



Deep Blue Stars

Episode 7: Feeling Greater Than Thought

Captioned YouTube Video: TBA

[The museum theme.]

CURATOR

Welcome to the Museum of Mysteries Archival Audio Records. What you are about to hear is the voice recordings of Dr. Indigo Pigeon Hale, donated to the Museum with generous support by Opal Hale and Seraphim Feldman-Rodriguez, as well as generously underwritten by the Lavender Lemonade Collective. This is the seventh and penultimate excerpt titled “Feeling Greater Than Thought.”

[The museum theme ends.]

[The recorder clicks on and there’s a clatter of the phone.]

INDIGO

It fell. Nevermind, Apple what is the matter with you?

[Apple chirps.]

I have told you. It’s time for me to leave.

[Apple chitters angrily.]

I don’t want to stay here. What’s the point of being great alone?

[Apple whines.]

I needed you on this island. I am so thankful for you. I may come back, one day. If I can afford it. Apple things cost money where I’m from. Money is a strange concept on the island, but in my home, things cost money. And I am ready to reenter the world I was a part of before all this. I can keep this story. I can share it with who I deep need to know, or want to know - maybe I will still give these records to the museum, I don’t know. But I will find my way home first. And what’s more? I will find my loves. I will go home and get on my knees to beg forgiveness.

Do you experience love?



I am sure you do - perhaps not in the same way, perhaps you call it something else. A crab who experiences love is still a crab. And I am so happy to have had you be the creature who I found here. Thank you, Apple.

[Apple runs off.]

Lovely, we managed to turn on the recorder again. Well, let me just...

[Indigo picks up the recorder.]

Hopefully the audio on that is still fine.

I have upset her. Apple, I mean. I remember all those days ago, when I was worried she was becoming too fond of me; it seems she has. And now, it is only I and her here and soon it will only be her.

There are other crabs of course. But I rarely see her interact with them. Perhaps she too is incredibly lonely. Perhaps I had been her solace in life as she had been mine. It's unfortunate. Had I had my way, I would not have interacted, would not have made myself part of her story. Unfortunately, I cannot control what happened in the past. I can only look on to brighter days.

I'm going to continue to collect my things. I don't have much, but I'm going to need to gather some food. Mostly coconuts, I thought about crabs but I don't think I could ever eat crab again. Besides, most of the crabs here are hermit crabs, and I don't know as those are poisonous or not. Most people I've seen eat crab eat the big flat shelled kind. That might just be because of the amount of meat but better safe than sorry. I'm going to try and fish for real fish again.

Or I might put that off as long as possible. Just thinking about it makes my face hot. I also need to clean up the glass remnants of the bottle I smashed, so we've got a long day's worth of work before we set sail. Hopefully before things get too terribly dark. The ocean is vast and I do not remember how long it took me to get here to begin with. But I know it was too long; a miserable amount of time. So to get back I'll need to be quick. Hopefully I'll cross the threshold where my data works sometime sooner rather than later. I can call Pim and Opal and let them know I'm coming home. That they should be prepared for whatever that makes them feel.

I am not pretending this will not cause pain. I can only hope I am still worth all the pain; this time it is undoubtedly my own wrong doing. An attempt to be noble that cost us more than thousands of dollars.

I do come from a world in which things cost money, of course. But things are just things. I could not be chemically recreated; even my genetic clone, should we ethically be able to create those



anytime soon, would not be me. I am more than genetic predispositions. I am flesh and blood and experience. No amount of money can buy experience.

I have allowed myself to think what Pim and Opal must think. They are both logistical people, but we are consumed by emotions. All of us. So I imagine logically, they should think I'm dead. I mean, they've heard nothing from me for over two weeks. The last time we tried to fish together, I had a meltdown about touching fish. Surely, in the time I've been gone, they've noticed I had forgotten a toiletries bag, which means in about three days I will have my period and no medication to alleviate that, which is the worst thing I am going to face.

Well, no the sunburn is the worst thing I'm facing, but the physical and mental distress of my period combined with the mental distress of being isolated for longer is not going to be good for me.

The point of this is they think I'm dead. I'm certain of it. They have likely steeled themselves to the thought. And when I reappear, very alive and very sickly, more so than I was before when I was only a shut in, they will not be happy. Relieved that I am alive? Likely. Angry? Absolutely.

I do not know enough about the situation to tell you everything they're feeling though. I have never been good discovering what they're going to feel and it's just... If I allow myself to imagine it too much, well it's over before it's even started. I do not feel I should be forgiven at this moment. I'm not sure what they will think. Hopefully, they will see what I was trying to do. Hopefully, they will understand where I was coming from.

But if they don't they're well within their right. I mean, again, I feel like I've really messed up this time.

I've repacked my tent, set it down under the little seat. I'm going to go find as many of the coconuts as I can, and start trying to refill my water stashes. I'm hoping to have an easy day, but we never know, do we.

[The recorder clicks off.]

[The recorder clicks on.]

I hope I make you proud. When I go back, I hope this choice makes you proud.

[The recorder clicks off.]

[The recorder clicks on.]



I had to get off the boat for a minute. So I came up to the top of the mountain. I want to take one last look at it all. I mean, this island has not left me untouched. This island is something that I will always have in my mind; maybe it will frighten me someday. I know certainly, the idea of dying alone here scared me quite a bit. But as I look over it from on top of the mountain, I can feel the rose-colored tint quickly overtaking my vision. If I could bring Pim and Opal here, it wouldn't have been so bad.

City life doesn't really suit me. Not to sound like the most boring person alive, but if I could live in a decent suburb, I'd be fairly happy. Not because I believe in having suburbs as an institution or anything, but a small town is too few people who were always on top of each other trying to get the latest gossip. Or at least, in my experience.

A big city is too many people trying to be independent. I just want a medium sized town that is big enough to have it's own Target, but small enough that there's only one. Perhaps that seems like a lot to ask for. Perhaps it's much too specific an ask.

Either way, I've learned a lot about myself on this island. To have been so down on myself for much of it... I should make a list.

I have been resourceful. I have been useful. I have been passionate. I have been foolish too. And eager.

But mostly, I have been alone. Not something that happens in the city. I thought I'd like it, but it stings my heart. I do not want to be alone. I want to be loved gently. I want to be at a dinner party, not a buffet. This has been like eating dinner alone in a hotel room, but more sun.

I think it is time to go back home, to my dinner party. Come what may, I need them.

[The recorder clicks off.]

[The recorder clicks on.]

We seem to have come to an impasse. Apple refuses to get off the boat. I tried picking her up, I tried moving her myself. Nothing seems to work. It's exhausting if you ask me.

Apple, it's time for me to go.

[Annoyed chittering.]

I'm not bringing you with me now.



[Angry chittering.]

Well see listen, even if I thought it'd be a good idea, I have no food for you. I don't know what crabs eat!

[Apple skitters, turning around.]

Look at me when I'm talking to you. I will not continue this conversation if you act childishly.

[Apple yells.]

What has gotten into you? It's time for me to leave. I appreciate everything you've done, keeping me sane as you could here. But it's time for me to go seek my family. Therapy maybe. Definitely therapy, I'm holding a conversation with a crab.

I don't see what you're going to get out of this? Yelling at me until what? I do what you want? Apple, what you want is to get on this ship, if I understand right. This isn't a ship, this rickety little boat. You want to ride with me to a place you might not be suited for! I don't know how to care for you.

[Apple chitters aggressively.]

I feel out of place here - you want to come with me, to feel out of place there? Apple, it's cold where I'm from. I wear long skirts to keep warm usually. And there's a lot of greenhouses gases and all that stuff and there's no water!

[Apple pouts.]

I mean yes, there's water to drink. But there's not any water to sit in, and there's no ocean really. I can get to the ocean, but it's not the ocean. It's landlocked. And you deserve to be able to be free.

What would you get out of coming with me?

[Apple skitters onto their shoulders.]

Yes, access to me. To an intrepid pirate, so to say. Apple, when you grow out of this shell, I will have no shell to give you.

[Apple crawls out of the shell.]



What are you? Listener, it appears Apple has made the decision to expedite her shell seeking process. She has removed the Star Shell and...

And now I'm left with the same dilemma as before. Because I can't take her with me. But I can't forcibly remove her - if she wants to come on her own, I suppose it should be allowed.

Crabs are to seek adventure too?

[Indigo takes a few timid steps to the shell.]

Listener, the long awaited Star Shell.

[Indigo picks it up.]

It's lighter than I expected. I don't know, it feels about shell sized. This is hard to describe with no real record taking devices. I've dilly dallied so much the sun has begun to set.

I don't know what I'm doing with this. But the stars come back. And I am excited.

[The squeal in delight.]

I'm going to keep the recorder on! It's not science if there's no account of it. And who's to say it needs to be a written one? An audio account will do just fine.

[The whisk the shell into the air.]

This is - this feels like my greatest dream coming true.

For a long, long time I've imagined this moment. To hold the Star Shell and see each little bump in detail. To be able to work on the star patterns - this is something amazing. And to see that, my life's work is not a waste. To feel like not a waste.

There is a feeling - a word of a feeling - that is completely contentment. To be so pleased with oneself, that they can finally rest.

All my life I have been buzzing, moving trying to find something.

Finally stillness can come. I am awestruck and so happy.

Does happiness sit like this? Filling your chest in a way you have never had before? I don't know but I am awestruck by this. I am so happy to have a moment where everything is okay.



Where I know I am not a failure. There is still the looming, the ever present imposter waiting in the back of my mind, but for just a moment, just this little moment, I can rest knowing that I succeeded.

I am going onward.

I have lifted the shell up, high above my head and I'm continuing to try and figure out the way to make the stars blink.

[They lift it higher. Music swells.]

The stars blinked. And just like that, I have learned - I am ... I am so happy.

I need to put the Star Shell somewhere that it will be safe. Obviously I am not one who can hold it for long; we have on record how clumsy I am. I will not let myself destroy something so important.

[The recorder clicks off.]

[The recorder clicks on.]

I'm going through my things and I've found a safety deposit box. Originally, this had my passport in it, but I have since found a better place for my passport, because I could not fit the shell wrapped in a pillowcase and my passport and well - my passport can be replaced, should I need to.

The skittering of Apple.

Brave little creature, are you ready to set sail?

[Apple agrees.]

This is it. We're leaving the island.

[The boat starts. There's a sound of something getting louder, closer.]

[It immediately cuts to The Curator.]

CURATOR

No, I will not censor it. They should know - it's their solar system too. This is important to the museum. I am The Curator, I will decide what people deserve to know!



[It cuts back to Indigo.]

INDIGO

There's a plane overhead - it's particularly loud tonight - it's a... It's not a plane... It's coming towards us... it's...

[Surprised.]

I don't know what it is, but listener, it's not a plane.

[The recorder clicks out.

The museum theme starts.]

CURATOR

Thank you for coming along! We'd like to remind our audience that the views of Dr. Hale are not reflective of the views of the Museum of Mysteries. Furthermore, we'd like to let the audience know that with only an audio record, we can neither confirm nor deny the accuracy of what happens in the final installment of Deep Blue Stars, which we will be releasing on November 4th. If you want to continue to support "Deep Blue Stars", please go to lavenderlemonadecollective.com or donate to our patreon, patreon.com/lavenderlem. This exhibit was put together by Mik Koats. Please make sure to visit our feature exhibit The Real Pumpkin Spice: Fertilizer Fit for Fall.