

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FIVE - JOURNALING

Original transcript by Theo reviewed and edited by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 145.]

INTRO: Hey, guys. Quick plugs. Welcome to Season 13. Season 12 was quite a rollercoaster; the whole show is a rollercoaster, we're never getting off the rollercoaster, I hope you like rollercoasters. In other news, I'm still streaming on Twitch at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod), where every week I write that week's episode soundtrack, and then we hang out and play a video game. It is currently February Album Writing Month, and so I will be writing a lot of songs this month, and some of that I will be doing on stream. So go check that out if that sounds fun to you. That is [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod). And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon at [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.patreon.com/woe_begone), where you can get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, and more. This week I would like to shout out the commentaries, because I finished Intermission XVIII, which means that the whole first 9 seasons of the show have commentaries. So if you'd like to see what I thought about those episodes after I made them, check that out at [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.patreon.com/woe_begone) at the \$10 or up level. Special thanks to all of my newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains a description of gun violence. Listener discretion is advised.]

MIKEY [narrating]: Subject One – Interview One

Subject One exited Storage in a combative mood. This was to be expected, given the situation in which the subject was initially stored. The subject called out for someone else in his newly awakened state, and calmed down substantially upon realizing that I was not the person in question. Still, even though I was no longer actively being resisted, the subject was not cooperative. I delivered the battery of questions, but was only met with protestations. I asked every question to the best of my ability, but did not receive any relevant answers. I have marked down what Subject One said, though his remarks do not correspond to the questions being asked. This was to be expected from a preliminary meeting, but I hope to garner better participation through continued weekly interviews. I am not requesting additional resources at this time. I believe that more personnel will only make the subject more agitated.

Subject Two – Interview One

Subject Two was released from Storage for an interview without incident. The subject chose not to speak during the time in which he was released, instead deciding to make unyielding and stern eye contact. After fruitlessly asking some of the survey questions, I offered food and water. Still, Subject Two did not speak or break his gaze. I asked him the rest of the questions with no response. I have noted the lack of responses in my evaluation. Whereas Subject One feels

combustible, Subject Two feels like a brick wall. I do not see a way through to him. If interviews with Subject Two continue in this manner, I may request additional resources or personnel.

Journal Entry One

Hello, *[Taps microphone.]* hello. Hello out there. Testing one, two, three. Is this pen on? Ugh, it takes so long to write anything with a pen and pad! That joke wasn't even worth it. But if I'm gonna keep a journal, then it has to be a pen and pad. I can't use the computer. Not for anything private. All that stuff ends up on Ty's network, and all of that stuff ends up in the Trunk, which means that literally anyone could see me write about that dream I had where Edgar had butterfly wings and flew me around the Compound. *[Huffs.]* Can't have that!

Anyway, I'm keeping a journal now. I didn't want to for the longest time because it was Michael telling me to do it, and I wasn't going to sit there and do what he told me to do, cause he's not my dad. He's actually me. And when was the last time I listened to me? *[Laughs.]* Literally never. I don't even listen to my body. I don't even listen when the call is coming from inside of the house. I bruised a rib recently, and it got bad enough that I had to go to the medical wing in the Compound because I kept ignoring it. So why would I listen to Michael? *[Sighs.]* Because I miss him. Because I miss that stupid bag of bones, and he's not here, so I *am* listening to him, and I'm keeping a journal. You're welcome, Michael.

So we're all moved in now. Base has finally moved into our new digs. We are officially employees of the Flinchite Compound. At least as official as an employee can be when their employer won't even tell you the name of the company? The Compound's official stance is that it doesn't have an official name for, quote, "security purposes," but I call bullshit. We're in Latvia; Latvia's a real country. This is a large corporate campus; it's not hidden like Operose is. So somewhere in whatever the Latvian equivalent of city hall is, there has to be some sort of registration for this building or this property, and there's gotta be a name on that paperwork. So I guess if I really wanted to, I could go look that information up. As employees, we are fully permitted to leave the Compound during our, quote, "free time," though we haven't had any of that yet. But there are more substantial things for me to worry about, so a trip to city hall is going to have to wait. Maybe I can get Boris to look into it.

So far so good, though, all things considered. Me and Edgar finally got settled into our little apartment thingy in our wing of the Compound. My understanding is that the Tys also live in little apartment thingies in their own wing of the Compound? Which was odd. I figured they lived out in the real world somewhere. But I also used to think there was, like one or two of them, and that would have made more sense. The place isn't as nice as our bedroom at the Base, which was cozily situated inside of Oldbrush Valley, but it is much nicer than my apartment back home. I think most of that probably boils down to Edgar keeping me in line? It's not like he cleans up after me or tells me what to do. It's more like I want to keep the place tidy when he's around because I want him to be safe and comfortable. I can live in a pig sty and make myself unsafe and uncomfortable all I want, but Edgar's my Prince Charming, so the standards are different.

That's all I have for today... Wow, that seemed like a lot more words than it actually was? That took like half an hour to write, and it's only a couple of pages. Writing is so overrated. Anyway, I'm off for my first real day on the job. The training days are over, and I am ready to go be a cog in the machine. Mikey Walters, who famously loves being a cog in the machine. It's gonna go great. Wish me luck.

[Opening theme plays.]

MIKEY *[narrating]*: Subject One – Interview Two

Subject One was released from Storage in a tense state, but not as combative as in Interview One. I believe that foreknowledge of who his interviewer was prevented another explosive outburst. This tenuous peace did not result in very informative outcomes when it came to the subject at hand. Subject One was still extremely cagey with his answers, to the point of providing nothing of value in regards to specific questions. Whereas I received silence in Interview One, this time I received responses such as “I don’t know,” “I don’t want to tell you,” “You of all people should know that already,” and other answers of this nature. I have written these answers down in my evaluation, though I do not think that they hold much value. My understanding is that no other interviewer has gotten a response from Subject One at all, so I consider this to be considerable progress. I do not require additional resources or personnel at this time. In fact, I would urge other personnel to refrain from interviewing Subject One, as other interviewers seem to aggravate him.

Subject Two – Interview Two

Subject Two was released from Storage for questioning without incident. He seemed slightly more beleaguered compared to his last interview, though my understanding is that time does not pass for him inside of Storage. I suspect this to be an act. I offered water to Subject Two, and he nodded in the affirmative. I brought him the water and began asking him the survey questions. As in Interview One, he was silent and instead chose to stare me in the eye. The stare did not seem as oppressive this time, either because I had become used to it or he was not glaring at me as sternly. I finished the questions, and noted his lack of reply in my evaluation. I consider this to be a step forward, however miniscule. If I am to believe that time is truly not of the essence in regards to Subject Two, then I consider this whole interview to be good progress. Whereas I had previously described him as a “brick wall,” the subject might not be as solid as I once thought. I am not requesting further resources at this time.

Journal Entry Two

Whoops! It has been a week; I did not mean for that to happen! I thought that I was gonna write in this every day like Michael told me to. And then the first time I wrote in it, it took, like, an hour to write a couple hundred words of nothing, so any time I thought about writing, I thought about what I could be doing instead, and then I went and did that. For instance, I had yesterday afternoon off, so I went to O.V.E.R and got some olives from the olive tree behind Jam’s cabin.

Jam has been caring for the olive tree, but I can tell that they really don't care for it. I offered them all the olives they could eat, and they accepted. It turns out that all the olives they can eat zero. Which, oh well, more olives for me. And just me, no one else wants any.

In other news, work has begun. Real work. I know that I famously hate work in all of its forms, but work isn't as bad as what we were doing inside of the Dome, which was waiting around to get ambushed, and then fending off horrific time travel attacks from Operose. There really is something to be said about the organizational structure of a large and old institution like the Compound. I assume it's old. The Compound is neatly divided into different departments with standard operating procedures and its own internal academic literature to draw on. There are safety protocols that were not thrown together on the fly by Edgar after a freak accident. The departments have concrete goals and teamwork systems designed to achieve those goals. Having worked at Base for so long, I feel spoiled by these amenities. Disorganization is the key drawback to running your own mom and pop time travel shop. That, and murder. Base was a very reactive organization for much of its lifespan. Either we would get attacked or something would go horribly wrong, and we would spend all of our time reacting to that instead of progressing forward. Though when we were allowed to progress, it was legitimately impressive. Base saved me from Hunters trying to make me go extinct. Edgar was able to put a basement under his cabin. And yes, both of those things happened while the Hunters were in charge of the Base, largely with technology that they brought in or developed while they were there. And yes, that's not as impressive as being able to track time travellers through time like the tracing department at the Compound does, but I do want some credit, okay?

Of course, it isn't the work itself that makes a job good or bad, it's the people you are working with. And our new boss is the same as the old boss; it's Ty Betteridge. We have been promoted from taking orders from him without any recourse because he reigned over us to... taking orders from him without much recourse because he's our boss, but we get a paycheck and he can't lock us up in a dome. That's capitalism, baby! They give you a paycheck, and they legally can't lock you in at night. Though they might try, and you'll have to take them to court about it. But this might not even be the same old boss. There seems to have been a big shakeup with the Tys? And we aren't working with the Tys that we used to. Though, according to Ty Betteridge's philosophy of personhood, we are still working with the same person because they're all Ty. So according to the new boss, we still have the old boss. [*Scoffs.*] And he says *my* conception of iterative personhood is confusing.

The old boss, new boss has been a decent boss thus far. After training me, he was fairly hands-off, and he has refrained from micromanaging. And while those are the signs of a good, respectful person, I suspect that Ty Betteridge does this because it produces better results. Sometimes humanity and productive outcomes briefly align, though I promise it is only through coincidence. I've been getting a good handle on my job and what is expected of me, and I think I'm doing "good work" inasmuch as any work in here is good. I've been developing expertise and using it to achieve the Compound's goals. So that's... good. There have been some interesting developments in my work environment, but I'm going to have to share that story for some other time, because my fingers are cramped from writing; I cannot stress enough how much I hate

writing. I can't even tell how many words I wrote because I would have to count them by hand, and I'm not doing that. But it doesn't seem like a lot. Anyway, bye, journal. Bye, whoever is standing over my cold, dead body reading this.

Subject One – Interview Three

Subject One was released from Storage with minimal hostility this time. In my notes from Interview Two, I added that other employees should refrain from accessing Subject One. I suspect that my wishes have been respected, considering the amenable state that I found Subject One in. If my understanding of Storage is correct, no time had passed for Subject One in-between interviews, and he was able to exit Storage this time expecting to find me. I wouldn't call our interactions "friendly," but Subject One appears to take some solace in talking with someone who is within his iterative lineage and not a long-time member of the Compound (e.g., Ty Betteridge, which I have underlined here three times). Subject One still rejected survey questions, but his tone of dismissal shifted from "I don't want to tell you" to something more akin to "c'mon man, you don't want to let the Compound know about *that*, do you?" I think that there is going to be a barrier where Subject One's comfort with me bumps up against his discomfort regarding the Compound. Before the next interview, I will be brainstorming what resources might be useful in making Subject One more comfortable relaying information that would be useful to the Compound. In the meantime, I again ask that no one else access Subject One between interviews.

Subject Two – Interview Three

Subject Two was released from Storage without incident, as I have come to expect. I thought that I noticed a twinge of a smile under his moustache when I asked if he would like some water. He nodded in the affirmative. When I returned with water, Subject Two produced a tobacco pipe from his jacket and asked, [*Cowboy voice.*] "Can I smoke in here?" [*Normal voice.*] I told him no. Without checking protocols, I was certain that that was the case. He looked disappointed, and was silent as I asked the survey questions, which I have noted in my evaluation. Again, I consider this interview to be progress. I think that we can convince him to speak if we are willing to accommodate him. I have submitted a list of accommodations that I think might be able to bring down his barriers. The only resources I require at present are said accommodations for Subject Two.

Journal Entry Three

Another week, another journal entry. That's right, it's officially a weekly journal, so I can stop feeling bad about not writing in it every day. The Compound is too busy for me to write every day. And I'm lazy. The longer we work here, the more enmeshed we get with the going-ons inside of the Compound. I don't have time. You know, typical work-life stuff.

Everyone from Base is getting comfortable with their new jobs, and the Tys are getting more comfortable working with us, which means that the nicknamification of the workplace has begun.

[Sings] Dun-dun-DUUUUUN [returns to speaking normally] All of the members of Base were issued ID numbers that are on their badges. MW and I were issued an ID number as well. We were issued the same ID number. Instead of being differentiated by that number, Ty has given us color codenames. I am officially Green Mike. MW is officially Blue Mike. Ty says that he swears by this method for the other Tys, but he's the only one calling me Green Mike. Why would anybody call me Green Mike? I'm Mikey. MW is MW. It's actually less confusing that way. Though I will admit it did feel pretty cool being called "Mike" and not "Mikey" for the first time... god, years? There are other Mikes outside of the Compound, of course, and they have color codenames as well. Latvia Mike is Red, MDawg is Orange, Tex is Grey, and Michael is Yellow...

It wouldn't be totally accurate to say that Michael isn't in the Compound with us. The original plan was to bring him along, obviously. He was in the Dome with us. We even got as far as job preparation, and then everything just came to a screeching halt. During our off time after the showdown at the Shadow Base, Charlie noticed that something wasn't right with Michael. We were at a party at Troy's mansion, *[Huffs.]* and we don't even have time to go over all of that. I still don't know if Troy is rich, or maybe he rented that place to play a prank on us? I still don't know if "Phil the Butler" is real? None of us saw Phil, but fresh food kept coming out from the back, and we weren't allowed back there? I don't know if this is a big joke or Troy's big plan, or if he's actually an idiot. He pulled me aside and told me in confidence that he thinks that he's Santa Clause. I said that I wouldn't get distracted, but Troy is so distracting. Maybe that's what he wants; he wants to distract me for some reason. *[Brief huff.]* Anyway, Michael.

None of us noticed anything off about Michael after we got back from the Shadow Dome. He might have been a little strange in retrospect, but we had all had a really intense experience, and it's not uncommon to feel different after that? I talked to him, and I didn't notice anything different about him. So, quote, unquote, "Michael" went undetected inside of the Compound for a couple of days? I don't know how much damage he could do with that sort of information if he had been compromised by a malicious actor, but I bet Ty does.

So it was at the mansion party that Charlie discovered that Michael wasn't who he said he was, and then from there, everything immediately went to shit. Marissa tackled Michael to the ground and dragged him outside. She's small, but she's, like, really dense or something? Because if she wants you on the ground, then you're going down. I know from experience. The Mikes and Charlie followed her outside to assess the situation. And everyone else kept the party going. It's not unusual for Marissa to tackle someone. In fact, it's the sign of a good party, so no one suspected a thing.

Nobody really knew what to do, but we were all Compound employees now, so I ended up calling Ty and asking him for advice. Which was my first official point of business as a Compound employee. I hate that. My first order of business was ratting out Michael. I know that he gave Charlie bad vibes or whatever, but I don't care. I don't know who else he is, but he is Michael. Michael didn't go away when they consolidated. Half of that person is him. I've never really experienced that. When I've been consolidated, it has been with iterations that I considered to still be "myself" in some way? So maybe my interpretation of iterative personhood

is complicated? But Michael is still in there. He's still half of whatever this new iteration is. And if I was going to give half of him up to Ty, I was giving up the whole thing.

Ty's big idea was to bring Michael back to the Compound and put him into Storage. We explained to him that we knew the point of the consolidation, and that we could issue a correction, but he told us to wait. Issuing the correction might tip off some other organization, and deny information to the Compound. He also explained that things went very well for us during the Shadow Dome incident, and he didn't want to alter anything that might alter that outcome. So his plan was to get Tracing involved, and Tracing would find the original source of this iteration. He said, "Leave it to me, we can figure this all out. We have him now, so there's no rush. We have all the time in the world," and so on and so on.

That feels too convenient for me. Throw it in the junk room, we'll deal with it later. And it's even more convenient for Ty now, because he has all of Base working for him. Which means, instead of doing it himself, all Ty has to do is task an employee with interviewing assets inside of Storage, and then all he has to do is sign off on the evaluation and make a decision. Like some sort of Boss Baby. The DVD for which was the only object that was already in the apartment when me and Edgar moved in.

And by "employees," yes, I do mean me. That is my job. Storage has quite the collection of Mikes. Sometimes these Mikes need to answer questions in order to help the Compound understand a situation, but these Mikes are rarely cooperative, because most of them hate Ty. I'm not surprised by this, but Ty is. His idea is that I share a "duplicative lineage" with them, which is to say that we're all iterations of what Ty considers to be the same person. I disagree, but it *has* gone surprisingly well so far. The Mikes are more willing to open up to me than Ty. This is good for the Compound because it provides them with some vital information about what these other Mikes have experienced. But it's great for me because these Mikes will tell me things in confidence that Ty can never know about. Like who that Mikey is in Storage in the spot where I was supposed to go. I can shut that shit down, and nobody is any the wiser.

So that's all that's been going on with me this week. I had better be going. I feel like I've been writing for 12 hours. My hands hurt, and I'm going to have to write even more for the survey evaluations. They really should invent a machine that writes for you. And I don't mean typing or speech-to-text. I mean something that can detect that you want to write, and then it just writes it for you, and you don't have to do anything. Surely the Compound has some technology that can do that. I'll ask Ty about it.

Subject Two – Interview Four

Subject Two was released from Storage without incident, as always. I explained to Subject Two that I had spoken with my employer, and that I had been given permission to take him outside in the courtyard to let him smoke his pipe on the condition that his legs were shackled during the duration of the time outside. After some gentle bargaining to get me to reconsider the shackles, he agreed, and I accompanied him outside. This accommodation had a marked effect on his

mood, and he seemed more open to talking, though not necessarily about the questions at hand. He made remarks about how long it had been since he had fresh air, missing his boyfriend, about his landlord and his landlord's dog, and other miscellany which I have listed in the space below but do not think point to anything materially useful for the Compound. He mocked the question about his, quote, unquote, "duplicative provenance," and remarked that I knew that he wasn't going to answer that question. While unhelpful, I do consider this considerable progress when compared to silence. This was a very fruitful interview by this subject's standard. I highly recommend continuing his accommodations and increasing them in order to reward good behavior.

Journal Entry Four

The thing about being a cog in the machine is that it makes me susceptible to wrenches. I feel like my precious little cog is being attacked by wrenches on all sides at this point. Everyone's a wrench. My interview subjects are wrenches. Ty Betteridge is a wrench. *He's* a wrench! *She's* a wrench! *You're* a wrench! Marissa? You better believe she's a wrench. And everyone is trying to throw me out of alignment. Some of them are offering me better roles in bigger machines, but I know that parts aren't universal like that. This is a really good metaphor. It has legs. Wrench legs.

"Michael," so-called, is trying to pick me apart, and he's really good at it because he's still Michael. He promised me that he could lead me to the other Dome iterations. He says they're still alive, but if I go to Ty about it, then there's nothing he can do. And he says that he's really just Michael. He says that he and the Dome iteration consolidated like we all promised that we would. And he says he loves Charlie to death, but she must be confused. It's not like her ability to tell iterations apart is magic. Maybe something about the Shadow Dome changed him enough that Charlie made a mistake. And he points out that this is all very convenient for Ty. Michael was our de facto leader, and now he's locked in Storage, so Ty can manipulate me and MW. He says this isn't what Base was supposed to be. It was supposed to be us looking out for ourselves. And now we're still stuck in a cage even if Ty sometimes opens the door. But Michael doesn't get let outside ever, unless I let him. There were a couple of days before he got caught where he got to see Sly again, and now the world keeps going while Michael rots in Storage. Except he doesn't even rot. He is perfectly preserved. Ty doesn't even give him the decency to rot away as time passes. It must be extremely surreal for Michael to be the one who isn't aging.

[Stammers.] I just don't know well enough. I don't know for sure that he's up to no good. All we have to go on is Charlie until the tracing team comes back with their report. Maybe Michael's right. Maybe he's in there for no reason. Or maybe I'm being too mushy, I don't know. He is right that there is no Michael to lead us anymore. There's Tex, but he's the only one left, and he's got his own flock. Maybe I... should do something. But I would have to be careful. I would have to make sure that no one else knows about it, and that I can reverse it instantly if I fail. And I don't know what that looks like. But maybe it's something that I should work on. Maybe I can do something to help him. Maybe there is a way to get Michael back.

Subject Two – Interview Five

Subject Two was released from Storage without incident. He was shackled and led to the courtyard, but this time was provided the hat that he was wearing when he was booked into Storage. The subject became very talkative during this interview. He assured me that the reasons for detaining him were all a misunderstanding, and that he was, quote, “the iterations he always was,” or, to put it in the Compound's parlance, his duplicative provenance was not out of the ordinary. I told him that the tracing department was still putting together evidence to prove or disprove that, and I saw his posture change. I do not believe that he realized that Tracing was investigating him. At this point, Subject Two became manipulative, and attempted to convince me to side with him, using our shared iterative lineage to get me to help him out. The help that he was asking for amounted to getting him permanently removed from Storage, and to help him be recognized as the iteration that he claimed to be. When I told him that I was not at liberty to do that, he threatened and insulted me. Upon being threatened and insulted, I escorted him back to Storage, and re-entered him there. The shackles remained on his legs out of fear of retaliation. The shackles will be present next time he is removed from Storage. I fear that Subject Two saw good behavior as a means to manipulate me, and that any further accommodation will only empower him to attempt to sway me and to act against the interest of the Compound. I suggest that further interviews take a different tack in dealing with Subject Two, perhaps with a different interviewer. To reiterate, Subject Two is willing to use iterative closeness as a weapon. Someone with a different lineage may be required.

Subject One – Interview Four

Subject One was released from Storage kicking and screaming. Against my wisdom and professional judgment, it appears that other employees have been accessing my interview subjects. Subject One was not combative and irate, as I would expect on such an occasion. Instead, he was *frenzied* and *afraid*. Subject One was suddenly desperate to escape from Storage, something that he had been resigned to before this incident. I had no backup since I had requested privacy with the subject, and, having no other option, I pulled out my pistol and explained to him that he would either cooperate, or I would have to shoot him. He leapt at me, and I shot the subject twice in the chest at close range. He expired quickly. I have filed a corrections report to reverse this incident and attempt this interview again with foreknowledge of the subject's panic. I am requesting that MW accompany me for the second attempt at the interview, since MW shares an iterative lineage with us. I am also requesting access to Felix on the condition that he only become involved if I radio for him. Under no circumstances are other employees to interact with my interview subjects.

Subject One – Interview Four (Attempt Two)

Subject One was released from Storage in a frenzy. This was to be expected following the correction of the first attempt at this interview. Subject One was met both by myself and MW. The confusion at seeing both of us was enough to distract him and calm him down enough to speak to us. Subject One confirmed my fears that another employee has been mishandling my

interview subjects. From Subject One, I learned that this tampering extends to both Subjects One and Two. This tampering is both a violation of my trust, and proof that I was right to request privacy. The subject confided in myself and MW. What he disclosed to us is best kept private and confidential as it may pertain to the parties that read these evaluations. I intend on going through the proper channels to ensure that these processes are not disturbed by malicious actors, both for my sake and for the sake of the Compound. To be blunt: I know what you're doing. You think you know what's going on, but you don't. What you're trying isn't going to work. Leave me and my subjects and all of the other iterations alone. I am requesting MW accompany me with all further interviews. I am also requesting a fully classified space to conduct interviews in. *[low and angry]* Under no circumstances are you to interact with my interview subjects.

[Closing theme plays.]

[Heirophant plays.]

Join in!

Revelation now

Hierophant in tow

I offer up a sacrifice

Of all the words I know

You know the truth is it only feels

Like knowledge gets revealed

Keep it secret they still think

We're more than animals.

I am different than I have been

You shouldn't treat my presence lightly

There are

Beasts

Waiting for me

I clean between their teeth

We preserve a legacy

None of us will live to see

Beasts

Waiting for me

I clean between their teeth

You can feign your agency

But I dare you to move your feet.

I've got a

Favored set of facts

I am stocking up

Take a few if you

*Aren't convinced enough
You know the wait was long but
I'm a patient man
I carved the days into your palm you can
Feel the grooves to keep in touch
They're in the throng*

*Did you pick this place on purpose?
Did you think that I deserve this?
There are*

*Beasts
Waiting for me
I clean between their teeth
We preserve a legacy
None of us will live to see
Beasts
Waiting for me
I clean between their teeth
You can feign your agency
But I dare you to move your feet.*

*There's so little that we can do
So I dare you to do
Anything.*

BLOOPER (DYLAN): Work-life balance, which is a term to describe how voraciously work will devour your entire life. Am I mad about capitalism too much?

[END Episode 145.]