

Who, When, Wow! Mystery Edition

What's Kraken?

Carly. Hey there listeners, big news! I have decided to write a book! My pal Erik Pontoppidan reckons I've got a smash-hit on my hands! And he would know, he's one of Norway's best selling authors! Did his book come out in 1755? Sure! But how much could the book market change in three hundred years? You know what I mean? While you're waiting to get your eyeballs on my book, you can get your ear holes around this. I'm Carly Q and this is Who, When, Wow, Mystery edition.

(Theme song)

Carly. (Soundbite of sipping.) Ahhh! The first pumpkin pie latte-a-chino of the season. Woaah, almost dropped my pages there. I'd promised Odie that she could read my book first and was on my way down to the basement to see her when disaster struck.

Lewis. Carly Q.

(Soundbite of pages falling.)

Carly. Lewis! Look what you made me do!

Lewis. Hey, at least you didn't spill your latte-a-chino.

Carly. That's not the point Lewis. Now all my pages are out of order!

Lewis. What even is this? Chapter Five: My best friend is a New York City street rat?!

Carly. Shhh, not so loud! If you must know Lewis, I'm writing a book about our adventures.

Lewis. I thought you were doing a podcast?

Carly. I can do two things!

Lewis. Well at least you're not using company resources for this hobby of yours.

Carly. Well, I did kind of use the printer to copy my face for the cover. I had to do lots of takes. I just kept getting glitter in my teeth.

Linda. Hey! Who jammed the printer?

Lewis. Carrrrly!

Carly. Wowee, would you look at the time. I really should get going.

Linda. This things gonna blow! Fire in the hole!

(Soundbite of printer malfunctioning and chaos.)

Carly. I quickly exited the office and made my way down to the basement.

(Soundbite of door closing.)

Carly. To start the monotonous task of getting my pages back in order. I was starting to make good headway on my reorganization, when suddenly something interesting came across my desk.

Carly in the background. What do we have here?

Carly. A time sealed event.

Audio File. Event. 1755. Erik. (Beep)Norway. Book Launch (Beep) Kraken.

Carly. What were the odds? The day I finish my memoir, a book launch! It had do be some sort of sign.

Carly in the background. This has gotta be a sign!

Carly. But there was one part of the message that I still didn't understand. So I did what I always do when I don't fully understand something. I pulled out my handy dandy H-dad.

H-dad. H-dad poooooowering up!

Carly. H-dad, what's a Kraken?

H-dad. Not much. What's a kraken with you? H-dad joke emoji.

Carly. Ok, walked right into that.

H-dad. Crying with laughter emoji. Eye rolling emoji?

Carly. H-dad reduce spontaneous word-play by 80%. Also, well played.

H-dad. CONFIRMED! H-dad now 80% less fun! The Kraken are a professional hockey team based in Seattle, Washington.

Carly. Noted. Keep going.

H-dad. Also, a large octopus-like sea monster said to have lived between Norway and Iceland. Octopus emoji. Scared face emoji.

Carly. Bingo baby, Sea Monster. This was perfect! A book meet up AND a mystery to solve? What could be better? Maybe I could even bring my book with me to show it off? I'd just have to get the pages back in order first, so I got back to work.

Carly in the background. Page one, more like Page fun. Gotcha!

(Soundbite of walking.)

Carly. It took almost 2 hours but I finally gotten my manuscript back in order and I was excited to see what Odie thought about it.

Odie. Hello Basement companion. Is that what I think it is?

Carly. Well that depends, do you think it's a page turning, edge of your seat, true to life autobiographical time traveling detective thriller!? Because if so, that's exactly what it is.

Odie. Ooo, I can't wait to read it! May I?

Carly. Sure, here you go.

Odie. Uh huh. (Soundbite of flicking through pages.) Oh, is this glitter? There are illustrations and pop ups?

Carly. Yeah, yeah, yeah. What do you think? I'm going for like a mixed media scrapbook vibe.

Odie. Well it seems to be more scrap than book Carly Q. But I can't wait to read it.

Carly. And I can't wait to hear what you think! But, I'm going to have to give it to you after lunch.

Odie. What? Why?

Carly. Because I need it for this book meet up I'm going to.

Odie. You're going to a book meet up?

Carly. Uh huh, in Norway, in 1755.

Odie. Oh and what business do you have going to a book meet up in 1755?

Carly. Well, I am an up and coming independent author and it's part of the investigation. Look at this new time sealed event.

Odie. Huh. What's a Kraken?

Carly. Not much, what's a kraken with you?

Odie. Hah. That's actually a pretty good one.

Carly. Thanks. I actually got that one from H-dad. But see a Kraken is..

Lewis. Carly Q! Where have you been? Everyone's been looking for you.

Carly. For me?

Lewis. Yes! The printer you used to print out the cover of your silly little book is completely kaput!

Carly. Ok firstly, the book is most silly, but not entirely silly. And secondly, that could have been anyone who broke that printer!

Lewis. It's your face! And they found glitter in the ink tray! Where are you off to anyway?

Carly. Nowhere.

Odie. Norway. 1755.

Carly. Odie!

Lewis. Well I'm coming with you. I don't want you running away like you did this morning.

Carly. Ughhh, fine! But don't embarrass me in front of my cool new writer friends, OK?

Lewis. Writer friends?

Odie. She's going to a book launch. Something to do with the kraken.

Lewis. What's a kraken?

Odie. Not much. Whats a kraken with you?

Lewis. Uhm. What?

Carly. Nothing. It's what we in the biz call a running gag. Or a runner. I'll explain later.

Odie. Just remember Carly. (Soundbite of wind chimes.) Don't believe everything you read, unless reading is what you believe.

Lewis. Wow, how beautifully ominous.

Odie. Okay, you two. Time to go. Remember the rules.

Carly. Don't change the past and be back by the end of lunch.

Odie. You got it. I'm expecting a bit of turbulence between here and the 1700s today, so hold on tight (laughing).

(Soundbite of elevator travel noises.)

Lewis. I don't know if my stomach can handle thissss.

(Soundbite of elevator landing.)

Carly. Ugghh, I think I broke something.

Lewis. Is that a carrot?

Carly. It WAS a carrot.

Lewis. Why do you have a carrot in your back pocket?

Carly. In case I have to bribe a horse! Duh. Now come on, we've got a book launch to find!

Lewis. How on earth do you plan on doing that Carly? We're in 1700's Norway on a dock in the middle of the night!

Carly. We'll do it the way I always do it. With unbridled confidence and charm. Excuse me miss? Hello!

Lewis. Carly! Come back!

Woman. Hello? Can I help you?

Carly. Hi! Yes, we're looking for someone. His name is Erik. With a K, at the end.

Woman. Erik?

Lewis. Yeah, he's some sort of author.

Woman. Well, all the Eriks I know are Ice Farmers. But there is a book store right over there. They might be able to help.

Carly. Alright, Thank you! Told you that would work.

Woman. Good luck with your Erik hunt.

Lewis. Thank you! Alright Carly, shall we, Carly?

Carly. (from a distance) Found him!

Lewis. What?

Carly. Check out this sign on the bookstore window.

Lewis. Tonight only, Danish author Erik Pontoppidan delivers a live reading of his new book The Natural History of Norway.

Carly. That's gotta be him right?

Lewis. Well his name is Erik. With a K at the end.

Carly. And he's an author! Come on, let's go inside the bookstore and check it out.

(Soundbite of door opening and bell dinging.)

Carly. Ooooooh, this is cozy.

Lewis. And a complete fire hazard! Look how many people are crammed in here! All wearing natural fibers.

Carly. They must all be here to see our man Erik. Excuse me, sir? Are you here to see Erik Pontoppidan.

Man. Erik Pontoppidan? Yes I am. It's been a while since a book has created this much attention!

Carly. Remind me, what's the book about exactly?

Man. Well, it's mostly just a catalogue of all of the animals and sea creatures that reside in Norway and her waters.

Carly. Really?

Man. But there's one species that is described in this book that is unlike any other. That's the reason for all this hype!

Lewis. Let me guess, the kraken?

Man. Precisely! Oh! Here he comes!

Erik. Alright! How's everybody doing tonight?

(Soundbite of applause.)

Erik. Some of you may know me; my name is Erik Ludvigsen Pontoppidan, best selling author, Lutheran bishop of the Church of Norway and tonight my new book, The Natural History of Norway is hitting the shelves.

(Soundbite of applause.)

Lewis. Sounds like a page turner.

Erik. Now, I know why most of you are here. You wanna hear about the The Arctic Codfish right?

(Soundbite of laughter from the crowd.)

Carly. Lewis, I'm hungry all of a sudden.

Lewis. No.

Erik. I'm just pulling your bonnet. I know what you're all here for, what is it?

Carly. The Kraken!

Erik. There you go! I traveled all over this good land talking to fishermen, sailors, various other men of the sea. To learn what I could about this mysterious creature. Who wants to know what I found out?

(Soundbite of crowd cheering.)

Carly. Me, me, me. I want to know what you found out.

Lewis. Blend, Carly. Blend.

Erik. Alright alright, let's see here. Ah, here we go. (shifts into dramatic reading voice) Fishermen from Kristiansand to Hammerfest have vouched for the existence of this creature. A mile and a half wide with tentacles soaring hundreds of feet into the air, it is truly a sight to behold.

(Soundbite of gasps.)

Carly. That's it. That's the kraken.

Erik. A strong and peculiar scent accompanies the beast. This smell is created by its evacuations.

Lewis. Evacuations?

Carly. That is a fancy 18th century word for POOP!

Man. Shhhh!

Erik. The meaning of this? To attract prey! You see this beast's evacuations make a delightful feast for certain sea life, and when they begin to gather, the Kraken opens its arms and mouth, catching and swallowing its unsuspecting prey.

Carly. Fascinating.

Lewis. Disgustingly fascinating.

Erik. And I'm afraid we're going to have to leave it there.

(Soundbite of awwws from crowd.)

Erik. But don't worry folks, we've got some specially inscribed copies of the book up here as well as this fun little corset that reads 'My ribs are kraken!'

(Soundbite of laughter.)

Erik. Isn't that clever? I came up with it myself. Alright, thank you all again for coming out tonight. Get home safe and stay away from that water huh?

(Soundbite of applause.)

Lewis. Well that was interesting.

Carly. You can say that again.

H-dad. Five minutes left in lunch break! Hourglass emoji. Stopwatch emoji. Sandwich emoji. Carrot emoji.

Man. What was that?

Carly. Nothing! Here, have a carrot!

Man. Come to think of it, I am a bit peckish. Thank you very much.

Carly. See, told you it would come in handy.

Lewis. And Odie told us we have to be back by the end of lunch. Any shmoozing that you wanna do with these literary types you better do now!

Carly. Good call. Lemme just put H-dad on silent real quick. Alright. You stay here, I'm gonna try and get my book to Erik.

Lewis. What am I supposed to do?

Carly. I dunno, make friends! I'll be right back.

Man. I don't suppose you have any more of those carrots, do you old sport?

Lewis. Ewww. No. That's disgusting.

(Soundbite of phone buzzing.)

Carly. Ok, now I remember why I never put this thing on silent mode. The buzz is aggressive. What? Again? OK, H-dad, I will read the message.

Erik. NEXT!

Carly. Many factual inaccuracies recorded in last five minutes. The creature described as Kraken most likely Giant Squid?

Erik. NEXT!

Carly. Coming! Found in cold waters, these creatures can measure as large as thirteen meters or forty two feet! Well that's not a mile long like Erik said but that's still one big calamari!

(Soundbite of phone buzzing.)

Carly. Poop bait, debunked? The kraken phenomenon of poop baiting is most likely mistaken for squid inking. Inking is a defensive mechanism that squids use to defend themselves when in distress. Huh.

Erik. NEEEEEXT!?! Hello?

Carly. Ooop, sorry.

Erik. Who am I making this out to?

Carly. What?

Erik. The inscription in the book.

Carly. Oh right, my name is Candle, fire, man. Candle Fireman.

Erik. Candle Fireman?

Carly. Yes. Listen, Erik. I had some questions for you about the Kraken.

Erik. Everyone does!

Carly. Yeah, well. A friend of mine told me that these Kraken sightings might not be krakens at all. They might actually be this creature called a Giant Squid.

Erik. A Giant Squid? Sounds like classic Kraken denialism speak to me.

Carly. He said that they're actually only about thirteen meters long and the poop bait thing.

Erik. You mean the evacuations?

Carly. Yes, sorry. The evacuations, well that's just the squids ink because they're in distress from being hauled up from the bottom of the ocean by deep sea fishermen.

Erik. Look, sometimes you need to punch up a story to make it exciting, Okay. Is it ALL true? Probably not. But there's a grain of truth in it. Those sailors I interview exaggerate their stories and sure, maybe I do the same. That's what all good story tellers do right?

Carly. Couldn't agree more. In fact, there are a couple of parts in my book that I might have 'punched up' too.

Man. Alright lady, let's move it along.

Carly. But I haven't even gone over my book with Erik yet!

Man. Too bad! Let's move it.

Erik. Don't worry. I'm sure it'll be a smash hit.

(Soundbite of Carly getting shoved out the door.)

Carly. Man, I thought Norwegians were supposed to be nice.

Lewis. You got the boot too?

Carly. Yeah. What did you get kicked out for?

Lewis. Didn't have any carrots. Come on, let's get out of here. Time elevator's over there.

Carly. We tried.

Lewis. Here we goooo.

(Soundbite of elevator travel noises.)

Odie. Welcome back! How was it?

Lewis. You gotta put some barf bags in there next time you send us to the mid 1700s.

Odie. Ewww. Disgusting.

Carly. But we did get to the bottom of that Kraken mystery.

Odie. Oh yeah?

Carly. Turns out it was most likely Giant Squid sightings that threw everybody for a loop.

Odie. Like I said. (Soundbite of windchimes.) Don't believe everything you read, unless reading is what you believe.

Carly. Yeah, turns out Erik exaggerated a couple of sailor's tales about a giant sea monster and put it in his book.

Odie. Which is fine, if that book is fiction.

Carly. Right.

Odie. Speaking of which, what did he think of your book?

Carly. Gah, we didn't actually get around to it. But you know what that means?!

Lewis. That it's better left unread?

Carly. No! It means that Odie here still get's the first read!

Odie. What an honor.

Carly. Now. Do either of you know where we keep the toner around here? I feel like I need to do right by that printer upstairs.

Lewis. I can show you.

(Soundbite of wrenches and electric drilling.)

Linda. Hey Carly are you almost done fixing up that printer? Lewis needs me to print out this report by EOD.

Carly. Not a problem Linda. I am almost done. And I am sure we'll be up and running again well before the end of December.

Linda. No, Carly EOD means,

Carly. Done!

Linda. Great! Thanks Carly.

Carly. Ok, Let me just start her up for ya. There she goes.

(Soundbite of machine sounds.)

Linda. Uhhhh, thanks.

(Soundbite of the machine printing.)

Carly. So, we solved the mystery of the Kraken AND we got some free advice for my memoir! Talk about feeding two puppies with one bone! Odie got back to me with some feedback this afternoon. She thinks it would read a lot better without all the pie references but overall she really liked it. I'm heading back home for re-writes but I'm not going to take out all the pie references, just a few. Soon I'll be Carly Q, published author. But until then I am but a humble podcast host. And remember, you never heard this.