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OCTOBER JONES & FISH WITH LEGS

Transcript.

Season 1, Episode 6: Fish's Anatomy.

Aired November 9th, 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:

Alright, so Fish and October have been distracted from their current quest of trying to get to Herovia City—which Fish believes is a pit stop on their way to the Plains of Breezil, but is really a trap set by October—and they are currently helping a shrimp get some inhalers from a racist doctor.

[Music: a twangy small town banjo ditty.]

NARRATOR:

October and Fish have left the central marketplace of Moist Bog and have made their way to what I assume is the human medical construction. I can tell because some human just got carried in, and they were screaming. Pain screams, not... anguish.

It's pretty hefty, kinda lumpy-looking like maybe someone pawned the construction budget and they had to make do with mud. More squiggles on the outside, humans sure do love their squiggles, and a sign in the shape of a plus sign that glows pink. I get it, math and medicine are both sciences, so...

OCTOBER:

Stay here. And don't wander off. Uh. Here, entertain yourself with um, hm.

NARRATOR:

She roots around in her soggy boggy bag and pulls out some binoculars.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Ohhh!! Shiny.

OCTOBER:

Go wild. *Without* moving.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Woww, look at it over here, oh in *this* light, oh– (continues unintelligibly)

OCTOBER:

No, you're supposed to look through the– Oh, whatever.

NARRATOR:

October goes in and sits in the first big room she finds. Other humans also sit there.

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

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs is... looking at the binoculars. Hrm.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL FIRES UP AND STARTS FAST-FORWARDING LIKE A VCR.]

NARRATOR:

October gets up and follows a human in a pale green tunic, who leaves her in a room a few doors down.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL CLICKS AND RESUMES PLAYING IN REAL TIME.

Music: a slow, moody industrialization of the Herovian theme.]

NARRATOR:

This room is lined with shelves covered in bottles and jars of liquids and fermented animal bits. October sits on a padded table and eyeballs the viscous decor. There's also a desk, which is covered in a big pile of disorderly papers. And a little roly stool, also padded.

[DOOR CREAK.]

NARRATOR:

A human female walks in.

STEFFI SCOPE:

Hello, my name is Dr. Steffi Scope. What the hex is wrong with you?

OCTOBER:

(thrown off)

W-what? Sorry, I–

STEFFI SCOPE:

(sigh) Hello. My name is Dr. *Steffi. Scope*. What the hex is *wrong* with you.

OCTOBER:

Sorry. Um, I'm October Jones—

STEFFI SCOPE:

Yes, I know your name. I have your chart in my hand. Your name is dumb by the way.

OCTOBER:

Says Dr. Steffiscope.

STEFFI SCOPE:

You know what? Don't talk, I'll just check you out.

*[Music: light, tripping strings with a comedic energy.
RUSTLE OF PAPER ON THE EXAMINATION BENCH.]*

NARRATOR:

Dr. Scope drops the chart next to October, grabs her throat and starts prodding it.

OCTOBER:

(mousy noise)

STEFFI SCOPE:

Innnteresting...

OCTOBER:

What?

STEFFI SCOPE:

Please don't talk.

NARRATOR:

Dr. Scope kneads the skin on October's throat.

OCTOBER:

(gag)

STEFFI SCOPE:

Please don't gag.

OCTOBER:

(strained)

Sorry. You were cutting off—

STEFFI SCOPE:

Please, don't talk. Just... don't do anything. Sit here and let me examine you. Thank you. (a lick)

OCTOBER:

(mousy noise)

NARRATOR:

Dr. Scope licks her finger and sticks it in October's ear.

October looks indignant but Dr. Scope shakes her a little by the neck and she subsides. She sits in tense silence, Dr. Scope continues to abuse her.

STEFFI SCOPE:

Wowww...

NARRATOR:

The doctor lets go of October and crosses the office to her shelf of thingies.

OCTOBER:

(reproachful)

Ow.

STEFFI SCOPE:

You are in terrible health, October Jones.

OCTOBER:

I think I'm okay. I just need you to—

STEFFI SCOPE:

No, you're wildly out of balance.

NARRATOR:

She takes down and opens a big jar of herbs in clear liquid. She dunks her hands, rubs them on the outside of the jar, and wipes them vaguely on her coat.

STEFFI SCOPE:

You see, the human body is made from a balance of the four humors, each corresponding to one of the five elements. Earth, water, fire, air and... Oh, what— What's the— Oh, what's the fifth onnnne?

OCTOBER:

Pretty sure there's four.

STEFFI SCOPE:

Pretty sure you're wrong. But my point is, you are deeply unbalanced.

OCTOBER:

What?

STEFFI SCOPE:

You have way too much fire, your water is all dry, your earth is just weirdly inconsistent and your air... oof. Are you gassy? Do you fart? A *lot*?

OCTOBER:

Really? You got that from a five second examination?

STEFFI SCOPE:

Well, being able to do that is my job, so yeah.

NARRATOR:

She seals the jar and takes out a little notepad.

STEFFI SCOPE:

I'm prescribing acupuncture, some herbal tea and maybe some therapy.

OCTOBER:

I'm good, thanks.

STEFFI SCOPE:

Yeah, what do I know? I'm just a doctor.

OCTOBER:

Can I get an inhaler? Or two, or... seventeen... I have asthma?

STEFFI SCOPE:

That's the least of your issues. I assume you have a poor immune system? Eczema? A terrible family dynamic?

OCTOBER:

Why does everybody want to know about my family?

STEFFI SCOPE:

Because your emotional scars are showing.

OCTOBER:

Look, I have this cough? (fakes an extended cough using the word 'cough')

STEFFI SCOPE:

...Did you just say the word cough?

OCTOBER:

No.

STEFFI SCOPE:

How many inhalers did you say you needed?

OCTOBER:

Oh uh, just the one.

STEFFI SCOPE:

Nooo, you said seventeen.

OCTOBER:

(nervous laugh) What? What a randomly specific number! I mean if that's how many you wanna give me, then I'll—

STEFFI SCOPE:

You're trying to con me into giving you inhalers so you can sell them to that shrimp, aren't you?

OCTOBER:

(high-pitched)

Whaaat? Um, mm, uh...

STEFFI SCOPE:

The shrimp, he wears a human suit. His kids have some sort of underwater asthma?

[Music: a conspiratorial and super ominous droning synth.]

OCTOBER:

Okay. Yes. I'm trying to get inhalers for that shrimp. *But*, I'm in a bit of a tough situation and I need to help him so I can get back on track with my *real* mission which is *very important*. So do you think there's just some way I can convince you to give them to me?

STEFFI SCOPE:

What? No. I'm not giving you inhalers so you can give them to him. I'm not adding a middle-man to my deal. That's ridiculous.

OCTOBER:

Listen, I understand what you're doing. You don't owe anything to that shrimp, so you'll help him for a price, but I—

STEFFI SCOPE:

That's nice. I'm gonna cut you off right here though? Because I'm detaining you.

OCTOBER:

What? Detaining me? No! No, please, hold o—! Hold on. You're a doctor, can you even do that?

STEFFI SCOPE:

Of course I can. Welcome to Herovia.

NARRATOR:

The doctor sticks her head out the door.

STEFFI SCOPE:

(calling)

Security! Yep! We got a kid, she's trying to do some crimes.

OCTOBER:

Come on, don't do this.

STEFFI SCOPE:

You're trying to get medical supplies you don't need and selling it for a profit. That's illegal.

OCTOBER:

What do you care? You were doing the same thing.

STEFFI SCOPE:

Yeah, I gotta draw a line somewhere though, right?

OCTOBER:

Seems like a pretty arbitrary place to draw the line...

STEFFI SCOPE:

Well the world is arbitrary I guess.

[Music: a triumphant synth trumpet with a vaguely military vibe.]

NARRATOR:

A guard walks in. Quartered doublet, giant hat and all.

CORPORAL DADSON:

Hey there, doc.

STEFFI SCOPE:

Hey. This is the girl doing the crimes. Get her out of here.

OCTOBER:

Wait, wait!

[ARMOUR.]

NARRATOR:

The guard grabs her by the arm.

CORPORAL DADSON:

Come with me, miss.

OCTOBER:

No, no, listen I— You don't understand, I just need to—

STEFFI SCOPE:

You can explain yourself when the sheriff gets here.

NARRATOR:

Dr. Scope follows the guard as he drags October out of the room. Yeesh... Tough break. But I can't say she didn't deserve it. This is the girl who wants to hand Fish with Legs over to the government, after all. Speaking of...

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

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs is balanced on a railing to peek into Dr. Scope's office through a window. She watches as the doctor and the guard take October down the hallway.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Not good...

NARRATOR:

She hangs the binoculars from... let's call it her neck, and begins to pace the railing.

[HER HEELS RING ON THE METAL.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Okay, Fish with Legs. What would October do? She would save the day. She would come up with a great plan and execute it to perfection. Free her best friend and get the—

[SHE STOPS PACING.]

NARRATOR:

Fish gets distracted by something inside Dr. Scope's office.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(having an idea)
Ahhhh.

NARRATOR:

Oh, maybe by the—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Inhalers!

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs crouches.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Fish with Legs karate powers! Hya!

[Music: high energy, bouncy action piano.]

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs jumps and hits the ground running toward the clinic. She leaps and smacks the window at full speed, shattering it.

[OSTENTATIOUS GLASS SMASH.]

NARRATOR:

She and a bunch of glass land on Dr. Scope's floor.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Booyah!

NARRATOR:

The inhaler box is high up on a shelf, clearly out of reach of tiny Fish with Legs. She stands right under the shelf and jumps, but no dice.

[FISH CRUNCHES AND SLIDES OVER GLASS SHARDS AS SHE MOVES.]

NARRATOR:

She can't reach it, as she is a tiny fish with legs. She looks around the room.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Thinking... Thinking... Thinking... Thought! Ah!

NARRATOR:

She marches over to the examination table and sprays it with a jet of water from her mouth, pushing it to the wall right under the inhalers.

[FISH'S MAGICAL WATERSPOUT RINGS LIKE A STRUCK BELL WHEN SUMMONED AND BLASTS LIKE A FIREHOSE.]

NARRATOR:

She hops onto it and reaches again.

FISH WITH LEGS:

You can do this, Fish with Legs! You are the most powerful fish with the longest, sexiest legs! Rrryaaaaa--!!

NARRATOR:

She stands on the tips of her toes, reaching her adorably short fins toward the inhalers.

FISH WITH LEGS:

--aah! Curse my adorably short fins!

NARRATOR:

She slumps, then rallies herself.

FISH WITH LEGS:

For the shrimp babies!

NARRATOR:

She crouches, bounces up, and grabs the box with her mouth.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(muffled)
Yes!

[Music ends.]

NARRATOR:

She takes the box out of her mouth and hops down from the table. But then! The door bursts open.

[Music: short, ominous synth sting.]

NARRATOR:

Fish freezes as Dr. Scope stares at her from the doorway, looking very confused.

STEFFI SCOPE:

...What the hex is—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Hello. I'm Fish with Legs. I'm a fish with legs. I'm the Elemental Creature of Water and I am trying to steal some inhalers for 17 shrimp babies.

STEFFI SCOPE:

(frustrated sigh) Again with this shrimp? How many people does this guy have working for him?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Now, I would just like to know if there is any way I can change your mind and convince you to do the right thing?

STEFFI SCOPE:

What? *No.*

NARRATOR:

She sticks her head out the door and—

STEFFI SCOPE:

Security!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh no! Bad! Yah!

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs leaps through the air and dropkicks Dr. Scope in the face.

[A WHOOSH, A SMACK, A DEADPAN NOISE OF PAIN.]

NARRATOR:

She falls to the ground, unconscious.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Sorry Doc, uh. It's for the shrimp babies!

[GLASS SHARDS RUSTLING.]

NARRATOR:

Fish skips over to the door and peeks down the hallway.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Hmm. (reading) Holding... Cell.

NARRATOR:

Down the hall, the Herovian Guard stands outside a thick steel door, turning away people trying to pass in front of the room.

CORPORAL DADSON:

Sorry, sir, there's an amoral youth in here who's been trying to do crimes. But fear not, she has been apprehended, so you can go about your day.

NARRATOR:

Fish gently closes the door and paces amongst the glass shards.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Uhh. What would October do?

[Music: light, tripping strings with a comedic energy.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

Sneak? Sneaking... oh, I'm sneaking, let's sneak! Oh, quietly.

NARRATOR:

She scans the room and her eyes land on the unconscious doctor heap. She rushes over and pulls on the lab coat until it's off. She drapes it over herself like a cape. and tucks the box of inhalers under her fin. She struts to the door and strolls out into the hallway. I would love to know what the plan is here.

As she moseys to the holding cell, a doctor approaches going the other way, reading a chart in their hand. Fish with Legs gives the doctor a slight nod.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Ahem. Ah, greetings, fellow doctor.

DOCTOR:

Mhm.

NARRATOR:

The doctor gives her a half glance and nods back, not noticing she's a fish. Fish with Legs is almost at the cell, but the guard stops her.

CORPORAL DADSON:

Oh, uh sorry doctor, there's a...

NARRATOR:

He gives Fish with Legs a quizzical look, realizing, I can only assume, that she's a fish with legs in a lab coat.

[Music ends.]

CORPORAL DADSON:

Uh, e-excuse me, doctor. You're a fish.

FISH WITH LEGS:

With legs, yes.

CORPORAL DADSON:

Well I feel like you're not a doctor then.

FISH WITH LEGS:

What? Of course I am. Bodily fluid. Skeleton. Oh, *pulmonary*. Other doctor things...

CORPORAL DADSON:

Uh I'm fairly certain that fishes can't get doctorates. Or medical licenses. Or breathe outside of water!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yet, here I am. Having accomplished that, and more. Blazing a trail for future generations of aquatic animals, who *dare* to *dream* of a life of success on the surface.

CORPORAL DADSON:

I'm gonna call this in.

FISH WITH LEGS:

No! Wait!

CORPORAL DADSON:

...Yes?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Okay, although my ruse was *flaw*-less... I'll come clean.

CORPORAL DADSON:

Oh uh, come clean! So you are a fish.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yes. I'm Fish with legs. I'm a fish with Legs. I'm the Elemental Creature of Water and I am not a doctor... I'm here to steal inhalers for a shrimp. The girl behind that door was helping him too.

CORPORAL DADSON:

You work with the criminal girl! Are you part of some mystical animal criminal organization? They teach us all about those at the Academy. You mystical creatures are dangerous folks.

FISH WITH LEGS:

N-nonononononono, we're just helping a friend!

CORPORAL DADSON:

Well why is a human helping a shrimp? Who is this shrimp? Some sort of crime lord who employs fishes and criminal girls.

FISH WITH LEGS:

No, he's just a father, a father with a kind heart. He disguises himself as a human and sells fruit in the market.

CORPORAL DADSON:

Wait so he *is* a criminal.

FISH WITH LEGS:

But he's doing it all to get money to buy inhalers for his babies.

CORPORAL DADSON:

A shrimp.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yes.

CORPORAL DADSON:

In a human suit.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yees.

CORPORAL DADSON:

Needs inhalers.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yes. 17 of his 52 babies have asthma.

CORPORAL DADSON:

You keep explaining things, but I somehow keep getting more confused.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(sigh)

NARRATOR:

While the guard contemplates this, the door behind him gently swings open.

CORPORAL DADSON:

What, what was—?

NARRATOR:

The guard quickly spins around, coming knee to face with—

OCTOBER:

(mousy noise)

FISH WITH LEGS:

October!

OCTOBER:

Fish with Legs?

CORPORAL DADSON:

Criminal girl!

NARRATOR:

October looks up at him, quickly stows her lock picking tools and jumps to her feet.

OCTOBER:

Um... mm, l- l- l- I was just, uh— uh—

CORPORAL DADSON:

Just go.

OCTOBER:

What?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Really?

[Music: a sympathetic synth trumpet with a military drum tattoo.]

CORPORAL DADSON:

I'm a father myself... I don't have anywhere near 52 children, I have a normal human number. But my daughter, a little girl not much younger than this criminal girl, has been sick her entire life. She has tree foot syndrome. Her foot is a tree. That's why I joined the Herovian Guard. They offer the most extensive family health plan in all of Herovia. The hours are long and the work is stressful, but... It costs a lot to take care of her tree foot. I can't imagine what this shrimp is going through with his 52 children.

[Music ends.]

FISH WITH LEGS:

That's beautiful... Mr...?

CORPORAL DADSON:

Dadson. Corporal Dadson.

FISH WITH LEGS:

That's beautiful, Corporal Dadson.

OCTOBER:

What's happening?

CORPORAL DADSON:

The exit is just down that way.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Thank you. Let's go!

OCTOBER:

Uhh...

NARRATOR:

Fish hurries down the way the guard pointed.

OCTOBER:

Wait! Fish with Legs!

NARRATOR:

October catches up with Fish with Legs.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Look, I have a cape!

[SHE HOLDS IT OUT, POSING.]

NARRATOR:

She shows off her fetching lab cape. Then she hands over the binoculars. October stows them in her grody bog bag.

[BAG RUSTLE.]

OCTOBER:

Did you sneak in to rescue me?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Was that not the plan?

[Music: downbeat, emotional, minor key mix of main theme.]

OCTOBER:

No. But, thanks. I guess I owe you one now...

FISH WITH LEGS:

You don't owe me. We're best friends. I'll always come back for you!

OCTOBER:

Well, eheh, I uh— We still need to get the—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Inhalers? Got 'em!

OCTOBER:

Oh.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(smug hum)

OCTOBER:

Then let's—

FISH WITH LEGS:

Go? Look at that, we finish each other's...?

OCTOBER:

Come on.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Sentences... was your line. But whatever. We'll get there.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL FIRES UP AND STARTS FAST-FORWARDING LIKE A VCR.]

NARRATOR:

They sneak their way down the hallway and out the clinic. They return to Mario Nera's fruit tent. Mario is inside talking with a human customer.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL CLICKS AND RESUMES PLAYING IN REAL TIME.

Music: a twangy small town banjo ditty.]

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs and October enter. He turns to the customer and shoos them away.

MARIO:

Oh sorry, ma'am. We're closed.

NARRATOR:

The customer, visibly upset, stomps out. Fish with Legs does a little dance, showing off the box of inhalers.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yoohoo! Look what I haaave!

MARIO:

Is that— The inhalers?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Yeah. I shouldn't have moved the box around. That probably made it hard to tell.

NARRATOR:

Mario closes the far end of his tent. He starts to squeeze past to do the other side, but October holds up a hand to ward him off and does it herself. He looks at her meaningfully and she pops her head out, looks around and flips the sign outside from open to closed. Fish with Legs gives him the box of inhalers.

MARIO:

Thank you so much.

[HORRIBLE RUBBERY MASK NOISE.]

NARRATOR:

He peels off his human mask, eurgh, and wipes a single manly—shrimply?—tear from his eye.

MARIO:

This is the kindest thing anyone has ever done for me.

FISH WITH LEGS:

You're welcome, Mario Nera.

OCTOBER:

Yep. Cool. We good here?

MARIO:

Let me repay you!

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh, no need to—

OCTOBER:

Shh!

NARRATOR:

Mario turns and grabs the bowl of pearls.

MARIO:

Here.

FISH WITH LEGS:

We can't take—

OCTOBER:

Yes we can.

NARRATOR:

October quickly snatches it away from him over Fish's head.

[Music: an emotionally whimsical folk lament]

MARIO:

I don't need human money anymore. I'm going back to my farm. Back to my children.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh! The little shrimp babies. Yes. Go love them.

MARIO:

I'm leaving all this behind. I'm going to spend all the time I can with my children. And thanks to you and these inhalers... they'll all grow up healthy and strong.

FISH WITH LEGS:

He's gonna spend time with his children thanks to us, October. (pleased sigh)

OCTOBER:

Yeah. Cool. Thanks for the money.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Sorry again, Mr. Nera. For uh, noticing you're a shrimp.

MARIO:

All is forgiven, Fish with Legs.

FISH WITH LEGS:

October?

OCTOBER:

What?

FISH WITH LEGS:

Want to say anything?

OCTOBER:

I already thanked him for the money.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(sigh) Goodbye, Mr. Nera.

MARIO:

Farewell, Fish with Legs. Swim with the tides.

OCTOBER:

Yeah, bye. Have... fun with your kids.

MARIO:

Thank you, October. I appreciate it.

NARRATOR:

October awkwardly turns and leaves the tent, blowing past the closed flap.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Hey. Wait for me!

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs bursts out of the tent, waving after October. She hurries to catch up with her.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Ouf!

“STRANGER”:

Oof.

[Music: short, mysteriously fantastic folk music.]

NARRATOR:

And runs right into a stranger.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Oh! Sorry.

“STRANGER”:

(doubled voice)

The fault is ours.

FISH WITH LEGS:

How polite of you, stranger. Now, I gotta hurry. Gotta catch up with my best friend.

[SHE RUNS AWAY, CLACKING. HER FOOTSTEPS RECEDE.]

NARRATOR:

Fish with Legs rushes ahead to October...

[The music becomes a menacing and mysterious electric guitar and synth.]

NARRATOR:

Not paying much attention to the tall, imposing stranger, dressed head to toe in a long trench coat. Their face obscured by a tilted fedora and their popped collar...

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

FISH WITH LEGS:

Hey there bestie!

OCTOBER:

Two first class tickets to Herovia City, please.

NARRATOR:

As they walk through the market, October covertly pours the pearls into her disgusting backpack to mingle with the loose elf bread.

FISH WITH LEGS:

I hope you learned a lesson today.

OCTOBER:

I did not.

FISH WITH LEGS:

Well, you first—

OCTOBER:

And I don't want to.

FISH WITH LEGS:

(sigh)

NARRATOR:

She drops the bowl. They continue walking through the market in silence. The mysterious figure watches as Fish with Legs and October head for the train station.

“STRANGER”:

Interesting...

NARRATOR:

Ominous.

*[THE CRYSTAL BALL FIRES UP AND STARTS FAST-FORWARDING LIKE A VCR.
Music ends.]*

NARRATOR:

October and Fish with Legs make it to the station and legally acquire their tickets. They're now sitting on the platform, waiting to board a big crawly to Herovia City.

They wait... They continue waiting... You wanna--? Yeah.

[THE CRYSTAL BALL CLICKS AND RESUMES PLAYING IN REAL TIME.]

NARRATOR:

This seems like a good spot. Let's stop.

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

[Music: an emotionally whimsical folk lament]

MARIO:

Hello. My 52 children and I thank you for listening. This has been October Jones & Fish with Legs, created by Dexter Lavery-Callender, Elisabeth Nyveen, and Zoë Bujold.

Brought to life by the voices of Cheyenne Schaub, Matias Rittatore, Zoë Bujold, Erin Dunlop, and Elisabeth Nyveen.

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[Music: cheerful credits theme.]

MARIO:

And for some delicious blueBERRIES, blackBERRIES or cranBERRIES, come visit the Nera Family Farm far out in the bog. Take Exit 106 off the Warm Puddle Highway for a warm, healthy, family welcome.

[Music: the ending jingle.]

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