

You're listening to Erraticus, Episode 10: The Glowly Jar.

GUY

I...have no idea what this is.

(Pause)

When did you discover this room?

FERN

'Bout...six hours ago? Seven?

SENTIENT BEING

Six hours and forty three minutes ago.

GUY

Why didn't you grab me sooner?

FERN

Because that would have been us robbin' you of six hours and forty three minutes of sleep that you needed.

GUY

(Sighs)

FERN

(Smug)

Admit it.

GUY

Admit what?

FERN

That I was right and that you feel worlds better now.

GUY

Well, I did until I learned that, while I was sleeping, you two decided to cut into an unknown wall.

SENTIENT BEING

I assure you, that was a unilateral decision that I did not participate in.

FERN

Only because your eyeballs don't reach back here and you don't have hands.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

You can try and deny it, but you were obviously super curious about this mystery wall, too.

SENTIENT BEING

Curious about the wall only insofar as hoping that it would contain a high-voltage wire that I would get to watch you cut through--

GUY

(Rubbing his temple)
Okay. That's enough. You: do you have any idea what this...equipment is?

SENTIENT BEING

I do not.

FERN

(Snorts)
That's believable.

SENTIENT BEING

(Facetiously sincere; almost sarcastic)
I'm sorry, was I curious about this hidden alcove or was I well aware of its existence and the contents within? I do not believe I could have been both.

FERN

I dunno, but what you are is a piece of--

GUY

(Snapping)
Hey.
(Silence)
Let's focus.

FERN

Yeah, let's use that re-fueled brain power! I'm on board!
(Pause)
So: what're we focusing on?

GUY

(Slowly, with exaggerated
patience)

We're focusing on figuring out
what this glowing substance in
that container is and why it's
been hidden away in a room that
itself is inside a hidden room.

FERN

Ooooooh. Yeah. Good point. A secret
room inside a secret room.
Exciting stuff. But, is the glowy
jar the part we should be focusing
on?

GUY

What?

FERN

I mean, I've seen this glowy
substance before. What I haven't
seen before is the super high-tech
machine that's around the glowy
jar. I don't know anything 'bout
computer stuff in general, but
this? This looks fancy in a
"thousands of years in the future"
sorta way.

GUY

I'm pretty sure that's a
stabilization device, but you're
right...it looks pretty advanced--
(Pause)
Wait, what?

FERN

What?

GUY

You've seen this substance before?

FERN

Yeah. Looks like lightning bugs in
a jar.

(Long silence)

Lemme guess: you didn't have
lightning bugs on the terraformed
inner-sphere globe that you grew
up on. Oh man. Child-you really
missed out, Guy.

GUY
(Irritated)
I'm positive that I told you that
I grew up around Jupiter.

FERN
(Skeptical)
You sure about that? They have
lightning bugs on all of those
terraformed globes.

GUY
The substance in that container
isn't lightning bugs!

FERN
I didn't say it was. I said it
looked like lightning bugs.

GUY
(Patient, but only barely)
And how is that observation
supposed to help us?

FERN
Hmm, I dunno. Just spitballing
ideas here because it doesn't seem
like anyone else is coming up with
any of their own.

SENTIENT BEING
That alcove appears to be self-
contained in regards to power and
wiring. There is no corresponding
room on my schematics and I do not
detect the room or any of its
contents with any of my sensors.

FERN
(Sarcastic)
Yes, telling us that you can't
even detect the room is a much
more helpful observation.

GUY
You can't tell us anything about
it, then?

SENTIENT BEING
I cannot. I...do not like this
development, I assure you.

GUY

It serves no purpose to your functioning?

SENTIENT BEING

It does not appear to.

GUY

What are the odds that it's a threat to us?

SENTIENT BEING

I cannot say.

GUY

In that case...if it's not essential and it might be dangerous...should we jettison it?

SENTIENT BEING

I'm...not sure that would be an ideal solution.

FERN

I vote we keep it. It's not essential and it might be dangerous, but, you forgot a third option.

GUY

Which is?

FERN

It might be useful. I say we hang on to it.

SENTIENT BEING

I agree.

FERN

Whoa.

SENTIENT BEING

Yes. I am not surprised that endorsing a logical argument would be disorienting to you.

FERN

Yeah, that's not what I was "whoa"-ing about.

GUY

(Sighs)

Okay. Fine. It stays.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

But I think we should keep the door closed.

FERN

Wall.

GUY

What?

FERN

Doors have knobs. This doesn't. It's more of a false-wall, really.

GUY

(Sighs)

Fine. Wall. How do I...oh.

SOUND: METAL WALL SLIDING ON WELL-OILED RAILS AND THEN CLICKING GENTLY SHUT

FERN

(Serious)

That's it? We're really not going to talk about why the being who brags about having complete control over the ship doesn't know about the secret little room inside their brain room?

SENTIENT BEING

(Unyielding)

No.

GUY

(Softly)

It's not our biggest concern right now.

FERN

(Softly as well)

You're right. My biggest concern is that the more we learn about this ship, the less we know. My second biggest concern is that you're being pretty blind with your trust. My fourth biggest concern is that we have no idea what else is hidden in these walls!

GUY

(Unimpressed)

Okay, you skipped "three" again and your first and last concerns are pretty much the same concern.

FERN

Aha! See? I knew sleep would do you good.

GUY

(Softly; still serious)

Fern, we talked about this. Trust me: I think I know what I'm doing.

FERN

Okay. Just making sure.

GUY

(Long pause)

Okay? That's it? No argument?

FERN

Nope. Just wanted to make sure that we're still on the same page since, when we did talk about it, you were so sleep-deprived you couldn't even count to four. I'm just making sure your well-rested brain agrees with a decision your sleep-deprived one made.

(Pause)

Though...If you are spoiling for a fight, I could probably find something else to argue about? I still don't think "implode" is a word.

SENTIENT BEING

(Interrupting)

I would very much prefer that you didn't. Now, if you two have finished discussing me as if I'm not here?

GUY

(Genuine)

Sorry.

FERN

(Not genuine)

Not sorry.

SENTIENT BEING

We have work to do, Santee. And, a piece of advice?

(MORE)

SENTIENT BEING (CONT'D)

You two manufacturing a comms failure in order to facilitate an opportunity to conspire against me while outside this ship was moderately clever. I recommend setting the bar at least that high when you two decide to gossip about me again. Listening to you scheme right in front of me is quite awkward for me and, I hope, very embarrassing for you.

FERN

Aw, you thought that was clever? What a compliment! For the record, that comms failure was my idea because, didn't you know? In space, no one can hear you scheme.

MUSIC: SCENE CHANGE

SOUND: AMBIENT BEEPING ON THE BRIDGE. STILL SICKLY SOUNDING.

GUY

(Over tannoy)
Okay, what about now?

FERN

(In person; bored)
Nope.

GUY

(Frustrated sound)

SOUND: TANNOY CLICKS OFF

SOUND: TANNOY CLICKS ON

GUY

Now?

FERN

Still nope.

GUY

Are you sure you're looking at the right display?

FERN

No, I'm looking at the one on the left, like you told me to.

GUY
 (Clearly face-palming)
 That's...the right screen.

FERN
 Nope, pretty sure it's on the
 left.

GUY
 I mean that's the correct screen.
 The one above the actuation system
 console. It's still blank?

FERN
 As blank as my brain gets when you
 say words like "actuation."

GUY
 (Distracted)
 Okay, maybe if I--

SOUND: TANNOY CLICKS OFF

FERN
 (Sighs)

SOUND: TANNOY CLICKS ON

FERN (CONT'D)
 (Pre-emptive)
 Still nothing.

SOUND: TANNOY CLICKS OFF

FERN (CONT'D)
 (Sound of wonder)
 Oh! Is that...? Huh, would ya look
 at that...

SOUND: TANNOY CLICKS ON

GUY
 Okay, that should have done the
 trick. What're you seeing, Fern?

FERN
 A pod of whales.

GUY
 (Confused)
 What?

FERN
 A pod of whales.
 (MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)
Pod means "group" in whale-lingo,
y'know.

GUY
(Exasperated)
The screen, Fern.

FERN
Oh. That. Uhh...yeah, there's text
and stuff on it now.

GUY
(Relieved)
Thank goodness. Okay, now we need
to--

SOUND: TANNOY CLICKS OFF

FERN
Huh, that's weird, what're
they...oh crap.

SOUND: FERN PUSHING BUTTONS

FERN (CONT'D)
(Under her breath)
Goddammit, which one of these--

SENTIENT BEING
(Glitching badly; angry)
Stop touching my console.

FERN
Ew, please don't ever say that
sentence again.

SENTIENT BEING
What do you want?

FERN
Like, so many things, but most of
them are already in our fridge, so
that's lucky--

SENTIENT BEING
(Angry)
Stop wasting my time and stop
putting your grubby hands on my
console.

FERN

Y'know, I think it's the possessive adjective that makes that sentence super creepy. Maybe if you said, "Stop putting your acceptably clean hands on the console," it would sound a lot less indecent.

SENTIENT BEING

I am terminating this comms link now--

FERN

(Quickly)

Wait! While I have your attention: are your external sensors working?

SENTIENT BEING

(Prickly)

No.

FERN

What about the helm? Is that working?

SENTIENT BEING

No.

FERN

Ooooookay, can you send Guy up here?

SENTIENT BEING

No.

FERN

(Frustrated)

Why not?

SENTIENT BEING

He's busy.

(Meanly)

Maybe one day you'll know what it's like to be useful.

FERN

Oh god, I hope not. But, seriously, he needs to see this.

SENTIENT BEING

I strongly doubt that. He is in the middle of a task that requires undivided attention.

(MORE)

SENTIENT BEING (CONT'D)

(Grudgingly)

But...I can relay a message to him.

FERN

Ugh, fine. Tell him that the pod of whales I mentioned is heading right for us.

SENTIENT BEING

If I promise to repeat this inane sentence to him, you'll leave us alone?

FERN

I mean...until the whales get here, sure.

SENTIENT BEING

Fine.

FERN

(To herself)

Look on the bright side, Fern: you've always wanted to cross "Nantucket Sleighride" off your bucket list...

SOUND: AMBIENT BEEPING FOR SEVERAL SECONDS. THEN, FOOTSTEPS COMING CLOSER

GUY

(Aggrieved)

A *what*?

FERN

Guy! I thought you were doing something really important.

GUY

I *was*, but the Sentient Being told me what you said and we decided that I should at least lay eyes on what you're talking about--

(Pause)

What...is that?

FERN

A whale pod.

GUY

Those...aren't whales.

FERN

Yeah they are. Or, I guess, that's what they're called. I mean, duh, they're not actual animals 'cause we're in space.

GUY

But...what are they?

FERN

("I don't know" sound)
I wanna say that they can be bad-news bears, but we had that talk about metaphors and I don't wanna confuse things even more.

GUY

(Distracted)
It looks like an aurora,
but...denser?
(Pause; fully attentive)
Hang on: bad news how.

FERN

Do you know what a Nantucket Sleighride is?

GUY

No.

SENTIENT BEING

Oh.

FERN

Aha. Sparky gets it.

SENTIENT BEING

(Stern)
Do not call me that.

FERN

Okie-dokie.

GUY

(Getting frustrated)
What is a Nantucket Sleighride?

FERN

What're the odds that the really-important thing you were doing a minute ago was fixing the helm?

GUY

I was, but then you interrupted me. Can one of you please tell me what's going on?

SENTIENT BEING

Back before your species had developed rudimentary rocket technology and was still dependent on primitive sources of fuel, those who hunted actual whales would do so by spearing the beasts with a harpoon attached to a length of rope. The mammal would then panic and try to flee, thus pulling the whalers along in their small watercraft. That phenomenon was colloquially referred to as a Nantucket Sleighride. In short: a Nantucket Sleighride is a mindless animal response to barbaric human behavior.

FERN

But probably really exciting.
(Pause)
Not the stabby part, I mean.
That's just cruel.

GUY

(Not sure what's going on)
That... "pod" looks like high energy particles. You think that that energy will, what, sweep us along?

FERN

From what I've heard, that's what happens to ships that get caught in a space whale pod. I also heard it plays absolute havoc on the ship's systems, too, and ships are lucky if they emerge intact and functional, but, that shouldn't be a problem for us since most of our ship's systems are already kaput.

SENTIENT BEING

(Snarly)
Oh, there are plenty of essential systems keeping you alive at the moment that would be fair game for further degradation.

GUY
Okay, what do we do?

SOUND: PERSON SITTING. SEATBELT BUCKLING.

FERN
Can you get our helm operational
in the next...oh, two minutes?

GUY
(Flat)
No.

FERN
Well, I guess that makes it easy.
We can't steer ourselves outta the
way, so we buckle up.

GUY
(To Sentient Being)
Hey, uh...is there anything you
can do?

SENTIENT BEING
I assume you're talking to me.

FERN
(Under her breath)
You wouldn't have to assume if you
just gave yourself a goddamn name.

GUY
Yeah.

SENTIENT BEING
No. I can do my best to repair any
damage that my systems might
sustain, but I am unfamiliar with
these..."whales." As such, I will
have to manage difficulties as
they arise.

FERN
(Softly; nervous)
Guy, you might wanna buckle in;
they're almost on us.

SOUND: SECOND PERSON SITTING AND BUCKLING IN

GUY
Okay, well...good luck.

FERN
God, I wish I had a harpoon--

SOUND: METAL GROANING VIOLENTLY

GUY
(Sound of shock)

FERN
(Sound of shock)

SOUND: ALARMS START UP AND THEN STOP, ABRUPTLY. TYPING STARTS

GUY
(Frantic)
Oh no.

FERN
What happened?

GUY
The coolant loop lost pressure
again.

FERN
I have this funny feeling that
you're gonna get a lot of practice
fixing that thing...

SOUND: NEW ALARM STARTS UP AND THEN GLITCHES OUT

FERN (CONT'D)
(Teeth grit)
And that?

GUY
(Confused; worried)
I...don't know. The alert
disappeared before I could read
it.

FERN
Maybe it fixed itself?

GUY
(Grim)
Doubt it.

SOUND: METAL GROANING VIOLENTLY

GUY
(Shout of surprise)

FERN
(Shout of surprise)

SOUND: SUDDEN SILENCE

FERN
(After a long, long pause)
Um...what happened?

GUY
 (Unsettled)
 It looks like we're still in the
 middle of...whatever this is.

FERN
 The pod.

GUY
 The pod.

FERN
 Hey, I got a question for you: you
 know when there was bad weather on
 whichever globe you grew up on and
 the sirens would start blaring and
 then, at some point, they'd go
 silent but the storm would still
 be raging and you'd sit there
 wondering if the alarms stopped
 because the danger passed or if
 they stopped because the cyclone
 or tornado or fire or whatever
 destroyed them?

GUY
 You think the alarm system got
 destroyed?

FERN
 I think that, if it were working,
 we'd be deaf. Look outside. That's
 one hell of a storm.
 (Snort of amusement)
 A whale of a storm.

GUY
 But...we're not being thrown
 around like we were. Let me see...

SOUND: TYPING

SENTIENT BEING
 (Glitching badly; annoyed)
 Stop that.

GUY
 Sorry!
 (Pause)
 What's going on?

SENTIENT BEING
 I'm trying to keep these pests--

FERN

--whales--

SENTIENT BEING

--pests from short-circuiting my systems. I can manage that for now but only if you stop inputting commands and leave me alone.

GUY

How do we get out of here?

SENTIENT BEING

I just told you that I am handling it, though I realize that I forgot to tell you the most important instruction: don't ask stupid questions.

FERN

(Softly, to Guy)

Hey, on the plus side? At least these whales have forced us onto a new trajectory. I don't think whatever crew that put that tracker on us will be able to find us now.

GUY

(Growl of frustration)

FERN

Another thing to add to the "plus side" category? The view is nice. I've never been inside a rainbow before.

SENTIENT BEING

The phenomenon outside is not refracted photons.

FERN

I didn't say anything about photons. Stop eavesdropping and get back to work.

SENTIENT BEING

(To themself)

I don't know why I expected you to know what a rainbow is.

(More formally)

Santee, I need your assistance. Please open an external communication channel.

FERN

Didn't you just tell us that not typing commands was one of your rules?

SENTIENT BEING

As was not asking stupid questions.

(Pause)

Santee.

SOUND: TYPING

GUY

On it. Okay. What now?

SENTIENT BEING

Cover your ears.

SOUND: SUBSONIC, NOT-QUITE PIERCING FEEDBACK FOLLOWED BY A LONG PAUSE

FERN

(Slightly saddened)

Oh. They're going away.

GUY

That worked! What did you do?

SENTIENT BEING

(Sounding tired but relieved)

A variable frequency transmission calculated to disrupt the energy field surrounding us, which I derived by extrapolating from the frequencies detected by my internal sensors and the limited input I can still gather from my hull sensors.

GUY

Oh, that's...brilliant, actually.

SENTIENT BEING

I know.

FERN

Um, I don't think it was.

SENTIENT BEING

Even if my solution was shy of genuine brilliance, it would still surpass any solution you could--

FERN
 (Interrupting)
 --yeah, whatever, the pod is
 coming back.

SENTIENT BEING
 What?

GUY
 Oh, crap.

FERN
 And...for a whale pod made purely
 of glowy lights, it looks...angry?
 Oh shi--

SOUND: METAL GROANING, MORE VIOLENTLY THAN BEFORE

GUY (Shout of surprise) FERN (Shout of surprise)

SENTIENT BEING
 (Computer teeth grit)
 These goddamn pests--argh

FERN
 (Teeth grit)
 That doesn't sound good. Hey! Not-
 Sparky! You okay?

SENTIENT BEING
 I told you to not ask ques--
 (Cuts off abruptly in ugly
 glitching sound)

GUY
 What the hell...?

FERN
 Do you think they're stuck in a
 blender again?

GUY
 That...what? No.

FERN
 Spinal cord problem?

GUY
 (Flat)
 No.
 (MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

(Pause)

If this is a...weird
conglomeration of energy, then I
wonder...

SOUND: TYPING STARTS

SENTIENT BEING

(Still pained and as if
they're struggling against
something)

Yes. You are on the right track,
just--

(Pause)

Wait.

GUY

(Distracted)

Okay, I think I can redirect power
to the external comms relay in
order to amplify the frequency.
Now I just need to--

SENTIENT BEING

(Frantic)

Do not finish that line!!!

GUY

What?

SENTIENT BEING

The...energy field we're in,
it's...trying to communicate?

FERN

Whales do sing, y'know.

SENTIENT BEING

Don't be daft. It is not music,
but...it does not appear to be
completely random. I wonder...

SOUND: METAL GROANING STOPS. EVERYTHING IS QUIET

FERN

(Awed)

What did you do?

SENTIENT BEING

I'm...not sure.

GUY

According to the comms array, it looks like you sent a message? But...that spectral modulation is nonsensical--

SENTIENT BEING

I sent out a polyphonic frequency based on the input of the source frequency that this energy conglomeration we are trapped in is emitting, tempered with an aleatoric (A-lee-a-TOR-ic) component to allow for adaptation to the spontaneity of the source frequency, which has allowed me to achieve harmonic syntony with the energy field around us.

GUY

You're...singing with them?

SENTIENT BEING

(Irritated; snapping)

I am not singing. I have achieved resonance, which appears to have lessened the destructive nature of this energy field.

FERN

Pod.

SENTIENT BEING

No.

GUY

Huh. In that case, I wonder if we can...

SOUND: ETHEREAL SOUND STARTS PLAYING OVER THE TANNOY

GUY (CONT'D)

(Awed)

What is that?

FERN

(In utter adoration)

Sounds like singing to me. What the hell?

GUY

Is that language?

SENTIENT BEING

I...am not certain. I wonder...

SOUND: ETHEREAL SOUND CHANGES SLIGHTLY

FERN

Those colors.

GUY

Are you resonating with their visible light wavelengths?

SENTIENT BEING

(Unintentionally wistful)

I suspect that I am.

Unfortunately, with the exception of a few rudimentary hull sensors, my external sensors are not currently operational. I cannot tell what is happening outside the hull of my ship.

(Backtracking back to Cruel)

Which I believe I have mentioned several times.

FERN

But you can...what? Hear them?

SENTIENT BEING

I am still able to detect electromagnetic radiation that engulfs the ship. Especially energy this concentrated.

FERN

(As if to a child)

Then why can't you see it? I'm pretty sure visible light is in the electromagnetic spectrum.

(Long pause)

What?

SENTIENT BEING

I do not intend to speak for Santee, but I am surprised that you know that.

FERN

Good. So: how come you can't see how cool these whales are?

SENTIENT BEING

(Reluctant)

My ability to interpret those frequencies as images is...impaired.

GUY

Oh. It's...really spectacular.

SENTIENT BEING

(Terse)

Yes. So you've said.

(Business-like)

I am hesitant to refer to this phenomenon in the idiomatic parlance, but, as it appears that I have calmed this...

(Distasteful)

...pod, my systems have stabilized and I am pleased to report that the damage we have sustained is minimal.

GUY

Is there anything critical that we need to repair?

SENTIENT BEING

There are several systems that sustained minor damage, but nothing that requires immediate attention.

FERN

So...we're stuck on the sleigh ride, then? No way to control what happens or where we go?

SENTIENT BEING

For the moment.

FERN

(Exhaling)

Welp, may as well sit back and enjoy the view, then.

GUY

(In wonderment)

It is beautiful.

FERN

Yeah. It's like...a shifting nebula? Right now, it's this brilliant pink that would be, like, really gaudy on a shirt or something because it's just, like pink pink, not a pink you see in nature, but...there, the way it fades into that purple bit at one o'clock? Gorgeous.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

(Pause)

What're you seeing, Guy?

GUY

What? You're looking at the same thing I am.

FERN

(Pointedly)

I am but if I, I dunno, didn't have eyes and you wanted to be nice and explain this once in a life-time experience to me, how would you do it?

GUY

(Softly; realization)

Oh.

(Clears throat)

It's like...so, when I was growing up on Elara, we sometimes had these sunsets and they were just...well, they made the earth sunsets that I saw in books look like amateur watercolors in comparison. This...this reminds me of those Elara sunsets. The colors shifting fast enough that there's obviously a change, but slow enough that you never quite notice when the transition happens. And, the colors...I mean, there're all here and they coalesce seamlessly together. It's...I could watch this for days.

(Softly)

Sorry Fern, I'm...not really good at this.

FERN

Nah, I think you're doing fine. It's...really hard to find words to describe this, huh?

SENTIENT BEING

(Wistfully; to themself)

Innominate...

FERN

Huh?

GUY

What was that?

SENTIENT BEING
 (Catching themself; back to
 being standoffish)
 Nothing. I just thought I would
 supplement your limited human
 vocabulary.

FERN
 (Wry)
 Hey, I'm pretty sure I taught you
 that word.

SENTIENT BEING
 (Argumentative)
 If you think I was unfamiliar with
 the word "innominate" before
 today, you--

FERN
 Hey. Calm down. We're all
 watching--and listening to!--
 peaceful whales peacefully here.
 Don't harsh the vibe.

SENTIENT BEING
 (Stiff and formal)
 I apologize. Thank you two for the
 imagery. I have several systems
 that need my attention.

GUY
 Oh. You need a hand?

SENTIENT BEING
 No.
 (Long pause)
 But...thank you.

GUY
 Sure.

SOUND: SEVERAL SECONDS OF ETHEREAL MUSIC

GUY (CONT'D)
 I see what you did there.

FERN
 (Quickly, embarrassed)
 Cool. Then we don't need to talk
 about it.

GUY
Narrating the whales for the
Sentient Being...that...that was
really considerate of you.

FERN
(Embarrassed)
Ugh, can we not do this right now?
Our digital friend can probably
still hear us.

GUY
(Amused)
So?

FERN
Look, you're making it sound like
I was being intentionally nice or
charitable or something.

GUY
(Still amused)
You weren't?

FERN
No! It's literally common decency
to not let anyone miss out on
something so cool. Hell, I would
have done the same for that stupid
Agent von Evil if she were here
and couldn't see the pod because
I'd rightfully gouged her eyes
out.

GUY
(Flat; amused)
Really. You really would have done
that for her?

FERN
...okay, no I wouldn't have. Can
we be done with this conversation?

GUY
(Grinning)
Fine with me.

FERN
(Sudden tension)
Good, because...I think we have
company.

GUY
What? What is that?

FERN

Looks like a pequod, which...makes sense since we're surrounded by whales and they're the most popular style of whaling ship out here...

GUY

You mean they're gonna--

FERN

--Yup. Oh no--

SOUND: ETHEREAL MUSIC TURNS TO PANICKED DISCORDANCE; METAL GROANS

GUY

(Shouts)

FERN

(Shouts)

SENTIENT BEING

(Alarmed)

What is going on?

FERN

So...there's a whaler approaching fast and I think it's pretty clear that this pod knows that that's bad news for them.

GUY

They're panicking?

FERN

Yup. And that ship hasn't even fired a harpoon yet.

(Pause)

Okay, I lied before: this is gonna be a Nantucket Sleighride.

Thank you for listening to Erraticus. This episode was written by Sarah Newton and featured the voices of Sarah Newton and Jacob Zarick with special thanks to Jacob Zarick for vanquishing calculus. Please visit our website at erraticuspod.com for details regarding sound effect and music attributions.

If you enjoyed this part of our story, please share with others and tune in next time for Erraticus, Episode 11: A Marvelous End.