

Episode 5: Welcome to Wireland Ranch

Hi friends. So nice to see you here round the bend and today, we finally make it inside. I hope the sun shines bright through the clouds of toxic dust that your lives are slowly becoming, at an exponential rate and I assure you, that trend continues to the end and beyond but no worries friends, I'll be here with you. The entire time.

So we are going to be doing things a little differently today. Yes friends, today we venture into the arcane. The unknowable and unforgivable. The terrible and the misshapen. The broken and the confused. Does that sound familiar, friends? Because these are the things we are, deep in the night, when no one is looking. When our souls are on full display for whatever lurks both above and below.

You see, as I record this at this moment way back in time, the Overseer has been strapped into his throne. The parasite has been placed and grown accustomed to its new host. And our Driver, friends, well we're gonna pay him a little visit as well somewhere far down in the recesses of his own mind. Trapped there, likely, until he dies. But he's got at least fifty years of service until that happens, unfortunately, and to him it will seem as though time has ceased and eternity will never end. Such is the fate of the Overseer.

So from his throne all he can see is a series of hundreds of screens, each of which are currently playing his orientation video. Because at heart, Wireland Ranch is as mired in paperwork, bureaucracy, and liability as any other large entity. But its signatures are written in blood and its file cabinets lined with souls, which all in all, is no different from any of the corporations circa your whole lives.

So today, we are going to be doing just that: watching along with the overseer as he is reoriented to his new circumstances. I hope you all enjoy. And ready yourselves, for next time you are with me, everything will have changed and the Ranch will have moved on to its new cycle.

For now tho, goodbye friends, until we meet again.

(television sounds flipping thru channels)

Abria: yes... overseer, let's get you comfortable. Are you still in there Joseph? Can you hear me?

(overseer grunts and squirms in the chair)

Abria: There there, calm down. I am going to send you sooo far away so that you do not have to know what has become of you. Your family has been sent a large amount of money. A sort of

purchase price, so to speak. They will be taken care of and they will never know what's become of you. And it will be hard for them, for a little while. But time cares for no memories and no man so they will move past it. Probably sooner than you'd hope but you'll never know either way. Because shortly, you won't remember anything—any more—ever. But first we have to watch a short video, okay? It was nice meeting you Joseph. Goodbye.

(The overseer thrashes in his chair as Abria begins to whisper the forgotten tongue. His grunts and protestations calm to complete and total silence.)

(a jingle begins playing in the background as Moldington says:

Moldington: Welcome to Wireland Ranch. We are so happy you have decided to join us as a conduit to reality. I am Mr. Moldington, resident host and propaganda minister here at the ranch. Right now you may be wondering “Why me? What made me so special that I was chosen for such an honor.” and there are many answers to that question. Most of which you will not be receiving but I can tell you that deep in your genetic history, another came before you. Somewhere on a wall of orchids your ancestor lies in state and will be consumed in the distant future as part of a religious rite when we finally cycle back through to a newer and vastly improved humanity. But we won't let that get us down or last too long either as an enlightened population is far removed from our own goals and needs and here at Wireland nothing else matters.

You see dear overseer, you have been chosen to be the cog that keeps this little machine humming along. A home for our parentage. But you must not make that home too comfortable. And that, overseer, is your only job. Allow it to live but never allow it to flourish because if and when that happens, your family dies, along with everyone and everything that has or will ever exist. Your children's children will be no more. At times you may hear whispers calling you back to this side but be warned, this is a trick. Do not engage it in a battle of any sort, whether that be wits, spiritual, or otherwise. You will lose. Your job is to perpetually run. Never slow down. All of humanity depends on this very basic obligation on your behalf. It will find you and you will run. You will run for the sake of your family, you will run for the sake of your friends, and you will run for the sake of strangers both past and future. And if you do not, ALL will end.

VOIDBRO: YOYOYOYO welcome to MTV cribs bitch! You think you know but you have no idea.

Moldington: Ugh not now. Can you at least let me get through the introduction first? Just this one time? I am passing along important information and there will not be another chance to do so.

VOIDBRO: I dont give a fuccckkkk. Call me Leroy Jenkins motherfuckers and you know what time it is!!! It's time for some IN-TRO-DUCK-SHONS.

Moldington: Why? He's never going to use that information. He has one job and one job onl-

VOIDBRO: Cuz it's fucking fun thats why. Who cares about this dude. I mean I do, of course, like right this moment cuz i'm like an entertainment junky or whatever and this is getting my rocks the fuck OFF. But after that nah.

VOIDBRO: Nah. Anyway Josephhhh! It is so nice to meet you and seeing as how you cant really move all that well right now or like (whispers) *maybe ever,* well I swear it looks to me like I got a captive audience. You in there buddy? Can ya hear me?

(Overseer begins grunting and writhing in his chair.)

Abria: Do not get him riled up again. I just got him calmed down.

VOIDBRO: With yr drug magic. Don't be a hater ABRIA. I just wanna show him around a bit... Thats allll. Scouts honor or whatever.

Moldington: He has to know what happens if he is caught.

VOIDBRO: Dude look at this guy, look at him, he'd run from a mouse. Of course he's gonna run from that fuckin thing. I know you've never seen it but I have. And it scares me worse than what you did back in the 1930s. You know what I am talking about.

Moldington: How many times have I asked you not to mention that. We all make mistakes.

VOIDBRO: That was a pretty big mistake there, Moldington. Like entirely altering the trajectory of reality kinda mistake.

Moldington: They did take it pretty far.

VOIDBRO: Nazis gonna nazi.

Moldington: I hate them... so much. And should I bring up some of your exploits? Krakatoa maybe? The lost army of Cambyses?

VOIDBRO: Okay but Roanoke is funny af and that army was well before my time. Classic tho, but I'm pretty sure those dudes got like... buried by a sandstorm or whatever. Look man, nothing

is real, maybe I did maybe I didn't. It was probably a deepfake or a malfunction in that propaganda poster you call a brain. I can't be held responsible, is what I'm saying. Nowwww. Overseer. Let me show you the dopest fish tank ever made.

Abria: No one cares about your fish tank.

VOIDBRO: I care about my fish tank! And this fella here cares about anything besides slipping into the void so: this fish tank homey, this fish tank right here, it's made of repurposed people cells. Can you believe that shit? And these are long extinct blood worm piranhas, real primordial stew type shit. See the water slowly melts all those mitochondria and golgi apparatuses and rough endoplasmic reticulum membranes and feeds the fish automatically! It's like a hamster feeder or whatever, just made of people. Now I'd hate to do this but if one of your kids like seeks you to the ends of the earth or something extra like that, well, I could use some reinforcing materials lol. Let's just hope it doesn't come to that. I think it'll be fine.

(The overseer groans, you can hear weeping rising in his throat.)

VOIDBRO: It's okay fella, if it does come to that I promise I will be gentle as a summer breeze. A slight wind, only made of knives. It'll be cool. We're cool, you and me. No worries.

(The overseer is groaning and writhing as much as he was at the beginning of this scenario)

VOIDBRO: If you don't calm down they are gonna take my funtime away. Okay man? So FUCKING CHILL.

Moldington: Okay you showed him the fish tank. Are you done now?

VOIDBRO: Don't be ridiculous. I have lotsa show and tell. Abria, no. Do not change that channel abria I swear to Christ's plaster molded di-(CHHHH)

Abria: I am sorry about that. We are going to need to calm down now. You have a new copilot in there and it can be rejected without the proper conditions and I promise you, you do not want to feel the pain that accompanies it fighting back so please. Calm down.

VOIDBRO: I'm back motherfuckers!!

Abria: Goddamnit.

Moldington: I tried to stop him.

Voidbro: They can't stop me, even if they stopped me. (voidbro continues rapping threepeat by lil wayne *channel changes at "I might go crazy")

(Abria turns the channel again)

Abria: As I was saying, you do not want to feel the pain involved so please—

VOIDBRO: Run up in yo house and shoot your grandmother up what what

(Moldington has joined in now)

Moldington: I don't give a motherfuck. Get your baby kidnapped and your baby momma—

Abria: Not you too Moldington.

(Channel changes)

(Overseer is whining. His throne rattles.)

VOIDBRO: Okay Abria damn. I get it. Don't change the channel again, Phasing through the static is a nightmare. I lost Moldington's dumb ass tho. That's rightttt. Wait... what's he whining about?

Abria: You told him you'd turn his children into reinforced fish tank glass?

VOIDBRO: Oh right. I didn't mean that homey. I might wear them as a costume or something but the blood worm piranhas only eat adults. The vitamins or whatever come from disappointment and regret I think. So no worries there! Amirite?

Abria: He does have a point there. Became a real problem. Only children left in that one village. Like the movie Gummo.

VOIDBRO: But with less bacon taped to the bathtub. That movie so fuckin' metal.

Abria: Like fruit like cherries. Goddamnit horlathik. I'm trying to be seriousssss.

VOIDBRO: You know like, none of this matters right? We can't hold this off forever.

(Channel changes again.)

SHERPA: Now Agent Orange, looks like you got a choice to make, way I see it, and let's be honest, it ain't much of a choice, not really. But I know what you've seen, Agent Orange. I know you've seen the very worst in humanity and I know that you want to see it end. Wouldn't that be wonderful? Put this whole thing to rest. Help me. Help us and I don't need to tell you what the alternative is.

(channel changes)

Abria: Woops.

(Moldington grunts, gagged and bound)

On the screens, Moldington seems to have taken a little break from attempting to participate in any of this and has somehow become bound by the sentient leather straps in Lillith's sex room. Now we haven't met Lillith yet, friends, and she is sure to be a crowd favorite. But we haven't quite gotten there. First we have to weed all the incels out. Should be safe around episode seven or eight. But you know me, it took us five episodes to get here, so you know, strap in. See what I did there—

(channel changes)

VOIDBRO: Moldington tryna get it.

Abria: Seriously can we please move past this? I do not want to sit here all day.

VOIDBRO: What else do you have to do? I mean like, we're pretty much all stuck here right? This is the most excitement I've had in like, a right smart spell. Eons maybe.

Abria: I clearly remember you doing this fifty years ago.

VOIDBRO: That guy was fun though. This one is lame. He's done nothing but cry since he's been here.

(channel changes)

Malfastice: How many times must I tell you not to embarrass us like that! You are so emotional. Thousands and thousands of years, you'd think you would have developed some emotional maturity.

Nilchrisith: I know Mal, give me another chance.

Malfastice: We are the crowned princes of the world regardless of what they say. We must be respected. We must be dignified and stoic.

Nilchrisith: I'm working on it, you know I'm getting better. You told me so you said, cris, you are getting better. I thought you meant that! I thought you were proud of me.

(Nilchrisith begins crying again)

Malfastice: No you stop right fucking now! Right this instant!

(channel changes)

Abria: Crowned princes my ass.

VOIDBRO: I know right. Those dudes fucking suck.

Abria: Fuck! Please go away!

(television turns off)

Abria: Okay. I think that's about enough. Overseer, I know this has served absolutely no purpose and for that I apologize. It is rude of us to squander your last moments with a black pill'd doom internet bro but you know, he keeps things fun around here. And he's never really wrong. I don't know what that says about reality but it probably isn't good. The nutshell of what you were supposed to learn here today was that where I am sending you, where you have to go, you will be alone, aside from the thing that now lives within you. And that thing will chase you and torment you and wait for you around every corner. But you must flee. You must never let it catch you. You are the only thing that stands between everything and a nothing so complete the word nothing doesn't begin to define it.

That is my line.

Abria: When you arrive, seek the two creatures that are one and the same. Maybe you can trick them into friendship. Your time will be much easier with helping hands. Even if those hands end in claws that could end you with a flick. You will find your way overseer, what you do at the crossroads is entirely up to you.

With this Abria begins to whisper, a thousand voices rising within her. War worms of words forcing themselves into the Overseer's mind, breaking all the barriers time and experience have

built and reinforced, destroying them and creating new ones in their stead. His world and all he has ever known swirls before his eyes. Every passionate embrace and vicious insult. Every knowing smile and understanding nod. The wheel of his life spinning and showing him the thing he always knew in the unfathomable depths of his being: that it all leads nowhere. Destined to be forgotten and washed away by the ceaseless celestial cyclone we all exist within, at least for now. The pictures turn and the whispers wisp and he feels it all slip away and for the first time since the day he was born, he feels complete and total peace.

NOISES BUILD SLOWLY NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE

Our Driver fades back up into focus. Rising from thick pink fluid both embryonic and foreign in nature. It bubbles around him bringing him to the top and hardening beneath him like mixed epoxy. He stares up at what could be called a sky only by virtue of it being above him, swirling with storm clouds of formed hands and unblinking eyes staring right back at him. A crimson orb floats at the height of everything. Bathing the space around him in eerie magenta light, light that seems violent in a way, as though it were not meant to fall on flesh, as though something ravenous dances on its beams. He stands and brushes his naked skin, remarkably clean given this pool of hardened sludge. As he steps carefully through mire, his footsteps sink and bounce back, the indentations slowly filled in behind him.

In the distance he hears something scurry through shards of broken black stalks jutting from the ground like sharpened crystals breaking through all the surfaces in his periphery. They crack like glass and fade into the ground disappearing as though they were never there. The scamper hastens and then our Driver stops in his tracks as a screech breaks the air around the soundwaves, pieces of atmosphere falling like chunks of fractured rock to the earth, swallowed with the shards of shattered crystal.

The air vibrates around him, a whirring buzz approaches. And from the direction of the cracked glass scurry, further and further away, a voice calls out to him, RUN, the voice says, RUN AND DON'T LOOK BACK.

Suddenly, the magenta haze is extinguished, everything fades to a deep purple glow, but all he can make out are shapes, shifting and contracting.

The hardened pink mess beneath his feet quakes, and he falls onto his back, the air knocked from within his lungs. Tears form at the edges of his eyes as the purple glow forms like molecules being pulled to a center location, fluttering and forming a silhouette filling the entire expanse before him. He can't make it out though, his eyes vibrating in his skull as he tries with all the energy left within him to focus on the outline. Make sense of what he's seeing. A blast of heat burns the atmosphere as a ball of red flame hurtles toward him, he can feel it singe the whole

fucking world as it engulfs him completely and lifts him from the ground. His body aflame and floating above the silhouette, held in the air with outstretched arms and flailing legs. The red fills him, bursts through him. His body is a wildfire but his mind is cold and concentrated. He can feel the fire in his veins, his heart pumping like pistons.

The configuration of curves and lines all shadow hued swing backward and then launch from below, a massive hand reaches toward him and in that hand he can see all that came before him, the human bodies and empty souls mashed together and thrashing. A hundred screams breaking the air with violent waves aiming directly at our driver. The waves hit him like a wall and extinguish his flame knocking him from the air at unimaginable speeds. And he hears that voice again screaming RUN. But he can't move. He is locked and still and that hulking figure stands over him. A living mountain of lives heaving and gasping.

The voice screams RUN, one last time, screaming: IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE. As the hand smashes into the pink, breaking the hardened surface, cracks heading toward him, falling into the fluid beneath. He struggles against his invisible bonds and grabs one of the black stalks, pulling himself from the viscous swamp, he rolls as a finger made of people graze his side, melting the flesh where it makes contact. He scampers to his feet but the fluid reaches up from beneath, grabbing him by the ankle and pulling him backward. Pulling him back to where he started, into the embryonic sap thick like honey. It swallows him whole as he fights and thrashes against the force.

He cannot move. He cannot breathe. And his consciousness fades, the last thing he hears as his eyes fill with this terrible solution and flows into his brain like liquid centipedes making themselves a fine home within him is "Struggle not, Joseph. Let it go, let it happen. The more you spar and skirmish, the more there's left to lose. Goodnight Joseph. Sleep tight. We will try this again soon."

And yes friends, we will.

Thank you for visiting us here 'round the bend at Wireland Ranch. In this episode we are happy to introduce Saph the Something and Yoham Tho in a collaboration to end all collaborations, joining forces as Joph and playing the part of Abria. She was pirated AI up to this point so that friends, is what we call a step up. You can find their handles in the show notes. We hope you've enjoyed your time with us so far. You can follow us @wireland_ranch on twitter and if you like the show, consider leaving us a review on your podcatcher of choice. It helps us get noticed so we can keep bringing this show to you and put our souls on display every other Sunday and sometimes Fridays. You can become a ward of the Wireland at [Patreon.com/wireland ranch](https://www.patreon.com/wireland_ranch). Next time, we will learn quite a bit about Mr. Orange and his... decision. Until then, friends. Thank you.

