

Podcasting 2.0

By Anthony Botelho, Alexander Saxton, and Jacob Duarte Spiel

Good evening, listeners. Welcome to the new Wrong Station. Welcome to a new frontier in podcasting.

Welcome... to the future.

inspiring Apple computer presentation music plays

Hello, I'm Wrong Station Incorporated CEO ***** and right now I'm wearing a slimming turtleneck that emphasizes the size of my brainpan and diminishes my sloping forehead, thus disguising the Ichthy-ness of my skull.

It really is the perfect turtleneck for me. How unfortunate that you can't see this wonderful turtleneck.

But what if... you could *experience* it?

Podcasting has fallen into a rut. It's been the same ever since cavemen started listening to three mildly funny cavemen talk about movies. It's time for an innovation. Am I talking about NFTs? Possibly. We here at Wrong Station Incorporated have made it our mission to not know what an NFT is. If you know, please do not tell us.

With the help of your seed money, Wrong Station aims to become the vanguard of the brave new PODCASTING 2.0 movement. What is PODCASTING 2.0?

It smashes the sound-only orthodoxy that has quashed podcast thought-leaders for centuries. It incorporates innovative senses like smell, touch, and sight into the podcast experience. It is the first wave of full-immersion podcasting, bringing listeners to completely new places. It might also be NFTs. We don't know and we will never find out.

In layman's terms: each episode made with PODCASTING 2.0 technology will feature complete physical, mental, and emotional immersion into whatever is being discussed. The listener will "buy in" at the beginning of the episode and be shipped a box of curated items that, when used properly, will create a perfectly holistic podcasting experience. Remember when I mentioned my turtleneck? In the box will be a pair of soft cashmere gloves. Put them on. Now, lightly choke yourself.

Now you know what it's like to wear THIS turtleneck.

inspiring music sting

What's that? You need more examples before you're willing to invest? Ha ha, of course. Please, everyone, check under your seats. Yes, even those of you at home. There you will find a large box filled with immersion aides.

Here are a few short examples. Listen to the instructions before the start of each story, gather the components, complete the actions, and then enjoy an innovative, full-immersion *experience* from Wrong Station.

* * *

Peel the mandarin orange and then stick several of the flimsy toothpicks deep into the flesh of the fruit. Place the orange in the palm of your hand. As you listen to this short tale, slowly squeeze the orange until you feel the toothpicks begin to snap and shatter.

Are you ready? Ahem:

'Albert was a normal man by nearly all accounts. Nobody looked twice at him, if they even looked once. Who would've thought that a typical, boring office employee would have such an unusual hobby? That's right. Three times a week Albert would take off work early to go find baby birds in the woods and then gently crush them in his bare fist.'

* * *

Wait until darkness falls. Now, remove the mink coat. Do NOT put it on. Instead, go find a high point in your city, be it a water tower, foothill, or skyscraper. Stare up at the night sky. Hold the mink coat in your hands. Run your fingers through its silky soft fur as you watch the stars.

Are you... *ready*?

"White. Red. White. Red. Lookit all dem purty stars," said Space Lennie to Space George as they stood on the starship's observation deck. "Where we're going, there's gonna be space rabbits, right?"

Space Lennie was clumsily petting a dead Glozopan alien, which is a lot like a mouse only sentient.

"Sure, Space Lennie." said George, trying to hold back his tears. "All the space rabbits you could ever pet. Space puppies and little space ponies too."

"And we'll feed them space lettuce and space carrots?"

Sobbing, George signaled for the harvesters to move in. In seconds it was over and Space Lennie's usable organs and limbs were vacuum packed, ready to be shipped.

Sixty-thousand credits. It would get George to Space California with just enough left over for a memory wipe.”

* * *

Pour yourself a bath of lemon juice and vinegar—the ratio is not altogether important. Get in. Have a friend or well-wisher standing by to make sure you stay in the bath. If you do get some of the liquid in your mouth that’s fine. And away we go:

“There is nothing worse than being digested. Stomach acid sloshed against Jillian Moore’s body as she desperately sought an exit. If only she’d insisted on carrying her pocket knife. But her friends had talked her out of it. They’d said she was misreading the fortuneteller’s words. “Tall, dark, and handsome” was a good omen for her next date. There’s no way it was a reference to the abominable Shadow Glutton, who was devouring innocents in the alleyways of Toronto. Oh, except that’s exactly what happened. Great. Just great. Jillian might be dying, but at least she’d been vindicated.

That being said, she’d gotten a good look at the Shadow Glutton. It WAS pretty hot. Too bad it’s married.”

* * *

Remove the lentil soup components from the box. Begin by dicing the carrot and yellow onion. Saute that in olive oil on medium heat for 10 minutes. Add the 4 minced cloves of garlic, one teaspoon thyme, two teaspoons tarragon, and a teaspoon of paprika. Cook for 2 minutes, or until golden and fragrant. Deglaze the pot, then add the 5 diced plum tomatoes and cook covered for 5 minutes. Add six cups water or vegetable stock—we recommend vegetable stock if you have it—2 cups brown lentils, and 2 bay leaves, then add salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil and let cook for 45 minutes or until lentils are tender.

There’s no story for this one, it’s just a great lentil soup recipe.

HORRIBLE CHITTERING

What? There *must* be a story? Fine.

“Mmmm! That’s a delicious lentil soup,” said Horace, already starting on his second bowl.

“Those aren’t lentils,” said Churlington. “Those are some warts and very small tumours.”

“Argh,” said Horace. “Shit. Shit. That sucks so bad.”

* * *

Put on the blindfold. Light the bleach-scented candle. Do push-ups until you physically cannot do anymore, until you are laying on the ground in a state of complete exhaustion. Good, now be still and listen:

“They’d taken his eyes and then let him go. They’d wanted to see what he would do and he hadn’t disappointed. He’d run off, blindly, through the woods, through the field, back the way he came. Somehow he hadn’t tripped, he hadn’t fallen, he’d been able to run until his body gave out. Perhaps it was enough.

But there was that alkali smell again. The fresh hide they’d processed just hours ago. They’d made him watch as it was made. His own tattoos, visible as they dunked his flayed skin into the lime solution, tanning it.

The footsteps drew close, then stopped.”

* * *

Turn the lights down, if you’d please. Place one of your hands in a bucket of ice for approximately two minutes, or for as long as you comfortably can—*we wouldn’t want you to hurt yourself*. Have your other hand deep in the bowl of chilled offals we’ve prepared for you. Now remove your hand from the ice and listen carefully. Be quick now. Ahem:

“How long have you slumbered? Centuries? Aeons? You’ll have to find that out, when you get the chance. Discover what new world awaits you.

Was it by fate or chance that your way to the surface has been unlocked? That these men—searching for what? Wealth, knowledge?—freed you from this prison of dark earth. You’d almost given up any hope of escape. But rather than dwell, you decided it best to sleep. Best to bide your time.

How long have you slumbered? And how long has it been since you last *fed*? Ah, yes, you feel the last bit of warmth returning to your extremities now. Sweet life pulled up and out from the guts. Now... where did the other one run off to? They can’t have gotten far, and you... oh my, you’re still so very hungry.”

* * *

Cover yourself in the olive oil provided. You don’t need to strip down beforehand, but we think it’d save you quite a bit of laundry. Cover yourself, cover yourself real good. Get some up your nose, so you can breath it in. *Yeahhhh*, we sent you the good stuff.

Now find a cramped space. A cupboard might do, or the dryer if you can manage it. Get on in there, but before you do grab that bottle of liquid smoke and take a few good whiffs of that too.

And remember, if you can take the bottle with you, you're not in quite a tight enough space. But in any case:

"It shouldn't have gotten this out of hand.

When Nelson had first learned that his friends all bought their canned tuna in *water*, he couldn't believe it. 'Just what they'd always done,' they all explained.

Well that wouldn't do. That wouldn't do at all. Tuna in *oil*, that's what you needed to buy. It tasted better, it smelled better, it *was* better. He tried to explain this to everyone, to convince them what they were missing out on. But they wouldn't listen. Worse, they all seemed to think that it 'wasn't that big of a deal.'

Not that big of a deal? No, no no no.

So the next time everyone got together, he brought a can. A can of the good stuff, to show them. But still his gospel fell on deaf ears. Still they mocked him. 'Nelson,' they sneered, 'isn't it a bit weird to bring a can of tuna to swinger's night?'

A scornful chuckle

They didn't mock him while they burned. No. They just screamed, and he watched them scream for as long as he could. Until he had to step outside and watch from there, clutching the can in his hand.

"Only one witness," he thought, looking down. But he'd take care of that tomorrow at lunch."

* * *

Now wasn't that invigorating? Wasn't that an experience? Wasn't that... the future of podcasting?

We accomplished the preceding stories with a mere six dollar budget. I ask you: imagine what we at Wrong Station Incorporated could do with just \$3 billion in seed money? It wouldn't just be shoeboxes of organ meat and toothpicks, haha! No, the horizon holds so much more for us.

Podcasting 2.0 is merely the first step in our 15-year plan towards total global hegemony. The good kind, not the bad kind.

Within 2 years we can mobilize Wrong Station booths in 50 cities, where users can sit and confront all manner of horror.

In 4 years, Wrong Station stages a hostile takeover of Amazon. Years of paranoia and billions of dollars in surgery has warped Jeff Bezos. He is now 7,000lbs of muscle and fury. Before we can

bring him down, he kills 400 of our soldiers with his biografted tentacles and stingers. He manages to crack the cyanide capsule in his tooth before we can get any useful information from him. His body is paraded through the streets, before feeding thousands.

In 8 years? Rising sea levels will force many underground into Wrong Station-branded bunkers. The price of admission? A solemn vow to uphold the Wrong Station Incorporated "Pledge of Honour" and whatever medicine they can scrounge from the scroungelands. Patreon subscribers get in free at the \$10 tier.

After 10 years, all citizens of the Wrong Station international congress must spend 4 hours daily in sensory deprivation tanks, experiencing Wrong Station's greatest hits with MAXIMUM immersion. At this point, we will have achieved 95% market share, with the holdouts mainly concentrated in rebel enclaves outside the New Republic of Winnipeg.

By year 15, the entire human race except for one sad teenage boy will have been rendered down into a sentient sexual orange goo, and we will finally, maybe turn a profit.

Of course, all of this is just Phase One. Phase Two begins with the discovery of the hypnoengine and trans-realm podcasting becomes feasib- where are you going?

You're going to think about it, right? Okay. That's good. That's very good.

Well, until we meet again in the sexual goo, thank you for your time.

And thank you for tuning in to... The Wrong Station 2.0

inspiring Apple computer presentation music plays, then glitches out into screams and violet wet thwacking sounds

