

## INTERMISSION XXV - POSTCARD STORIES

*Transcript created and edited by Theo*

*[BEGIN Intermission XXV.]*

**INTRO:** Hey, guys. Welcome to the Season 13 intermission. I hope that you're enjoying this season as much as I am. Season 13 will return next week. In the meantime, here are some postcards. These messages were originally handwritten and sent to members of the \$15 postcard tier over on my Patreon at [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](https://patreon.com/woe_begone), and these recordings were originally a bonus for that tier to celebrate the one-year anniversary of the postcards. They're just a little slice-of-life story about Mikey and the stuff that him and his friends are getting to when the show isn't going on. And if you'd like to receive handwritten messages from the characters attached to postcards that are designed by myself, check out the \$15 tier on my Patreon; that's [patreon.com/woe\\_begone](https://patreon.com/woe_begone). And, without further ado, here are the August 2022 and September 2022 postcards. Enjoy.

August, 2022.

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**O.V.E.R. MIKE** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope you're well. I just got off patrol, and Edgar's on his way over. We're gonna watch *Titane*. I don't know anything about it except it's about a girl... who's... half car? Should be weird. I like weird.

I am extremely grateful to be this iteration of Mike right now. Base is in a fuss about Mustardseed, and I'm going on patrols and relaxing. I've never felt better.

Yours,

O.V.E.R. Mike

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hello. How's it goin'? Things are, uh... interesting here at Base. Not the cheeriest bunch right now. I'm happy to have the hamsters for comfort. They would never shut me out of their lives. I'm the provider of the milk and honey treats. Rest in peace, Chubbums. Even in this iteration, you're floating in space.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. I hope this finds you well. I just got back from the Oldbrush Valley 24-Hour Diner. I was feeling a bit down, so I asked Latif for some advice. He told me to buy more biscuits and gravy. I think he was just trying to get my money, but it's pretty good advice. It was nice to get out of Base and stretch my legs a little. I should do that more often. Especially if I'm gonna eat this much biscuits and gravy.

Yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hello. I hope you're well. I just got back from visiting O.V.E.R. Mike and OVEdgar. I am so jealous of them. Their whole lives are work and home, no time travel. *[Sighs.]* Oh, well. There are some perks to being me, too, you know. I'm not gonna list them here, but they're real. But O.V.E.R. Mike and OVEdgar are watching *Titane* tonight. I wanna watch *Titane* with Edgar! The girl is a car!

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope things are going well. I just bought a deerskin jacket. What can I say? I just wanted to see if I liked it since Michael likes his so much. It's comfortable, but it's too hot outside to wear it anywhere right now. I'm not turning into a cowboy, though. No matter what he says. Edgar likes it, so I wore it while we ran errands today. I was drenched in sweat by the time we got back, but I was also drenched in kisses from Edgar, so... it was worth it.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope you're well. I'm doing pretty great, actually. I hung out with Marissa today for the first time in a long time. We went to the park together. She drove. She drives her truck exactly how she drives her patrol cart—dangerously. There was a free basketball at the basketball court, so we played one-on-one for a little bit. Turns out that I am... very... out of shape. And Marissa does not think twice about fouling.

Yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hello. Hope this finds you well. I had an... interesting day. Michael visited Base. Just to hang out. I think he wanted to see Edgar, since it's been so long since he's seen his own Edgar? So me, him, and Edgar shot soda cans in the backyard. I always forget how good a shot Edgar is. Michael never took off his deerskin jacket or his cowboy hat. He must've been burning up, but I guess getting to be the cowboy is worth it.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope you're well. I just got back from Latvia! Latvia Mike wanted to sit down and chart out everything from this iteration, and the last one, and which things actually happened. Memory can be so tricky. I'm back home now, and... I missed the Base and my bed and the hamsters and Edgar. I'm gonna visit the O.V.E.R. Mike iteration in the morning, and see how he's doing. I'm keeping busy.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKE** *[narrating]*: Hi. I hope this postcard finds you well. I just got back from a night walk. It was so nice to get out in the cooler weather, and have a chance to clear my head. It made me miss my O.V.E.R. patrol a little. I did get eaten up by mosquitos, though. Maybe I could issue a correction to prevent it from happening? That goes against protocol, but I am extremely itchy.

Kind regards,

Mike

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKE** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope you're doing well. I'm distracting myself from a bunch of Base paperwork. I get that everything needs to be catalogued, because timelines are so volatile, but I hate writing what I had for breakfast every morning in triplicate. It's always biscuits and gravy. That box should come prefilled on my forms. Biscuits and gravy sounds good right now, actually. I might swing by the Oldbrush Valley 24-Hour Diner.

Hungriest regards,

Mike

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi, there. Hope you're well. There's been some downtime at Base, so I've been trying to get back into music. I've been listening to the first Clap Your Hands Say Yeah record on repeat today. Why couldn't that have been a bonus challenge instead of Cut Off Your Hands? That seems way easier. *[Claps hands.]* Yeah! I think I might go for a walk tonight in the valley with my headphones on. Wish me luck.

Yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope you're doing well. I went fishing at the lake this morning just outside the valley. It was a lot of fun. I didn't catch any fish, and I had to cut my line twice, but there was no one there to witness how poor a fisherman I am, and it was nice to have some peace and quiet in nature. I don't know what I would've done if I had caught a fish. Eaten it? Maybe I'll take someone who knows how to fish next time. I think Marissa knows how.

Fisherly yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope this finds you well. I got up super early this morning, went on a jog while it was still cool outside, and went to the Oldbrush Valley 24-Hour Diner. I got there so early that Latif wasn't even there. I didn't know any of the people working. It was sort of nice not being known, and not having any expectations made of me. I got bacon and eggs instead of biscuits and gravy, because they didn't know that I was the biscuits and gravy guy. Don't tell Latif.

Yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hello. Hope you're well. It's two p.m., and I just woke up because last night I went on a patrol with Marissa. O.V.E.R. Mike is still working our patrol route, but Marissa wanted some company, and thought it would be fun if I tagged along. It was great! We didn't see anything suspicious, but we did ramp the patrol cart over a big hump. Never a dull moment.

Yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope you're doing well. I just went on a hike! I should really go on more hikes, considering how many hiking opportunities there are around here. It was beautiful. I made a point of not listening to music so that I could hear the sounds of nature. I think I heard a bear rustling around in the woods, but I might be paranoid. My legs are very tired and are going to be sore in the morning. Maybe Edgar will bring me breakfast in bed if I'm too sore to get up.

Tiredly yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi, there. Hope you're doing well. Base had a very special day today. Road trip! We went to a minor league baseball game a couple hours outside the valley. It was super cheap, and we were basically the only people there. We had such a blast cheering on the players! It didn't seem that they had fans to stop by there very often. Now, if you'll excuse me, I am full of beer and hot dogs, and am going to take a nap.

Play ball,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hello. Hope this finds you well. Today is just a normal day at Base. I got issued some fieldwork in today's meeting: a correction. That's all I know except I'm being paired with Michael, and he has the rest of the mission brief. I hope everything goes alright. Michael's a tough guy, but he's also a tough nut to crack. Wish me luck.

So long, partner,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi, there. Hope you're doing well. I just got back from a correction with Michael. I wasn't expecting August to be there with him. I don't know if Base knew that he was going to be there, either. Whatever, that's between Michael and Base. It was an easy correction. They aren't all gunfights, you know. Sometimes you just gotta get some random guy to move his car out of a certain parking spot. Mission accomplished.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope you're well. It's paperwork time at Base. I just got back from a correction with Michael, and have to document everything that happened. Or, almost everything. There's some stuff that isn't Base's business. We got the job done, that's what's important. The whole Base is going to a baseball game this afternoon. Should be fun! I don't care about baseball, but it will be nice to spend some time together.

Until next time,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey. Hope you're doing well. I'm sitting in my bedroom reading through a book about how to play chess that I bought, because Anne bought a chessboard, and I am completely unable to beat her. She's always thinking 12 steps ahead. Chess is a great game for her in that sense. But I have the upperhand. I am willing to spend all of my free time scheming on how to defeat her. I haven't yet, but one day. Soon. Hopefully.

Yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey. Hope this finds you well. I think I might've solved an internet mystery! A fun one, this time. I think I found Chance and Shadow's Soundcloud page for their old folk band. I don't think I can ever tell them, or ever show anyone, but I'm so excited that I found it. I think it's really sweet that they make music together, but they get embarrassed about it easily. Just a little gem that I'm keeping all to myself.

Kind regards,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

September, 2022.

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Howdy. How's it goin', buckaroo? I reckon I'm havin' a rootin' tootin' time myself, pilgrim. Just kidding. This is Mikey, not Michael. But you believed me for a second, right? I think he's starting to rub off on me. Maybe I need a break from going on missions with him, but too late! I'm going on one with him tonight. Wish me luck.

Happy trails,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi, there. Hope this finds you well. I'm doing great, but I am tired from running errands all day. The weather's getting nice, and me and Edgar are planning a camping trip, just the two of us. I can't wait to be in the great outdoors, alone together, just me and him. But rounding up supplies is such a hassle. Nobody ever tells you how expensive camping can be.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope you're well. I'm up early with my coffee watching the sun come up. Edgar and I are leaving on a camping trip today, and we'll be gone for three whole days. He's already packed and ready to go, but I move slower than that in the morning. He'd better let me finish my coffee if I'm going to have enough energy to go hiking later. God, I love that man.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Ah, the great outdoors. Edgar and I are camping out here in the wilderness for the next three days. Not too far off the beaten path, just enough for us to be completely alone. I love it. I wish we were alone together all the time. Just me and Edgar and a ton of mosquitos. I could do without the mosquitos, honestly.

Itchily yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, uh, do you want a cat? I'm camping in the valley with Edgar this weekend, and there's a stray cat that keeps coming up to our campsite. I keep throwing it hotdog pieces, and Edgar keeps telling me to stop, but I am not listening to him. I think if I can get her close enough, I can snatch her up. But Charlie is allergic to cats, so she can't stay at Base.

Meow,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi, there. I have a new best friend. Her name is Delilah, and she is a stray cat who wandered to mine and Edgar's campsite while we were camping all weekend. I gave her an offering of hotdogs, and after a few hours, she cautiously accepted some headpats. We're supposed to go hiking in the morning, but I wanna stay with the cat. What if we get back, and my best friend Delilah is gone?

Yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope all is well. I'm having a wonderful time. Long story short, me and Edgar were camping in the valley, I made a stray cat friend named Delilah, and last night she protected us from a raccoon who was trying to get into our cooler. Well, she distracted him. I used the Calculator to send him to last week. Edgar wasn't happy about that, but I had to protect my best friend.

Best,

Mikey



*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi, there. Hope you're doing well. I'm doing great, but I have a problem. I'm out here camping in the valley with Edgar, and we found a stray cat that I have named Delilah that needs a home. She can't live at Base. I'm trying to figure out a way to use time travel to solve this? Maybe I could consolidate her with a hypoallergenic cat. I have to keep workshopping.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey. Sorry about the charcoal on the postcard. Edgar and I are camping, and I just rustled us up some burgers. Now I've got a tumbler full of whiskey, and we're sitting here watching the fire together. And there's a cat in my lap, too. Long story. I don't wanna go back to civilization. I could sit here with a belly full of burgers, a lap full of cat, and Edgar by my side for the rest of my life.

Cheers,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope you're well. Sorry about the burnt corner on the postcard. I'm camping with Edgar in the valley this weekend, and I dropped it in the fire. I think that makes it better, though. It gives it character. Like a guy who, you know, cut his own left arm off at the shoulder. Completely arbitrary analogy, I know. But I gotta go! Burgers are done. I hope they don't taste like postcard.

Firely yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey. Hope all is well. Things are complicated for me right now. I rescued a stray cat, named Delilah, on a camping trip me and Edgar took, but she can't stay at Base. Right now, she's staying at my old apartment, the one that I left when I went to O.V.E.R. Thank god I was still paying for it. So now I'm spending hours there every day. Not a good solution, but I think I have that parasite that lets cats control your brain or however it works.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, hope you're well. I feel quite accomplished. I rescued a cat while I was on a camping trip with Edgar. Her name is Delilah, and she is a calico, and she is my best friend. Unfortunately, she can't stay at Base. Luckily, O.V.E.R. Mike and OVEdgar said that they could take her. I was surprised at their willingness to help. They've been a little prickly lately, but maybe Delilah will soften them up.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey. Hope this finds you well. I am sitting here drinking coffee at the Oldbrush Valley 24-Hour Diner at seven p.m., because I am going on an all-night Base mission with Michael. I hate drinking coffee at night. I wanna cuddle up with Edgar, and go to bed. But Michael always keeps the energy up when we're on a mission, so maybe we'll have some fun with it. Maybe.

Bottoms up,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope this finds you well. It finds me... bored. I'm sitting here in a van with Michael watching some guy's house for a mission. He's supposed to leave any minute now, but it's been six hours, and he's still in his house, and Michael has been playing Willie Nelson through the van speakers the whole time. I like Willie, but six hours is too much. I wish this guy would leave, so we can steal whatever we came here to steal.

Boredly yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope you're well. I'm... relieved. I had a mission with Michael tonight, and it went... as well as one could expect. Michael and I are at the bar right now celebrating with a couple of beers. Michael wanted to go to the Sidewinder to see August. I wonder how often he's here. They talk like they see each other all the time, and I don't think that August is charging us. Oh, well. None of my business.

Cheers,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope you're well. I'm at the Sidewinder with Michael celebrating a mission accomplished with a couple beers. Michael says howdy. Sly makes the hottest Nashville hot chicken I've ever had. I'm not sure it's even fun anymore at this point. Michael ate his like it was nothing. I don't know if I'm jealous, or if I think that's stupid. But I do wish I could tolerate spice like that right now.

Spicily yours,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hi. Hope you're well. I've been rather mischievous lately. Don't tell anyone, but I've been travelling back to when I was friends with Hunter, and hanging out with him on the days that past me wasn't hanging out with him. We can't really go anywhere, because I can't get spotted, but hanging out at his cabin has been nice. I just have to keep coming up with lies about why we can't leave.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope you're doing well. I'm doing great. I just went bowling with Hunter Jeremiah Hartley. Not the current Hunter. Hunter from a more friendly past. Nobody from Base knows. I just wanted to see my friend again. I'm awful at bowling. Hunter suggested putting the bumpers up, but I'm too proud for that, so it's gutter balls for me.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, hope you're doing well. I'm feeling a bit paranoid? So I went back to hang out with Hunter from a more friendly time. We went bowling, and we had fun, but it felt like I was being watched? Like there was another Mike there spying on me? I didn't see anyone, just a sixth sense. Maybe I'm just feeling guilty for seeing past Hunter without Base's permission. Guess we'll find out.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope you're well. I could be better. So I've been travelling back to see Hunter before everything happened. We were having fun, but I might've pushed it too far. I think another Mike saw me, one that doesn't know about everything that's happened afterwards. That's no good. We're gonna have to stick to hanging out in Hunter's cabin from now on.

Oops,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey. Hope you're doing well. I could be better. I just had to issue a correction on myself... I was using the Calculator to hang out with past, friendly Hunter, but things got out of hand, and I got spotted in the past, and it caused all sorts of problems. So I now never went back to see Hunter. *[Sighs.]* At least I still have the memories. The fuzzy, strange memories that those sorts of memories are.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]*: Hey, there. Hope you're doing well. I'm not doing well, I'm doing chores. I decided to clean out the gutters at Base, and I guess it's a good thing that I did, because they were disgusting. I would just as soon never do that again. Which I guess is why they got so gross in the first place. There has to be a way to use time travel to do this for me, but I haven't figured out how yet.

Best,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]:* Hey, there. Hope this finds you well. We're washing cars today at Base, which is the closest to a beach episode we're ever going to get. Everyone is in their bathing suits cleaning. We put some music on, and made a whole day out of it. So kind of like the beach, except we're in the middle of Oldbrush Valley, which is hundreds of miles away from any coast. A good time, nevertheless.

Surfs up,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]:* Hi, hope this finds you well. I'm doing great. I washed my bedsheets this afternoon, and they are so clean and soft and comfy. I'm laying in a sunbeam on the bed, and sunning like a cat right now. I asked Edgar to come snuggle with me, but he's too busy keeping us all from dying, or whatever? That's okay. His loss. More sunbeam for me. I think I might take a nap.

Zzzzz,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

**MIKEY** *[narrating]:* Hey, there. Hope you're doing well. I'm in a creative mood, and by that, I mean that I cut the sleeves off a lot of my shirts. Life is too short for sleeves, and it's too hot out. Gotta let those arms be free! Suns out, guns out. I'm doing yard work today, and I can already tell that it's going to be so much easier without sleeves. I should've done this years ago!

Sleeveless in Oldbrush Valley,

Mikey

*[Postcard jingle.]*

*[END Intermission XXV.]*