

episode 92: A Midsummer Night's ... Whatever the hell  
this is

Shannon Perry

OZ 9 MIDSUMMER BONUS - THE BIOSWAMP

NARRATOR

1       Amidst the foul and fetid winds of the  
      bioswamp do we tod ay set our scene.  
      Alack, for our writer's gaze hath  
      fallen upon a once much-used and oft-  
      curs'ed Riverside Shakespeare, and  
      there twas an idea born.

N2

2       Tis a well-trod path and far from  
      original, but English majors must  
      perforce English maj, and so like  
      Icarus, we all now build our wings and  
      join her in her flight of fancy.

NARRATOR

3       Like foolish Icarus, we do not fear to  
      fly too close to the sun. In our case,  
      because the brightest things in this  
      script are Bonnie's sun drawings which  
      she, like the monks of old, hath  
      doodled in the margins.

N2

4       With the 4th wall now reduced to grit  
      and rubble, we draw aside the curtain  
      upon our scene as star-crossed lovers  
      tangle in the affairs of the fae folk,  
      and vice versa, and mischief abounds.

NARRATOR

5       It is the hour of dusk in the  
      bioswamp, and the fairies are busy  
      lengthening the shadows, quieting the  
      robin-ishy and meadowlarksy-type birds  
      and awakening the owlsh and sort-of-  
      nightingaley in their turn.

N2

6       Not the egrets, though.

NARRATOR

7       T'would take a hammer to calm an  
      egret. Hither comes the fair and  
      comely Dr. Theo, whose voice doth  
      charm all manner of rough beast, with  
      the exception of the once-captain  
      Jessie.

DR. THEO

8           O night both fierce and foul in which  
          dark deeds oft are done, I welcome  
          thee now to cover my blushes and cool  
          my heated brow. For she loves me not.  
          Fair Pipistrelle, it is your hour, for  
          the sun, o'er jealous of your beauty,  
          hath condemned you to the darkling  
          hours. Whyfore then, do you not come  
          to me here, wing' ed nymph of night,  
          for you have captured my heart as sure  
          as you [waving an arm in front of his  
          face] capture these tiny bugs you dine  
          upon?

SFX: hooves approach

GREG

9           [singing to himself]

DR. THEO

10          But hark, who comes to steal my  
          solace? I shall hide me here behind  
          this ... whatever the hell this is.

SFX: rustling swamp plants as he hides

GREG

11          Heard I some voice? Grrrrrrr. A  
          mushroom thief, tis sure, come to make  
          short shrift of my nightly labors and  
          steal away my prize. [calls out]  
          Knave, hath thou no morels? For I am  
          of good character, and morels have I  
          plenty though none for you. [to  
          himself] I must away and guard my  
          treasure; my hard work is for no  
          other's pleasure!

SFX: gallops away

DR. THEO

12          What care I for your feeble fungi,  
          fellow? What care I for any worldly  
          good when love hath extended a  
          stealthy leg, tripped me and pitched  
          me o'er, and stomped on my heart like  
          a clumsy maid flattening her partner's  
          toes at her first Gavotte?

NARRATOR

13 Many hours hath this noble surgeon  
whiled away with lamentations and  
renting of garments, though not near  
enough renting, for said garments are  
still mostly whole, which is annoying.

N2

14 So vigorous his lamenting that e'en  
the fae folk have taken notice and do  
spy and playfully pelt him with  
fewnets, wormcast, spraints, and  
coprolite for his pains.

NARRATOR

15 Once more through a wormhole pass'ed  
we, so our crew are beguiled and shed  
their daily skins to wear another –  
hark how the jolly and sausage-scented  
Dr von Haber Zetzer doth come in the  
likeness and garb of the fairy King,  
pursuing his cool and scornful Queen.

N2

16 We're really gonna need to provide a  
transcript on this one.

NARRATOR

17 We always do.

N2

18 With footnotes.

NARRATOR

19 Let's make that your job.

SFX: Let's mark the entrances and exits of our "fairies" –  
Mrs S, Dr. vHZ, & Olivia – with some sort of shimmery sound.

MRS SHEFFIELD

20 Follow me not, tyrant of the heart,  
you'll make merry no more with mine.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER

21 Tarry, rash wanton! Am I not thy lord?

MRS SHEFFIELD

22 Ha! Pullest thee the other one. If  
thou wishest to lord over someone, you

would do best to get a dog. Did I not  
spy thee "strumming thy lute" with a  
bar wench? And I mean that  
metaphorically.

23 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
I heard the fingerquotes, *danke*.  
*Schiesse!* Fair queen of the sprites, I  
would despair did I not see in thy  
jealousy some faint shadow of love.

24 MRS SHEFFFIELD  
Get thee over thyself.

25 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Come now. Sit with me upon  
this...whatever the hell this is, and  
let me spin thee a tale of woe so  
heavy with trials and pains as to  
soften thy heart.

26 MRS SHEFFFIELD  
You couldst not soften this heart with  
a meat tenderizer. I myself hath daily  
soaked it in the acid and vinegar of  
grief and tears, which only served to  
toughen its fibres against thee. Thou  
hast done me dirty.

27 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Tell me how I might win thee back  
again?

28 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Show me some understanding of love.  
Nay, pick me not a flower out of a  
pile of alligator droppings, yuck, put  
that down. Do some service unto love,  
aid Cupid in his labours, not for thy  
own sake but to attend on love.

29 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
On this ship? What service could I  
render love here, for certain no one  
would desire these dumpkofs to make  
more copies of themselves?

30 MRS SHEFFIELD  
Fear not babies in this show, for  
there are no sharks out here to jump,  
if thou catchest my meaning. Doth not

the swoony Dr. Theo, frozen here  
whilst we speak, torture the very  
trees with his protestations of love?  
Thou mightest start there.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
31 And if I do him such service as to  
bring his belov'ed bat winging to his  
arms, what then, Lady? Wilt thou admit  
me then to thy heart....and thy  
bedchamber? Mmm? Mmm?

MRS SHEFFIELD  
32 One thing at a time, Romeo.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
33 Wrong play.

MRS SHEFFIELD  
34 Watch it.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
35 Sorry.

MRS SHEFFIELD  
36 Wing'ed Pipistrelle's heart is already  
a fair way down the path to love; a  
well-placed nudge shall set her feet  
a'right. See thou do well the task  
I've set thee and not fuckest it up.  
Fairies, attend on me here and witness  
the King's oath: to bring love to  
scientist and bat, for no service can  
be better set than that!

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
37 *Auf Wiedersehen*, mein Queen. When you  
awake, the deed shall be done!

SFX: The Queen buggers off.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
38 OLIFIA!!

NARRATOR  
39 So the fairy king hath promised to  
beguile the hearts' compasses of both  
Pipistrelle and Dr. Theo so their true  
north is truly set at one another.

40                   N2  
But how is such a piece of business to  
be undertaken? Forsooth, both are shy  
as the cub reporter whose first story  
is set at a nudist colony.

41                   NARRATOR  
No doubt the king will burden his  
favorite fae, the puckish Olivia, with  
the task. Hither comes she now.

42                   N2  
How can you tell? She's digital again.

43                   NARRATOR  
Narrator the Second, hush thy uncivil  
tongue and just go with it.

44                   N2  
K.

45                   OLIVIA  
You bellowed?

46                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Ach, pixie, thou didst take thy time.

47                   OLIVIA  
Oh, bollocks. Another bloody wormhole.  
It's a good thing this is audio; those  
tights are doing you no favors.

48                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Jest on thy own time, sprite, I have  
work for you.

49                   OLIVIA  
Ah! Some mischief? Something good this  
time, eh? Enough pulling stools out  
from under unsuspecting wenches'  
bottoms. Borrrring.

50                   DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
No mischief now, we do the very work  
of Cupid himself.

51                   OLIVIA  
That lazy little bastard? No, thank  
you. And next time you see him, could  
you remind him to reposition his sash?  
I don't need to see all his dangly

bits, thanks.

52 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Wilt thou not catch the spirit of the  
game and join us in some merry sport?

53 OLIVIA  
Do I have to sound like a twat?

54 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Fine. No.

55 OLIVIA  
Right. What's up?

56 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Divine Clara, Queen of the Fae, hath  
set me this task: to woo fair  
Pipistelle in the guise of good Dr.  
Theo, and thus win her to his heart.

57 OLIVIA  
Can't you just throw some little bugs  
on him? She's proper fond of gnats.

58 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
A romantic are thee not, Olivia.

59 OLIVIA  
All right, all right. What do you want  
me to do?

60 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Find you some love-in-idleness flower  
and dribble 'pon the sleeping eyelid  
of the lady, so when next she wake,  
and cast eyes upon him, her heart will  
know the true depth of her affection  
for the loquacious logician.

61 OLIVIA  
"Loquacious logician"?! That's the pot  
calling the kettle wordy if ever I  
heard it. Look, the chances of there  
being that flower in this swamp are  
about 1-to-are you fricking kidding  
me, and even if I find something  
similar, it'll likely turn her into a  
newt. And I'm not gobbing into her  
eye, neither.



62 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
What witterest thou on about? I didn't  
tell you to spit in her eye.

63 OLIVIA  
Oooo, you did! "Dribble 'pon her  
sleeping eyelid." Sound familiar?

64 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Got in himmel, *dribble the juice of  
the flower*, you tiny- [thinks better  
of it]

65 OLIVIA  
[warning] Go on....

66 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Enough! I am becalmed. Just figure it  
out. Ooo, and whilst thou ist at thy  
labours, save a bit of dribble for my  
Queen, and see she falls in love with  
something funny. I want to put it on  
Tik Tok.

67 OLIVIA  
Anything else? It's not like I have a  
ship to run or anything.

68 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
No. I am sated. Off and see my will is  
done ere break of day.

69 OLIVIA  
Or what, exactly?

70 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
Could you let me be king for five  
seconds?

71 OLIVIA  
Fine, go for it.

72 DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
See my will is done ere break of day,  
sprite, or such woe befall thee as...  
eh... oh, forget it. Just go.  
Farewell!

SFX: King exits.

OLIVIA

73           Righty ho. Love-in-idleness flower,  
          eh? Seriously, the king has his noble  
          head up his royal arse if he thinks  
          there's any of that 'round here.

SFX: Greg approaches

GREG

74           (huge yawn) Faith, many an hour have I  
          stood guard o'er my pale crop, but  
          sleep creeps along my limbs like giant  
          sloths, and I am near to falling from  
          the weight. I shall secret myself  
          behind ... whatever the hell this is,  
          and rest till the cock crow again.

OLIVIA

75           Don't know what cock you're counting  
          on, mate, but whilst you're snoozing,  
          I think I might just check out your  
          mushroom patch for something that'll  
          work.

SFX: Olivia exits.

NARRATOR

76           For the last six pages hath poor Dr.  
          Theo worn out his time, frozen, still,  
          and forgotten. Now, un-enchanted at  
          last as our middling scribe remembers  
          he's still standing there, he wakes.

N2

77           "Middling" seems generous.

NARRATOR

78           Can't argue. Hush.

DR. THEO

79           Have I been in a dream? My legs do  
          ache, and the moon is not where last I  
          left her in the sky. I must to bed,  
          but my chambers are far. I will rest  
          me here awhile and dream of my sweet  
          Pipistrelle.

N2

80           You know, in Shakespeare's day,  
          "awhile" and "Pipistrelle" would've  
          been close enough to count as a rhyme.

NARRATOR

81 TWO.

N2

82 Just sayin'. This isn't easy, you know.

NARRATOR

83 Tis no tale that does not contain some strife. So here comes another who woo'd a wife.

N2

84 Did you say "would" a wife or "wooded" a wife?

NARRATOR

85 That's the joke. It could be either.

N2

86 Oh. (pause) So, "comedy" is a pretty loose term, then, right?

COLIN

87 (to himself) At night doth my heart fly from my chest, and I follow it here, to this rank and irksome swamp, whence to cool my fruitless ardor in this deep and murky water.

N2

88 Like taking a cold shower?

NARRATOR

89 Sounds like it.

COLIN

90 I shall no more set my heart at anyone, for tis a recipe sure to yield despair. Leet, Albatros, wife – all have left me with no lover, spouse, or friend.

OLIVIA

91 Who's this? Oh lord. Sorry, mate, we're fresh out of potential sweethearts. Unless Joe really swabs your decks, I guess.

SFX: Julie calling from a distance.

JULIE  
92 Allllllllbeeeeeeert. Allllllllbeeeeerrrt!

OLIVIA  
93 Oh, yeah. Julie's been a bit grievy  
and mopey since Ben buggered off.  
Don't know about a love connection,  
but I reckon you both could use a  
friend.

SFX: Julie coming closer.

JULIE  
94 Allllllllbeeeeeeert. Allllllllbeeeeerrrt!  
Oh! What devilment is here?

COLIN  
95 No devil but those bedeviled with  
insomnia. Pardon, fair lady; I intend  
no harm.

JULIE  
96 (suspicious) Faith, tis a strange hour  
to be abroad for *honorable* purposes.

COLIN  
97 And yet, here you are. And I.

JULIE  
98 Fair.

COLIN  
99 Are you she who nursemaids the  
alligrets?

JULIE  
100 Define "nursemaid."

COLIN  
101 No insult intended, lady; i'faith, I  
admire thee for thy bravery.

JULIE  
102 Oh. Well. Then thou art kind despite  
thy stormy looks.

COLIN  
103 You can see me?

JULIE  
104 Thanks to the moon, tis not so dark.

Art thou usually invisible?

COLIN  
105 Uhhhhhh....Maybe? In truth, this night  
confounds me. I am all of a fog, my  
mind doth roll and swirl, and in  
clouds covers truths which would be  
plain in light of day. What bringst  
thou here?

JULIE  
106 Same. Though I am more of mist than  
fog: my mind dampens joy and maketh  
the grass all slippery.

COLIN  
107 I... see.... What cause hath life  
given you to seek solace here, in this  
dank and dreary place?

JULIE  
108 My true love paves a path amongst the  
stars and cuts a course to home.

COLIN  
109 Tis a deep cut, indeed.

JULIE  
110 To the bone. And what of you? Why  
preferest thou the stagnant swamp to  
the warmth of hearth and home?

COLIN  
111 My hearth and heart are cold, lady.  
For there are none to stoke the fires  
of either.

JULIE  
112 Seek you warmth here? Faith, what  
might do for firewood is as green and  
sodden as ... Albert. And as likely to  
ignite.

COLIN  
113 I seek not the smoldering embers of  
romance; a spark of friendship would  
warm me through.

JULIE  
114 And I. What hast thou there?

COLIN  
115 Oh. A novel writ by a doctor I know.

JULIE  
116 Tis a hefty tome.

COLIN  
117 This is the first chapter.

JULIE  
118 Wow.

COLIN  
119 Wouldst thou sit beside me and read a page?

JULIE  
120 Oh, uhhhhh. Wow. Be that the time? I should really-

COLIN  
121 (interrupting) You mistake me, lady. I read it only for the drowsiness it inspires.

JULIE  
122 Well, in that case....

SFX: Julie and Colin sit. Dr von Haber Zetzer appears.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
123 Why do you tarry, sprite? Hath thou already completed thy task?

OLIVIA  
124 Seriously, this part of the galaxy has more bloody wormholes than a pile of compost. I'm watching these two.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
125 More star-cros't lovers?

OLIVIA  
126 Nah. Just two lonely people stumbling about in the dark.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
127 Ach. Tis easier to keep a stumble from becoming a fall when there's someone at your side to catch you, eh?

OLIVIA  
128 Look, I know where this is headed, and  
you're very sweet or something, but do  
you have any idea how much work I have  
on my plate right now?

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
129 Olifia....

OLIVIA  
130 FINE. Back to the mushroom patch I go.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
131 Tis meet they grow in a fairy ring,  
eh?

OLIVIA  
132 Oh yeah, that makes everything so.  
much. better.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
133 A piece of cake be these two, for  
already they drool and snore and slump  
to the ground.

OLIVIA  
134 Seriously, you couldn't put people to  
sleep faster with that book if you hit  
them over the head with it.

SFX: two shimmers as Olivia and Dr vHZ depart.

NARRATOR  
135 As the fae folk quit the scene to tend  
to their business, our fourth and  
final character doth step, clumsily,  
upon the stage.

PIPISTRELLE  
136 Why do I linger? My appetite is sated,  
my eyelids grow heavy for want of  
sleep, and yet I remain in this dark  
and restless place. My wings are  
still, yet my fancy is full in flight,  
imagining such things as I dare not  
give voice to unless alone in the  
dark.

SFX: Olivia shimmers back.

OLIVIA  
137 Ooooo, gossip. Go on....

PIPISTRELLE  
138 With my sonar, I may detect all manner  
of hidden things, and yet am I  
helpless to ping the depths of the  
heart - mine own...or his.

OLIVIA  
139 Ah, hell. Just gimme five minutes,  
will ya? I'm working on it.

PIPISTRELLE  
140 In love, I am truly a bat: I am upside  
down and folded tight; every step is  
clumsy and near to a fall, but when I  
am beside him, my heart hath wings and  
is playful, spinning loops and soaring  
to new heights. Yet, is this love or  
only that magic by which he beguiles  
us all?

OLIVIA  
141 Does it matter?

PIPISTRELLE  
142 And truer to my purpose, what of him?  
He holds his feelings so close in  
check as to make a prisoner of his  
heart. Truth, he is harder to read  
than his own novel.

OLIVIA  
143 Pfft. You've clearly never tried.

PIPISTRELLE  
144 Aye me, I would snatch his love out  
the air if it flew by me, but I am a  
bat, not a woodpecker, and cannot pry  
it loose from such stern stuff as his  
heart be.

SFX: rustle of Pipi perching after Olivia's "just lie down."

OLIVIA  
145 Yeah, all right. I'm on it. Just lie  
down or oh, yeah, hang upside down,  
whatever. Gonna be tricky stuffing a  
mushroom down you at that angle, but  
we'll get it sorted.



NARRATOR

146 Night hath rounded the corner towards  
morning, and the fae folk, their  
labours concluded, attend upon their  
queen and prepare her for slumber.

MRS SHEFFIELD

147 Duckweed! Wooly Sedge!

Editors: I'd like Sarah to use effects to differentiate the  
fairies a little. Can we make that work without messing up  
the sound design process?

DUCKWEED

148 Ready!

WOOLY SEDGE

149 And I! Here! I'm here! How may I be of  
service? Is there mischief afoot? A  
jape, a jest, a merry caper?

MRS SHEFFIELD

150 Wooly Sedge, calm thyself before I  
calm thee with a hammer. Horsetail!  
Cattail!

HORSETAIL

CATTAIL

151-152 Ready!

And I!

MRS SHEFFIELD

153 Wools! Step back a pace, you're  
getting hair in my mouth.

WOOLY SEDGE

154 Sorry!

MRS SHEFFIELD

155 I shall lie me here, atop ... whatever  
the hell this is. Peace, o'er love, is  
sweet and best. See that none come  
near to disturb my rest.

SFX: Dr. vHZ shimmers in.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER

156 (softly) Olifia!

SFX: Olivia shimmers in.

OLIVIA

157 WHAT?

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
 158 Shhhhh!! Lookest thee here, sprite. My  
 lady sleeps. But she is attended by  
 her fairies, dammit.

**Big snore from Mrs Sheffield.**

DUCKWEED  
 159 Right. She's out. Anyone want to raid  
 the swamp hooch and get lit?

WOOLY SEDGE  
 160 Ready! Me me me me! Let us quaff deep  
 and run amuck!

HORSETAIL CATTAIL  
 161-162 I'm in! And I!

SFX: Four shimmers as the fairies run off.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
 163 Excellent! See how soundly doth my  
 lady snooze upon this... what the hell  
 IS this thing, anyway?? Hath thou some  
 potion to anoint her brow and turn her  
 affection in a wholly unsuitable  
 direction?

OLIVIA  
 164 Couldn't you just apologize for the  
 bar wench and the ehhhh ... "lute  
 strumming"?

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
 165 Admit the truth? She'd roast my capons  
 and feed them to me. No, sprite, I  
 believe the truest way to win her back  
 is to trick her into loving a bug or  
 something and then humiliate her in  
 front of her servants.

SFX: Squelchy sound (maybe reminiscent of LBF's  
 decongestant?) for the potion.

OLIVIA  
 166 Riiiiight. (SFX: Squelch) OK, anointed  
 with ointment. Anointment? That just  
 sounds wrong.

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
 167 Go thee now, mischievous Olifia, and

find some base and vile creature.  
Bring it here so 'tis the first thing  
her eyes light upon when she awakes.

OLIVIA  
168 Just so you know, this swamp is fresh  
out of love-in-idleness flowers, so  
I'm not entirely sure-

DR. VON HABER ZETZER  
169 (interrupting, speaking to the  
sleeping Queen) Fare thee well and  
sleep thee well, my Queen, for  
tomorrow hast thou a big day.

SFX: He shimmers off.

OLIVIA  
170 Right. OK. Warning delivered and  
ignored. As you do. I'm off to water a  
few others, as per direction. Do you  
have any idea how hard it is to juice  
a mushroom?

SFX: Olivia shimmers off. Pause. Shimmers back. Squelches!  
Also, Julie, I'll insert pauses; can you move Olivia's voice  
in space so we get the idea that there's some distance  
between them?

OLIVIA  
171 Hang on, they're all scattered around  
here. Right. A drop for you, Dr. Theo;  
a dribble for you, Julie; some for  
you, Mz Pipi; and the soggy dregs for  
you, Colin. Now, don't all be looking  
at each other when you wake up, or  
we'll have some bonzo Weeping-Angels  
scenario to sort out, and I'm tired.  
AND I still have to go find something  
for the Queen to get jiggy with.  
Ooooo! Hang on, didn't I leave a zebra  
here somewhere? Crap. I'm out of  
potion. Welp, mate, looks like you get  
a whole shroom. (grunty noises of  
stuffing shroom down zebra throat)  
Good luck!

SFX: She shimmers out. Pause. She shimmers back.

OLIVIA  
172 Screw this, I'm not waiting for

morning.

SFX: Rooster

OLIVIA

173 Huh. I guess we do have a cock.

NARRATOR

174 And there our story we must conclude,  
But lest you think our ending rude...

N2

175 A two-parter doth this be  
So join us again in our revelry.

NARRATOR

176 Wilt the lovers and the friends

N2

177 Find their best and happy ends?  
Or will Olivia, the Oz 9's own Puck,

NARRATOR

178 On purpose or by haps, up it fuck?  
Thou hast been listening to...  
David S Dear as Dr. Theo Bromae  
Kevin Hall as Greg  
Sarah Golding as Mrs Sheffield

N2

179 Eric Perry as Dr. von Haber Zetzer  
Shannon Perry as Olivia  
Chrisi Talyn Saje as Julie  
Tim Sherburn as Colin

NARRATOR

180 Sarah Rhea Warner as Pipistrelle  
Bonnie Brantley as Duckweed, Wooly  
Sedge, Horsetail, and Cattail.

N2

181 I'faith, I'm Kyle Jones, your Narrator  
2,

NARRATOR

182 And whether thou likest it or not, I'm  
Chris Nadolny Gourley, your Narrator.  
Our music was writ by John Faley, and  
our artwork from the fevered brow of  
Lucas Elliott.

N2

183 Sarah Golding our dialogue did edit,  
and Shannon Perry our sound design'ed.  
Lamentably, our story of Oz 9, much  
like the alien of old, did explode  
from the head of Shannon Perry and  
wreaketh much havoc upon a space ship.

NARRATOR

184 Know you now that Oz 9 doth hang about  
with many a rascally and ill-reputed  
tale amidst the Fable and Folly  
Network.

N2

185 Go thee hence to fable and folly dot  
com and there beguile your idle hours  
with true delights.

NARRATOR

186 Until next time, gentle Monkeys of  
Space, be well. Cast thine eyes  
upwards to the stars, but try not to  
step in the fewmets.