

Lauren Proves Magic is Real! Episode Four: Hot Boyfriend

LAUREN: (singing)

Secret reports of Keith Curry!

Not so secret

Cause I'm on his computer

Puttin' in his password

(sound of clicking NIAD startup chime)

Cause it's the name of his kitty!

And reading his secrets

While I'm taking care of his kitty

Cause he's wooooorking!

(sound of meowing)

LAUREN: (speaking now)

Hi Cheeto! You're a good kitty!

This is Lauren and I'm here to prove magic is real. And guess what everybody? A bunch of magic people want you to know that they're real too. They even sent me ads and stuff to share in this podcast.

You know what? I think the supernatural is everywhere including my middle school. I've been thinking a lot about Mr. Colby my geometry teacher.

Before I thought he might be some kind of monster, but now that I'm listening to stories about real monsters I think I have to change my mind.

So it's official: I don't think Mr. Colby is a monster. I think he definitely likes math too much to be a normal human. But not being a normal human doesn't mean you're a monster.

A couple of my classmates commented on this and they want to know why I think Mr. Colby isn't human.

Well, last week when he was writing stuff on the whiteboard I saw his head start glowing and the stuff he wrote was glowing too and then all the sudden I understood how to find the area of a trapezoid and I DID NOT EVEN KNOW WHAT A TRAPEZOID WAS BEFORE THEN.

So I think he must be magicking math into my head somehow, but if he's doing it he's not doing it well enough because I still got a D minus on the test. So maybe he's a normal human.

Or it might be that I'm resistant to magic because I can obviously see through his disguise.

But enough about Mr. Colby I think I'm going to go to a different part of Mr. Curry's computer now because that last case file that I played, with the boo hag who ate people's nightmares, was pretty scary. So this time I found something funny. This is a bunch of voicemails from Mr. Curry's hot boyfriend, Gunther.

You see Mr. Curry's phone backs up all his voice messages to this computer, which is probably because he needs to keep his messages for

secret agent stuff. BUT when I was listening to them I found the BEST bunch of messages ever from Keith's boyfriend Gunther who is so sexy...

Okay I'm going to tell you how sexy Gunther is first. He is so sexy that when my friend Monica and I saw him out in the back yard without his shirt off Monica SCREAMED and then started to cry. It was that real. Then she decided that we can't sleep over at her house any more because now she's in love with him and might miss a chance to take a picture of him even though she has, like two hundred pictures of him just walking around, or standing on the balcony or shooing off pigeons getting the newspaper.

So that's what Gunther is like. Now here's the first message starting at 9 am

GUNTHER:

Hi babe, I'm just calling to let you know that the my strike force team been called in to deal with some sort of centaur problem in Central Park. I don't think it should take very long and I'll probably be able to meet you back here for lunch.

(sound cue)

Here are some messages

Commercial One: Fossegrimen

Want to play a musical instrument like a virtuoso but don't have the physical coordination, musicality, or time to practice? Do you also not have the magical ability to steal any of these things?

Call a fossegrimen. For the low-low price of one pound of stolen flesh you can be granted the ability to play the fiddle, oboe, key-taur or xylophone as if you were a beautiful mythological creature living under a waterfall.

Fossegrimen: when you just don't have the time to learn—but you do have a pound of stolen meat.

Paid for by the Association for the Advancement of Mythological Creatures.

LAUREN:

And here's a product you might be interested in if you're listening to me.

Commercial: Colanders

TJ:

Say, Jack you look beat.

JACK:

I just haven't been able to sleep. It feels like there's this weight pressing down on my chest all night long. And the nightmares! I wake up more tired than I was before.

TJ:

Sounds like you're being ridden by a Boo Hag

JACK:

A boo hag?

TJ:

That's right. The boo hag comes in your room at night sits on your chest and feeds on your terror. They can slip in through the tiniest cracks. See now, look here: you've got a keyhole big enough for a baby beluga to dive through. What you need is a colander to hang over the hole.

JACK:

A colander?

(Musical chord hit 'COLANDERS!!!!!!')

TJ:

That's right. When a boo hag tries to slip in your keyhole she'll get distracted by counting all the holes. Here at TJ's Colander Emporium we have colanders to fit all your boo hag exclusion needs. All our stainless steel colanders are made with micromesh—a mesh so fine it'll keep a boo hag counting each and every hole from dusk till dawn.

JACK:

That's some colander.

(Musical chord hit 'COLANDERS!!!!!!')

JACK:

Where can I get mine?

TJ:

At TJ's Colander Emporium located in the Grand Goblin Bazaar right between Copper Pot Row and the Yawning Jaws of the Gate of Eternal Night. Mention this ad for a 10 percent discount on your purchase.

GUNTHER:

Hi Keith, I'm really sorry that I didn't manage to get back here in time to eat lunch with you. The Central Park thing was ridiculous. It turns out they weren't centaurs at all, but a bunch of drunken Valkyries on some sort of hen night.

They were wearing invisibility cloaks as per regulation but the problem was they kept whipping their breastplates off and jiggling their ta-ta's at

passers by and then going invisible again. Also one of them decided to beat up the statue of William Tecumseh Sherman and was carrying the decapitated head around with her yelling “VICTORY!!!”. When we got there they challenged us to a drinking contest. Bjorn—you know the bear shifter on our team—he was so into it we had to physically hold him back. The drunkest Valkyrie—her name was Skalmold—tried to fling a lightning bolt at us but all that came out of her hand was this poof of snowflakes, which was funny.

We finally managed to convince them to get out of the park by telling them that there was a meadery in New Jersey. Then when they and their winged horses all took flight a squadron of battle witches intercepted them, but the Valkyries fled to Asgard.

We weren't able to recover Sherman's head.

And, like I said, I'm really sorry I wasn't able to make it here but I'm also kind of hurt because it looks like you fed my lunch to that pigeon. And what I mean by that is that the pigeon is right outside the window eating what looks like my turkey sandwich.

Look, I don't want to be a naggy Nellie but you've got to stop feeding this pigeon. Not only did it eat that pack of cigarettes I left on the balcony, it's getting possessive of you. It's here every day when I leave for work and it swoops me and that neighbor kid all the time. I tried knocking on the window to scare I off and it just stared at me and started pecking the glass like it was trying to break through and get me.

Anyway, we've got another call out now—some crackpot old wizard finally made a spell that worked and now Gallup, New Mexico is swimming in succubuses.

Love you.

LAUREN:

Oh my god, did you hear how he said, "Love you?" Are you listening, Monica? He is so super-cute. But he's not going to marry you because he's into Mr. Curry, which is super-weird cause Mr. Curry is just a guy-looking guy.

So for all you listeners who don't know what a succubus is, I looked it up and they are these hot sex ladies who float around guys and try to make them get.....boners!

(snorts with childish laughter)

And now a message from one of our advertisers.

Commercial Friendlinex

Are you a magical being who would like to hunt humans? Do your human-hunting urges keep you from doing other things you enjoy?

Me too. Most days I felt like I was in control of my bloodlust I would put on a friendly face and muddle through. I was managing but berserk fury always seemed to find a way of creeping up on me. Some days the urge to bite the throats of passersby was hard to resist. I was feeling pretty down.

But then I spoke to my doctor and he told me about Friendlinex.

Friendlinex is the only non-drowsy pharmaceutical proven to help reduce bouts of sadistic cruelty by fifteen to twenty percent.

Approved by NIAD, Friendlinex is the number one choice among non-humans to help stop those murderous urges.

Friendlinex is not right for all creatures. Side effects may include mind worm, sparkle breath, partial paralysis, dorsal fin erectile dysfunction, peevishness and persistent woe. See your doctor immediately if you have unusual changes in behavior, uncontrolled astral projection or thoughts of genocide.

Other risks include impaired judgment, slimy gill syndrome, intermittent psychic ability and limp fang.

(music cue)

My wanton taste for human terror used to define me. Now, with Friendlinex I feel better. Ask your doctor about Friendlinex today.

LAUREN:

Now back to Gunther. This is his next call to Mr. Curry, coming in at 6:13 pm.

GUNTHER:

Hi honey, it's me. I'm home and you're not here which means you're probably really mad at me because I just now remembered that I'm supposed to be with you for the Food & Medicine dinner tonight. I

promise I will get there as soon as I can. I just need to shower all the baby oil off me. Those succubuses are greasy as hell.

(sound cue)

GUNTHER:

Oooooooooookay, babe we have a problem. The pigeon is in the house. This pigeon is way too tame. This is why we don't feed the pigeons.

(sound of swishing)

Shoo! Shoo! OW! Oh god!

The pigeon got onto the gas stove and somehow set its tail on fire and now its flying through the house.

(sound of phone clattering, various exclamations like, "not the piñata" sound of fire extinguisher discharging, running as Gunther chases the flaming pigeon around the house putting out stuff it sets fire to. Then an explosion and shattering glass some ethereal falcon noises. Then silence and footsteps.)

PHOENIX:

I am risen! I am reborn from the ashes on my own demise, freed from that tiny cage of feathers.

Free!

Free!

What boon you wish of me mortal?

GUNTHER:

Oh my god, will you please just get out of my house?

PHOENIX:

If that is what you truly desire.

(sound of flapping)

PHOENIX;

Farewell!

GUNTHER:

(yelling after it)

And stop coming around to scrounge food off of Keith!

(sound of distant fire engines, Gunther spraying fire extinguisher)

(sound cue)

GUNTHER:

So you know how there's a thing called a PHOENIX that erupts from the smoking ruin of its own ashes? One of those is now flying westward over the greater DC area.

THIS is why we DON'T feed the pigeons.

LAUREN:

(laughing and giggling)

I saw with my very own eyes—well part of it anyway. It was the first time I thought that the neighbors might be *weird*.

They had a cardboard box over their kitchen window for two weeks after
that!

Well, I think that's enough for now. Say goodby Cheeto

(meows)