

EPISODE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY ONE - YELLOWKNIFE, NT

Original transcript edited by Theo and reviewed by Jenah

[BEGIN Episode 181.]

INTRO: Hey, guys, quick plugs. Welcome to Season 16. I am so excited for a new season of WOE.BEGONE, with new angles to approach everything from, new events and characters and themes, and it's such an exciting time, so I hope that you're along for the ride with me. This most recent intermission went out with a bang, because I did a 24-hour livestream over on my Twitch at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod), to celebrate four years of the show. WOE.BEGONE has been going on for four years now, and it is such an honor to be part of this community and be able to tell these stories, and it is entirely through your support. And I just wanted to thank everyone again for listening to the show and being a patron and asking questions in the Q&A and showing up to the streams, and all of this means the world to me. So, if you'd like to come by and say howdy, next Sunday, we will be back to writing episode soundtracks at [twitch.tv/woebegonepod](https://www.twitch.tv/woebegonepod).

And if you'd like to support the show, you can do so on Patreon over at [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.patreon.com/woe_begone), where you'll get early access to ad-free episodes, instrumentals, soundtrack albums, Q&As, director's commentaries, Movies with Michael, postcards, corkboards, and more. Speaking of "and more," during the 24-hour stream, I made an announcement about a supplemental side project. If you want to be the first to hear this project, it will go up for patrons first at all levels, so go sign up over there if you want to get a crack at that. That is [patreon.com/woe_begone](https://www.patreon.com/woe_begone). Special thanks to my ten newest patrons: [REDACTED] for supporting the show. Enjoy.

[Warning: This episode contains a very brief discussion of parasites, as well as discussions about death and violence. Listener discretion is advised.]

[Opening theme plays.]

[We hear the ambience of the cattle drive in the snowstorm: whooshing wind, snow, the crackle of a campfire.]

47: Hey. Everything okay over there, XL? You ain't touched none of your bear meat. You're just pushin' it around on your plate.

XL: Huh? Yeah, uh. I-I'm fine. I'm just not very hungry.

47: Well, ya better get hungry, pilgrim. We been out here too dang long for you to act like this. Ya need your dang strength, boy, so eat up. I saw you gatherin' logs for the campfire this mornin'. You couldn't hardly lift nothin'. We don't got time for stragglers out here. So eat.

XL: 47, I said that I'm not hungry. It's not your cooking, I promise. I just— I—I— I don't wanna eat right now. My stomach hurts.

47: You got yourself a parasite or somethin', XL? You remind me of the time I had a tapeworm. Damn thing like to have killed me before I figured out what was goin' on. I killed it first, though. Thing was the size of my arm.

XL: This isn't exactly the most appetite-stimulating discussion.

38: And how'd you get that tapeworm, 47?

47: Well, 38, I reckon I got it from eatin' bear meat. Which is how I learnt that you make sure the meat is damn well cooked so it won't happen again. I was a greenhorn back then. You can see for yourself, XL. This meat is well done. Ain't nothin' can survive bein' cooked that hot. Ya need to eat. See? I'm eatin' it. Ya need your strength today, just like ya need it every day out here. That's how it is on the wild frontier. We ain't got time for weakness.

XL: I'm sure that I have some snacks or something in my tent. Uh, I'll eat when I'm hungry, okay?

38: You'd better not have snacks in your tent, XL! What happened to sharin' everything we got in the communal pool? That was your idea.

47: To say nothin' of the risk of a bear sniffin' out your beef jerky, and eatin' you and your tent like a extra large burrito.

XL: Okay, fine. I'm not hiding anything in my tent, I swear. I was just— uh— I don't wanna eat the bear meat...

38: You're one o' us. You eat with us. You eat what we eat. I thought you understood that. We can't have another Stinky situation out here.

XL: No, I— I get, I guess, uh... I— I surrender, I-I'll eat the bear meat. *[Take a bite.]* There. Happy?

47: It's a start, I reckon.

XL: Speaking of Stinky, did you see the Base report that came in today? It appears that Base is changing locations every day, and have completely cut ties with the Compound. Maybe they're doing something inspired by Operose?

38: I don't read the reports, and you shouldn't, either.

47: Nothin' lies that way 'cept for trouble, XL.

XL: Look, you don't have to tell me twice that Base is powerful and dangerous. They seem to want to be even more powerful and dangerous. No one is disputing that. But, isn't that why it's a good idea to keep track of what they're up to? Base is moving every day now. That means that they could be anywhere. That means that they could be out here with us in Yellowknife.

38: Well, I sure as hell ain't see 'em. Nothin' but snow drifts and cattle around here for miles.

XL: They would be trying not to get spotted, obviously. We know that Tex has his defensive array that he used against O.I. That's not the only type of array possible. They could be working on more. Like cloaking arrays that prevent the Base from being spotted. They could be invisible, sitting somewhere, watching us right now.

38: And how exactly did you become the expert on Base's defensive arrays, XL?

XL: Because they're in the reports, the ones I keep asking you to read.

38: I think I'll pass.

47: Well, XL, I got my shotgun right here. *[Pumps shotgun.]* We can go huntin' for defensive arrays. I'll fire around the radius of the camp, if'n ya want. The shot'll spread out and hit any invisible buildings nearby. All we'd have to do is listen for the report of the lead hittin' the side of the buildin'.

XL: Sounds like a great way to accidentally pepper one of us with buckshot, 47.

38: I don't think keepin' up with them reports is good for ya, XL. I really don't, I ain't just sayin' that. You think that keepin' up with current events'll help prevent another tragedy, but I reckon it's just as likely you bring one down on our heads.

XL: I don't see how that would happen. We don't wanna get caught off-guard, do we? If Base does show up, we want to make sure we fire our guns before they fire theirs, right?

38: The problem ain't with your logic, XL. The problem is that ain't ever gonna happen. There ain't no such thing as bein' prepared to meet Base. Do you think if I could prepare, that I'd be in this line o' work? That I woulda been out here with that Stinky iteration all that time? No, sir. You're right, we don't wanna get caught "off-guard." Because "off-guard" means you're still a part of the fight. We don't wanna be in the fight at all. Not one bit.

47: Alright, XL. Since you read these dang reports and memorize 'em for some reason, maybe you can tell us somethin'. Myself and 38 are both Michael iterations. How many Michael iterations does Base have hangin' around at this point? How many Michael iterations are with them while they're movin' around from place to place?

XL: Well, there aren't any that are travelling with them. Uh, I guess there's, uh, there's still Tex, but—

47: That's exactly what I thought. Accordin' to what you told us against our will, Old Man's dead. He took a bullet in the dang back from Britches when he was fightin' off Eagle. He got jack shit for savin' their lives, 'cause Base is too scared of the dang crust punks to defy them. Old Man gets the privilege o' rottin' in the dang dirt as a reward for savin' their skins. Typical Base behavior. And now Tex is missin' a leg he ain't ever gettin' back. Now, Michael never stood a chance. He was part of the Base from the get-go. He was always gonna fall, one way or another. He died for nothin', too. Even Lieutenant's dead. Lieutenant got too close from the other side, tryin' to meddle with 'em. Still got too close, still wound up dead. You sensin' a theme here, XL? Michael iterations that get too close to Base have a life expectancy of about two minutes.

38: Knowin' where they are don't keep 'em away. It brings 'em right to ya, in my experience. It's propagation, and it's dangerous. The reports come whether we want 'em or not, but that doesn't mean you have to read 'em. We need to be more careful. God knows I don't want another run-in with Stinky again in my dang life, if'n I can help it.

XL: Well, Stinky's not malicious, he's just in a unique circumstance.

38: XL, do you not listen to me when I talk, boy? You forgot what I told you about Stinky already? Maybe you really are sick. Eat up. You need a full stomach.

XL: I'm not sick, I'm just— I'm not hungry. I'm— I'm eating as much as I ca— You can see me. I— There's— There's no salt, look— I'm doing my best here, 38.

47: 38's right, XL. You better start pullin' your weight, or we're gonna trade you off to Tex at the next poker night.

XL: Why would Tex want me? There's nothing special about me.

47: Well, he could lock ya up somewhere and keep you from tellin' stories about him, for one. *[Chuckles.]*

XL: The stories that I tell about him? You think he knows about that?

47: I reckon he does, if you weren't pullin' our leg with a tall tale. You had us all goin' around the campfire the other night. And I was there with ya. You seemed spooked when we were down there. You always swore it was a true story.

38: Yeah, XL. My story about Stinky was damn true. You sayin' you was lyin' about Tex?

XL: No, I didn't say that I was lying about Tex, I'm— it's just— uh, um...

47: You ain't actin' like yourself today, XL. Listen: I got just the thing for ya back in my tent. Some medicine. Hundred proof stuff. Might help ya weather the storm today.

XL: Uh— Thanks, 47, but m-my stomach already hurts. Uh, I think I'll pass.

47: Your loss. That's more medicine for me. Pass me that bear meat, 38. I'm goin' back in for seconds.

[Scene transition.]

[We hear the sterile ambience of an interrogation room.]

MMXL: You can't do this to me, Mike! I'm you from, like, a couple hours ago. You can't treat me like a rogue iteration or a test subject or whatever this is. This isn't right! What would Michael say if he was here?

[Time travel noise.]

MIKE *["XL" in previous scene]:* Hello, uh, sorry to keep you waiting, and thank you for your patience.

MMXL: I was not being patient, asshole! I'm asking you what would Michael think if he knew that you did this.

MIKE: Michael doesn't think anything about anything anymore, because he consolidated with Lieutenant, and then Britches, thankfully, drove a pickaxe in between his eyes.

MMXL: You know that Michael would be so disappointed in you, Mike.

MIKE: He probably would be. Uh, let's get down to brass tacks, though, shall we? How are you feeling? The consolidation should have been pretty painless. Uh, and how is XL feeling? Like, *[MMXL sighs in frustration.]* what is he thinking about in there?

MMXL: This is all my fault, isn't it? **[MIKE:** Oh, there he is.] I brought you here by propagating information from reading those reports, didn't I? 38 and 47 kept warning me not to look at the reports, but I— I just wanted to keep an eye on you. *[Huffs.]* I should have just kept my head down like they told me to, because they know better. ...Did I just get us all killed? Or worse? *[Winces.]* T-The Mike iteration remembers developing Storage for Base? There's Storage now? Mike, when did you start putting people in Storage? Who's in there?

MIKE: I wouldn't stress that much about not listening to 38 and 47. I was just with them, pretending to be you, and they barely noticed anything was off, so their advice might not be the greatest? Uh, your reply did answer some of my questions, but I think I need for my memories to

be a little bit more forward if this is going to be a fruitful discussion? I need you to dig deep and take the reins, Mike. Uh. Mike, uh, you're gonna need a new name, obviously.

MMXL: My name is XL.

MIKE: No, you aren't XL. XL is in Storage. You need to get in control, Mike. That's the purpose of this exercise. An iteration of me and an iteration of XL. You get the upper hand during the consolidation, and you tell me what XL is thinking and what these fuckin' Cattle Drive Mikes are getting up to out here. You aren't XL, you're *me* and XL. So, get him under control, XL Mike. ...No, uh— uh— Mike XL. Magic Mike XL!

MMXL *[muttering]*: That is sub-Stinky-level nicknaming, Mike.

MIKE: MMXL for short. Uh, that's the Roman numeral for 2040, right? So, maybe that's when I'll let you out of Storage? *[Chuckles.]* I-I'm kidding, don't look at me like that. I'm not gonna wait that long to let you out of Storage, don't worry... D— I mean, really, that's only, like, 15 years. That's not that long in the grand scheme of things.

MMXL: I don't know where you think you are, but that's not 15 years relative to the Cattle Drive Mikes.

MIKE: Yeah, that doesn't really matter to me? Base is only staying here and observing the cattle drive for one day? After that, we're off to somewhere new. 2040 is 15 years from now, relative to the official Base calendar that I whipped up when I came up with the plan to move us every day. The Base calendar tracks members of Base through our linear perception of time. That's all that's important to me when figuring out what the date is. It could be 2297 out there in the snow, but it's 2024 here inside of Base. Speaking of, you need to hurry up and get in control, Mike. You know all of this stuff. We are wasting time here explaining things to this iteration of XL, when what we should be doing is pumping him for information. Get ahold of yourself, *[Claps for emphasis.]* Mike! Literally! You're not going to get overtaken by that podunk little cowboy, are you?

MMXL: He's not— *[Huffs.]* I'm not a cowboy—

MIKE: I know you aren't, because you're an iteration of me, Mike! You're Mike Walters. You're in charge of the new era of Base. The era where Base gets to flourish for once. The last era of Base ever, but the best and the longest if we play our cards right. You're not having second thoughts, are you, Mike? You're not agreeing with XL's memories, are you?

MMXL: I— I don't know what you expect from me. I— I might be "you," quote, but you're gonna put me in Storage when we're done. So, how am I supposed to react?

MIKE: You are supposed to react according to the intention that I set for myself when I iterated myself. You're supposed to take one for the *[Claps for emphasis.]* team! Get it together, Mike. I

made sure to set my intentions before I created you as an iteration. I was dead *[Claps.]* set on what I intended to do, and you were supposed to keep up that momentum. If *[Claps.]* I had been the iteration tasked with consolidating with XL, I would have given it my all to make sure that I was doing *[Claps.]* everything I could to help Base. I would be willing to sacrifice. You were the same iteration of me just a few hours ago. You know that this sacrifice is important. It's a dog-eat-dog, grass-eat-people world out there. We can't afford to falter now. Mike, can you dig deep for me? Can you be a team player?

MMXL: Something that Mike and XL both have in common is that we hate the "team player" corpo-speak.

MIKE: I will stop torturing you with corpo-speak as soon as you begin to cooperate. Mike, take a deep breath, and try again. I suppose if you aren't interested in participating, that we could resort to more... inhumane methods of extracting information, but you know I don't wanna do that! The whole reason I'm doing this in an iterative space is because I didn't want to torture XL for information and then dump his corpse off in a snowbank and head off to the next location. How it's supposed to work is an iteration of me gets the info from an iteration of XL, and then XL is none the wiser. This is the least destructive way of doing this.

MMXL: Look, I'm trying, Mike.

MIKE: Then try harder, Magic Mike.

MMXL: Fuck you.

MIKE: Let's have some decorum here, thank you. Note, when I was out there earlier pretending to be XL, 38 brought up something about Stinky being something right out of a horror story? Uh, can you tell me what's up with that?

MMXL: Uh. Uh— S-Stinky's... bad fuckin' news.

MIKE: There you go, Mike.

MMXL: Yeah, uh, at least, a-according to 38.

MIKE: Oh, really, our Stinky? Our heads-empty-no-thoughts Stinky?

MMXL: Yeah, uh, Stinky used to live with 38. Uh, 38 is the one who lost Stinky in a poker game to Tex.

MIKE: I was wondering how 38 even knew him. And Tex did say he won Stinky in a poker game, so all of that checks out.

MMXL: Yeah, but the— *[Groans.]*

MIKE: It's okay, MMXL. You've got this.

MMXL: Uh. Yeah, the, um, uh... The— The Stinky that 38 described was completely different than the Stinky we know. Like, not naive at all. Like that might all be an act?

MIKE: Okay, that's really interesting, though, because my understanding is that Tex believed that Stinky was "valuable" because of his naivete. Stinky was supposed to be from a past before WOE.BEGONE, or some other scenario where he never played the game? And that made him unique among iterations. That was supposed to be why he had enough value to pay off 38's debts, right?

MMXL: That's what he told Tex, but 38 seems to think that there's something else entirely that's "unique" about Stinky? Uh, we... u-uh... XL, uh—... u-um, I— I, **[MIKE: Take your time.]** uh, he, um... XL was around the campfire with 47 and 38 a while back? Maybe around Halloween? And they swapped scary stories? Uh, 38 told this ridiculous story about living with Stinky out on the frontier, and being lured out of his house and into a bear trap in the middle of the night? 38 said that Stinky tricked him into leaving the house, and got him to step on the trap. Stinky let him out of the trap, but he said, "This is only a warning."

MIKE: That does sound like a good campfire tale.

MMXL: Supposedly, that's when 38 decided that Stinky was too dangerous to keep around. And so he went to Tex's poker game, and, quote, "pretended" to lose so that he would have, quote, "no choice" to give up Stinky? So, he was trying to make Tex sound like the mark.

MIKE: Yeah, and he was trying to tell a scary story around the campfire, right? So he wasn't trying to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. How much of that is real?

MMXL: XL wondered the same thing. 38 seemed completely serious, but 38 is a Michael iteration, so it can sometimes be hard to tell what they're taking seriously, and what's part of some elaborate cowboy act.

MIKE: Ooh, don't let the Michael iterations hear you call it an act. God, I can hear him already. *[Michael impression.]* "This ain't a costume, pard." *[Drops impression and chuckles.]*

MMXL: Why are you asking XL about this? This is 38's story. Can't you get him in here, and do this whole iteration experiment thing to him instead? I only have XL's memories to work off of, and he wasn't there. He only heard the story, so he doesn't know if it's true or false.

MIKE: That would be great, but I don't think that it's safe for an iteration of myself to consolidate with an iteration of Michael yet? We are still in the early stages of developing our own technology, completely cut off from O.V.E.R. or the Compound. Not only is our consolidation technology not all the way there, if something goes wrong, we don't have the medical expertise

to treat it. It would be a different story if we had a Michael iteration that we could use to consolidate 38 with, but Old Man is dead. Britches killed him during the Firestorm. The 1,000 Magnolias are helping prevent the Firestorm from coming to fruition, but that is under the condition that Old Man stay dead. We can't risk breaking peace with the Crust Punks, because we have very little idea what is actually going on over there.

Tex is back in Texas and technically still an ally, though MDawg and TXDawg are not at all happy with how he dealt with the fire situation. And Troy isn't, either, and he's at Base now, so his opinion matters, I guess. Not to mention the complications that come with consolidating someone with two legs with Tex, who has one leg. I think that Michael consolidations will be possible in the future, but I'm still new at the helm here at Base, so I'm still developing new protocols and abolishing old ones. And if you could clear your head of all this XL stuff, you would know that. Because we were thinking about all this this morning even before you became an iteration.

MMXL: Speaking of Tex, while we're on it, you absolutely do not want to have him involved in Base. If these memories from XL aren't being distorted, uh, Tex is not the character that we think he is. Or, rather, he's... even worse than TXDawg and MDawg think he is. There is Ty Betteridge-level shit in here. Like, stuff that makes me wonder about the Firestorm. Maybe Eagle had ulterior motives when he was rescuing Tex out from under that rock. Maybe Eagle had plans for him. Because Tex is a much more sinister person than I imagined before the consolidation.

MIKE: I mean, I can deal with sinister, so I won't rule out working with Tex just yet, though maybe his onboarding is going to require some additional legwork? Uh, pun not intended. ...Well— Kinda intended. Fixing him up and getting him walking again could be a great way for us to get our foot in the door as an ally. ...Uh— Pun not intended again. You win more flies with honey than vinegar is what I'm saying. Uh— Tex is a pest, and we want to win him anyway, so flies in honey is a pretty good metaphor, actually.

MMXL: Uh, was that pun intended?

MIKE: I didn't notice I'd made a pun.

MMXL: The— The honey thing. XL remembers Tex keeping bees in his backyard in Texas. Do you remember anything about bees?

MIKE: I don't remember seeing any bees. Uh— Now that you mention it, there's that TikTok where Bluster's wearing a full beekeeper's uniform.

MMXL: If XL's memories are to be believed, the Cattle Drive Mikes have way more experience with Tex than we do. They knew him before he made himself known to Base, and they've kept track of him ever since. They're part of that weird poker night that he has going on down in Bluster's Grove.

MIKE: It might be time to send someone down there to see what they can win. See, Magic Mike XL? This conversation wasn't a bust after all. Your memories dominated the consolidation, and you were able to extract the important parts of XL's memories. Isn't that so much better than hogtying XL and forcing him at gunpoint to tell us everything he knows? God, I'm so tired of hogtying. You know, that's in the new protocols: there is a moratorium on hogtying.

MMXL: Okay, so if XL isn't hogtied somewhere, what did you do with him after you iterated him and consolidated that iteration with me?

MIKE: He is perfectly comfortable, I promise, because he doesn't feel anything. He is the very first guest in Base's luxury Storage suite. Don't worry, he's only going to be there for 24 hours. When I'm done talking to the Cattle Drive Mikes, I'll remove him from Storage and put him right back where he came from. He won't remember today, obviously, but, other than that, it'll be like he never left.

MMXL: So, Storage is officially up and running.

MIKE: I cut the ribbon this afternoon. We'll see if it works. If I open the door, and an asphyxiated corpse falls out, I'll tweak some things and try again. But it does appear to be working thus far.

MMXL: And what, pray tell, are you going to do with me.

MIKE: I think you know exactly what's going to happen. Assuming that an asphyxiated corpse doesn't fall out of Storage. But, you knew that. Y-You had to know that, MMXL. That's a very silly question.

MMXL: I was and am still hoping that you might reconsider.

MIKE: Well, don't. Why were you hoping that? We aren't separated that far in time, MMXL! The only thing that really differentiates us is a few hours of time and which side of this conversation we're on. W-Where in that time did you find hope that I wouldn't put you in Storage?

MMXL: Well, putting the consolidated iteration in Storage seemed like a great idea when I was you. Uh, but now I'm me, and I really don't want to go into Storage, Mike.

MIKE: Okay, but I'm still me, and I still have my plan, and your going into Storage is a key part of that plan, so I'm not convinced, I guess?

MMXL: But, like you said, we aren't that far apart. You would behave exactly the same way if you were in this situation. You wouldn't wanna go into Storage. You would be terrified is what I'm saying. I-I'm— I'm scared, Mike. I-I don't wanna be a guinea pig, I don't wanna go in Storage, I'm— I'm scared. I'm you. You would be scared.

MIKE: You're wrong, Mike. If I would be scared, then I'm relieved that I am not you. Iterative personhood doesn't go out the window just because it's convenient for Magic Mike.

MMXL: Okay, Mike. Just tell me what I need to do. I'll get down on my knees and beg, I'll—

MIKE: I'm not big on groveling? Uh, I just want you to give me what I want. Uh, I think this conversation has outlived its utility. We can have you write down more of XL's relevant memories at a later date. Maybe when you're calmer? See if we can get a good idea of what's going on out here. In the meantime, I need to wrap up my work in Yellowknife so that we will be prepared to hit the road in the morning.

MMXL: Kill me, Mike.

MIKE: Excuse me?

MMXL: I know where this is heading, Mike. I remember the Compound; I know how Storage works. You're going to put me in Storage, only to remove me once in a blue moon so that I can tell you something helpful, at which point I will be put right back in. You will use me for XL's memories until that well runs dry, and then never take me out again. I won't be alive in Storage. Effectively, I have a few hours left to live, spread across however many years you deem fit.

MIKE: It sounds like you have a pretty good understanding of how Storage works.

MMXL: So kill me. Hurry up, and get it over with. Don't drag this shit out.

MIKE: You will earn whatever release you get whenever I grant it, MMXL. But that isn't going to happen now.

MMXL: You know that you sound exactly like Ty Betteridge. You've got power now, and it looks terrible on you. Where is Edgar? Where is Mikey? What is all of this for if not to protect Edgar and Mikey? Remember when we came back in time specifically to protect Mikey? That was the most important thing in the world. And the Firestorm was about making sure that that incident went perfectly. And you don't even know where Mikey is anymore. You have *failed*, Mike. Shame on you, Mike Walters.

MIKE: *[Quietly laughs.]* You can't hurt my feelings, Magic Mike. Temporally, you're extremely close to me, which means that you have full access to all my insecurities. You can't rattle off everything that keeps me up at night and expect it to hurt me. Because I can tell that you're using it to manipulate me.

MMXL *[slowly]*: If it hurts, then that's because you deserve to hurt.

MIKE: This conversation is over, I need to finish up with the Cattle Drive Mikes and work on getting us outta here. Uh, exiting the interrogation and re-entering MMXL into Storage in three... two...

[Time travel noise.]

MIKE: Stinky and 38. XL and Tex. Poker game, campfire stories... Marissa's good at cards, right?

[Closing theme plays.]

[Negative Epistemology plays.]

*I must insist
how reluctant I am to do this
but I'll beat my chest
put on an air of confidence*

*It's a risk
but the payoff is immediate
and it was worth it wasn't it?
I'm counting fortunes as we speak*

*is it enough?
don't let me make you call your bluff
It works as long
as you hit it first*

*why would I comply?
If it hurts it's true
If it soothes it's a lie, so*

*I've got a hunch
the things we have are never what we want
and it's because
we try to stack our futures on the top*

*i'm out to lunch
i'm eating past lives like they're diet-size
I'm right the past
can only add up to so much*

*is it enough?
Scraping barrels to get the good stuff*

*it works as long
as there's something there*

*why would I comply?
If it hurts it's true
If it soothes it's a lie, so
plead with me*

[END Episode 181.]