

INTERMISSION XXX - BLUSTER'S DAY VOICEMAIL
Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Intermission XXX.]

TEX: Howdy, folks. It's Tex here. Now, I've been under the weather a bit, tendin' to my stump and whatnot. But, as y'all know, Bluster's Day is comin' up real soon here on November 20th. I reckon it'd lighten my spirits to hear what y'all are doin' for your Bluster's Day celebrations. So, leave me a message at the beep, and if I like your story, you might even be featured in this here upcomin' intermission. Alright, I gotta go. There's horses to ride. Take care, y'all.

[Beep.]

[The audio for the rest of the intermission sounds like it's coming out of a phone speaker.]

STINKY: Hey! Uh, Tex? It's me, it's, uh, Stinky. Uh, I was wondering if you had time to, like, play a little game... with me? It's— It's nothing important, uh, it's just, if you don't, then they're gonna carve my eyes out, so... Uh... Call me back! Alright, bye.

[Beep.]

TY: Happy Bluster's Day to all of you between 1826 and 2189. There follows a completely innocuous set of random words that you shouldn't worry your pretty little heads about in the slightest. *[Clears throat.]* Amaranth: I woke up one morning, and didn't know what 530 meant. I thought it was something to do with balloons... Cerulean: alert, alert. I'm having a pot plant moment.

[Beep.]

CHANCE: Tex, why the fuck are you using my phone number for this Bluster's Day bullshit? I have, like, a dozen unread messages, and it's been five minutes. Just, please— Just please, change the phone number? My *god*. Uh. Happy... Happy Bluster's Day...

[Beep.]

SKINNER: Hey, Tex. It's Skinner. Just callin' to let you know that the gang's gonna be, uh, transportin' down to you? Uh, for Bluster's Day, so prepare yourself for a bunch of Crust Punks. Uh... Magnolia's really excited. Uh. Talk to you later! Bye.

[Beep.]

MAGNOLIA: Hey, Tex? It's Magnolia. I believe Skinner already told you that the crust punks are coming down? But we are coming down, and I'm very excited to see Bluster. I do have a new

video coming out; it is about Bluster and Bluster's Day. Now that he's been found, you know, we can do something that's a little less... true crime about a missin' horse. So that'll be fun! Uh, looking forward to see you— uh, seeing you and seeing Bluster, and also Bluster 2 if coming. Uh, because he's just another big horse, and I think big horse solidarity needs to happen. Okay! Bye!

[Beep.]

CALLER 1: Uh! Now my great-auntie, she, um... comes, uh, from a ranch out, um, just a few miles from where I am, so. Um, well, I'm headin' out there, and see what kinda big horse she has, and maybe I'll make a little, um, alter, and... um... you know. It's not a horse that she owns, but I bet she'll, um, just—So that should work out quite well, um. She'll— She'll think I'm the greatest little grandchild she ever had. Er— No, I mean, uh, not her grandchild, but her... brother's grandchild— You— Yeah. We'll have a little altar, and it'll be quite nice. Alright. See you around, Tex.

[Beep.]

CALLER 2: Well, howdy there, Tex. Hope you're restin' well and all that. Now I'm callin' in from Australia, the great land Down Under? My great-granddaddy owns a farm with more than a few horses, so, for our Bluster's Day, we're gonna get all our cowboy hats and teach 'em how to sharpshoot, and we'll finish our day off with a banquet in Bluster's honor and a 21-gun salute from the horses, of course. Followed by a fireworks show. Down to be a swell time! Anyway, get well soon, Tex. You take care now, partner. This is [REDACTED] from Australia signin' off.

[Beep.]

FELIX: Happy Bluster Day to all those who celebrate. I thought I'd use today's festivities to pass on a message to a... a friend or— or colleague of mine to let them know that perhaps... perhaps this radio show, this public radio show, is not the place to be passing messages onto others when just anyone can be listening. Let— Let's— Let's not do that anymore. Good, good... Ha— Happy— Happy Bluster's Day, bye— bye-bye!

[Beep.]

CALLER 3: Hey, Bluster? Um... Something weird's happened, I think. I... It's been hard convincing my family to let me live on my own, especially here in... really bumfuck nowhere, but, um... I've been managing, or at least I thought I was? Something weird's happening. The... Just yesterday, it was raining. Downpour. My laundry was hanging outside; I went inside just to grab a hoodie before I went to collect it, and I went out, and it was sunny, and the sheets were... bone dry. I wake up most nights choking on smoke that isn't there! I know this might sound crazy, but I think I'm getting Groundhogged. Oh, well! For Bluster's Day today, I'm just going to leave a bouquet of baby carrots at the statue. See yah, Bluster!

[Beep.]

CALLER 4: Uh, this Bluster's Day, I... uh... I... I-I... uh... Wait, Bluster, *no—!*

[Beep.]

CALLER 5: Hey, Tex! Uh. I'm glad to be hearin' that you're back on TikTok and that you're recovering wh— well. Uh. F— For my Bluster's Day, I... I-I am— I'm gonna be drinking Bluster's weight in beer and— and... and b— barbeque. Th— I said I was gonna be drinkin' barbeque, and... I— I've already started. I've— I've been drinking barbeque since last week. Happy Bluster's Day!

[Beep.]

CALLER 6: I reckon I'll be rustlin' up some biscuits and gravy, and, uh... if I got a bonfire, spinnin' some yarn about Bluster. Was— Was that... Was that good?

[Beep.]

CALLER 7: Hey. So, I'm from the South? But not the part of the South that has the accent?
[Cowboy voice.] So I'm gonna adopt my cowboy accent here, and let you know that for Bluster's Day, I'll be makin' a big ol' cornbread in the shape of Bluster. And when I say big ol' cornbread, I mean *big ol'* cornbread! Like, it's going to actually be Bluster-sized. In honor of Bluster. Also, I apologize if you hear my cat cryin' in the background; he's a little extra. I'll make a— I'll make a cornbread of you, too, Snick. Anyway, I'm excited for Bluster's Day. Bye!

[Beep.]

CALLER 8: Hi, Tex. Happy Bluster's Day. I'm just going on a job interview today. But, um. If you know Base is hiring, could you give me a ring? I have dubious morals and a lot of schemes that I'd like to get going. Happy Bluster's Day from [REDACTED]!

[Beep.]

CALLER 9: This Bluster's Day, I'll be doing the same thing I do every day: being a loyal disciple of FLINCH. He's got a plan for us all, Tex.

[Beep.]

TY: Gingerline: If you were a monolith, you'd be big and black and make strange noises.
Periwinkle: You look a bit like the, uh, Virgin Mary but with stripes on.

[Beep.]

CALLER 10: 'Lo, Tex? A little birdie told me that you like to play cards. I feel like helping out my bank account, since that birdie also told me your pockets like to have holes in them.

[Beep.]

CALLER 11 [yelling]: 17 computers! 17 computers! I have 17 computers in my garage right now. Come on down to Crazy Eric's where I got 17 computers! I gotta get rid of 'em. Come on down on Bluster's Day for our Bluster's Day 17 Computers sale. That's right, 17 computers. In my garage; they gotta go by Bluster's Day. Come get 'em.

[Beep.]

CALLER 12: Hi, there. It turns out Bluster's Day is also my birthday. And I'm gonna celebrate it enough for the both of us. I wonder how much cake a gigantic horse can eat. Later, Tex!

[Beep.]

CALLER 13: Hi, Tex! It's [REDACTED]. Um, I will hopefully be spending Bluster's Day with my girlfriend. Say "hi," girlfriend!

CALLER 13'S GIRLFRIEND: Hi!

CALLER 13: Girlfriend is here. Um. We might find a horse. There might be a horse. [**CALLER 13'S GIRLFRIEND:** Perchance.] There might be a horse. Thank you.

[Beep.]

CALLER 14: So in honor of Bluster's Day, I figured the best thing to be— to do would be to try and see if I can get the Calculator to make my cat about the same size as Bluster. Because I think a horse-sized cat, especially a *Bluster*-horse-sized cat, would be a pretty good way to celebrate the occasion! Barring that, I can just listen to Nobdy's defeat about a hundred times. I hope that helps, Tex! Bye.

[Beep.]

CALLER 15: Howdy, Tex. This is [REDACTED]. Um, very excited to celebrate this year's Bluster Day by hopping in my car and driving to go see some local horses. These horses aren't Bluster, so I will be making fun of these horses for not being as gigantic as Bluster, because no matter how big a normal horse is, it will never be as big as Bluster. However, I don't actually want to hurt their feelings, so I will instead be showing the horses *Tombstone* right after making fun of them, and I'll be teaching them about the great Kurt Russell himself. And, you know, we'll just be having a very yeehaw Western Texas time. I hope you have a great Bluster's Day.

[Beep.]

CALLER 16: Hello! For Bluster's Day, I plan to steal 21 very small horses and acquire 21 firearms. I shall teach the horses to fire them, and together we will give Bluster a 21-horse-gun salute. Thank you.

[Beep.]

FELIX: Hello, me again. Um, just a— just a... just. Q-Quick— Quick reminder: public radio show? Public show? Public? People? Yup? Good? Yup? No? Yup. No— No need to leave anything... I know you're listening. Please stop. Please. Stop.

[Beep.]

CALLER 17: So! For Bluster's Day, I will be making my signature apple pie. My cat, Kirby the Gigantic Cat, will be assisting me in this endeavor. I will be using fresh apples, and it will be a very delicious pie. I will also make sure that it is horse-safe, not because I live anywhere near Bluster, but in case any horses come to visit, they will be able to have some pie. My school, unfortunately, does not celebrate Bluster's Day. So, I will hope that there is not a math, and listen to the intermission during my study hall. Hopefully there is a study hall on November 20th. So— There usually is, because it is a Wednesday. So sometimes they'll replace that with math because it is a private Catholic school. It will be a very fun Bluster's Day and a great day to remember. I hope you're feeling well soon, Tex! This is [REDACTED] signing off.

[Beep.]

[Retail store ambience.]

CALLER 18: Okay, I got a question: first of all, how you ridin' a horse when you're laid up? I mean, I guess you could be just ridin' Bluster because... Bluster was— Oh. Shit. Um. My bad. Uh, Tex. I forgot to say who this was. Uh, this is [REDACTED], and, uh... Yeah, so. I did not realize it until... I... heard that you wanted these and, uh... I am going to be off work on Bluster's Day. Or, well, the night of Bluster's Day? I actually work the night before Bluster's Day, and so I work six hours... from midnight 'til seven a.m., uh, the morning of Bluster's Day. Actually, I work six hours, 'cause I have an hour lunch. But, so, I will get home, and then I can relax or get sleep. I will celebrate Bluster's Day, honestly, probably by being lazy and reading. I don't think any of my books currently have horses. I should figure out if any of my books have horses, and decide to read a book with horses in it for Bluster. But yeah, it's honestly just gonna be a lazy day. I will celebrate Bluster's Day by— by self-care, and taking care of myself. And having a break, because work is, well, I work retail, and it's Christmas coming up, so... and Black Friday coming up. So. That tells you everything. Anyway. You feel better. I know... you're dealing with the injury. So feel better, and Happy Early Bluster's Day. Alright.

[Beep.]

CALLER 19: So... me and my partner usually celebrate Bluster's Day by connecting my phone to the big screen, and doing a BlusterTok marathon. We even started doing a bingo card? With, like, certain buzz words that come up every now and the—

CALLER 19'S PARTNER *[sing-songy]*: Hey, I got everything ready!

CALLER 19: *[Brief chuckle.]* What are you wearing!?! *[Laugh.]*

CALLER 19'S PARTNER: Our planned horse costume, of course? You know, we're going to film some BlusterTok cosplay videos!

CALLER 19: *[Brief chuckle.]* We were just gonna watch it, though! Like...

CALLER 19'S PARTNER: Ah? Ah... Can I please wear it?

CALLER 19: ...Baby, I'm not gonna dress up as a *horse*. Also, why do I have to be the bottom?

CALLER 19'S PARTNER: Well, because, out of two of us, one is being an ass! *[Caller 19 scoffs.]* But fine, I'll just return this to the British guy I got it from. *[Caller 19 scoffs again.]* I thought Bluster Day was about festivity of fun, and not party poopers!

CALLER 19: Ba— No, wait. I'm— I'm sorry. Oh! Wait. This is still on. Uh... *[Caller 19 moves to end voicemail.]*

[Beep.]

CALLER 20: Happy Bluster's Day. I reckon for Bluster's Day, I'm gonna take me and my family down to Bluster's Grove. Maybe investigate some of the weird fires that have been happening around the area? But definitely check out the statue of Bluster. Take some photos of the family so that I can take them back and show them to all my friends. Thanks.

[Beep.]

CALLER 21A: Alright, so what are we doin' for Bluster's Day?

CALLER 21B: We're gonna get a group of ponies. Uh, we don't know if it's going to be My Little Pony or just ponies. We're gonna put 'em in—

CALLER 21A: Maybe some bronies.

CALLER 21B: Yes. We're gonna put 'em in a circle. And we're gonna have a seance. ...We're gonna try and summon Bluster.

CALLER 21A: Bluster must come for Bluster's Day. [**CALLER XXI:** We promi–] Bluster is the guest of honor.

CALLER 21B: We promise we'll put carrots in.

CALLER 21A: Feed him all the carrots. And whatever else he wants to eat.

CALLER 21B: I hope he's [*unintelligible*]

CALLER 21A: Yeah. Also, yes, Bluster for president.

[*Beep.*]

CALLER 22: For this Bluster's Day, I'm planning to host a seance! Uh, and channel Bluster for all of my friends, but... of course, as everyone knows, uh, you can only channel someone if they aren't breathing. They don't have to be dead, just not breathing. But, um... fingers crossed. I know Bluster is a very, very smart horse, so I'm hoping that he will sense, through the astral plane, that we are trying to summon him, and hold his breath for, uh, our... Bluster Day celebration.

[*Beep.*]

TY: Uh, Wisteria: The duck can't kill you, because it can't get close enough. And Zaffre: Everything has horns. Beep. Beep. Beep. And, come to think of it, "Mikey, Mikey, fish, hat, doom, doom, beep," says Mustard. That seems to be it for this packet. Happy Bluster's Day, everyone!

[*Beep.*]

[*Birds cluck and honk in the background.*]

CALLER 23: Howdy, Tex. You know I've been excited for Bluster's Day. I'm headin' down to the Outpost, and meetin' up with the... the boys. And, uh... You know, since we gotta give– [*A rooster crows.*] Oh. Sorry, he wants to say, "Happy Bluster's Day," too. Uh. Anyways, since we gotta give the horses the day off before we [*Rooster crows.*] run out to the range, I, g– uh... got some [*unintelligible*] I've been savin' up for a special occasion, and, uh... I hear there might be fireworks later, too? So keep an eye out [*Rooster crows.*] for them! Alright, Happy Bluster's Day from the critters and I. See ya, pard.

[*Beep.*]

CALLER 24: Hey, uh, my name is [REDACTED], and for my Bluster's Day celebration, I'm hosting a game of *Cowboys With Big Hearts*! And grilling a hot dog lunch for my friends. Um, it's not spectacular, but I think it's doable. Um, I hope you feel better, Michael. Bye.

[Beep.]

CALLER 25: Howdy, Tex! Hope you're holdin' up alright. Heard about what happened to your leg. It's a good thing you got Bluster around to help take care o' ya. Speakin' of Bluster, I'm plannin' to spend Bluster's Day down at the Outpost. Group of us are gettin' together and holdin' a little party! I'll be bringing some homemade cupcakes. Hopefully you can join us! Feel better. See ya.

[Beep.]

CALLER 26: Oh, my gosh! I'm so excited for Bluster's Day. So. Hear me out. My library has a selection of, like, cowboy-themed cake pans? So I'm gonna check out some, and bake a bunch of cakes for people! It's gonna be a busy day with everyone celebrating? But, you know? I just hope I can do Bu– Bluster proud with my cake decorating. He's such a special horse! He deserves it. Yeehaw!

[Beep.]

CALLER 27: Hey. Bluster's Day is on a Wednesday this year, so I have to work. I don't have much plans; it's the middle of the week. But, I am very happy to say I now share a birthday with an official holiday! So. I'm pretty excited.

[Beep.]

CALLER 28: Hello, there. In honor of Bluster's Day and the conclusion of Season 15 of *WOE.BEGONE*, I plan to repeat the word "horse" out loud 15 times in a row on Wednesday, November 20th, 2024. Thank you!

[Beep.]

CALLER 29: Oh, you know. I'm just gonna be reading up on my Blusterology? You know, the study of Bluster? There's this really great analysis of the dialectical semiotics of Bluster as a heuristic for the panopticon. It's really interesting stuff. Thanks.

[Beep.]

CALLER 30: Happy Bluster Day! Hope you're doing alright. Personally, I don't have any plans for myself, but I'm just gonna wander around town and see what everyone else is up to. That's a lot more entertaining than actually planning anything for myself. I will definitely be wearing a cowboy hat, though, I bought one just for the occasion. I'll see you around!

[Beep.]

CALLER 31: Hey, Tex! I heard about what happened to your leg, and I'm really sorry about that. So I figured I'd give you a call and tell you what I'm gonna be doin' on this year's Bluster Day! Well, I have this big canvas that's been sitting in my room for quite a while now, and I figured it'd be really cool to do a giant painting of Bluster himself. I love making art, and what better use for it do I have other than dr— drawing the world's *biggest* horse! I don't know how a horse could get that big. But. I— Anyway, I hope you're doing good, and Happy Bluster's Day.

[Beep.]

CALLER 32: I'm gonna make a large bowl of oats and gruel, and then eat it slowly over the course of the day to really... to really simulate the experience of being a large— very large horse, to truly appreciate Bluster.

[Beep.]

CHARLIE: Hiya, Tex! I'm sorry to hear about your stump; I know that's gotta be a bummer, but, um, this message is meant for Bluster specifically? If you wouldn't mind passing him the phone? I just have a quick question for him. ...Okay, cool, thanks. Um. Hey, Bluster! I'm so excited for your day! I wanted to make cookies for everyone, but I realized I never quite learned what your favorite flavor was. So... my plan was to make some sugar cookies for our human friend, but I think you specifically deserve a special one on your day? So. Hear me out. I found this super neat little recipe for a horse cookie, and I think I'm gonna make that. It's a primarily grain-based one, and it's super healthy and delicious. But, I wanted to make it extra special and add a little compote to go on top of it? Um, Bluster, do you prefer an apple-apricot compote or more of a berry compote? If you give me a call back and let me know, I can whip it right up just for you, and I'll make it nice and fresh. Alright. Happy Bluster Day! Bye-bye.

[Beep.]

FELIX: Hello! Me again. Just... trying one last time to stop this madness. This is not the time or the place, and it's very, very much not the venue for it, and we—

TY: Felix? Felix! Who are you talking to? Is that your mother again? [**FELIX:** No, it's n—!] Tell her I need you.

FELIX [*frustrated*]: It's *you*! It's—

TY: Actually, tell you I need her. [**FELIX:** Just...!] Oh. Nevermind.

[Beep.]

CALLER 33: Hi, Tex. So for Bluster's Day this year, I decided to build a straw statue of Bluster? Like that goat in Sweden. I really hope nothing bad happens to it. Have a great Bluster's Day!

[Beep.]

CALLER 34: So I've got this friend; they're actually on the phone with you right now? I think they're talking about what they're going to be doing for Bluster's Day, but I just— I can't support it. They keep p— They— They keep talking about putting up this big idol of Bluster made of straw, and every time I hear, er, see the plans that they've been drawing up, it just fills me with this, like, urge to destroy it? And I— I think that, uh, you know, I've been listening to this podcast about Bluster for a while now. It kinda went off the rails; it's not really about him anymore. But, um, there was this scene where a guy lit an entire building on fire, and then later, like, an entire forest. So I was thinking, "That seems like a really effective way to destroy something." Um. So— So when— Wha— So when my friend builds the big idol of Bluster, I'm thinking that on Wednesday, I'm just going to destroy it with fire. Um. Let me know what you think of that! Um. My lawyer doesn't approve, but I don't listen to him much anyway. Alright. Thank you, Bluster.

[Beep.]

CALLER 35: Hey, Tex. [REDACTED] here. Long-time viewer; first time caller. And I just wanted to talk about what I am doing to celebrate Bu— Bluster's Day this year. So you know that video you released? The one that you teased for, like, three months earlier this year? The, quote, "damning tape that will change the way you think about Bluster the Gigantic Horse"? The one titled "Bluster Buttstrokes Tex"? Yeah? Well, first off, 10 out of 10 April Fools' prank delivery. I, and many other Bluster enjoyers, were bracing ourselves for some sort of crushing news about our favorite gigantic horse. But you... Ohoho, *you* certainly had us when the video— video finally dropped, and it was just a blooper compilation video of all the times Bluster accidentally hit you with a buttstock? Well played. But, and pun fully intended, since you put that out into the world, I'm getting together with some fellow Bluster lovers, and we are going to play something we are calling Blusterball. Which is like baseball? But you replace the baseball with a watermelon. And the bat with a gunstock. And running base is with speed-eating a watermelon, and then spitting seeds [*unintelligible*]. The points are based on audience feedback. So. Almost nothing like baseball. Anyway, that is how I'll be celebrating Bluster's Day this year. Can't wait for the next Bluster video about the big guy enjoying the celebrations! Later.

[Beep.]

CALLER 36: I'm gonna go up to, uh, Bluster's Grotto, and, uh, meet Bluster. And... shoot... pigs and stuff.

[Beep.]

CALLER 37: Hey. Oh my gosh, Happy Bluster's Day! It's also my birthday? So I decided to do a Bluster-themed birthday. I got a cake, and it's life-size. ...I sure hope it fits on the table.

[Beep.]

CALLER 38: Howdy, Tex! Hope listening to these is sufficiently passing your time and that your Bluster's Day is grand. While I'd love to take my own horse for a spin in commemoration, a one-bedroom apartment in the city isn't exactly conducive to horse ownership. Instead, I will be forcing myself to draw a horse, the most harrowing task for any artist, and I will also eat a whole apple for the first time in years. I'm being very serious; I just bought two, and I can't remember the last time I had one. *[Cowboy voice.]* I raise my apple and a toast to Bluster! The most gigantic horse there ever were. *[Drops cowboy voice.]* Feel better soon. Mm-bye.

[Beep.]

CALLER 39: Hi, Tex. Uh, this is [REDACTED]. Sorry to hear about your leg. I hope you're feeling better soon. I'm going to be... at the Outpost, um, on Bluster's Day. Drinking, watching shows, making chitchat. Yeah! Um. Let me know if you need anything. I can swing by, I can get you guys whatever you need. Whiskey, kombucha? Whatever you guys want. And, yeah. Hopefully see you soon, and... Happy Bluster's Day! Alright, bye.

[Beep.]

FELIX: Just stop it! Just stop it; behave! I think you're doing this on *purpose*.

[Beep.]

CALLER 40: Howdy, Tex. Happy Bluster's Day. This is [REDACTED]. Hope you all are doing alright. For this Bluster's Day, we're gonna be gettin' a maypole set up just as tall as Bluster. Gettin' the sprites and ghosts involved, too. But, uh... Y'all don't have to worry about them. If you need any remedies for that stump o' yours, you can always reach out. You can always reach me at the horror haven. Alright. Have a good one, Tex.

[Beep.]

CALLER 41: Hi, Tex! Happy Bluster's Day. Well, I am so excited to be going to my very first Bluster's Day party this year. And, because, well, what's a celebration without a cake? I will be bringing one as the party's pièce de résistance. Now, I know that Bluster really likes eating shirts, so I figure, "Well, if that's good enough for Bluster, then that's good enough for me." So, I baked a cake entirely out of shirts in his honor! So cool, right? Except, um. Well, now I have to go shopping, because I'm... completely out of shirts. And I tried a piece, and... *[Sighs.]* You know, it turns out, people probably shouldn't be eating shirts, just for future reference. ...Oh, well. It's worth it. For Bluster. Thanks!

[Beep.]

CALLER 42: *[Laughs.]* Bluster's Day, huh? Well, what other way to start it than a hot plate of shingles with sausage gravy at the famous Cowboy Cafe? *[unintelligible]* And, uh, maybe if my legs are itchin' to wander, I'll weather the dust storm to get to Bluster's Grove. Just a hop and a

skip into Texas from here, ya know. And not too far away is one hell of a mountain for stargazing. Maybe they'll name a star for 'im? Heh. I'd say why not a new constellation. Anyway. I'm from Texas, and, not long ago, I moved to parts where let's just say the cowboy hats have a little more dust in the room. Since listenin' to Bluster's side of antics, I found myself embracing and livin' all the parts of myself I'd turned a nose at all these years. Sometimes it really does heal the multi-iterative soul to kick your boots around and to keep sayin', "Use that sweet Southern speak that Nana gave ya." So here's to you. Happy Bluster's Day, Michael. And Tex. And all of those cowboys you have running around out there.

[Beep.]

CALLER 43: Hey, Tex? Um. Sorry to hear about your leg? And... I'm sorry I accused you of killing Paul? That was totally unfair of me; totally unbiased on anything. I just— I was just looking for someone to blame, and... we don't know what happened. I— He's probably not even dead. Maybe he just decided to... move on, decided that playing in bars and going to poker nights wasn't a healthy lifestyle for him, and decided to get far away. Very rich of you, by the way, to talk about him being a drunk with a gambling problem when *you're* the one who dragged him to all those poker nights and all those shows. At a *bar*. What was it with you two anyway!? You always— You always seemed like you were— you had him on a leash or something, like you were suspicious of him, like you wanted to keep your eye on him. Not because of anything he did that... anyone else in this valley didn't do. I mean, we're all... we've all gotten up to some shenanigans, but... Paul wasn't worse than anyone else! And you were specifically pulling him into situations that were clearly not healthy for him! So. What— What was your problem!? I— I don't forgive you. For... Well... I don't know, I just felt like saying that, but, let's face it, there are a lot of things that that could apply to. ...Okay. Bye.

[Beep.]

CALLER 44: This Bluster's Day, I'm going to celebrate by baking horse-shaped cookies and watching video essays about Bluster the Giant Horse.

[Beep.]

CALLER 45: Hey, Tex. This is [REDACTED]. Guess I called you at a bad time. Well. Nothing I can do about it now. Doesn't matter. This is more for reminder anyway? So you know about the [unintelligible] like, next week? And, I know Outlaw will be celebrating, but you know about the plan, right? Like, I told MDawg, and he promised that he would tell you, but there's this whole Base and EdMan thing, and... Well, I'm just going to assume that you know, and I hope everything is already set up, because we won't have time for that on Wednesday. Like, we will meet at nine a.m. sharp at the shed, and that is, uh... Oh god. Uh. Oh. Um. Actually, I don't know what time that is for you? So just have to figure it out on your own? But you know which shed I'm talking about, right? Like, the shed. ...The shed? The one? You know? You know which one I'm talking about. The— The shed! Like— And if you don't, well, I guess then follow the signs or ask MDawg? He knows how to read them, and he will be there anyway. So, just go with

him, I guess. And... don't worry about me; I know I'm at work that day. What a bummer, honestly... And there's, like, an ocean between us, but come on. This is the time-travel podcast where we do time travel, so have a little faith in me, okay? Like, come on! I will be there, I promise. And. Um... Since I'm already calling, could you do me a favor? Um... Could you please bring Outlaw and MW? I know that they don't really believe in this stuff, but we need all the cowboy energy we can get if we want to summon him. ...Um, you do know how the ritual works, though. Like, the ritual with the hand-holding and candles and sacrificing something personal? ...Actually, I'm going to call MDawg after this, and tell him to go through the steps with you again, because— I don't trust you guys! Like, at all! And I hope you're taking this seriously? It's Michael we're trying to summon, after all. And that is important to me. And not only to me, but there are, like, other people who— who want to hear from him again, and if MW's there, then I'm sure he wants to see him again; like, Michael's his best friend, and...! Um...! Well—! *[Sighs.]* I guess I'll see you and the others when I do? ...Man, also I heard about your leg? I'm sorry. That sucks. I'm... Like... It's terrible. I'm so sorry that happened to you. And, maybe next time, we can throw a good-bye party for it. If you want to, I mean, so, um... Bye!

[Beep.]

CALLER 46: Howdy, Tex. I hope you're healin' fine and keepin' well. Bluster's Day snuck up on me a bit this year. Just like Bluster might, bein' a smart horse and all. I'll be addin' the first ever horse to my plush animal collection, and pickin' that varmint out a cowboy hat when I get home.

[Beep.]

CALLER 47: Well, howdy there, y'all. Paxton Birch callin' to wish y'all a Happy Bluster's Day from me and my good friend, Whisper, the tiniest, bitiest horse in the whole dang world. *[A horse nickers, then starts munching on feed.]* She sure is a little varmint. *[Chuckles.]* Now, later on, after we've had our Bluster Day pie and our Bluster Day puddin' of oats and molasses, we'll head on into the paddock out back, and hurl horseshoes at a pig's head. See who gets the closest. Whisper always wins, but I think she's a cheatin' varmint. *[Horse neighs, then continues to eat.]* Yeah, you shut your little mouth. And we'll rest up with a couple of whiskey shooters before bedtime. ...Y'all have a wonderful day, now. Adios, partners.

[Beep.]

CALLER 48: G'day! [REDACTED] here wishing you a very Merry Bluster's Day. This year, in celebration, I will be going out into the forestry, and trying to see if I can get one of the brumbies to do a shoey. Um, which is, y— you drink beer out of a shoe? If you didn't know? Um. I reckon it will be... a— a fitting way to honor the absolute mad lad that is Bluster. Um, you know, the... the— the feral horses aren't exactly, like, Bluster-sized, but... *[Stammers.]* It'd still be cool. So... Yeah. That's how I will be celebrating Bluster's Day. Ah, yeah, so. Cheers. Um, have a good one, eh?

[Beep.]

FELIX: Razzmatazz: The labrador does not want its breakfast. Taupe: The gibbon is getting cold, and wishes to move to a different continent. 17. 32. Oranges. ...Actually, thi– this is rather fun. ...Cheerio!

[Beep.]

TY: To the ring-tailed lemur: You see? I told you so! It was good enough for us in the '40s and 50's in the classifieds; it'll be good enough *now*.

[Beep.]

CALLER 49: Hi there, Tex. Happy Early, uh, Bluster's Day! We usually spend ours, uh, listening to cool music and feeling the wind on our face as do horses, um. But for this year, uh, I wrote a poem! I hope that you like it. Uh, here we go:

I once knew a giant horse named Bluster
Who had strength only legions could muster
He had warm, friendly eyes
Was gentle and wise
And galloped, rumbling thunder

Thanks so much for doing so much for us, thank you for keeping us posted with where Bluster is, and I hope that you're feeling better. Take care.

[Beep.]

[END Intermission XXX.]