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OCTOBER JONES & FISH WITH LEGS

Transcript.

Season 1, Episode 5: From Moist Bog With Love.

Aired October 26th, 2020.

[Music: a groovy, cheerful, optimistic theme song.]

Fish with Legs is a fish and a dreamer / She wants to help as best as she can

October Jones is a human teenager / She'll prove herself with smarts and her plans

If they don't stop these two snakes soon enough / A big evil monster will eat all their stuff

But the power of friendship 'tween a fish and a girl / Will save the world

Fish and October!

NARRATOR:

Let's begin.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL TURNS ON WITH AN 80'S TECH NOISE.]

NARRATOR:

Okay, you remember where we were in the story? Fish with Legs is a magical fish with legs who is wanted by some evil snakes. She plans to go warn the snakes' next target and teamed up with October Jones to do so. They lost their steed and need a new way to get to the human capitol where we recently learned October plans to betray Fish. Yeah. Human girl equals duplicitous, Fish equals naive.

[Music: a twangy small town banjo ditty.

HEELS CLACK ON WOOD. CRICKETS CHIRP.]

NARRATOR:

They are now walking into a human town, Moist Bog. The whole settlement sits on top of a lichenous platform, keeping it high above the moist wildlife below. Merchant tents and stalls line the large concourse at the centre of town, forming a bustling marketplace.

[A MARKET CROWD IN THE BACKGROUND.]

NARRATOR:

The shops are all run by humans, but there are a few mystical creatures among the haggling shoppers. Mundane crickets the size of breadboxes hop around and get in the way of people's feet.

October cuts through the market dragging Fish behind her. They head straight for an official-looking building sitting prominently to one side.

[STEAM-POWERED CHUFFS, WHISTLES, AND A STATION CROWD.]

NARRATOR:

Beyond it, stairs lead to boarding platforms populated by impatient human travellers and Herovian guards, getting in and out of wagons resting on the back of a giant centipede.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh, look at that giant bug! Are we riding a giant bug?

OCTOBER:

(distracted)

Mhmm. We're taking a centishuttle...

NARRATOR:

October sizes the place up. Fish with Legs walks toward a supremely small booth jutting prominently out of the building's side. Within, there's a board with painted squiggles on display behind a regular-sized human attendant who watches passersby balefully.

FISH WITH LEGS:

A ticket to Herovia City, on a millitread, iis... 12 pearls... But this centishuttle is 14 pearls and 3 seeds? Is pearls money? October? October!

NARRATOR:

Fish looks around, seeking her wayward something-or-other. But where..? Ach. October is nonchalantly boosting herself over the low wall and into the boarding area.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(calling)

October! Over here! They sell the tickets *heeere!* Is pearls money?

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs' yelling draws attention to October. She freezes as a guard approaches her, blue feather bobbing forbiddingly.

SOME GUARD:

Excuse me, miss.

OCTOBER:

Oh, I uh... (laughs nervously) I thought you could just, um... I'm lost?

SOME GUARD:

Mmhm.

NARRATOR:

He stares her down, arms folded. October puts both feet on the legal side of the wall and sheepishly slithers past him and back to Fish with Legs.

FISH WITH LEGS:

You have to buy a ticket or you can't go in.

OCTOBER:

(not even good lying)

(fake laugh) Yeah. Obviously. Brain fart, y'know. It just, uh, slipped my mind.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Is pearls money?

OCTOBER:

Yes.

FISH WITH LEGS:

And seeds?

OCTOBER:

They're just smaller pearls.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Do you have 12 pearls times 2? That's how much it costs to get to Herovia City. Or, it would be... 3, plus, umm...

OCTOBER:

No, I have zero pearls times infinity. My parents pay us in JonesBucks, which are only redeemable within the factory.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Wow, your family is...

OCTOBER:

Yeah, yeah. Mildly neglectful, mildly terrible, let's move on.

FISH WITH LEGS:

So, if you don't have real money how were you planning to get on the train?

OCTOBER:

Well, in retrospect it seems obvious that I should have anticipated this situation.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yeah, you really seem off your game today, October.

OCTOBER:

(meaningfully)

Maybe we can find some other way on...?

FISH WITH LEGS:

I know! Let's head into town and try to make some money!

OCTOBER:

(amused)

What? How are you planning to make money?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Um... I know. Maybe we could start an elaborate chain of bartering? I'll earn a simple acorn by... *tap dancing*, and *then* I'll, I'll *sell* the acorn for some beans and then trade the beans for a *book*, but it'll turn out the book is magical! And then we won't even *need* to get on the train because you'll learn how to be a *witch* and we'll get on your broomstick and—

OCTOBER:

Whoa! Fish with Legs, don't say witch. Herovia isn't super into witches. Or magic. Humans don't do magic.

FISH WITH LEGS:

You're right. That wasn't a great idea. (shrugging noise) Let's just go. Something will work out. Bad things usually don't happen to me.

OCTOBER:

You're wanted by a two-headed snake.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Back home, with the Glbglb, I'm considered a good luck talisman. People bring me offerings of food and riches in exchange for blessings of good fortune. Do, do you want me to bless you?

OCTOBER:

You know what? Let's go. I'm sure I'll find a way to get some money.

[HEELS CLACK. SELLERS INDISTINCTLY CALL OUT IN THE BACKGROUND.]

NARRATOR:

October and Fish with Legs step into the spiral-shaped market and start browsing counter-clockwise. Fish is strolling cheerily. October is opportunistically scoping things out at her side. They travel slowly inward as they walk the single corkscrew aisle that ends in the centre of the market.

Merchants of every human shape and colour hawk their wares, similarly diverse: fresh produce, preserved produce, clothes, weird bones, other stuff... You get the idea.

OCTOBER:

This is Moist Bog. Fun fact, it was actually called Warm Puddle before Herovia expanded their territory here.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Ohh! They have capes over there! (gasp) Can I get a cape?

OCTOBER:

No. Another fun fact: you can thank the domestication of native giant manypedes for this market here.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(gasp) What's that? Looks shiny.

[FISH CLACKS AWAY INTO THE MARKET.]

OCTOBER

Before we harnessed them to advance our lines of supply, Moist Bog was merely a small, unpleasantly wet piece of land of very little value. But now it's a centre of trade for the whole region!

Fish with Legs?

NARRATOR:

October notices that Fish with Legs has wandered away from her boring monologue, most likely in search of something shiny. October looks around for her.

OCTOBER:

(heavy sigh) This stupid, valuable fish...

[THE CRYSTAL BALL'S VIEWPOINT CHANGES WITH A NOISE LIKE A CAMERA SHUTTERING

Music: a soothing and sincere synth harp tune.]

NARRATOR:

Meanwhile, a few aisles over, Fish with Legs is speaking to an extremely symmetrical humanoid. I would say human, but the colours are way off. Fish's friend is slender like the pale, silvery wood holding up their silky, luminous tent, garbed in a flowing robe, also silver, and masses of iridescent hair that drape like water. Fish is presented enticingly with a platter, silver, of bread rolls.

ELVEN MAIDEN:

Please. Try a piece.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh thank you! You're so generous. And so pretty.

ELVEN MAIDEN:

Why thank you. And I must say, the shine of your scales reminds me of the silver hair of the moon goddess Kuyu.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(bashful)

Oh! Oh, well, *thank* you.

[SHE CHEWS ON THE BREAD.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

(big inhale) Oh my moon goddess! This tastes amazing! And I'm so immediately full. Euch, wow!

ELVEN MAIDEN:

(satisfied)

Hm. Truly a miracle, isn't it?

FISH WITH LEGS:

I'm in, I'm so in!

ELVEN MAIDEN:

How wonderful. Now all you need is—

OCTOBER:

Hey! Fish with Legs, there you are—

FISH WITH LEGS:

October! You need to try this bread! One bite is enough to fill the stomach of a grown man!

OCTOBER:

Oh no... Don't buy the elven bread.

ELVEN MAIDEN:

Greetings. Can I interest you in a very exciting business opportunity?

OCTOBER:

No.

FISH WITH LEGS:

October, listen to her! All you need to do is purchase this starter kit which includes ten loaves of bread, your very own elven gown and the sales-maiden's handbook. Then recruit two friends and soon enough you will have the financial freedom to become your own boss!

OCTOBER:

Fish with Legs, I know this lady is very convincing—

ELVEN MAIDEN:

Would you like to try a piece?

OCTOBER:

No. Actually is that a free sample?

ELVEN MAIDEN:

Of course.

OCTOBER:

Thank you.

ELVEN MAIDEN:

Wh– (gasp) Excuse me–

[CRUNCHING OF BREAD CRUST, RUSTLE.]

NARRATOR:

October takes as many bread rolls as she can fit in her little fist–

OCTOBER:

Mm mm mm.

NARRATOR:

–and stuffs them, unwrapped, into her bag.

OCTOBER:

I know this lady is beautiful and charming, but don't listen to her.

FISH WITH LEGS:

But we can make some money with this! We can use it to buy our tickets!

OCTOBER:

Did you already buy the starter kit?

FISH WITH LEGS:

No.

ELVEN MAIDEN:

But we were about to–

OCTOBER:

Good.

NARRATOR:

October grabs the platter from the elf, dumps the rest of the bread in her filthy bog-water bag, and drops the platter to grab Fish's fin and tug her briskly away from the ethereal marketing scheme.

[ALL THAT HAPPENS AUDIBLY, THEN HEELS CLACK.]

OCTOBER:

She was scamming you.

FISH WITH LEGS:

What!?

OCTOBER:

You buy that starter kit, she gets your money and you get stuck with ten loaves of bread you'll never sell.

FISH WITH LEGS:

But that bread is so perfect.

OCTOBER:

It's a pyramid scheme, Fish with Legs. She was trying to take advantage of you. Now quit wandering off.

[FISH STOPS WALKING.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Thank goodness you're here to keep me away from dishonest people.

OCTOBER:

(thrown)

Right... Glad that—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Because I really thought that bread was a great idea.

OCTOBER:

Just to be clear, I only have the best of intentions. I just want what's best for everyone and, if that—

FISH WITH LEGS:

You're such a good friend, coming to rescue me like that?

OCTOBER:

Right. Okay. We're not gonna— No. Okay. You just do nothing and let me handle... getting the money...

FISH WITH LEGS:

What? What are we looking at?

[Music: suspicious yet intriguing tune, heavy with hi-hat]

NARRATOR:

A fruit tent, where a human male merchant sells a punnet of cranberries to some other irrelevant human for a handful of pearls. The customer leaves, and the merchant drops the pearls into a big, lidless bowl, wide-mouthed and wide open to wandering hands. Yep, October's smiling.

OCTOBER:

Hey Fish with Legs, you like cranberries?

FISH WITH LEGS:

(she says the names of fruits very wrong)

I don't know! Back home, with the GIBGCIB, we don't really grow berries. We have coCONut trees... pineAPPLE trees... oh and oRANGE trees and umm...

OCTOBER:

Well, there's no time like the present.

FISH WITH LEGS:

That's a very good point.

OCTOBER:

Why don't you go ask that guy if you can try a cranberry?

FISH WITH LEGS:

You know what? What the quack. I'm trying so many new things today! I tried that bread, uh, I tried uh, uh...

OCTOBER:

Cranberries?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yes! CranBERRIES, let's add that to the list!

[HEELS CLACK.]

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs approaches the fruit merchant's tent. October trails evilly behind her.

*[Music: a twangy small town banjo ditty.
BUGS BUZZ AROUND THE TENT.]*

NARRATOR:

The tent is narrow but long, with fronts on both the adjoining aisles. Skinny wooden tables blooming with a cornucopia of ripe fruits narrow it to a single file passage. The merchant is perched on a stool near the middle of the tent, in the gap between tables, his till bowl next to him. Fish marches boldly in. He shoots up and walks forward with a welcoming yet timid air.

MARIO:

Greetings, I am Mario Nera. This is my fruit tent. Would you like to purchase some fruit? I have all kinds of fruit, blueBERRIES, blackBERRIES, strawBERRIES, gooseBERRIES, raspBERRIES... Oh! And also things other than berries.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Hello. I'm Fish with Legs. I'm a fish with legs. I'm the Elemental Creature of Water and I have never tried a cranBERRY.

MARIO:

I have heard legends about you, Fish with Legs.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh, all good things, I hope.

MARIO:

Of course! You defeated Mamamorbus!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yes! Yes I did! Sort of. Um, it's nice to get some recognition. Did you know you're the first person to congratulate me on that since I was kidnapped?

MARIO:

Oh, um, well I have, uh... fringe interests.

FISH WITH LEGS:

You should meet my best friend! You two would definitely get along. She's all about conspiracies and Mamamorbus and other things like that?

[SHE WALKS FORWARD.]

MARIO:

Ohnono, uh, no need to further discuss, um... this. Uh... These, um... You said you wanted to try a cranBERRY.

NARRATOR:

Mario leads her into the tent to the cranberries. October is... somewhere, I lost track.

MARIO:

Here.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh! (genteel chew, gasp) This cranBERRY is delicious!

MARIO:

Why thank you! My family and I grow them ourselves. We've lived in Warm Puddle for generations, on a small farm out in the bog.

FISH WITH LEGS

Aw. That's lovely. Oh, hi October!

[WOOD THUNK.]

NARRATOR:

Wha? Oh.

OCTOBER:

(big sigh)

NARRATOR:

It seems October was under the table. She has her hand on her face.

FISH WITH LEGS:

You should try these!

OCTOBER:

(pained)

Oh... I'm okay.

FISH WITH LEGS:

That's my best friend October Jones. She also knows about Mamamorbus. Did you drop something down there?

OCTOBER:

Yes. I... dropped something down here, oh, uh, here it is.

NARRATOR:

October, her questionable infiltration on hold for now, crawls out from under the table and stands with Mario and Fish.

MARIO:

Oh, wonderful to, um... How *long* were you—

FISH WITH LEGS:

This is my new friend Mario Nera.

NARRATOR:

Mario awkwardly nods to October, who awkwardly nods back. They both look desperate to avoid conversation with each other.

OCTOBER:

Hey, Fish with Legs, why don't you check out the jam behind you. We could use it for the elven bread.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Great idea! (to Mario) October always has great ideas.

NARRATOR:

Mario and Fish head to the far end of the tent to examine a tiered display of jams by the second tenthole. Some flies and bees buzz around humidly, attracted by Mario's wares. Mario waves them away.

MARIO:

Sorry about the bugs. What are you gonna do? It's a bog.

[Music: suspicious yet intriguing tune, heavy with hi-hat]

NARRATOR:

As Mario gets out a bunch of little wooden sticks so that Fish can try the jams, October busily feigns interest in an apple while inching closer to the bowl of pearls. She replaces the apple with a mango, keeping an eye on Mario. He is unscrewing one of his little artisanal jam pots.

October creeps up to the bowl of pearls and sneaks a hand in while the other thoughtfully pulps the fruit. The pearls don't make a sound as she slithers her greasy rat fingers around in—

MARIO:

Excuse me, miss!

[A RATTLE, AS OCTOBER JOLTS.]

NARRATOR:

October freezes, caught pearl-handed. Mario spins around and stares her down with the confidence of a man who has no confidence.

MARIO:

Unhand my pearls! ...Please!

OCTOBER:

Huough!

[A SCATTERING RATTLE OF PEARLS.]

NARRATOR

October yanks her hand out of the bowl and holds it up innocently by her face, which is also looking innocent. She points at the mango and wiggles it a little, distractingly.

OCTOBER:

Is this a mango?

MARIO:

I would very much appreciate it if you would leave.

OCTOBER:

What? Why?

MARIO:

W-What? I, I think that we both, uh... know—

OCTOBER:

I'm just asking if this is a mango. You should be able to identify your own fruit.

MARIO:

I saw you trying to steal my pearls!

FISH WITH LEGS:

(gasp) October!

OCTOBER:

(blatantly false)

Whaaat? No, I didn't–

MARIO:

I saw you!!

FISH WITH LEGS:

I'm so disappointed... I swear she's never like this.

OCTOBER:

You were looking in the opposite direction! How can you be sure?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Well, he's a shrimp, so.

OCTOBER:

...What?

FISH WITH LEGS:

I don't wanna sound prejudiced or anything, but *everyone* knows shrimp have amazing eyesight. More cones in the eyes or something like that?

MARIO:

I'm *not* a–

OCTOBER:

What happens in your brain? I really don't understand.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Look at him! He's *obviously* a shrimp in a human suit.

OCTOBER:

If he's a shrimp then I'm a–

MARIO:

(in a shockingly different, more serious voice)

Alright.

OCTOBER:

Uhhh...

[*Music: a jerky and unsettling electric piano that slowly picks up tempo.*]

NARRATOR:

Mario drags the nearest tentflap closed and crosses to the other end, stepping over Fish and squeezing past October, who recoils from the contact. He anxiously closes the other flap.

OCTOBER:

Ah!

NARRATOR:

October nervously drops the mango and holds her hands up placatingly.

OCTOBER:

Listen, we can work this out, right Mister—?

MARIO:

What gave me away?

OCTOBER:

Huh?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Was it a secret...?

NARRATOR:

Mario peeks out the front of the tent and flips the sign outside from open to closed. He turns to face October and Fish with Legs and gropes at the back of his neck.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Uhm...

[CREEPY RUBBERY SNAPPING NOISE THAT TURNS JUICY.]

NARRATOR:

He gets a hold of his skin and pulls, oh ew, and pulls off his face. Except it isn't his face, it's a mask or something, because wouldn't you know it, he actually is a shrimp. This guy is a human sized shrimp in a human costume.

[Music ends.]

OCTOBER:

...*What*. This guy is a shrimp. For real.

NARRATOR:

Aaapparently.

MARIO:

Please don't report me.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Why would we report you?

MARIO:

Well...

OCTOBER:

Because... non-humanoid mystical creatures can't get food licenses in Herovia.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh. I did not realize this was like a thing, I thought it was obvious you were a shrimp, my B.

MARIO:

Please. I beg you. I need this fruit stand, it's--

OCTOBER:

Uh huh, listen here. Me and my friend need a centishuttle to Herovia City. And this big bowl of pearls is more than enough for two tickets, so what do you say we cut a deal?

[SHE TOYS WITH SOME PEARLS TO ACCENTUATE HER OFFER.]

MARIO:

Please! I need that money! It's for my children.

OCTOBER:

I'm not interested in some sob story--

FISH WITH LEGS:

October 19th 104 Jones! Shame on you! Are you trying to blackmail this shrimp?

OCTOBER:

Fish with Legs, have I ever steered you wrong?

NARRATOR:

Yes.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Well, best friend, there's a first time for everything.

OCTOBER:

Come on, Fish with Legs, please just--

FISH WITH LEGS:

This shrimp works very hard and grows very delicious cranBERRIES and he earned all those pearls. I will not let you take them!

[Music: an emotionally whimsical folk lament]

MARIO:

Thank you so much, Fish with Legs. Seventeen of my fifty-two children have asthma and I'm saving up to buy them all inhalers. We have healthcare underwater, but... Asthma is very rare among shrimp.

OCTOBER:

Yes. Logically.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh my goodness, 52 babies? And to think you were going to steal his money. My heart. My little fishy heart.

OCTOBER:

Why do you have so many children?

MARIO:

I'm a shrimp! We have a lot of eggs in a clutch.

OCTOBER:

Well *maybe* you shouldn't have any eggs if you're not prepared to take care of the children that come out.

MARIO:

I do take care of my children! They're my world. I would do any—

FISH WITH LEGS:

She comes from a large neglectful family, so I wouldn't—

OCTOBER:

I am *not* projecting.

FISH WITH LEGS:

I didn't even say the word.

MARIO:

I need inhalers, so I came to the surface, where there *are* inhalers—

OCTOBER:

(aside)

To take advantage of the Herovian medical system.

MARIO:

I went to the local clinic to buy the inhalers, but they turned me away because I'm a shrimp. So I went back wearing this human suit. But the doctor examined me and, well... she *noticed* I was a shrimp in a human suit. She said I could only buy them for fifty times their actual price.

FISH WITH LEGS:

She refused to give you inhalers for your babies? (gasp) The shame!

OCTOBER:

Oh *come on*... You're buying this?

MARIO:

I opened this fruit stand so I could earn human money and buy those inhalers. I'm nearly there. It should only take another month or two.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Don't worry, Mario Nera. We'll help you.

OCTOBER:

Excuse me?

FISH WITH LEGS:

I *said* we'll help him as an apology for trying to steal his pearls and outing him as a shrimp.

OCTOBER:

Fish with Legs. Do you not remember how urgently we need to get to Herovia City? And the impending doom regarding Mamamorbus and a two-headed snake?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Think of his 52 babies, October!

OCTOBER:

I don't really—

FISH WITH LEGS:

And *you're* the one who wants to go to Herovia City for supplies. *I* wanted to go *straight* to the Plains of Breezil.

OCTOBER:

Fish with Legs—!

FISH WITH LEGS:

And if you don't come up with a brilliant October plan to help this kind shrimp father, then as your liege I decree that we shall go directly to Breezil! And forget the Herovian side quest.

OCTOBER:

Wha—? Why—? ...How did this happen?

[Music: an emotionally whimsical folk lament]

MARIO:

Please... I'm a good parent, but ever since my wife *died*—

FISH WITH LEGS:

(whimper)

MARIO:

–it's been very difficult. I spend all my time here while my children work on the farm back in the bog...

FISH WITH LEGS:

He's a single father, October!

MARIO:

I just want to spend time with them and keep them healthy.

OCTOBER:

(longgg sigh) ...Fine.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yes!

MARIO:

Thank you so much!

OCTOBER:

But then it's straight to Herovia!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Okay okay, so adviser time! Come on, bestie. Advise us. Me and Mario need some *ad-vice*. Give us the best advice in the world. Number one plan! Brand new! Mint condition!

[Music: Hi-hat, bass, and guitar in a rolling planner's groove.]

OCTOBER:

Okay! I'll go to the clinic and pretend I have asthma. The doctor will examine me and realize I'm not a shrimp in a human suit and she'll give me an inhaler and you can take it and give it to your stupid kids. Happy?

MARIO:

My whole family thanks you.

FISH WITH LEGS:

You're welcome, Mario Nera. That's what Fish with Legs and October Jones do. We help people.

OCTOBER:

(sigh)

NARRATOR:

October, now trapped in the middle, turns away from Mario and shoos Fish in front of her to the other end of the tent.

OCTOBER:

(sigh)

[SNAP OF FABRIC.]

NARRATOR:

She moodily stomps through the flap and out into the weak bog sunlight, begrudgingly ready to begin their side quest.

[PAUSE.]

NARRATOR:

What's that? Yeah, sure. Go to the bathroom. Actually, want to just stop here?

[PAUSE.]

NARRATOR:

Alright. Let's stop.

[Music ends.

THE CRYSTAL BALL TURNS OFF WITH A FINAL 80'S TECH NOISE.]

[Music: a soothing and sincere synth harp tune.]

ELVEN MAIDEN:

Thank you for listening to October Jones & Fish with Legs. Created by Dexter Lavery-Callender, Elisabeth Nyveen, and Zoë Bujold. With music by Alexander Cruz.

This week's episode is brought to you by Leipaya. Our bread is made using an ancient elven recipe from the snowy hills of New Monia, far to the North. Made with ingredients to satisfy your hunger with one bite, 100% guaranteed.

But don't take my word for it, just ask this week's performers, Cheyenne Schaub, Matias Rittatore, Zoë Bujold, Erin Dunlop, and Elisabeth Nyveen. They've *all* made the healthy choice to live the Leipaya lifestyle.

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Leipaya: beauty, health and success are only one bite away.

[Music: the ending jingle.]

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