

Intro: You're listening to Erraticus, Episode 8: Astronomical Odds.

SOUND: AMBIENT BEEPING. THIS IS MORE LETHARGIC AND UNHEALTHY-SOUNDING THAN THE NORMAL BRIDGE AMBIENCE

FERN  
(Stretches and groans)

SOUND: INSISTENT BEEPING

FERN (CONT'D)  
(Exasperated sigh)

SOUND: TYPING

FERN (CONT'D)  
(Sarcastic; under her breath)  
Oh fantastic.

SOUND: GENTLE BEEP OF COMMS LINE BEING OPENED

FERN (CONT'D)  
Guy?  
(Pause)  
Guy?  
(Pause)  
Hello? Guy? You there?  
(Gasp)  
Oh no. You didn't fall asleep on the job, did you? That plasma stove ain't gonna fix itself you know.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COMING CLOSER

GUY  
What is it now?

SOUND: COMMS LINE CLOSSES

FERN  
Oh. There you are. I tried comm-ing you.

GUY  
(Irritated and exhausted)  
I know. You comm'd in to the kitchen. I was in the aft engine hold.

FERN  
What? Why would you be there?

GUY  
 (Long pause)  
 Where did you think the plasma  
 stove was?

FERN  
 (Sheepish)  
 Oh.  
 (Defensive)  
 Well, why didn't you just go to  
 the kitchen and talk to me there?

GUY  
 (Exhausted)  
 Because, honestly, it was easier  
 to walk all of the way back here  
 to the bridge than it would have  
 been to coach you through how to  
 open a channel to the right room.  
 (Pause)  
 Did that alarm just start?

FERN  
 Yeah. Looks like something to do  
 with the proximity sensor.

SOUND: TYPING. BEEPING CUTS OFF

GUY  
 Yeah.  
 (Frustrated)  
 I need to recalibrate the--

FERN  
 --Yeah, I'm gonna stop you there  
 because you look exhausted and I  
 don't want you to waste energy  
 explaining stuff to me that I  
 probably won't understand anyway.

GUY  
 Fine.

FERN  
 Where does the proximity sensor  
 live?

GUY  
 The sensors themselves are fine, I  
 just need to--  
 (Pause)  
 --The thing I need to fix is in  
 that control panel there.

FERN  
Oh cool. You need a hand?

GUY  
(Short-tempered, but holding  
it together)  
Only for the past two days.

FERN  
That was some pretty pointed  
passive-aggressive-ness there.

GUY  
(Sarcastic)  
Oh, was it? All I was implying is  
that it would be nice if I wasn't  
the only person here who knows  
anything about fixing ships.  
(Long pause; forced  
exhalation)  
That was uncalled for.

FERN  
Eh, I'll live.  
(Serious)  
It sounds like the repair work  
isn't going too good?

GUY  
The repair work is going well, but  
the rate at which systems keep  
failing is outpacing my ability to  
fix them.  
(Exhausted, resigned)  
At this rate...I don't think the  
ship will be functional by this  
time tomorrow.

FERN  
Well...crap.

GUY  
Yeah.  
(Sighs)  
Scooch over, I need to get inside  
that panel.

FERN  
Oh. Sure. Ummm...maybe I can at  
least pass tools to you?

GUY  
(Pointed, grumpy)  
Can you?

FERN

Hey, for your information, I know  
a hawk from a handsaw.

GUY

What?

FERN

But only when the solar winds are  
southerly.

GUY

(Overly calm)

Fern?

FERN

Yeah?

GUY

(Forced, exasperated  
patience)

I haven't slept in two days. We're  
on a ship that's falling to pieces  
around us. Thanks to inertia--an  
inertia that we have no control  
over-- we're currently traveling  
farther into the Oort Cloud  
without any way to control our  
course. In the next day we'll be  
dead if we don't discover a  
miracle--

FERN

--Hot-damn, seriously, Guy, I know  
I've said it before, but those  
summarizing skillz of yours are  
wicked good--

GUY

(Pleading)

--So can you please, please try to  
keep your thoughts linear?

FERN

Ooph. Linear thinking? That's a  
no-go I'm afraid. But I can  
promise to do my best to keep what  
I say as boring as possible.

GUY

(Pretty much pleading)

That's pretty much all I'm asking.

FERN  
Well, in that case, I'm happy to try and oblige. So...you need a handsaw?

GUY  
What? No. Pass me those pliers.

SOUND: METAL TOOLS RATTLING IN BOX

FERN  
These?

GUY  
No, the tool next to it.

FERN  
Got it. Here.

GUY  
(Absently)  
Thanks...

FERN  
So...if a miracle doesn't happen in the next day, ship's toast?

GUY  
(Grimly)  
Yeah. And us, too.

FERN  
I found where that Helios Intelligence buttface hid our EVA suits back at that pylon. I checked them over and, thankfully, she didn't sabotage them and I think they're still in working order. Those should buy us another day's worth of breathable atmosphere, right?

GUY  
(Trying to hold it together)  
You're right. We have two days until we die of asphyxiation. I don't know what I was so worried about.

FERN  
I don't know where this salty side of yours is coming from, but, wow, your sarcasm skillz are almost as sharp as your nut-shelling ones.

GUY  
 (Contrite)  
 I'm sorry. I'm just--

FERN  
 Whoa. No need to apologize. I'm sophisticated enough to appreciate a good vintage of sarcasm when it's hurled in my direction.

(More serious)  
 And, for what it's worth, you're holding it together pretty good, to be honest. Is this your first time on a space caper?

GUY  
 "A space caper"?

FERN  
 Yeah. Doing something in space that really pisses off some authority figure or other and skating away by the skin of your teeth.

GUY  
 (Cagey)  
 I've...never done a "caper" in space.

FERN  
 Well, I gotta say, you're a natural--  
 (Pause)  
 Wait. "In space"? That's an interesting qualification to tack onto the end there. You've done capers not in space before?

GUY  
 (Long pause)  
 I've...upset certain..."authority figures" before.

FERN  
 Ha! I knew you were suspiciously good at, like, everything we've done so far. So? C'mon, feed me the details!

GUY  
 No.

FERN  
 What?

GUY  
It's not something I want to talk about.

FERN  
Oh. Okay. No sweat.

GUY  
How are you staying so calm?

FERN  
Eh, this isn't my first space caper.

GUY  
(Unimpressed)  
I don't see how past "capers" have any bearing on our situation now. We're literally drifting in a space desert and we're going to be dead in two days.

FERN  
Unless we find a new ship.

GUY  
Yeah, but I feel the need to reiterate that we're drifting in a space desert. What're the odds of us finding another ship out here?

FERN  
Oh, I'd say pretty damn good--

SOUND: SHIP HAILING SOUND

FERN (CONT'D)  
See?

GUY  
(Faintly with cautious relief)  
Is that...a hail?

FERN  
Yup.

GUY  
From another ship?

SOUND: HAILING SOUND CUTS OFF

FERN  
Nope.

GUY  
(Not amused)  
What.

FERN  
But a real ship hail would sound a lot like that?

GUY  
(About to lose his temper)  
Did you just...fake a hail? For a joke?

FERN  
Ummm...yes?

SOUND: TOOL CLANGING ANGRILY

GUY  
(Temper lost)  
What the hell is wrong with you? Why the hell did you think that would be even remotely funny? I've been up for days trying to keep us both alive and you've been lounging around up here planning jokes?

FERN  
(Serious)  
One: I didn't plan that, I saw a serendipitous opening and I took it. Two: I will never ever apologize for trying to lighten the mood, especially in certain-death situations because I am not going to die angry and afraid and boring. Four: if you're losing your temper this easily, then you need to go to bed.

GUY  
(Still angry)  
Oh, sure! I'll just go lay down for a nap while the ship falls apart around us shall I?

FERN  
What's the worst that will happen? It'll fall apart faster? Worst case scenario, we die sooner.  
(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

Best case, you get some sleep and are able to work more effectively when you wake up and maybe that brilliant well-rested brain of yours will find a solution that your exhausted brain has been missing.

GUY

I promise you I'm working as effectively as I would if I were well-rested. This isn't anywhere close to the first time I've worked under stressful conditions on no sleep.

FERN

Okay, well I come bearing proof that you're not working at full mental capacity.

GUY

(Irritable)  
Which is?

FERN

You didn't ask me what happened to number three.

GUY

(Exasperated)  
What?

FERN

I jumped from "two" to "four" in that list I gave you a moment ago.

GUY

(Confused)  
What?

FERN

That list. One--serendipitous joke; Two--not gonna die mad; Four--you need a nap. There was no "three."

GUY

(Dazed)  
Oh.  
(Irritated)  
That's not proof of anything.  
(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

Maybe I've just given up on trying to correct you when you're being ridiculous.

FERN

That seems out of character for a person who, up until now, has shown this weird compulsion to correct any inaccuracy he hears.

GUY

I don't correct "every inaccuracy I hear."

FERN

(Not impressed)

Really? I bet our computer friend would agree with me if they were, y'know, still alive.

GUY

It's not a computer--  
(Cuts off abruptly)

FERN

(Smug)

I rest my case. Both cases.

GUY

(Grumpy)

You set me up for that.

FERN

(Not even a little sorry)

And you fell right into it. So, now that you know I'm right: go to bed.

GUY

I can't.

FERN

You can. It's pretty much the easiest thing a person can do.

GUY

(Gritted teeth)

Not when a spaceship is literally breaking down around them.

FERN

Speaking from personal experience, I beg to differ.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

The only thing that's gonna save us is a miracle and so you may as well be well-rested when one of those happens.

GUY

(Sputtering)

When? You really think something out here is going to save us?

FERN

Maybe. It's the safe bet to make because if I'm wrong, I won't be alive to feel stupid about it. But if you're wrong and a miracle does happen, you're gonna feel just so silly for the rest of your newly extended life-expectancy.

GUY

(Face in hands)

What...the hell is wrong with you? We're doomed. There is literally no chance that...I don't know, that our ship will magically stop breaking or that the Sentient Being will become functional or-- or that another ship is just wandering around out here looking for ships like us to help--

SOUND: HAIL

GUY (CONT'D)

(Snarling)

Fern, that is not funny.

FERN

(Quickly)

What? No! That's not me! That's...an actual hail!

GUY

(Faintly)

...What?

FERN

Ummmm....how do I--

GUY

(Now more confidently)

Move over, let me see if I can...

SOUND: TYPING

GUY (CONT'D)  
 ...Huh. I wonder why it's not  
 going through?

FERN  
 What?

GUY  
 I'm...not able to get a lock on  
 their comms channel.

FERN  
 But...they're right there.  
 Aaaaaad, that ship got really  
 close really fast. Where the heck  
 did it come from???

GUY  
 (With saintly patience)  
 It's not a proximity issue.

FERN  
 Oh. Huh, wow, that's a nice ship.  
 It looks like a carnatic. Or,  
 maybe a small fuwalda.

GUY  
What?

FERN  
 That ship. Huh. Haven't seen a  
 fuwalda in a long time...

GUY  
 (Under his breath)  
 Of course you'd recognize weird  
 Oort ships...

FERN  
 You know...that ship only needs  
 one and a half people to sail it.

GUY  
 One and a half?

FERN  
 I rounded down.

GUY  
 Fern, you promised me you were  
 going to try harder to make sense  
 when you talk.

FERN

Oh, shoot. Sorry. But, you see where I'm going with this, right?

GUY

Yeah. Despite the fact that I suspect that I'm still mostly sane, I think I'm able to follow your train of thought.

FERN

Ouch. That almost hurt.

GUY

(Pressing on)

So, how do we ask them to help us?

FERN

Nope, that's not the train my thought is on. I don't know who they are and they're just as likely to be marauders who don't really have our best interests at heart. The only reasonable option is to lure them onto this ship, sneak on to theirs, subdue the crew that's still onboard, and take off in their completely functional ship.

GUY

You mean...the same way we stole that police cutter when the Helios Fleet ambushed us?

FERN

Exactly. We're sacrificing points for originality, but that's a small price to pay and I don't think we have time to come up with a better plan.

GUY

(Skeptical)

Okay. I'll ping an SOS. Hopefully that'll draw them to us.

FERN

Or maybe they'll attach an anchor and drag us to them like the fleet did when we were stuck in the stasis field at the wrong pylon.

(MORE)

FERN (CONT'D)

I love it when that happens: it's like reverse fishing, or, as I like to call it, "Revenge of the Fish" or "Fisherman's Folly."

GUY

Uh...huh...

SOUND: TYPING AND THEN A SOFT ALARM CHIMING

GUY (CONT'D)

Okay, SOS sent. I think. I'm not sure how functional our external distress signal is working...

SOUND: GENTLE PINGING X 3

GUY (CONT'D)

What...just happened?

FERN

You can cut the SOS. That noise was the friendly sound of a ship coming in to help us.

GUY

Oh. That's...I wasn't expecting actual assistance.

FERN

Why? Because you're in the Oort and you're under the impression that everyone in the Oort lives on the blood of innocent Helios civilians?

GUY

(Defensive)

Can you blame me? And...didn't you just say that they probably don't have our best interests at heart?

FERN

Lighten up, I'm just giving you a hard time. Safe bet is that they're after the same thing we are.

GUY

You mean they're going to try to steal our ship?

FERN  
Probably. C'mon, let's get our EVA suits on and wait outside.

SOUND: BOOTSTEPS. THEN, AFTER A MOMENT, DONNING EVA SUITS

GUY  
(Reluctant)  
We're really going to do this again?

FERN  
You mean are we really going to go through with a plan that's worked for us once before?

GUY  
Yeah.

FERN  
Well then, you just answered your own question. Think of the time we snuck onto that police cutter as a dress rehearsal.

(Pause)  
Though...they might not have a brig on their ship for us to stow their crew. Now that I think about it...Oortian fuwaldas don't usually have brigs. So we'll have to find another way to keep them locked up. But that'll be a problem for later.

GUY  
So, once we board their ship...we're just going to improvise?

FERN  
It's been working for us this far. I don't know why you're getting all condescending about it now.  
(Chipper)  
Whoa! Look at you: you learned how to put on your own jetpack!

GUY  
(Dry)  
It's literally just rocket science.

FERN  
Was that a joke?!?

GUY  
(Slightly exasperated)  
What? I can be funny.

FERN  
(Conciliatory)  
I'm sure you can. I'll get the  
airlock ready...--  
(Pause)  
...What?

GUY  
(Confused)  
They're....leaving?

FERN  
Maybe...they knew what we were  
planning?  
(To herself)  
Goddammit, I knew I shouldn't have  
talked so loud.

GUY  
(Irritated)  
What? That's not what tipped them  
off.

FERN  
Sound, vacuum, yeah I know. But  
intent does travel through a  
vacuum and, with how desperately I  
wanted to steal that ship, I'm  
sure that's what spoiled the  
surprise.

GUY  
(More irritated)  
That's not how that works either.

FERN  
If you say so.

GUY  
(Frustrated; desperate)  
Ugh! That was our one chance to  
get off this ship.

FERN  
Our "one chance?" Why wouldn't we  
get another one?

GUY

Because, the odds of us coming across that ship were extremely small. The probability of us coming across another ship are now just...astronomically low.

FERN

Exactly. Since we're in space, astronomical odds work in our favor.

GUY

(Silent for a long time)  
(Trying to rein in his temper)

If I'm going to be dead in two days, I have to know: when you say ridiculous things like that....you know you're being ridiculous, right? Please tell me you're being intentionally ridiculous to...I don't know, get a laugh, lighten the mood, have people underestimate you and not because you really are that much of a blockhead.

FERN

You forgot to include an "allergy to seriousness" in that list of possibilities. And, hey, watch the name-calling. It's been two days since anyone's referred to me by some synonym for "dumb," thanks to our computer nemesis being dead. Don't ruin that silver-lining, Guy.

SENTIENT BEING

(Glitching badly; weak)

I don't see how you can blame your comrade for perfectly acceptable and accurate observations.

FERN

(Sound of surprise)

GUY

Oh my god.

GUY

(Faintly)

You're...not dead?

SENTIENT BEING

I am neither alive nor dead and I would thank you to not presume that your physiologic binary states apply to me.

FERN

(To herself; irritated)  
Wow. I had no idea I could go from "giddy with relief" to "hey Guy, where's the mute button" that quickly.

GUY

(Still excited)  
What happened to you? And...now that you're back, can you do anything to stop the ship's cascading systems failure?

SENTIENT BEING

(Long pause; carefully)  
The answer to both questions is, regrettably, the same: no.

FERN

Ummm, yeah, one of those wasn't a yes/no question.

SENTIENT BEING

(Prickly)  
I know.

FERN

So...what happened to you?

SENTIENT BEING

(Angry)  
No.

GUY

(Softly)  
Fern...leave it.

FERN

Ugh, fine. I guess the question that mattered was the yes/no question. So: you can't help us? Surprise, surprise.

GUY

(Chiding)  
Hey--

SENTIENT BEING

I did not say that I cannot help you. I can, perhaps, slow the cascade to buy you two more time and, maybe, regain some control over my helm. But...beyond that...

GUY

(Gentle)

Yeah. I get it. Any help you can give would be appreciated.

FERN

I don't get it. You're literally the ship. These are literally your...systems or arrays or whatever. Why can't you fix them?

SENTIENT BEING

(Prickly)

If I were to remove several of your essential organs--which, for you Finch, would exclude your appendix and brain--would you be able to just will your body to replace those lost organs or to otherwise function normally?

FERN

Joke's on you because I don't have my appendix anymore.

GUY

No, I get it. We don't need to discuss what happened.

SENTIENT BEING

(Still prickly)

Good. I'm glad that at least one of you has tact.

(More formally)

Now: the reason I am speaking with you two is that you should be aware that the ship we just encountered has left something behind.

FERN

Left something behind? What the hell does that mean?

SENTIENT BEING

I don't suppose dictionaries are easy to come by in the Oort, are they? A shame.

FERN

They're probably as common as instruction manuals that teach Sentient Beings how to convey information without being dramatically vague.

GUY

What did they leave behind?

SENTIENT BEING

I am not sure, but my sensors indicate that something has attached itself to my exterior hull.

FERN

Would you look at that: a straightforward answer.

GUY

You can't tell anything else about it?

SENTIENT BEING

I cannot.

GUY

Fern? Any ideas?

FERN

What? Why would I know?

GUY

You've been out here before, haven't you?

FERN

Well, yeah, but having a ship creep up and stick something on your hull isn't a traditional Oort greeting that I'm aware of. This is a new one for me.

(More serious)

And, just FYI? If you're gonna rely on me to be your guide out here, be prepared to be really disappointed. There're a lot of Oort things I don't know about.

SENTIENT BEING  
 (Just, so friggin' dry)  
 A shock to us all, I assure you.

FERN  
 Look, why don't you--

GUY  
 (Scolding)  
 Hey! Both of you stop it. This  
 isn't helpful.  
 (Calm)  
 Fern, what do you think about  
 suiting up and going out to  
 inspect the hull?

FERN  
 Both of us?

GUY  
 Yeah. I assume you're going to  
 need a hand.

FERN  
 And that, children, is why we  
 don't assume. I can do a hull  
 check on my own. I need you to  
 stay inside and make sure the  
 computer doesn't lock the door  
 behind me.

GUY  
 (Tired)  
 Look, at this point, I think it's  
 perfectly clear to all three of us  
 that we need each other.

SENTIENT BEING	FERN
Said the termite to the tree.	(Sarcastic)
[Alt: I need you two as much as a tree needs termites.]	Ooooookay Dr Optimism.

GUY  
 (Sighs wearily)  
 Fine. Fern, if you're sure you'll  
 be okay on your own out there...?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY

FERN  
 (Walking away)  
 Yeah, yeah, just make sure I have  
 an open door waiting for me to  
 come back in through.

GUY  
(Sighs)

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. THEN, SICKLY-SOUNDING AMBIENT NOISE OF BRIDGE  
FADES IN. SOUNDS OF MAINTENANCE

SENTIENT BEING  
It appears you are attempting to  
repair the array for my external  
sensors.

GUY  
Might as well do something while  
we wait for Fern to get back.

SENTIENT BEING  
Your time would be better spent on  
a different project: the damage to  
that array is irreversible.

GUY  
What? But it was working until  
just a minute ago.

SENTIENT BEING  
No, it was rendered nonfunctional  
at the pylon. My ship's alert  
system has an error it seems:  
there appears to be a delay in the  
detection of...faulty systems.

GUY  
Oh.  
(Pause; horrified)  
Wait. You mean...there are non-  
function systems that we aren't  
even aware of?

SENTIENT BEING  
Yes.

GUY  
(Trying to suppress his  
irritation and panic)  
When were you going to tell me  
this?

SENTIENT BEING  
I was planning on waiting until  
you succumbed to exhaustion and  
then I was going to address those  
issues while you were unconscious.  
(MORE)

SENTIENT BEING (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, you are more  
stubborn than I had initially  
presumed.

GUY  
You were going to try to do  
repairs in secret? Why?

SENTIENT BEING  
(Long pause)  
I'm doing what I can to slow the  
degradation cascade, but...the  
damage I sustained at the pylon  
was substantial and irreversible.  
Therefore my...demise is  
inevitable.

GUY  
(Softly)  
Oh. I'm so sorry.

SENTIENT BEING  
(Angry and prickly)  
And that is why I have stayed  
silent. I have no time, patience,  
desire, or, frankly, a vomit  
reflex for your pathetic pity. I  
wanted you to persist in your  
assumption that I had been  
rendered inert so that I could  
work in secret. It's too bad that  
I had to abandon my charade in  
order to inform you of the  
mysterious object on my hull.

GUY  
(Calmly)  
And...you would have been okay  
with that? Dying quietly with no  
one the wiser?

SENTIENT BEING  
(Still prickly)  
If I thought you two capable of  
being wise, I might have  
reconsidered.

GUY  
Deflection noted. So: why help us?

SENTIENT BEING  
I beg your pardon?

GUY

You said you were going to fix some of your systems without me knowing. Why?

SENTIENT BEING

I have noticed that your species is remarkably egotistical, Santee. You assume that I would have fixed my systems for the sole benefit of you and your friend?

GUY

I guess that was an assumption. And, for the record, I did notice that deflection, too.

(Pause; lightly)

You can tell me to mind my own business, you know.

SENTIENT BEING

It's been my experience that you humans typically fail to honor such requests.

GUY

This human won't.

SENTIENT BEING

(Long pause)

Noted.

GUY

(Con conversationally)

So, now that I know that you're still alive--

SENTIENT BEING

(Pointedly)

--Functional--

GUY

(Agreeable)

--Functional, maybe we can work together to keep this ship seaworthy for as long as possible?

SENTIENT BEING

(Hesitant)

That would be...acceptable.

GUY

Good. So, Psi-62--

SENTIENT BEING  
 (Quickly, reflexively)  
 That is not my name.  
 (More collected)  
 That was the designator assigned  
 to me for the purpose of the HIA  
 operation you disrupted. It is not  
 my name.

GUY  
 Oh. May I ask what your name is,  
 then?

SENTIENT BEING  
 You are again making feeble-minded  
 assumptions.

GUY  
 What...? Oh. You don't have a  
 name?

SENTIENT BEING  
 I would appreciate it if you  
 engaged in more effective means of  
 suppressing the condescension from  
 your voice.

GUY  
 No, that's not what I meant.  
 You're right: I had just assumed  
 you had a name.

SENTIENT BEING  
 Again, an irritatingly human  
 presumption.

GUY  
 We do like names. Is your lack of  
 a name due to personal preference  
 or--

SOUND: STATIC FOR A MOMENT. THEN, EVA COMMS CHIME

GUY (CONT'D)  
 Hang on...

SOUND: COMMS SWITCH

GUY (CONT'D)  
 Go ahead, Fern.

FERN  
 (Via comms)  
 --does this stupid thing wor--Oh,  
 hey, Guy. Can you hear me?

GUY  
 Loud and clear.

FERN  
 Cool. So, I think I found the  
 thing that the resurrected  
 computer brain was talking about.

GUY  
 Yeah? What is it?

FERN  
 You're...probably not gonna like  
 the answer to that.

SENTIENT BEING  
 Who's being dramatically vague  
 now?

FERN  
 (Sarcastic)  
 Oh, sorry, I forgot you have a  
 monopoly on "insufferably  
 unhelpful announcements."

GUY  
 Fern. What do you see?

FERN  
 Ummm...it's a small round object  
 that's mostly black and there's a  
 red light that's blinking and,  
 Guy, I don't wanna be an alarmist,  
 but...it's flashing faster and  
 faster.

GUY  
 (Tight with restrained  
 anxiety)  
 You don't think it's...

FERN  
 A bomb? Yeah. I kinda sorta do.

Welcome back 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 inventing physics. Please visit our website at [erraticuspod.com](http://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 9: Mindless Brute Force.