coming up for air, Billy resurfaced to take in his surroundings. Pure filth. Two bowls of cereal he’d promised to take downstairs sat perilously close to the edge of his desk. An unmade and unwashed bed consumed much more air than it did space. The unmistakable stench of a 13-year-old boy exploring his body without a father to guide him. A biological weapon too inhumane even for the likes of ISIS. Billy of course was aware of none of this. All he felt was fury after his utter pasting at the hands of Bayern Munich.

Out of the stillness of his quiet rage came a thudding. [thudding] His ears pricked up. Silence. Again came a thudding. [thudding] followed by a muffled [gasping]. This time distinct enough to identify its location – the wall separating his room from his mother’s. Why would a thudding come from his mother’s room? [ominous music] Billy got up to investigate. Like a spy he knew every inch of the floorboards. He went undetected and creeped towards her door. He put his ear to her door and held it there. And held it there. And held it there for ten minutes. Silence.

‘Do I knock?’ The thought consumed him. ‘No.’ He returned to his room. He was exhausted. He lay awake listening all night. And all night, silence.

It was Christmas morning, and after leaving a fresh stain on his covers, it was time to go downstairs. God, he wished his dad was here. It was almost a year to the day since James had passed. Billy began to un-box his presents, and to his surprise, it was everything he’d asked for. [paper ripping] A next generation Xbox, the exact clothes he asked for, all from name brands, and even a new headset. Billy was a child but he was no fool. Lockdown had made this a very difficult financial year, and without his father’s income, there was no way his mother should’ve been able to afford all of this while working a part-time job.

That night Billy logged onto Call Of Duty, at a party of his friends, and he lifted off a myriad of technical specifications that made his new console superior. In the midst of all this he remembered, ‘there was actually that one thing, guys. Um, last night I heard this loud banging from my mum’s room. I couldn’t sleep. Like the fuck could it have been?’

‘Simple answer. She was banging loudly.’ His friends all laughed.

‘Piss off,’ he continued. ‘It was so creepy, man. Like later that night, I heard the banging again and like the sound of like a [whining].’

‘Mate, you are not helping your case.’ The boys were in hysterics.

‘Shut up, I know the sound of my own mum’s voice.’

‘What, when she’s coming?’

‘Jamie, you are an actual twat.’

Lucas chimed in and the group all genuinely listened. He had always acted as a voice of reason. ‘I – I’m not being funny here, mate, but it sounds like your house is haunted.’

The boys were now incandescent with laughter. You could hear the cans of Red Bull being knocked over as they gasped for air at his sincerity.

‘As if his house is haunted,’ Jamie countered. ‘His mum was getting shagged. It was probably the only way she was able to afford his Xbox after his dad –‘ the lobby fell silent. Jamie knew he’d crossed the line. And as he began his apology, he was swiftly removed from the chat. Billy played it off, but that night he lay again awake, waiting for the banging.

It was Boxing Day, and after leaving a fresh stain on his covers, it was time to go downstairs. On his way past his mother’s room, he noticed a stain on the door handle. It was wet. He swabbed the substance onto his index finger, pressed it into his thumb and separated the two, revealing the viscous nature of the liquid. He touched it to his tongue. It tasted of nothing at all.

‘Dear god,’ he thought. ‘Ectoplasm.’ He walked downstairs, but now he noticed it once, he noticed it everywhere. The stairs, the kitchen counter, the dog’s fur, everywhere. Billy wanted cereal that morning, but they were out of milk. His mother was splayed across the sofa in a thin silk robe, barely covering her naked body. She put five pounds in his hand and sent him on his way.

[Scanner beeping, people talking]

‘Hello, my boy,’ Mr. Humphreys bellowed through an unruly, snowy beard as Billy egged at the corner shop. The boy’s eyes lit up as if he saw Father Christmas himself. The two were always fond, and only grew fonder after James’s passing. ‘Didn’t I tell you to bring your mother the next time you come to my shop? Why would you break an old man’s heart?’

Billy rolled his eyes and mustered a laugh. Mrs. Humphreys did not. She just continued stacking the shelves, but more aggressively.

‘She said she knew she’d never get out alive, you dirty old git.’

‘Oh son, don’t worry. She’d be very well taken care of.’

‘It would kill you. You know that, right? It would actually give you a heart attack.’

‘I can’t think of a better way to die.’ Again they laughed. Mrs. Humphreys was on the verge of infanticide.

‘Actually there was one thing I wanted to ask you. Um –‘ and Billy told him everything. He told him about the banging and the noises and the ectoplasm.

And Mr. Humphreys was concerned. ‘Are you sure you saw all this, son?’

‘Positive.’

Mr. Humphreys’s heart sank. He knew the truth. He knew how hard times have been, so he didn’t blame her for it. He just wished she was better at hiding it. ‘Well, the only explanation is your house is haunted by ghosts.’

[high-pitched voice] ‘Oh, for fuck’s sake. Your mother is a whore and the whole fucking town knows she’s a hooker.’

Mr. Humphreys was lost for words. The boy was clearly choking back tears. Dragging his feet, he shuffled out of the store. Billy turned back and muttered, ‘thanks for the milk.’ And the door slammed behind him.

[Eerie music]

He dared not entertain the notion. ‘My mum is a good lady,’ he thought. ‘She’s a good lady.’ Billy spent all day looking at any evidence that his house was haunted. He’d found none. He searched every room. Every room in the house. Every room but one. He dare not look.

That night he lay awake, waiting for the banging. Again silence. He wanted to break out of it. And as his night time urges took hold, he put on his headphones and got down to making a new stain. He managed to find himself lost in it. All the thoughts were gone, all the fear was gone. Everything was gone.

But then he heard the banging. [thudding] He quickly took off his headphones and – [thudding, gasping] and in a state of confusion and fear and arousal, the boy started masturbating to the banging. [thudding] He felt so wrong but it felt so good. [gasping] He finally allowed himself to picture that silk, that thin silk robe, and what lay beneath. But as he pictured himself making love to his own mother, the pleasure turned to tears. And as the tears streamed down his face, he felt a year’s worth of catharsis. A catharsis that outweighed any pleasure he could’ve ever felt. But as the banging continued, [thudding] he thought of his father and something tore within the boy. His pleasure had now turned to rage. [ominous music]

Billy crept downstairs and got a knife. With all the conviction he could muster, he ran up to his mother’s room, placed his hand on the door handle, he wiped the fluid off his hand and onto his shirt and, ‘dear god,’ he remembered, ‘I licked that shit.’ A man possessed, he kicked down the door and he couldn’t believe what he saw. Her legs akimbo, she was splayed out on her back, the sound [moaning] rang around the room.

But his mother was in a state of silent ecstasy. Thrusting deep into his mother was the enormous, throbbing, translucent cock of a ghost. [moaning] As the ghost withdrew, a river of ghost cum poured out from his mother like a geyser at a Nordic spring. The ghost collapsed on top of her.

[ghostly voice] ‘The money will be in your account within five working days. I’ve been haunting this guy who’s about to crack. He’s going to pay into your Patreon.’

Billy took the knife and slit his throat, collapsing silently and floating away in a river of ghost cum. As he drew his last breath, his mother finally spoke. ‘Fuck me, James. If I knew you’d fuck me this good, I’d have wished you had died sooner.’

[Spooky music]

[Cars passing, birds chirping]

ED: So just to clarify, at the end there, because obviously it’s – you started to get a little hot under the collar and – and sped up, so I lost the – I lost the train a bit because you getting a bit too horny for my liking. Um, but – but Billy – so Billy burst in.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: On his mother.

TADIWA: Yeah. Mhm.

ED: His nameless mother. Um, and she – she was having, uh, consensual marital sex with her ghost husband.

TADIWA: Dead – yeah.

ED: And Billy – Billy slit his own throat.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: Because of seeing – I just felt like I – I get that. Um –

KATH: Yeah. Yeah. It’s not because he was like –

ED: Um, but I just wanted to make sure he didn’t – yeah.

TADIWA: Billy slit his own throat but he didn’t – he didn’t realise. He didn’t realise that it was his dad.

ED: Yeah.

TADIWA: Because he saw them from behind.

ED: Oh, oh, okay. Okay.

TADIWA: And when a ghost is on top of your mother fucking her, you don’t – you don’t go, ‘oh, who’s that?’ You kind of just – you –

ED: I probably would.

KATH: You just – you just leave straight away. You just let it go immediately. ‘Oh, you know what?’

ED: I – not only that, I’d be like, ‘I’m going to need some more info here.’

KATH: Okay, so Billy killed himself because he was like, ‘this is – I don’t want to see my mum fucking –‘ wait, is it because she was fucking a ghost or was it because he was quite the like – I – I mean I don’t want to say it, but it was in the story. That he wanted to fuck his mum so he was like, ‘I’m going to kill myself because I’m jealous.’ Like is there a weird thing there?

TADIWA: I think it was all just too much.

ED: That’s a – that’s a great question, Kath.

TADIWA: I think having – having had wanked to his mum and then coming to terms with what he did, he was angry at her, but now he is – I think he – more than anything he was angry at the situation. He was angry that – and he just wanted to kill the – he went up there with a knife to kill the guy.

ED: Yeah.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: You can’t kill a ghost.

TADIWA: You can’t kill a – yeah. But after seeing all of that, I mean you – I mean that’s reason for – he had a mental tear. He had a mental tear. A psychic breakdown.

KATH: Okay. Poor 13-year-old kid. Jesus.

ED: Who wanks on Christmas morning?

KATH: Yeah, even a 13-year-old, like surely – surely not.

ED: Yeah, I just – that’s the bit – that’s the first little ruffle for me where I was like, ‘I don’t believe that happened. Who cracks one out –‘

TADIWA: I – I don’t think I’ve missed a day. I don’t think – I genuinely don’t think I’ve missed a single Christmas in like ten years. And it’s that consistency – it’s that level of consistency that’s going to make me be bulletproof in my defence of this story.

[All laugh]

ED: Yeah. Okay. Okay, yeah.

KATH: Okay.

ED: Yeah, you’re willing to throw yourself under the bus to defend the story. Um, tell me, is it – is it pre- or post- stocking?

TADIWA: What do you mean?

ED: Do you wank before you open all of your stocking presents, or do you wank after you open all of your stocking presents? Or is it – is it, uh –

KATH: Not everyone has stocking presents, Ed.

TADIWA: On – on Christmas morning I wank, uh, it’s the gift I give to myself at the start of the day. It’s just the beginning of the day.

KATH: So wake – wake up. ‘Oh, he’s been, he’s been.’ And then you –

ED: ‘And now I’m gonna have been.’

TADIWA: Yeah.

KATH: ‘And – and now I’ve been.’

ED: ‘He came.’ Kath, ‘he came. He came.’ Come on, man.

KATH: ‘He came.’ Sorry, I’m sorry.

ED: ‘He’s been.’

KATH: I’m sorry. This isn’t my wheelhouse, all this frock. This isn’t my vibe, okay? I’m very sheltered.

ED: ‘He came.’ So you – you slip a little note in the stocking that says, ‘have a wank, Tad,’ and then that’s one of the things that you open and you’re like, ‘oh my god, what a surprise. You shouldn’t have.’

KATH: I was going to say, how did – like did we clarify like why – like why he got all those brilliant gifts on Christmas? Did – was that sort of –‘

ED: Yes, I think can – I think I worked that out.

KATH: Did I miss that? Soz.

ED: The dad – the dad, who was having marital sex with the mother as a ghost, was – was also haunting a rich man and being like, ‘I’ll stop haunting you if you pay money into this Patreon account.’

KATH: Oh, the Patreon account. Of course, yeah. Yeah, okay. Yeah, yeah, got you.

TADIWA: And the Patreon is, uh, /tadiwamahlunge for the listeners.

[All laugh]

TADIWA: You can find out how to spell my name by the title of this episode, you fucking idiot.

ED: We’ll just, uh, we’ll – we’ll put the link in the description. We’ll just pop it straight in there. So I’m just – I’m sort of just going through chronologically here with – with my notes. One thing – one thing that I did like, if this is a true story, hats off to most of – of Billy’s friends. Because when Jamie was a fucking cunt – no, not Jamie. Jamie was a fucking asshole, and everyone kicked him off. Love that. That’s really –

KATH: Yeah, I’m – I’m a fan of that as well. Because – because when –

ED: That’s that younger generation being able to talk like about toxic masculinity and be able to –

KATH: Yeah.

ED: And I think that’s really important that they can be like, ‘no.’

KATH: Be like, ‘Jamie, you’re being a piece of shit right now.’ Yeah.

ED: Yeah. There’s a difference between like quote unquote banter and just being a fucking asshole.

KATH: Yeah, agreed.

TADIWA: Imagine being such a twat you were kicked out of the lobby on Christmas Eve.

ED: Oh, yeah.

KATH: Yeah.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: That fucking stinks, doesn’t it?

TADIWA: Yeah, that’s got to make you re-evaluate. It’s his own fault, Jamie.

ED: It’s his own fault. It’s his own fault. The wet stain. Now here’s – here’s another little crumble that I’m worried you’re going to have to delve into your true life to answer. Who the fuck – who the fuck just eats something – something that they find? Who does that?

KATH: I had that. I’ve got that down as well. That was going to be my question, yeah. It’s – I gipped when you – when you said that. Because who goes like, ‘oh, what’s – what’s this disgusting substance? Better pop it in my mouth.’ Check – check my tongue’s okay with it.

ED: No one does that.

KATH: Like horrible. Horrible. And then he’s like, ‘ah, ectoplasm.’

TADIWA: He’s 13.

ED: No.

KATH: That’s not – no.

ED: ‘The boy’s 13, what can I say?’

TADIWA: He’s 13. He’s 13.

ED: ‘I wish he hadn’t. I wish he hadn’t.’

KATH: We’ve all been 13, mad popping stuff in our mouths.

ED: ‘He’s 13.’

KATH: I used to eat, uh, lip balms because I thought they’d taste as they smelt, and I was – I was just always just chasing that – that dream, of like wanting it to taste how it smelt.

TADIWA: Really? Yeah.

ED: But I can see – I can see the logic in that.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: It smells nice, give it a little taste, oh, it doesn’t taste as nice as it smells.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: But you – I – you can’t say, ‘I always used to lick this door handle because it tasted nice,’ because the first time you licked it you didn’t know it tasted nice, so how did that happen?

KATH: Yeah.

ED: But you’re like, ‘that looks like it’s going to be so nice.’

KATH: Talk us through the – the weird – the weird vibe of – of Mr. Humphreys being a little creepy and Mrs. Humphreys being just fucking rude. Really rude. Like what – what’s that about?

ED: Yeah.

KATH: What – I mean I – you know what, unfortunately I do believe that that is – that happened. I do believe that that conversation happened.

TADIWA: Yeah.

KATH: But, um, yeah. I mean I – I guess I wanted to say is, how do you know all this? Do you know Billy? Did you know Billy pre-, uh, throat slash? It’s kind of weird that you’re hanging out with a 13 year old, I’m just going to say it now, but –

TADIWA: Hey, listen. Okay. That’s a lot – there’s a lot of questions there. I’m going to take –

KATH: Yeah, sorry. Yeah. I was – I was –

TADIWA: I’m going to take my time – I’m going to – like Boris at a press conference. ‘I’m going to get around to all of them.’ Okay, so –

KATH: Yep, okay. Yeah, sorry. I did sort of, uh, load them on you there, sorry.

TADIWA: Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys probably haven’t fucked in about four years, easily.

KATH: Okay.

TADIWA: And that last fuck they weren’t looking at each other. That was just a very like conciliatory – their – their marriage is falling apart, but they have the shop and the shop is the only thing they do. They do it together, um, but like whenever Billy’s mum comes in, Deborah, uh, she – whenever she comes in, um, Mr. Humphreys is so lecherous. And it’s like, ‘why can’t you look at me like you look at her?’ Like, ‘you used to love me.’

KATH: Really creepy.

ED: Oh, so she’s lashing out at the woman because – because of her own problems in her marriage with her husband, yeah.

TADIWA: In her marriage, yeah. And she’s lashing out at the boy because when she sees the boy, she sees the woman, and when she sees the woman she sees the death of her 40-year-old marriage. And, ‘why are you saying this weird shit to this kid? Flirting by proxy with his mum?’

KATH: Yeah, it’s really inappropriate.

TADIWA: Through the boy.

ED: That stuff I – that stuff I thought was really weird because the – the boy was sort of – the implication was, because Mr. Humphreys was going like, ‘oh, I want to have sex with your mum.’

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: And the boy, instead of being like – instead of being like, ‘please don’t talk to me like that,’ or, ‘oh, I don’t want to think about that,’ he was like, ‘you couldn’t handle my mum, she’d fuck you to death.’ It was like really weird that he was like – he was like bigging – bigging up his mum. Be like, ‘oh yeah, I bet you fucking would – I bet you would. I bet you would, because she’s fucking too much for you, mate.’

KATH: Yeah, because he was –

TADIWA: We understand why, because he wanks to her like three minutes later.

KATH: Well that was what I was gonna – I was gonna say, that we’ve established that there’s a really weird relationship going on there.

ED: Yeah. Yeah.

KATH: We – we established that, yeah.

ED: Fair, fair.

TADIWA: Billy – how do I know him? Uh, I do – I tutor kids for a little extra money. Comedy ain’t paying. I’m – I tutor kids, uh –

KATH: So you’ve been tutoring Billy? Well, did tutor Billy.

TADIWA: No, uh, I was tutoring, um, Martin, and Martin introduced me to Billy. And I was like, ‘this is a cool kid.’ Um, and we were at the bus stop because, you know, I was like – you know, at the bus stop with Martin. And then I was like, ‘what’s happened to you lately, Billy?’ Um, and he – he ran me down through all the ectoplasm stuff, and I found out about Billy killing himself on the news. And, uh –

KATH: Okay.

TADIWA: I put two and two together, uh, that the ghost was the dad.

ED: So – so – in your –

KATH: Okay, so you’re basing this on an assumption. You want us to put this into Spooktown lore because you’ve gone, ‘oh, I assumed that.’

ED: Because also like all of the like – all of the weird sex stuff is your – like that’s all from you.

TADIWA: No no no no no.

ED: I’ll jazz – I’ll jazz this bit up.

TADIWA: Because Billy and I were texting. Billy and I were –

KATH: Oh, so you did know – okay, okay.

TADIWA: Billy and I were texting on the night – we were – we were texting. All of this is true. I can’t tell you how I know it.

ED: That’s fair. That’s – that’s fair.

TADIWA: I can’t tell you how I know it.

ED: I would say –

KATH: But we – right, realistically, imagine, right, imagine going into a museum and we’re like, ‘this is the exhibit, this is where all this happened.’ And then they go, ‘well how – how do we know this happened?’ And it’s just someone going, ‘I couldn’t tell you. I – I couldn’t tell you how I know it happened. I just – I saw the news and I just assumed. I filled in the gaps.’ Like we can’t – that –

ED: Yeah, yeah. Well imagine – it’s more like – imagine going into a museum and there’s an exhibit on and it’s like, ‘oh, here’s some plates that they used to eat with.’ And you’re like, ‘yeah, that stacks up.’ And then they’re like, ‘oh, we think these plates they like put them up their assholes and that. That – I don’t know about that bit, but I’m just – I’ve added that. I’ve added that about the plates because I’m – like I don’t have the full story.’

KATH: I – yeah yeah yeah, yeah.

ED: That’s – that’s what this one’s like.

TADIWA: No no no, it’s revisionism. You’re – you’re ignorant. You guys are ignorant. You’re ignorant. You guys – you guys are just like everybody else. You’re ignorant.

ED: Okay, um, if that’s your defence, that’s fine. Um –

KATH: So can I say – so this house we’re stood outside now –

TADIWA: Yeah.

KATH: Like it looks like people are living in there. Is it – is this sort of formerly Billy and his mother’s house? Uh, or –

ED: Or you said – is his mother still in there?

KATH: Yeah, is the mum still living there?

TADIWA: Those are cardboard cut outs that are moving around like in

‘Home Alone’. Those aren’t really the people.

ED: Oh, great.

KATH: Oh, is that what – is that why they’re just stood in that one spot?

ED: I love ‘Home Alone’.

TADIWA: And they’re –

KATH: Just sort of doing that weird –

TADIWA: Turning around and they’re, you know –

KATH: Yeah.

TADIWA: They’re – that’s why there’s [hums Christmas music] on. That’s why.

ED: Oh, right.

KATH: Right, yeah. That makes sense.

TADIWA: Yeah. Do you see the – do you see the fucking police tape around the house as well? Yeah, like that house is empty. It’s empty.

ED: I thought that was from Halloween.

KATH: I thought that was delayed Halloween. Yeah, I thought that as well. Uh –

ED: Yeah. Michael Jordan, that was it. It was a stand-in of Michael Jordan on a train.

KATH: Yes, it was.

TADIWA: What – yeah, it was, yeah.

ED: In ‘Home Alone.’ In ‘Home Alone.’

KATH: In ‘Home Alone’, yeah. Yeah.

ED: In ‘Home Alone.’ I love that film. I love it so much. It’s so – it’s so good. It’s so gag heavy. It’s perfect.

KATH: It’s – it’s a great film. It’s – it’s gag heavy, it’s festive, it’s – yeah. Love it. I really love it.

ED: Kath, it’s festive as fuck, mate.

KATH: It is festive as fuck, Ed. You’re right. You’re right.

ED: I can’t believe how festive it is. Um –

TADIWA: There’s nothing more festive than the greatest basketball player of all time. Nothing.

ED: Preach.

KATH: In cardboard on a train. Yeah. Okay, so do we go and have a little chat? Or –

ED: Yeah, it feels like – it feels like –

KATH: It feels like it might be time, yeah. Um, okay Tad, we’re just going to sort of – I mean is it rude to go into the house? That’s really rude, isn’t it? We could do it, then we could do it –

TADIWA: No one’s in there.

ED: Rude to who? No one’s living there.

TADIWA: Yeah.

KATH: True, yeah. Okay, we’re going to go into the house then. You just sort of hang out here.

TADIWA: Don’t lick anything.

KATH: Uh, we’re just going to have a little – little – you know what?

ED: I promise I won’t.

KATH: We absolutely won’t.

ED: An easy promise.

KATH: And – and you never ever have to say that out loud to us. Ever.

ED: ‘Mind how you go, don’t lick anything now. May god bless.’

KATH: ‘Don’t put your mouth on any doorknobs, okay? Have a good day.’

ED: Okay, let’s go in, Kath. Let’s go in and – and chat through this.

KATH: Okay, should I use my crowbar to get in?

ED: I’ll see you in a second. Yeah yeah, please.

KATH: Okay. Okay.

[Ed hums Christmas music]

KATH: Considering it’s all cardboard cut outs, it’s quite festive in here.

ED: It’s very festive. He’s done a wonderful job.

KATH: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

ED: A lot of, um, quote unquote ectoplasm knocking about.

KATH: Yeah, it’s – it’s, um, sticky floors. Got nightclub vibes.

ED: Sticky – yes, yes.

KATH: Sticky floors, yeah.

ED: Um –

KATH: But I – but I would never go, ‘woah, this – the floor’s sticky, let’s look it.’ You just – you just wouldn’t, would you?

ED: Yeah, very fair. Very fair. I don’t believe a fucking word he said. Is that rude?

KATH: Um, right, what – I – do you know what?

ED: Is that rude to say?

KATH: I – I think adding the word ‘fucking’ in there might have been rude.

ED: Yes, yes.

KATH: Um, but I think everything around it was very truthful. I – I think he believes this – I think he truly believes that this – he’s watched the news, seen this happen, the young lad – young lad dying, and – and gone, ‘ah, I reckon I can – I know what has happened there.’ And I think he truly believes what has happened. That he – the gaps that he has – he has imagined.

ED: Ah.

KATH: But –

ED: I don’t. I think he knows. He knows the bits that aren’t – I think he gets off on this kind of thing. He gets off on reading this kind of thing to other people.

KATH: Do you think he’s – okay.

ED: I think – I think this is – are they called kinks?

KATH: You’re right, he did speed up at the end as well, didn’t he? Yeah.

ED: He got really fast, yeah.

KATH: Yeah, yeah, he got really –

ED: Yeah, I could hear his heart beating.

KATH: Breathy by the end. Um –

ED: I – I think this is a sex thing that we’ve been dragged into.

KATH: I think –

ED: And we said it would happen one day. We said if we invite enough people on, someone’s going to use us for a sex thing.

KATH: Yeah, I think that might’ve happened as well, Ed. And I think, um, yeah, to clarify, I do still – I do believe that he believes it, but I don’t.

ED: Okay well I think it’s a – I think this is a pretty – a solid open and shut case for me. I think we’ve got a sex person on our hands.

KATH: He’s going to get Byford dolphinned, isn’t he? Yeah.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: Is it – is it – what is it? Byford dolphin? Is that what it’s called?

ED: Byford dolphin, yeah, yeah.

KATH: Byford dolphin. Yeah, how are we going to source that? How are we going to replicate that?

ED: I assume it’s still there.

KATH: Yeah? I suppose the council can source it. Yeah, okay.

ED: We’ll worry about that later.

KATH: Okay, great. Should we –

ED: Should we, uh, should we head back?

KATH: Yeah, okay. Hey. Heya.

ED: Hey Tad. Hey.

TADIWA: Hiya. Hey, how’s it going?

KATH: Hey, um – um –

ED: So good. Yeah, how are you?

TADIWA: I’m okay. Yeah, yeah, just chilling, eating an orange.

ED: Yeah. Oh, great.

KATH: That’s cool. Well I’m glad you’re – I’m –

ED: Love it love it love it.

KATH: I’m glad you’re happy right now, um –

ED: Yeah. Yeah, you enjoy that. Really enjoy that.

KATH: Yeah.

TADIWA: Why, what’s – what’s up? What’s going to happen? What’s up?

ED: I think Kath said – did you, Kath, did you say you wanted to say something to –

KATH: Uh, no, I don’t think so. I don’t remember. I don’t remember. Gosh, my memory’s bad. Um –

ED: It is. You were going to tell Tad about how the chat went.

KATH: I think, Ed – I think you were going to do that. I think you were going to –

ED: I was, yes. Yes, no, you are right.

KATH: Yeah? Um, and then –

Um, Tad – no, you keep eating that orange. You’re fine, you can eat the orange. Um, so we had a chat about your story and whether or not we believed it. Yeah.

TADIWA: Oh, yeah. Do you believe me?

KATH: Um –

ED: What were you going to say, Kath?

KATH: We believed that you believe it. Um –

ED: No, I didn’t. That’s – I’m going to stop you right – straight away.

KATH: He – okay, Ed – okay, Ed, you fill this in. You fill this in. You fill this in.

ED: I actually will. We think you’re a sex person.

TADIWA: Everyone’s a sex person.

ED: See I fucking told you, Kath.

KATH: Not everyone.

ED: Not everyone.

KATH: Not everyone. I’m not a sex person.

TADIWA: Everyone comes from sex. Everyone comes from sex and everyone has sex.

ED: Not everyone has sex but everyone does come from sex.

KATH: No. Everyone does come from sex.

TADIWA: Yeah.

ED: I think you’re a – I think you’re a sex deviant, then, should we say. And you’ve – you’ve written this story. Yeah, it’s – it’s harsh words. Um, and I think that you’ve – you’ve told us this story because you wanted to tell us a story rather than because you believe it to be true.

TADIWA: Honestly, um, I don’t think – I really liked you guys. Um –

ED: Oh no. Oh no.

KATH: Hey hey hey hey hey. Hey hey, you don’t – don’t say such strong things, um –

TADIWA: [crying] I just –

ED: This is why we never fucking kill anyone. I can’t –

TADIWA: I really thought of Billy when – when it happened. I loved that boy. He was my friend.

KATH: And I –

ED: Wow.

KATH: Wow.

ED: That’s weird. That’s sort of weird on a separate now, that you’re friends with a 13 year old.

KATH: That’s – that’s –

TADIWA: No, it isn’t. It was pure –

KATH: And it’s really rough that you found out about him on the news as well.

TADIWA: Oh my god.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: That’s – that’s tough that – if you were like buds with him, yeah.

ED: That is rough. That is rough.

KATH: Hey, um –

ED: But at least you don’t have to be with that pain anymore.

TADIWA: What?

ED: At least you don’t have to be with that pain anymore, you know?

TADIWA: What? What does that mean?

ED: Just because you’re going to – oh no. Kath, come on. Come on, man.

KATH: You – I don’t even – Byford dolphin? Byford dolphin? Am I saying it right?

ED: Byford dolphin.

KATH: I don’t even know if I’m saying it right.

ED: Byford. Dolphin.

KATH: Byford dolphin.

TADIWA: What – what was that Byford dolphin thing again?

KATH: Hey, you’re going to be Byford dolphinned. Ah.

ED: Um, uh, let me get the right wording. Um –

KATH: You’re going to be, uh, violently sucked through a – through a small hole, I think. Is that –

ED: That’s up your street. You’re a sex deviant.

KATH: That’s up your street, yeah. That sounds – now I’ve said it out loud –

ED: You’re going to get sucked – sucked off an oil rig.

TADIWA: Can’t think of a better way to go.

[Spooky music]

KATH: That was nice.

ED: That was nice. Oh yeah, sorry.

KATH: I thought it was really nice.

ED: That was really nice, Kath.

KATH: Actually ‘nice’ feels – ‘nice’ feels – for once feels like the wrong word.

ED: Nah, that was nice. That was nice. For us that was nice. Up until –

KATH: Is he, um, is he, uh, sort of getting the – the boat over to the, um, Byford dolphin?

ED: I think so, yeah.

KATH: Yeah?

ED: I gave him – I gave him directions. I called them up and said, ‘can we send one over?’

KATH: Great.

ED: And they said, ‘who – who is this?’ And I explained and they said, ‘oh, absolutely. Sorry.’

KATH: Oh, it’s good they apologised.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: Oh great, okay, so he’s on his way.

ED: So he’s – he said he’s on his way.

KATH: Yeah.

ED: He said he might stop off for a – yeah, for a, um –

KATH: Another orange.

ED: Another – for a second and final orange, um, and then yeah, make a beeline to the Byford.

KATH: Okay. Well I hope he has a nice trip.

ED: Not bad.

KATH: Yeah.

ED: I – I hope he has a nice trip. What a fucking way to go if it –

KATH: Bloody hell, imagine if it’s like –

ED: And on top of everything else, it’s a shit trip.

KATH: Yeah yeah, imagine if it’s like there’s rough waters and there’s like – the food on the boat is shit.

ED: Yeah.

KATH: And then you’re like, ‘oh, for fuck –‘ and then, um, you know what’s gonna happen when you get there.

ED: I actually wonder if there is any food on the boat. If you’re going to an oil rig.

KATH: Surely.

ED: I think you’re thinking of like a cruise.

KATH: Oh.

ED: And I don’t think they do stop offs.

KATH: Uh, right, where – where are you off to now, then?

ED: Where am I off to?

KATH: Yeah.

ED: I’m going to meet – do you know Ryan Reynolds?

KATH: Oh yeah yeah yeah.

ED: Yeah. From, um –

KATH: I know, yeah.

ED: That film where he’s a waiter.

KATH: Yes.

ED: You know. Ryan Reynolds. I’m going to go meet him at – at the Wrexham football club.

KATH: Oh great, yeah yeah yeah. Yeah, he’s, uh –

ED: Because he says that, um, whenever he smokes a cigarette his breath’s haunted.

KATH: Oh.

ED: So I’m just going to go and smooth – smooth that over.

KATH: Yeah, just let him know that he just needs a mint.

ED: I’m 90% certain that I know what it – what it is.

KATH: What do you think it is?

ED: And it’s not a – it’s not a ghost, Kath. It’s the – it’s the smoke from the cigarette, yeah. Um, anyway, I’m going to – I’m just going to run there now.

KATH: You’re running there, are you? Bloody hell.

ED: Well yeah, the hopes is that if I run there I’ll be as, uh, physically fit as he is by the time I get there.

KATH: Okay, well I might just, uh, sort of get the train there. Meet you there?

ED: Yeah, great.

KATH: Uh, back to my – my –

ED: Yeah, I – I didn’t know you were coming.

KATH: I was born in Wrexham. Of course I’m going to go to Wrexham.

ED: Alright. It’s a fucking wicked night out in Wrexham.

KATH: Ah, no, you’re talking to someone who grew up on night time Wrexham and it’s –

ED: So you’re spoiled.

KATH: I’m spoiled, yeah.

ED: Yeah. Yeah.

KATH: I’m spoiled. Chequers, baby. Shots of Pernot in Chequers. On to Liquid.

ED: Is that the one where the dance floor dips down? Or is that – the Liquid’s the one that I’m thinking of.

KATH: Yeah.

ED: I heard somebody talking about posting a grenade through somebody else’s letterbox in the toilets of, uh, of Liquid.

KATH: That stacks up. That stacks up.

ED: Fucking – fucking wild. Loved it. Loved it.

KATH: Wrexham, baby.

ED: Wrexham, baby. I assume it didn’t happen or it would’ve been on the news, but I don’t know.

KATH: I don’t know. Yeah, I don’t know. Yeah.

ED: See you.

KATH: Alright then.

[Spooky music]

This has been a Little Wander production. Music from Rhodri Viney. Local artwork from Suze Hughes. Voice by Melanie Walters. With special thanks to Beth Forrest, Steve Pickup, Sam Roberts, Henry Widdicombe, and Jo Williams. Other podcasts from Little Wander include Here to Judge and I Wish I Was An Only Child. Subscribe now on iTunes, Spotify, or wherever you get your podcasts.