

Who When Wow, Season 2, Episode 17

The Oakville Blobs

Carly. Hello people! Thank you for coming back to this extremely secret podcast! If anyone can hear me around you, just tell them it's an audiobook. In today's mystery, we've got musical chairs, jello rain, and a "who dun it" in a science lab! I'm Carly Q and this is Who, When, Wow, Mystery Edition!

(THEME SONG)

(Soundbite of printers whirring, phones ringing.)

Carly in the background. Good morning, Patty!

Carly. As you know, I work at BUTTHED as a Junior Temporal Analyst during business hours.

Carly in the background. Sure, I have a highlighter you can use. It's pink!

Carly. But I spend my lunch breaks doing my *real* work.

Carly in the background. You know what, keep it. I have so many!

Carly. Investigating history's mysteries to bring my findings to you through this super important and secret podcast.

P.A. Voice. Please meet us in the break room during lunch for a team-building game of musical chairs.

Carly. Lunch?but that's when I ...uh eat lunch.

P.A. Voice. The last person sitting wins a delicious corporate custard pie!

Carly in the background. Ooh, PIE!

(Soundbite of footsteps running down basement stairs.)

Carly. I was excited. I really, really love pie. I had never heard of the Corporate Custard flavor before... and I had my suspicions ..but how bad could it be? It's PIE!

Carly in the background. Mmm mmm mmm!

Carly. So while I waited for the musical chairs party, I got to work.

(Soundbite of desktop computer whirs to life.)

Carly. Lunchtime is usually when I go on my adventures. So I knew that if I got a new time-sealed file, I would have to make a decision between investigating or playing musical chairs.

(Soundbite of a thumb drive comes down the vacuum tube.)

Audio File. TIME SEALED EVENT!

Carly in the background. (frustrated) Oh, bad timing.

Carly. Ugh... decisions, decisions! Should I use BUTTHED's time travel elevator to go back in time or play musical chairs for a slice of confectionary perfection...? HOW DO I CHOOSE?!

Audio File. Event: (BLEEP) Oakville, Washington (BLEEP) August, 1994 (BLEEP) thick rain.

Carly in the background. Gross. Thick rain? What does that mean?

Carly. I decided to enter the clues into my H-DAD device to see if knowing the mystery would help me decide.

H-dad. Powering Yourself!

(Soundbite of typing on keyboard.)

Carly in the background. Oakville, Washington. August, 1994. And... thick rain.

H-dad. Analyzing...Analying..Anaaalyzing..Still Analyzing

Lewis. Caarrrrlllyyyyyy Quuuuuuuue!

Carly. (sighs heavily) Oh boy. Here we go. Yep. It was Lewis. My favorite-slash-least favorite co-worker slash time travel partner who seems to spend more time at MY desk than his own.

Carly. Hi, Lewis.

Lewis. What's shakin' bacon?

Carly. Nothing, just working.

Lewis. Did ya get a time-sealed event today?

Carly. (preparing to say "no") Um...

H-dad. Time-sealed analysis complete!

Carly. Yes. I guess I did.

Lewis. Perfect! Because I really don't want to be a part of that silly musical chairs business.

Carly. Silly? Musical chairs is like an iconic national pastime

Lewis. All that walking in circlessss,like,why not just add an extra chair?Then we all get to sit

Carly. But you could win A PIE.

Lewis. So? If I want pie, I can go to the bakery down the street and buy my own.

Carly. But Lewis it's free PIE. And ... you could win it...

Lewis. (sighs) Yeah, I know... So, what's the time-sealed event?

Carly. Oh, right! Uh H-DAD?

H-dad. Oakville, Washington. August, 1994. Thick rain. It is with 99.265% accuracy that the time-sealed event is the Oakville, Washington Blobs.

Carly. (elated) Blobs are going to rain from the sky?!?

Lewis. (disgusted) Blobs of what??

H-dad. A blob is a thick rain like droplet with a sticky consistency somewhere between solid and liquid.Vomit emoji

Lewis and Carly. Eww! Awesome!

(Soundbite of Lunch bell.)

P.A. Voice. Musical chairs will begin in fifteen minutes.

Carly. Time to go, Nibbles!

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Lewis. Hey, can we do this without the rat stowaway this time?

Carly. What do you have against Nibbles?

Lewis. She's a rat.

Carly. That's it?

Lewis. What else do you need?

Carly. Lewis she's coming. Nibbles is my friend. You are the stowaway.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Lewis. Okay, fine! Why can't you have a collection of teddy bear friends dressed like historical figures like everybody else?

Carly. Wait... do *you* have a teddy bear friend, Lewis?

Lewis. No...certainly not Barack OBearma!

Carly. I totally support your love for plushies!

Lewis. Whatever, let's go!

(Soundbite of Carly and Lewis' footsteps.)

Carly. You have a Bearie Curie, right?

Lewis. *Obviously!* You should see her little test tubes. I mean... NO COMMENT!

(Soundbite of walking to elevator.)

Carly and Lewis. Odie!/Ode-Ode Ode Oddieeeee!

Odie. Well, if it isn't the biggest troublemakers in BUTTHED.

Lewis. I'd argue that Carly is the only troublemaker here. I just tag along for my interest in science.

Odie. Is that right?

Carly. No...he's tagging along because he doesn't want to do the musical chairs game.

Lewis. Okay, that too.

Odie. Why not? BUTTHED team-building exercises are always a rousing good time

Carly. You go to those?

Odie. Me? Never.

Carly. Lewis, Do you remember when we did office chair races?(then, accusatory) Now that I think about it, you didn't participate in that one either.

Lewis. No, I didn't.

Carly. How come?

Lewis. I just didn't want to. Can we drop it?

Carly. Okay, fine.

Odie. Lewis... The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear.

(Soundbite of wind chimes.)

Lewis. I'm not afraid!

Carly. Ah that gong sound again.

Odie. So, where are we headed today?

Carly. H-dad says we're going to investigate the Oakville, Washington Blobs of 1994.

Odie. Ah... the mid-90s. What a time to be alive! Oh you said 1994, right? Because 1894 wasn't so fun

Carly. Wait how old are you?

Odie. (sighs) Did you know it can rain about 100 inches a year in Washington state?

Carly. I personally adore rain! It makes puddles to jump in and it washes my car. Oh, and the worms come out to play!

Lewis. Rain messes up my shoes.

Carly. You could wear rain boots.

Lewis. (scoffs) Ugh As if I'd wear something unfashionable.

Odie. Okay, time's wasting. You both know the rules by now, but I'll repeat them because I'm legally required. When you go to the past you can't change or stop anything, so don't try. You may observe and ask questions, but do not meddle. Understand?

Carly. We understand!

Odie. When you arrive back in time, a card reader will remain where you came in. Use your keycard and the elevator will reappear. You can also use it to fast forward to other time periods on the file. But you MUST be back here before the end of your lunch break. Ready?

Carly. We're ready!

Lewis. You don't speak for me...We're ready.

Odie. Watch out for the blobss

(Soundbite of elevator ding.)

Carly and Lewis. (as they're launched through time and space) Yaaaaaayyy!/Noooooooo!

(Soundbite of elevator thud. Frogs croak. Running water of a creek.)

Carly. Wow. Everything is SO green here!

Lewis. Yep. This the Pacific Northwest. Green and wet.

Carly. Oh my gosh, look at the trees! They are so BIG and,

Lewis. Green?

Carly. I was going to say verdant, but, I bet the water from that creek is like the purest water that anyone has ever tasted. I wish I'd brought my water bottle.

(Soundbite of muddy footsteps.)

Lewis. Ugh!

Carly. What's wrong, Lewis?

Lewis. I'm damp. I don't like being damp. Also, there's mud everywhere! My loafers are ruined!

(Soundbite of Nibbles squeaking.)

Carly. Told you to get rain boots.

Nibbles. Eh, it's just a little mud.

Lewis. That's easy for you to say. You're a rat. Rats like messes!

Nibbles. That's not entirely true. We like the messes that people make, sure... but we're very clean animals ourselves.

Lewis. Oh please.

Nibbles. Really. My Aunt Sylvia used to take two baths a day!

Lewis. Where would a rat take a bath?

Nibbles. In the toilet in the restroom at Captain Charlie's.

Lewis. That is SO wrong on SO many levels...

Carly. Excuse me. We need to focus, you two! We have a serious mystery on our hands.

Nibbles. Okay so... where are these blobs you're so excited about?

Lewis. I don't see any.

Carly. Well maybe they've all been collected.

Nibbles. Or maybe they liquified when it got warmer.

Carly. Good point. If a jell-o factory nearby exploded, that might explain the blobs turning back to liquid. When I hold strawberry jello in my mouth too long, it turns back into strawberry soup.

Nibbles. Eh, A factory explosion would've made the news, don't you think?

Carly. Mmm you're right. Um... okay, maybe alien jellyfish from space descended on Earth to eat all of our... Hey, H-dad what do jellyfish eat?

H-dad. Jellyfish eat crab, fish, shrimp, and tiny plants.

Lewis. If that's what they eat, why wouldn't they have some on their own planet?

Carly. Valid observation. Look! There's somebody over there in a uniform. She seems official. Let's go ask her what she thinks the blobs are.

(Soundbite of muddy footsteps.)

Carly. Uh Excuse me! Can you tell us what you think happened here?

Officer Grace. Are you from the lab? About the blobs?

Carly. Yes! Yes We are... from the lab. I'm... doctor uh--

Lewis. Day. She's Dr. Day and I'm Dr. Night.

Officer Grace. And the, um... rodent?

Carly. She's just here to observe.

(Soundbite of rat squeaking.)

Officer Grace. Okay. Well, you're a little late to the party. Blobs stopped falling a few days ago. There's not much to show you.

Carly. How long did they fall?

Officer Grace. Five times total in about three weeks. I was never outside when they came down, I only saw it on the ground. But one of the guys from my station told me that the rain smeared and smudged when he turned on his windshield wipers.

Lewis. I hate it when that happens!

Officer Grace. It was clear like water, but thick like petroleum jelly. And when he touched it later, it was all goopy.

Lewis. Goopy?

Officer Grace. That's the word he used.

Carly. Did the blobs smell like anything?

Officer Grace. No, but some of the people who touched it -- including my coworker -- got sick.

Lewis. Sick?... I mean sick? how?

Officer Grace. Different ways. One of the residents in town reported getting vertigo.

Carly. Vertigo?

H-dad. Vertigo is a sensation of motion or spinning that is often described as dizziness.

Officer Grace. Is that a talking calculator? Rad! Maybe I can get the captain to issue me one.

H-dad. H-dad is expensive. Mega money emoji, dollar sign emoji, gold bar emoji

Carly. You said there were other sicknesses too?

Officer Grace. Oh, right... Upper respiratory and ear infections were reported as well. And a lot of people in town came down with what seemed like the flu at about the same time.

Carly. Do you have a sample of the blob back at the station?

Officer Grace. Oh, no. A sample was sent to the Washington Department of Health a few days ago. Wait... isn't that where you're supposed to be from?

Carly. Uh... yeah...uhh yes we were just... looking for some more. Never can have enough blobs.

Officer Grace. Well, alright. I've got to get back to work now, doctors.

(Soundbite of muddy footsteps.)

Nibbles. We have to get our hands on that blob sample.

Lewis. How far away is the Department of Health?

Carly. Doesn't matter. We have a time traveling elevator! We can go anywhere,anywhen! Any time we want. Come on, let's go...

Lewis. OK, I'm going. I'm going.Now we`re getting mud all over the elevator

Carly. It's fine Lewis, It's fine.

Lewis. You'll have to just clean it up.

Carly. Me? Oh I have to clean it up?

(Soundbite of feet shuffling into elevator. Elevator door closes and ding. Computers and machines.)

Carly. Ooh, this place looks like a spaceship!

Lewis. Oh yeah, we have a very modern/futuristic tone here. White walls, pristine floors. Expensive-looking equipment...

Nibbles. Well, it IS a laboratory, right? That's kind of a vibe.

Lewis. Yeah, maybe you should stay in the backpack, rat. Wouldn't want to contaminate anything.

Nibbles. I could say the same about you with your dirty loafers.

Lewis. You don't have to be so mean, Nibbles

Nibbles. I don't see anyone here.

Lewis. Maybe it's their lunch break.

Carly. Well, our lunch break ends soon so let's split up and see what we can find.

(Soundbite of Nibbles scurries across the floor.)

Lewis. What are we looking for?

Carly. Anything related to the blobs. Research, pictures, mummified alien bodies.. You know, the usual stuff...

Nibbles. (from across the room)Why don't we check this computer?

(Soundbite of footsteps.)

Nibbles. I bet there's a treasure trove of information here.

Lewis. We don't know the password.

Carly. H-dad, can you crack this password?

H-dad. Analyzing.

Lewis. H-dad devices break into computers?

Carly. Don't know. I never read the manual.

H-dad. Analyzing complete! The most common password is 123456.

(Soundbite of digits typed on the keyboard.)

Carly. (speaks as she types) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Lewis. That's ridiculous. These are scientists. No way they use 123456.

Computer. Password accepted!

Lewis. I can't believe that worked.

Nibbles. Humans are so disappointing.

Carly. It says here that two organisms were found in the first round of testing and both are known to live in the human digestive system.

Nibbles. That could explain the sicknesses.

Carly. I don't see anymore test results, though.

Lewis. There's an audio file.

Carly. Ooh, perfect!

(Soundbite of mouse double-clicking.)

Male scientist. (through computer speakers) *"I came in, and the material was not where it was supposed to be. I asked management 'what happened to it?' and the exact words were 'Do not ask.'"*

Carly. SOMEONE STOLE THE SAMPLES??!?!

Male scientist. (through computer speakers) *"This material, and I have no proof one way or the other, was manufactured by someone for some purpose, and for some reason, Oakville was chosen as the test site."*

Carly. I KNEW IT!

Lewis. Just take a breath, Carly Q.

Carly. A breath? Come on Lewis, This is a cover-up! Who got rid of the samples? Where did they take them? And are they from Earth?? WHAT ARE THEY HIDING??

Nibbles. Why don't we keep looking through this computer to see what the other theories are before we commit to the alien conspiracy angle, hmmm?

Lewis. Yeah, I actually agree with the rat on this one. Good plan, Nibbles... Here, let me try.

(Soundbite of mouse double-clicking.)

Lewis. Let's see...Oakville blob... origin... theories.

H-dad. H-dad chiming in .Don't hurt yourself there desktop I got this. The tiny blobs are jellyfish parts the result of an explosion set off in the water for a military training exercise.

Carly. See? Didn't I tell you it was jellyfish?

Lewis. You said it was *alien* jellyfish.

Carly. Well, I was on the right track.

H-dad. This theory has been debunked. The explosions were set off over 50 miles away. It is unlikely the jellyfish were thrown that far. And there was no record of a water spout.

Carly. RIGHT! The water spout thing! I learned about that when I went to France to investigate the raining frogs.

Lewis. Wait. You went to France?

Carly. Uh-huh.

Lewis. Without... moi?

Carly. Well that was before we were... co-adventurers.

Lewis. Oh... so, now we're "co-adventuring" together?

Carly. Ok it sounds weird when you say it, but yes. But before that I went to France.

Lewis. And while you were there, it rained frogs?

Carly. Well, kind of. It turns out the frogs were swept up in a waterspout during a storm and dropped someplace else.

Nibbles. I guess that could've happened here. I'll add it to the list.

Carly. Agreed! What's next?

(Soundbite of mouse clicking, keyboard tapping.)

H-dad. Fluid waste from an airplane flying overhead.

Lewis. (gags) I can't.

H-dad. This was debunked. The waste would be blue, not clear.

Lewis. Good! Ugh, could you imagine?

Nibbles. Next.

(Soundbite of mouse clicking, keyboard tapping.)

H-dad. Astral jelly falling from the sky.

Carly. That sounds promising.

Nibbles. What is astral jelly?

H-dad. A gelatinous substance. According to folklore, it drops to the Earth from space during meteor showers.

Lewis. I like the direction this is going.

Carly. I mean, it's no government cover-up...

Nibbles. But it does make sense.

(Soundbite of lunch bell.)

Lewis. Was that the lunch bell?

Nibbles. Uh oh... we better get out of here before the scientists catch us!

Carly. Our lunch break is probably close to being done too. Let's get to the elevator.

(Soundbite of feet scurry across the floor and then into the elevator. Elevator door closes. Elevator thuds.)

Carly. Hey Odie.

Odie. Welcome back basement companion, and her companion! What did you learn about blobs?

Lewis. We learned that they're disgusting, but thankfully not human waste.

Odie. That's... good to hear.

Carly. There might be a some sort-of alien cover-up surrounding the blobs. The samples disappeared from the lab!

Odie. Oh, I love a good old-fashioned cover-up!

Lewis. Of course you do.

Odie. Also I love yoga with cats.

Carly. They have that?

Odie. Yes, but only when the run out of goats. The point is -- I have a life outside of BUTTHED.

Lewis. And I love that for you.

P.A. Voice. Carly Q and Lewis, your presence is requested in the break room for musical chairs.

Carly and Lewis. The game is still going on?!

Carly. C'mon, we might still be able to get a few rounds in.

Odie. Remember, first floor companion. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear.

Carly. Are you afraid of musical chairs, Lewis?

Lewis. I am not afraid! I just -

Carly. (continues on) It's okay if you are. I'm afraid of lots of things! Like the word chartreuse. (shudders in fear)The way it sounds; the way it's spelled. The whole thing freaks me out... even the color! I mean, you could just say "yellow-y-green" and be done with it, so.

Lewis. I'm not scared, Carly.

Carly. Then, why don't you want to play?

Lewis. (sighs dramatically) I don't like sitting on chairs other people sat on, okay?

Carly. Is it a germ thing?

Lewis. No, I just don't like the way the cushions feel warm after someone else sat on them.

Carly. Ohh... Yeah. Now that you point it out, that *is* a little weird.

Lewis. That's why I always put a stapler on my chair when I'm not at my desk.

Carly. UHHH. Hmm... I think I know how to handle this. C'mon!

(Soundbite of Carly's footsteps up the basement stairs.)

Lewis. Where are we going?

Carly. I think they'll have just what we need in the Break Room. Come on, Lewis!

(Soundbite Lewis and his footsteps follow.)

(Soundbite of musical chairs music plays, small crowd.)

Carly. Since Lewis didn't like to sit where others have sat, I used plastic grocery bags to come up with a solution.

(Soundbite of grocery bag rustles.)

Carly. I cut two holes in the bottom of the bag for Lewis to put his legs through. Then he pulled the bag up to protect his pants from the seats.

Carly in the background. Good job, Lewis!

Lewis. Whoo hoo! The plastic bag was a great idea, Carly!

Carly. He ended up winning musical chairs and getting Corporate Custard Pie -- which he shared with ME!

Lewis. Here's a slice for you, Carly Q.

(Soundbite of fork and plates.)

Carly in background. Aww, thank you! Hmmm. You know...This ALMOST tastes like regular custard pie!

Lewis background. But without all of that -- you know -- flavor.

Carly. Today was a great day. It's amazing what you discover when you're working on a mystery... Today, I learned what jellyfish eat and what astral jelly is! I also learned that Odie does yoga with pets -- and I found one more way to reuse plastic bags! I can't wait to see what I learn next time! Until then, I'm Carly Q signing off from your favorite, extremely secret, podcast.